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JULY TO DECEMBER, 1905

THE

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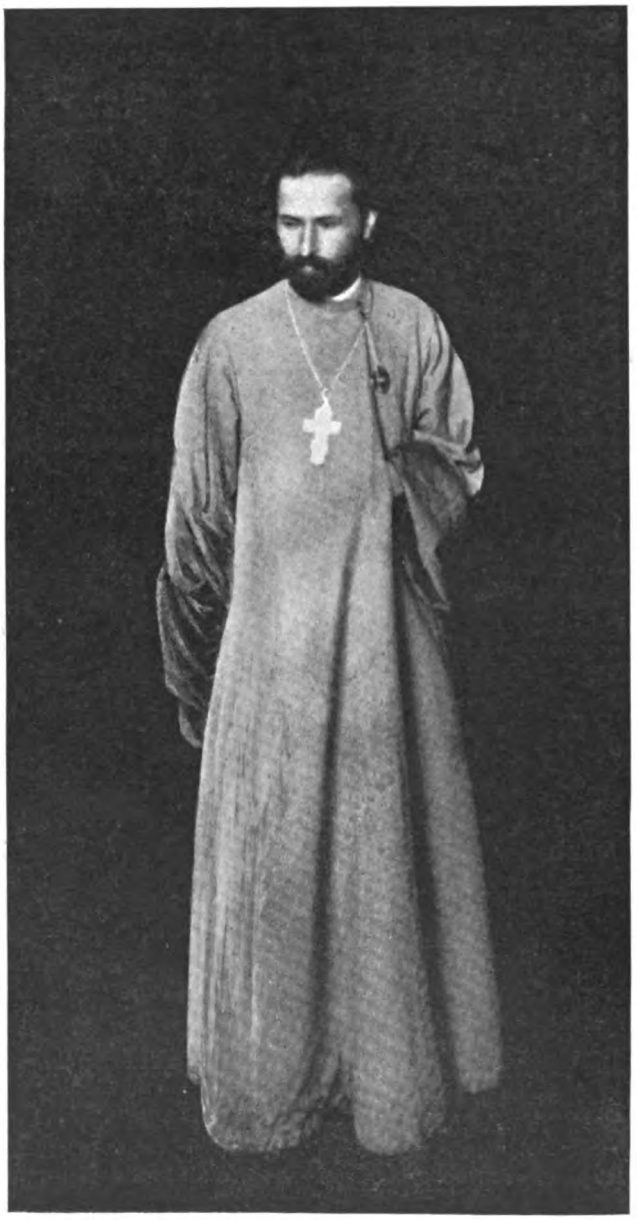

FATHER GAPON.

From a Photograph.

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THE STORY OF MY LIFE.

By FATHER GAPON.

WE here begin a series of articles which may, without exaggeration, be described as of unrivalled interest—of interest not only to those who would gain an insight otherwise quite unobtainable into the secrets of the Russian Revolutionary movement, but to those who care only to follow, in the story of the poor peasant's son who rose to be the Robespierre of Russia, a romance of real life more strange and more absorbing than the invention of any novelist. The story, beginning with his earliest years, and increasing in interest as it proceeds, tells how he rose from the peasant rank; how, as a priest, he joined the Revolution; how he became the leader of the great strike which culminated in the tragic events which thrilled the world with horror; how he escaped from Russia under the very eyes of the police; and, finally, what he anticipates will be the future of the Russian Revolution, in which he has been, and will again be, one of the most conspicuous figures in the history of man's fight for liberty.

Such will be the unique narrative which, fully illustrated with photographs, will appear in our pages during the following months.

CHAPTER I.

THE STRICKEN GIANT: AN ALLEGORY.

I HAD a dream. A pack of ravenous hounds, of various breeds and sizes, was mercilessly attacking a giant form that lay prone and insensible in the mud, while their keeper stood by eagerly watching and directing the attack. The hounds were burying their teeth in the giant's flesh. His miserable garb was torn to shreds. Every moment they beset him more closely. They were already beginning to lick his warm blood. A flight of crows circled above, hovering lower and lower toward the expected prey.

And now a wonderful thing happened. From the drops of blood trickling from the great frame of the giant, on which the warm sunlight played, I saw strong-winged eagles and keen-eyed falcons spring up and soar into the air, and these birds at once sought to protect the giant, to arouse him by their cries to resistance, and to encourage him to rise with all his strength against his enemies.

For a long time the giant lay in a stupor. At length he uttered a groan, half opened his eyes, listening, not yet quite awake, not realizing what was going on, and annoyed by the shrieks of the birds that would not let him sleep longer and that were now engaged in a deadly fight with the dogs and crows. It was a bloody, merciless, and unequal struggle. The giant still could not fully realize which were his friends and which his enemies.

At length he became fully conscious, stretched his limbs, and stood erect in the immensity of his stature. Then, empty-handed and in rags as he was, he turned upon the pack of bloodhounds and their cruel keeper.

The keeper uttered a shrill whistle, and in answer a new figure appeared upon the scene. A soldier, well armed and drilled to obey such a command, fired at the giant's broad and defenceless figure. At a further command he rushed forward with his bayonet. The giant, grievously hurt, staggered, but seized the weapon with his powerful hand and flung it far away. The next moment, however, looking at his assailant, his lips quivered, his gaze became dim. Overpowered for a moment by grief, he covered his face with his hand and stood, the very picture of anguish. In the soldier he had recognised his own son, flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone, deceived, fooled, and now hypnotized into parricide.

The pause was not a long one. The giant remembered that he had another son, a humble but faithful tiller of the soil. He would not abuse his father. No; but where was he? Why did he not come to the rescue? The giant looked round and saw in the distance his other child, a burly, powerful, good-natured figure, handsome in his simplicity, but fettered and chained to the

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plough, dirty and ragged like his father, working as a slave for the benefit of others, his eyes blindfolded, his noble frame underfed. He could not help—not yet.

And the giant's lips quivered once more; hot tears, shining like diamonds, rolled down the large, pathetic face.

I looked at that face, at the frame of the giant—a frame that spoke at once of immense power and of helplessness, of beauty buried under a layer of dirt, limbs that might do great things, but were unnerved by shameful treatment and neglect. I looked at the pool of crimson blood at his feet and the hungry pack standing around showing their sharp, white teeth. I looked at the cowardly keeper; and, as I saw all this, my heart bled.

For in the giant I recognised my own country, my dearly-loved country, and its people.

And the pang of an intolerable outrage crept slowly, like a cold serpent, to my soul, and wound itself round it and tightened its steel coils till I could bear it no longer—and I awoke.

Alas! It was but a momentary relief! My dream was no mere nightmare; it was only too true to reality. Indeed, has not my country, the land of majestic rivers, of unbroken, dreamy forests, of verdant plains, as fair in spring as the smile of a child, and as vast as the soul of its people, of immense wealth and boundless possibilities—has not this land been plundered for centuries by the greedy pack of officials, great and small? Has not my people, the people of Dostoyevsky and Tolstoy, of Verestchagin and Antokolsky, of great scientists and philosophers, and idealists who have known how to sacrifice everything for the weal of humanity or for an idea—has it not been abused, ill-treated, and humiliated by selfish and cruel rulers? Has not my nation—a nation that could give birth to so rich a language and develop so humane a national character—been deprived of light by an ignorant and greedy clergy, as the sun is hidden by a flight of crows? Have not its own sons been turned lately against it to shoot down by the thousand unarmed men, women, and children, who, in their naïve trust in the goodwill of the Czar, went to implore him to come to their aid?

Yes, all this was true—all this was reality itself. But my awakening showed me that that was not the full truth.

There was another side to this picture. The St. Petersburg strike and the events of January last have been a flash of lightning that has rent the darkness of Russian life. The long misery of the Russian nation has not been in vain. It had accumulated, as it were, a store of electric force in the moral atmosphere of the nation, so that, when the St. Petersburg strike came about, only a flash was needed to ignite the mass of inflammable material. And, just as after a thunderstorm there comes rain which revives the earth, so the horrible events of which I shall speak have had a beneficial effect. Blood has been spilt, and this lamentable blood has fallen like warm rain upon the frozen soil of Russian life.

Providence has put me as a necessary instrument in the midst of these events. But, to make such an instrument, certain characteristics and certain experiences were necessary; and how I came to have these characteristics and experiences I can best explain by reference to my youthful life. I am but one of many. It might have been another, as easily as myself, who appeared at the necessary point in this critical moment; but, since it has happened to be me and no other personality, it is natural that people should feel interested; and this is the reason why I have agreed to tell my story.

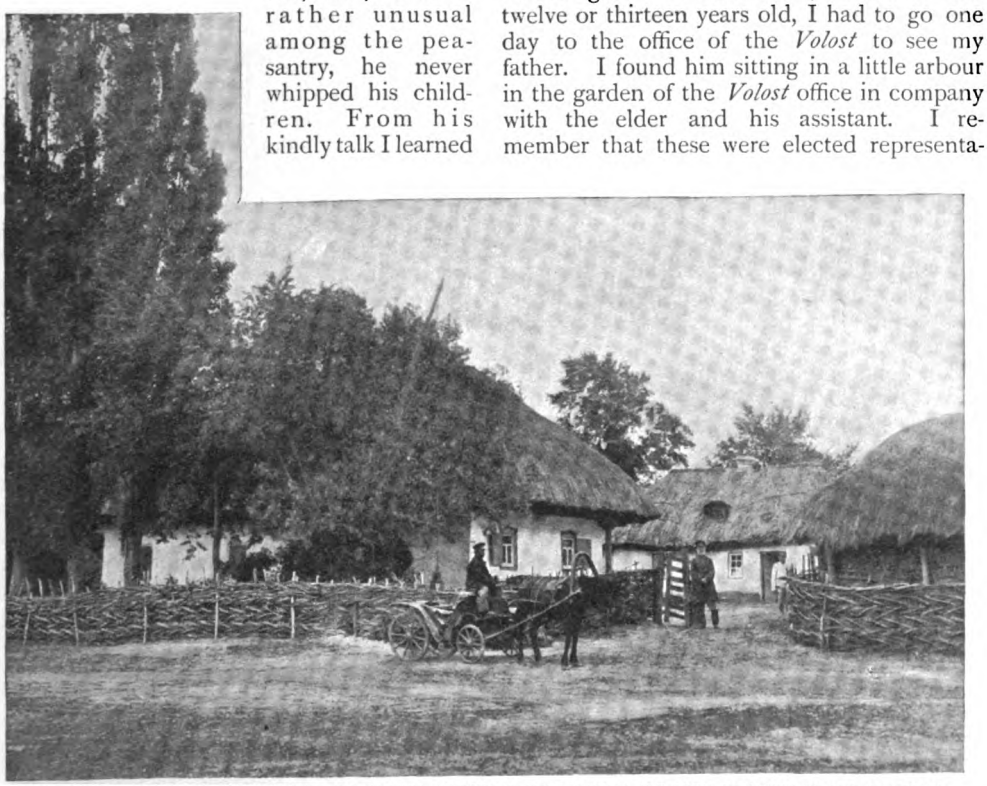
CHAPTER II.

MY EARLY HOME.

Let me at the outset recall some characteristics of my father and mother, to whom I owe so much. Ours was a humble peasant family, living in the large village of Biliki, in the province of Poltava, South Russia. My father is now about seventy years old, my mother about sixty. All the education my father has he got from a village sexton, a man whose knowledge and ideas were very primitive indeed. My father has, however, an immense amount of knowledge of everything concerned with peasant life, and a simple and concrete way of looking at things. He is a man not only of exceptional but of pedantic honesty. Extremely even in his temper, and, unlike his brothers, friendly and hearty toward everyone, he always seemed unable to kill a fly. He is honoured and beloved by the whole locality and—an unusual thing in Ukrainian life—is hardly ever mentioned by his surname, but is always alluded to as Appollon Feodorovitch, the use of the patronymic among peasants marking particular deference, while the dropping of the surname marks an affectionate familiarity.

For thirty-five consecutive years he was elected either as elder or clerk of the *Volost*

(group of communes), the latter appointment being the more significant, as the fact that the clerk writes and holds all the documents and accounts, while the elder is often illiterate, makes the position of the former the more influential. They are relatively lucrative positions, both officials often receiving presents from the peasantry in money or in kind; but my father always refused such gifts, and after a generation in office remained rather poorer than before. He loved the soil, and, what is rather unusual among the peasantry, he never whipped his children. From his kindly talk I learned much of the iniquities perpetrated by officials on the labouring people, and much of how every inch of the Ukrainian soil, which had since been given to idlers by the Government, was in past times wet with the heroic blood of those Cossacks who fought for the liberty and welfare of the people, and stood as defenders of Western Christianity against the Turks and Tartars in the East.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF FATHER GAPON—HIS FATHER AND YOUNGEST BROTHER ARE SEEN STANDING IN THE GATEWAY.
From a Photo. by Joseph Chmielewski, Poltava.

Sometimes, while we were all sitting on the *prisba* (an earthen bench running round the wall of the cottage), some grand landlord would pass by in his coach. My father would laughingly point to him and say: "See how proud he looks; and yet his coach and all he has comes from our labour." And I, less amiable, would furtively throw a stone after the cavalcade.

From my father, too, I learned how humiliating is the position of the village delegates to the *Zemstvo* (local council) under the existing Government. Practically they have no voice in settling its business, because if they made themselves inconvenient a plausible pretext would easily be found for giving them seven days in the *Volost* gaol. I remember, when I was twelve or thirteen years old, I had to go one day to the office of the *Volost* to see my father. I found him sitting in a little arbour in the garden of the *Volost* office in company with the elder and his assistant. I remember that these were elected representatives of a population of ten thousand souls. They were talking of the difference between the old times and the new.

"In the olden times," one of them was saying, "the power of the Government officers was such that, in order to show that they could do anything they liked with the representatives of the peasantry, they would call the elder before them and compel him to go down on all fours and bark like a dog before the villagers." While my father's friend was saying this and congratulating himself that things were now so different a harness-bell was heard, and, imagining that an official visitor was about to catch them, the

elder and his assistant seemed suddenly stricken with fear. The elder, a corpulent fellow, waddled away to the office, and his assistant followed, sneaking behind the bushes. With an air of innocence I asked my father why he did not go also. The old man replied with a twinkle of the eyes and his usual kindly smile.

I remember, on another occasion, hearing from my father that a peasant in our village had been publicly birched. All Russians consider this punishment so humiliating and inhuman that they do not ask what pretext exists before condemning it; and young peasants have been known to commit suicide rather than submit to it. To me, who had never been flogged, even at home, the news was peculiarly horrifying; and although my father assured me that elective officials were exempt from this punishment, I lay awake tortured by the idea that he might some day be stripped and chastised.

You see, he had always treated me as a friend, notwithstanding the difference of age, and never with the severity or even condescension of a senior. That is one reason why, through the lengthening years of labour and sorrow, I have always cherished my memories of him. How is it with him now? I do not know. Perhaps—it is only too likely—the Russian police are troubling him, perhaps he is suffering in other ways, on my account. As I think of him, thousands of miles away amid the woods and meadows of my childhood's home, I see the old man again, with weakening gait and dim eyes; I recall his hope that I, his eldest son, should some day be his staff and support—that, as he put it, "you will bury my body"; and, as the vision passes before my mind's eye, I am not ashamed to confess to feeling an overwhelming emotion.

Such was my father's influence. It is to my mother, in the first place, that I owe the direction of my religious life. She was herself illiterate, but her father, who lived near us, could read and, being an extremely devout man, spent a good deal of time in reading the lives of the saints. My grandfather often repeated these stories to me, and they so worked upon my imagination that, being then only seven or eight years old, I would stand for hours before the holy images, praying and shedding tears over my supposed sins.

Some of these tales had a rather different effect. I remember how much I was struck by the story of one St. John, originally Bishop of Novgorod, of whom it was narrated that once, while he was fervently praying, the Evil One played all manner of tricks to divert him from his devotions. At last the devil got into the water-jug that stood in the corner of the cell, whereupon the holy man quickly made the sign of the cross over it and so imprisoned his infernal enemy. The devil begged to be released, promising to do anything that was demanded of him. The bishop asked to be at once taken to Jerusalem, and that night they journeyed there and back, after which the devil was released. This greatly impressed me, and I shed innocent tears, but I could not, at the same time, help wishing that I could catch the devil to such good purpose.

With all the fantastic forms in which the religious spirit manifested itself to me, it had a hold both sincere and strong. I was deeply impressed by the holiness of all these saints and anchorites, and dreamed of a day when I should become one of them. My mother worked the more earnestly upon such feelings because she believed that her own salvation from the fires of hell depended upon her first saving us little ones. So, however hungry I might be when I came home, I would not touch food without permission, because, though there was no one in the room, up in the corner there stood the holy image of Christ, whose eyes seemed to follow one from place to place. I would never take a mouthful of milk on Friday lest a horn should spring out of my forehead. My mother was a masterful woman. However cold the weather and scanty our clothing, we must go to church and, in our corner of the aisle, we must sing even if our teeth were chattering in our heads.

But as time went on I began to revolt against the maternal despotism. One day, when the floods were out, I intentionally fell into the water so as to evade the duty of going to church. No doubt my mother's religion was sincere, but I noticed that even her being engaged in family prayers did not prevent her from watching everything that was going on out of the corner of her eye; if, for instance, one of the pigs got into the vegetable garden, she would jump up from her devotions and rush after it. Sometimes she would get hold of the biography of one of the saints and, since I alone could read it, I was imprisoned through the sunny hours reading aloud from the precious and sacred book. Once I forgot that it was Friday and was caught in the shed illicitly devouring bread and milk; but, after my mother had satisfied herself by the

administration of summary justice, the contrast between the forms of religion and its essence forced itself more urgently upon my boyish mind. No doubt the church choir sang energetically and effectively, and no doubt that was necessary to salvation—and yet, and yet, they could not help filling up the intervals with jests and chatter. Did the great God really wish that I should be whipped?

Yet I knew that my mother was really kind-hearted. Though only a poor peasant woman, she would often give away to others who were yet poorer—and in our district there were many who not only had no land of their own, but who had to depend upon their neighbours for food and shelter—more than our little store could afford. She seemed to me to be a good soul struggling like a captured bird in the mesh of religious formalism.

GAPON'S FATHER AND MOTHER AND YOUNGEST BROTHER.
From a Photo. by Joseph Chmielewski, Poltava.

These opposite influences of my father and mother were blended and assumed a poetical quality from my impressions of the natural surroundings which give Ukraina the name of "the Italy of Russia." In the long autumn evenings, when we children had been sent to bed and were lying on the floor in a row under one home-made felt coverlet, the women of the family would sit spinning and at the same time singing or telling stories. My mother knew many folk-songs and sang them well; and I often lay awake listening to the sad, exquisite melody and the simple words describing the fate of a girl left behind when her Cossack lover went to the wars, or the historical exploits of some national hero of the olden time, or the traditional story of my ancestor Gapon-Bydak. The village of Biliki lies on both banks of the historic river Vorskla, and is known as the place of many battles with the Tartars in the far-away days when the expansion of Russia to the south and east was only just beginning. The hills around it were capped with woods of poplar and oak and other trees, and after I had been listening to some tale of Cossack exploits it seemed to my boyish imagination that the woods were still full of the clamour of contending hosts. These romantic ideas were aided by the beauty of the deep blue vault of the South Russian sky and its brilliant incrustation of stars.

CHAPTER III.

I BECOME A PRIEST.

TURNING to the prosaic side of our everyday life I see myself again a lad, barefooted and often capless, in peasant dress, making myself, or rather being made, useful by my hardworking family, as guardian of a few sheep or pigs, and occasionally being entrusted with a whole herd of cattle on pasture. I was particularly fond of my flock of geese, not only because it was good to watch the growth of the little yellow goslings into white-feathered birds, but because I was proud of training a gander which would beat any in the village.

From my seventh year I attended the

primary school, and made such progress that the clergy told my parents that I ought to continue my studies. But how, and for what end? What career should be chosen for me? Two motives decided this question. The first is expressed in the Ukrainian proverb: "A priest is a golden sheaf"; the second was that, if I should become a priest, I should not only myself get easy access to Heaven, but I should be able to help all my people thither.

So it was decided to send me to the lower Ecclesiastical School in Poltava. This meant a four years' course of studies after the preliminary year was concluded. But, as I did well in the preliminary examinations, I was allowed to begin at the second year's classes. I was then twelve years old. At first I felt myself altogether an outsider. In my peasant dress, with my peasant manners, all the other students, who were sons of priests or deacons, looked down on me as a social inferior. They showed their pride in the usual boyish fashion, and at first I was too timid to reply in kind. Indeed, as I made rapid progress, their jealousy became more marked. At last I had an occasion to repay them in their own coin and so established a tolerable position, though throughout these years I was to some extent isolated.

When I was fifteen years old, and in my last year at the school, one of the tutors named Treguboff* put in my hands some of Tolstoy's writings, which had a lasting effect upon my mind. For the first time I saw clearly that the essence of religion lay, not in its outward forms, but in its inner spirit—not in any ceremonies, but in love for one's neighbour. I took every opportunity of expressing these new ideas, especially in our village during my holidays.

But I fear I showed my unruly spirit in less serious ways than that of theological discussion. It happened that the courtyard of the school was only divided from the bishop's garden by a board fence. More than once a band of us students made a hole in the fence, and raided the episcopal garden in the small hours when the household was deep in sleep. Sometimes we were caught by the gardeners, and we had to fight our way back; but we always contrived to get off unidentified. I look back at this period of my youth with little satisfaction. But soon I stood face to face with the serious facts of life. The death of my youngest sister marked the point between boyhood and manhood. I was sixteen and she was only ten, but the little girl, with her

* Mr. Treguboff was in later years one of the three signatories of the appeal for the Dukhobors, the others being Tolstoy and Mr. Vladimir Tchertkoff, and he was then first exiled and afterwards allowed to leave Russia for ever. Mr. Vladimir Tchertkoff, who was also banished, settled in England and established the *Free Age Press* for the publication of Tolstoyan literature.

THE LOWER ECCLESIASTICAL SCHOOL, POLTAVA, WHERE FATHER GAPON WAS EDUCATED AS A BOY.
From a Photo. by Joseph Chmielewski, Poltava.

sunny hair, was my favourite, and I had played with her in the fields for hours together.

I now passed on to the Ecclesiastical Seminary, and while there, partly through the influence of another Tolstoyan, one Feyerman, I could not help becoming a still more outspoken critic of the falsity I saw around me, so that at last one of the local clergy denounced me to the seminary authorities, and at the same time one of the tutors reported that I was demoralizing the school by sowing seeds of heresy. The result was a threat that the stipend which the Government allows to the most successful of the theological students would be withdrawn. I replied that henceforth I should not accept this stipend. That meant having to support myself and pay the fees as well. This I did by giving lessons in some of the wealthier families of the neighbourhood and teaching the children of the clergy. Sometimes I had to spend the vacation with my pupils, and during these visits I had opportunities of seeing the inner side of the life of Russian priests. I saw them celebrate the Eucharist in a state of intoxication, and many other things convinced me that there was much Phariseeism among them. Not only did they not sacrifice their own comfort for the weal of the people, but they were often positive leeches, and this although a hundred opportunities called to them every day. All around me I saw misery, overwork, poverty, and sickness. In a territory of twenty miles radius there was but one physician; and our large village had to manage with a single junior medical assistant. On the other hand, I saw more and more clearly the contrast between the Gospel itself and the forms and doctrines of the Church, the ignorance and hypocrisy of the clergy. And as I pondered these things my mind was filled with an overwhelming disgust. A year passed in this state of agitation, to which I owed it that an attack of typhoid was followed by brain fever. For a long time I lay ill, and when my father came to the hospital he did not at first recognise me.

As health began gradually to return I concluded that I was unfit for the priesthood. I therefore attended the lectures at the seminary less regularly, spending most of my time in teaching, meeting the outcasts and other humble labouring folk of the district, doing what little I could to help them, and hearing their life-stories. The authorities of the seminary did not seek to interfere with this independent life, but, as it turned out, they were preparing to punish me. When, on the conclusion of the seminary course, the question arose of my going on to the Ecclesiastical Academy, I replied that I preferred to go to a University to conclude my studies. On leaving, however, I found that my behaviour was so badly attested in my certificate that no University would admit me. That is one way they have in Russia of marking down "black sheep" at the beginning, of extinguishing at the outset the independent spirit which might afterwards show itself in what are called "University disturbances" and in other inconvenient ways.

But for me this meant the destruction of my career—of all that seemed most promising in life. Staggering under the blow, and brooding over all that had gone before, wild ideas of vengeance for a moment passed through my mind; but fortunately my father came to town, and the sight of the kind old man, who had himself suffered enough, softened my heart. For some time I lived by giving lessons and as statistician in the office of the local *Zemstvo*. This work gave me new evidence of the miserable life of the peasantry. Here I saw it, as it were, in cipher, in a summary drawn from a larger area than one man could know intimately, and once more there arose in me the desire to give my life wholly to the service of the working classes—in the first place, of the peasantry.

It seemed to me that, if it were possible to prepare for the matriculation which in Russia opens the door of the Universities, and to pass the examination without reference to my period at the seminary, I might then enter in the medical faculty, and, having concluded my studies, might go among the peasantry as a doctor, and in that way help in some measure to give them health and strength of mind as well as body. My horizons were being widened at that time, among other things, by what I read and heard about the Revolutionists. Some clandestine literature had fallen for the first time into my hands, and from this, as well as from narratives of the horrors that were being perpetrated in some of the prisons of the empire, I came to realize that for a long time there had been a few men and women who had not only emancipated their own minds, but had sacrificed talents and wealth, comfort, and even life itself, in the service of the people. Little as I then knew of this unselfish and enlightened minority, I already learned to feel a certain esteem for them.

While I was cherishing this dream an

THE ECCLESIASTICAL SEMINARY, POLTAVA, WHERE FATHER GAPON'S EDUCATION FOR THE PRIESTHOOD WAS FINISHED.
From a Photo. by Joseph Chmielewski, Poltava.

event occurred which altogether changed my plans and determined all that followed. One of the daughters of a wealthy man in Poltava, at whose house I was giving lessons, had a friend, a Ukrainian girl, coming from a local family of the merchant class. She was a beautiful and lovable girl, of good education, having graduated at the local high school, and of exceptional native intelligence. At first I hardly noticed her when we met; but gradually we were drawn together by our studies and by our common hope of doing something for the common people. She had some acquaintance with the Revolutionists and their ideas, but that did not prevent her sharing the religious spirit of her family. We often spoke of these things; and, when she learned my plans for the future, she expressed her belief that the position of a priest was far more advantageous than that of a doctor for the purposes I had most at heart. A doctor, she would say, heals the body; a priest, if worthy of the name, sustains the soul, and the mass of mankind wants the latter perhaps more than the former. When I objected that my principles did not coincide with the teachings of the Orthodox Church, she replied that that was no sufficient objection; the main thing was to be true, not to the Orthodox Church, but to Christ, who was a model of sacrifice for humanity. As to the symbols and ritual of the Church, they were symbols and ritual only.

This convinced me; I determined to become a priest, and she agreed to marry me. But the way was by no means smooth. Once I asked the permission of her parents to visit the house, but her mother showed great repugnance and asked me not to come again. My sweetheart said she could not tolerate this, and told her parents they had better give their consent. At the same time I went to the Bishop Illarion, told him of my heart's secret, and my decision to become a priest and to ask for a parish, preferably in my native place. The bishop, who had always taken an interest in me, showed himself very kind on this occasion. He asked the girl's mother to visit him, and, when the old lady came, told her that she was hardly justified in objecting to the match, that he knew me and would pledge himself as to me, beside which I was to become a priest.

This settled the matter. We were married; and after about a year I took orders, having served first as sexton and then, after a single day as deacon, been ordained a priest. But the bishop refused to send me to our village; he wanted such men in town, he said. So, for the present, I remained in Poltava as a priest of the Cemetery Church.

Let me say at once that, during the whole time of my priesthood, I was exceedingly happy, not only because in my wife I had a true friend and co-worker, but also because I liked the position of a spiritual teacher. It seemed to me that these poor people, who

are so much oppressed and have often no consolation in their daily lives, received from my preaching and the contagion of my enthusiasm the only relief they had. Especially in the celebration of the Mass, when a vision of the full meaning of Christ's sacrifice came to me, did I feel delight in my work. In such a condition of elation it was, perhaps, inevitable that the more prosaic moments of the ecclesiastical routine should grate upon my nerves. The clink of money while wax candles were being bought in the vestibule to be offered before the sacred images, and while the people were dropping their humble gifts into the offertory plates—how it annoyed me! My deacon was a special scourge. Formerly a medical assistant, he had taken to the Church simply as a more lucrative calling, though he did not even profess to believe in immortality. Extremely tall and stupid-looking, with rough voice, dirty boots, and a surplice that hardly covered his knees, his appearance was well-nigh scandalous. He looked at the parishioners exclusively from the point of view of how much they could pay; and at length his greed became so open and insolent that, although I had no right to do so, I forbade his taking any part in the conduct of the service.

I preached frankly that not ritual and offerings, but a good life and kindness to one's neighbour, were the essential things. Gradually people gathered to hear me, and, though the church was not at first well attended—it was a special cemetery church, without a parish attached—there were soon so many that the building was often too small for the congregation. The bishop continued friendly, but the other priest of the church began to be jealous. I paid no attention to him, and set about forming a mutual benevolent society for the sake of the poorer people who often needed help. This, I soon found, by its very success extended the feeling of jealousy, neighbouring priests raising a clamour on the ground that I was trying to rob them of their congregation. I tried to conform in my life and conduct as a priest with what I taught in my sermons. I did not make my calling a pretext for getting money; I was satisfied with what I received; and this, to say nothing of other reasons, was sufficient to attract many people to me. But while, on the one hand, my popularity increased, on the other the jealousy of the neighbouring clergy grew also.

At last they moved the Ecclesiastical Consistory to fine me on the ground that, having myself no parish, I had officiated instead of priests who had. This was true enough; yet I dared to repeat the offence. For what did it mean? Once an old man came to me and begged me to conduct a service in memory of his deceased wife. Having already been fined several times, I had become rather cautious. So I asked the old man to what parish he belonged, and why he did not go to his own priest. He replied that his parish priest had asked seven roubles (about fourteen shillings) for officiating, which he could not pay. Asked why so much was demanded, the old man explained that at the time of the burial of his wife he had only been able to pay three roubles, and, being displeased, the priest now said he must pay for both occasions. Moreover, he had heard my sermons, he said, and felt more drawn to me than to his own priest, and so, falling on his knees, he begged me to come with him. How could I refuse?

The service, as is the custom in Russia, was followed by a kind of memorial dinner. As I sat at the head of the table and talked to the family on religious and moral questions the door suddenly opened and the parish priest, drunk, his hair and dress in utter disorder, rushed in with several servants, and addressed to me a violent complaint, interlarded with foul language, that I was robbing him of his bread. The people were so much irritated that, but for my interference, it would have gone ill with that turbulent cleric.

Once more I was fined.

My married life lasted four years, my priesthood only two. We had two children, a girl and a boy, both of whom are living in Russia as I set down these words in the land of my temporary exile. Immediately after the birth of our boy my wife became very ill. She did not want to die. Being sincerely religious, she believed in the mercy and omnipotence of God, and, not wanting to part from her beloved ones, she prayed that she might be allowed to live. But the end came nearer and nearer, and at last she died in my arms.

I believed then, and I believe now, in the spirit of God; but since the death of my wife, and the period of stupor that followed that terrible loss, I had to live through some experiences that are responsible for an addition to the number of my earlier beliefs. One of these experiences was, indeed, the fulfilment of a dream my wife had a month before she died, when she saw, or thought she saw, herself being buried, and told me all about it immediately afterwards. She entered into all the details of who would speak and

officiate and how I would act, and so on, and all this was fulfilled to the letter.

Another experience was this. One night I had been working late, and at about one a.m. I lay down on a couch, but did not, as I believe, fall asleep. Suddenly I saw the form of my dead wife enter the room, come near to me, and bend as though to kiss me. I jumped up, throwing off a coverlet; and, as I stood, I saw through the door a kind of wraith in the corridor. I rushed out and found that the curtains in the adjoining room were burning. No doubt through the negligence of a servant, a lamp before the icon had burst and set fire to the drapery; and, as the house was of wood and it was summer, if I had not come in at that moment there might have been a great calamity.

A third experience that I may mention was a dream in which I saw myself hunted and seized by a figure which, as I felt, was my Fate. Since then I have believed in predestination and in some connection between the living and the dead.

After the death of my wife it seemed as if all clear meaning had gone out of my priestly life. No doubt the nearness of her burial-place, which I frequently visited, was a morbid influence; it worked on my nerves so that I began to fear lest my mind should be unhinged. It occurred to me to change the place of my residence, and perhaps to turn over an altogether new leaf in my life. So I determined at length to take steps to procure admission to the Ecclesiastical Academy in St. Petersburg.

I communicated my plan to the bishop, and the old man, no less kind than before, approved the idea, and did everything in his power to help me. The difficulty was that, beside passing an examination, the candidate must have an excellent certificate of conduct. Once again the black marks on my record at the seminary stood against me! However, the bishop wrote a personal letter to the Educational Committee of the Holy Synod through M. Pobyedonostseff, praying that I might be allowed to compete without producing a certificate from the seminary, and adding that after two years' acquaintance with my work he was sure I merited their friendly notice.

With only two and a half months to prepare for the examination, I set to work and went to St. Petersburg. How I saw M. Pobyedonostseff and his assistant, Sabler; how I entered the Academy full of dreams of getting to the very source of knowledge, and what came of it all, I shall tell in the following chapters.

(To be continued.)

THE CEMETERY CHURCH, POLTAVA, WHERE FATHER GAPON SERVED AS PRIEST.
From a Photo. by Joseph Chmielewski, Poltava.

LAFAYETTE.

AND THE STORY OF THE MAN WHO WAS HIS FRIEND.

By Max Pemberton.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BEGGAR UPON THE HIGH ROAD.

IT has not been my purpose in these memoirs to write the life story of the Marquis de Lafayette; nor have I the desire to do so. History has given a full account of the great services he rendered to America during the war; and to history will the student look for a more faithful picture of his feats of arms and the fame they won him. I speak of a private and dear friendship, and of those scenes and events (unforgettable by me) which attended it. None the less, there must be moments in these pages where my own story intrudes, both for a better understanding of my friend and a truer knowledge of those events in which we took part together. Let me, then, for a brief while, dwell upon my return to Paris in the year 1779 and relate in what manner I was detained there and came subsequently to visit England.

Now, you have heard how we circumvented the plot which the English prisoners contrived during the voyage of the frigate *Alliance* from Boston town to our own port of Brest. Being come to Paris in safety, the Marquis de Lafayette was everywhere received with the greatest rejoicing, Queen Marie Antoinette in particular paying him great honour. We visited many houses, eating and drinking as we went, and everywhere preaching those doctrines of equality so fashionable in French society at that time—and destined to cost French society so much in years to come. Our purpose had been to beg men and money for the American cause, and we got both abundantly.

Such distinctions as were conferred upon M. de Lafayette fell in some part also upon me. Nor could I forbear a certain pride in my new condition—clad in lace and finery, the friend of French nobles, and yet as much plain Zaida Kay as ever I was in all my life. This, however, I kept to myself; and I continued in the belief that I should speedily return to America until there came a letter from our Congress, appointing me to the Agency in Paris and commanding my services for some time to come.

"Here's a pretty blow upon a man's hopes," said I to the Marquis when I had read it to him; "Zaida Kay to be set at a desk when there are battles to fight and men to feed over yonder. And the peace coming and the liberty of my country to be won by it! Now, surely could I cry out upon Fortune and name her a scurvy jade."

He did not share my view, pointing out to me that my discretion and business habits must be of great service to my country in Paris—and, moreover, he promised to write me by his own hands all that I would wish to know both of my people and of their fortunes. Happy in the love of his dear wife and consoled in some way for the loss of his beloved Henriette by the daughter born to him in his absence, he nevertheless returned to America unflinchingly at the bidding of his conscience—and the very next I heard of him was an account of his heroic conduct at the Battle of Yorktown and of that dashing charge upon the British redoubts which did not a little to win victory for our arms.

"There was," he wrote, "a great dispute between the Baron de Viomenil and a certain officer by the name of Lafayette upon the merits of the Grenadiers and Americans, as to which were the better troops to pit against the English redoubts. When the rockets went up, as a signal for the attack, we raced for the British lines together; but Colonel Hamilton was first over with my ragged fellows, and never did shabby clothes win a finer victory. Believe me, my dear Zaida, this is the end of all your troubles, and that great cause for which we have all sacrificed so much must now be finally triumphant."

In this he was not deceived. The British Army under Cornwallis, caught in a trap at the mouth of the James River, immediately surrendered, as all the world knows, to General Washington, and thereafter the British had no place in America. The truce between these two great countries did not come for some months afterwards; we had no recognition of our Independence from London until the year 1783; but the war was done with at Yorktown, and thereafter the Marquis de Lafayette need think upon no country but his own.

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That I did not meet him when he returned to Paris for the second time was the accident of my absence in London upon the business of our Agency. I went to that great city very willingly, for I have always entertained a warm regard for the British people and have made many friends among them. Now that the war was over, I could remember that this great land had been the mother of my own, giving us such qualities of bravery, prudence, and manly faith as we possessed—and I found in the city of London much that I had already learned to esteem in the city of New York. This, however, is no part of my story. I would rather speak of the day when, riding out of London again, upon the road to Dover, an incident befell me which changed in a twinkling the purpose of my life and wrote upon my page a line so black that neither tears nor love may blot it out to my life's end.

I left London upon a sunny day of June in the year 1788. There was none with me save a lad by the name of Philip Ker, mounted upon a brave pony. Dangerous as we had been led to believe the high road, we passed through Rochester without adventure and came safely to the town of Canterbury. Here I purposed to stay the night, that I might see the great cathedral wherein so many English princes are buried. The beauty of this splendid church, its noble choir, and the remote antiquity of which it speaks, reminded me very forcibly that I came from a new country, which had neither lady-chapels to boast of nor knights in armour to bury therein. In some measure my pride suffered from the circumstance, though I had the wit to prophesy in what way we might, time being granted us, make good these deficiencies. Indeed, this beautiful old city, with its kindly people (very ready to hear me talk of the war), its sleepy clergymen, and hallowed dead, won upon my homage as no other place in Europe had done; and I lingered there three days, in spite of my previous determination to stay but one. So did Fate play with me; so was it destined.

There is a beautiful winding, wooded road lying between Dover and Canterbury, with much fine heath by the way, and a keen air, invigorating above the ordinary. I had been cautioned at the inn that it would be wiser to make a party for the journey, if that were possible; but this, to a man who had led a pioneer's life across the seas, sounded but an idle warning; "and," said I to my host, "that will be a sorry day for the rogue who lays a hand upon Zaida Kay, and little would he get for his pains." In answer the good fellow shrugged his shoulders and bade us beware particularly of a villain named Black Robin; but we set out, nevertheless, in the best of humours, and had ridden it may be five miles contentedly before we passed even a single chaise.

"And so much for your Black Robin redbreast," said I to the lad Philip at my side. "These poor folk hereabouts would douk the head if a man but whistled a May song at them. Let me see the hand that will rest upon my bridle and I will buy you a suit of homespun. Why, lad, at Barren Hill I had a matter of twenty Indians atop of me and as many tomahawks at my throat. Do you think they put fear into these young bones? Aye, you should have been there, and then you could have spoken."

Be it observed that I overnumbered the Indians somewhat; but who has learned to speak of war with moderation, or to humble himself concerning his own part therein? We have all a touch of the vanities within us, and I find, in the matter of numbers, that they grow with the years. This lad, however, had but a poor ear for marvels, and I found him as little given to worship me as before.

"Truth, sir," said he, "you must have lost flesh if there were twenty Indians atop of you at Barren Hill—just such another as my uncle that had two cannon-balls in him at the Battle of Minden and would not let the surgeon remove them, for he had the mind to show them to my aunt at Richmond. I make sure you would frighten any highwayman if you did but look at him—and, come now, here's one to try your hand upon."

"The saints help him," cried I, whipping a pistol from my holster, and as quickly thrusting it back again. For it was but a young woman who stood out in the high road before us, and she, I doubted not, had come there to beg of us.

"Well, my good girl," I cried—and then, the words faltering upon my tongue, I looked at her as though I had seen one risen from the dead.

"Sir," she said, speaking with an accent which plainly told her to be of French birth, "for the love of Heaven, hear me. You must hear me, sir. There is a gentleman in dire peril in yonder wood—oh, sir, he needs help so sorely, and I am but a woman, and I know not what to do. Sir, if you be a Christian and have any mercy, you will answer me and come—for I was gently born as you are, though now I be but an outcast from the world."

"Then surely has a merciful Father sent me to your succour," cried I, "for you are Pauline Beauvallet, and the last time I saw you 'twas as a child in the stables at St. Jean de Luz."

She stepped from me, and her great black eyes were as two beautiful jewels upon a virgin's face. Her poor clothes worn threadbare; the stain of the grass, which had been her bed, upon her raiment; wan and thin and pale, none the less was it the Pauline Beauvallet of my dreams—she whom I had thought upon so tenderly in the lonely hours, even beneath the stars which shone upon a battlefield or smiled upon me from the zenith of the great Atlantic Ocean. Pauline Beauvallet, and here in England, seemingly an outcast, lifting her trembling white hands to Zaida Kay, who would have knelt and worshipped her!

"Oh, blessed Virgin!" she cried, again and again; "blessed Virgin!" And then, "How I remember that day you speak of—the dragoons upon the road, and my little pony! It was the day of my father's death," she said, but with such an infinite sorrow in her voice that she brought tears to my eyes.

"Take me to your friend, Pauline," I said, not wishing her to see how greatly I had been moved by her story; "this meeting certainly has been destined by the Almighty. It would be the man named Le Brun that is hurt?" I put it to her.

"Yes, yes," she cried, running on before me into the thicket, "the only friend that ever I knew; Gaspard le Brun, my father's steward, who took me out of France to save me from harm. He is here, in the wood, monsieur. They followed him from France, Armand de Sevigny, my father's murderer, and his servants. Oh, if I were a man to answer that!"

I made no rejoinder, but went with her as swiftly as might be to the place where her friend lay. Few as her words had been, they told me her story plainly enough. Armand de Sevigny, who had killed her father, the Count of Beauvallet, must have loved this child from the beginning, I thought—perchance the duel had been fought upon the question of her marriage. And the Count being dead, Sevigny had persisted in his desires, believing that little Pauline must readily become his prey; which I make sure had been the case but for the honest fellow I had last seen upon the road to the Spanish frontier. In a twinkling I understood that these villains had followed Pauline and her protector to England and had discovered their opportunity upon this lonely road. When at last I came with her to the place, I perceived that my guess had been a good one; and then I understood both how she had escaped her persecutors and how it came to be that Le Brun still lived.

He lay in a little clearing of the thicket near by a pretty brook, with a sycamore's

"HE LAY IN A LITTLE CLEARING OF THE THICKET."

leaves to shield him from the sun and a pillow of wild flowers for his head. Twenty paces from him, maybe, a Frenchman in fine

clothes had fallen stone-dead, and, rolling as he fell, his face now rested in the waters of the brook, while his broken sword glittered upon the shining pebbles. Yet a little farther on a second, as still as he, bore witness to a stirring fight; nay, for that I had but to look at Le Brun's sword, smeared to the very hilt, for a witness. Grown very old since I had last seen him riding down toward St. Jean de Luz, the poor fellow's clothes were as worn as little Pauline's, and I could well picture the bitter days of poverty they had lived through together in this strange land, driven thereto by a powerful noble and a society which esteemed a woman's honour so lightly. But these were my own thoughts, and kneeling by the wounded man I remembered his necessity and put them from me.

"Comrade," I said, "here is Zaida Kay, who went to America with the Marquis de Lafayette ten good years ago. Look up and say what hurt you have. Nay, surely the dragoons from Bayonne are not so soon forgotten? Look up, comrade, for here is a friend at hand."

He was sore hurt—there could be no doubt of it. I put my flask to his lips and had but a whisper of thanks for his answer. When I told him my name and reminded him that we had met upon the road to Spain ten good years ago he pressed my hand and bent his head, as though he remembered perfectly and was grateful for my coming. His wound I judged to be dangerous, and my small knowledge of surgery would have it that a pistol-ball had entered one of his lungs and remained lodged in his body. Against this I could do nothing, except it were to stanch the bleeding and bid the lad Philip hurry to the nearest inn for a coach or any conveyance that might be got. Willing enough, though greatly affrighted, the youth went with all speed, while little Pauline, upon the verge of tears, told me more fully than it had yet been possible to do how he came by his hurt and what was the history of it.

"We have been three years in England trying to earn our bread," she began, with rapid utterance and quick, nervous gestures which I liked but little to see. "M. le Brun kept the Salle d'Armes in St. James's Street; I taught the children to speak French. It was well while there was war, but afterwards our patrons left us and we suffered much. Then we went to the other great towns; we worked so hard, and thought of our beautiful France so often. But Gaspard would not return while Armand de Sevigny was in Paris, for the King is his friend, and you know, sir, there was that happened between us which he could never forget. How shall I tell you? Three years ago, upon the Place du Temple, they followed me from the theatre and tried to drag me into their carriage; but I had Gaspard's poniard beneath my cloak, and I was not such a child that I could not save myself from that. Afterwards we came to London, but Sevigny had not forgotten us. Oh, such humiliations we suffered, such wrongs, until they told us that King Louis had banished the old Marquis to his estates, and that the son, Armand, must leave Paris with him. Then we determined to go back. No land could be more unkind than this England, with its proud people and its dark skies, and no laughter anywhere. So we were to return to Paris—but, sir, Armand de Sevigny had not gone to Bayonne. No; he had come to England, and he followed us, and here in this wood I saw him again. And, oh, Mr. Kay, they have killed Gaspard; and he was the only friend I had in all the world!"

I listened to this bitter story of wrong with such feelings as true compassion rarely fails to provoke. How little had I foreseen what this child must suffer when I had recalled her name in distant America! Neither General Lafayette nor myself, remembering her prettiness at St. Jean de Luz, and speaking of it often with much tenderness, had once bethought us of the Marquis de Sevigny's son, who had killed her father; nor had we known of his passion for her. It became clear to me, also, that poor Le Brun's pride had forbidden him to seek of Mme. de Lafayette that pecuniary assistance the Marquis would have so readily offered him. None the less, the story cut me to the heart; and being unwilling to dwell upon it, and too distressed to press her further, I perceived with relief that the lad Philip had returned, and so I went to him and asked for his news.

"They have but a cart at the inn," said he, "and that is gone to the village of Ramsgate. There is a farmer who would have brought a waggon, but he will be long a-coming. And so I have made bold to stop a coach on my own account, and it stands now at the thicket's edge awaiting us."

"You stopped a coach, lad!" I exclaimed, in amazement; "nay, whose coach is that, then?"

"I know not, sir; but since you put a pistol in my holster, what use should I make of it, if it be not to stop a coach when I have

the mind to? And, sir, if you do not be quick, the driver will be up from the ditch, where I had the forethought to detain him."

We laughed together at the drollery of it; but, remembering poor Le Brun's need, I lifted him in my arms and carried him instantly through the wood. As the lad boasted, so had he done. A coach stood upon the high road; we caught its driver in the very act of clambering from the ditch, and to him I promised a guinea if he would convey my unhappy burden to the nearest inn. At which he became restored immediately, for he had believed himself to be in the hands of the highwayman, Black Robin.

"You be a fine gentleman enough and I be in the ditch," said he. "Well, there's a party of French coveys waiting for me hereabouts, and good luck go with 'em. Your humble servant, gents, and next time you meet old Bob Wiggett, you show him the guinea first and the pistol afterwards."

"THE OLD MAN CRIED OUT, 'WHY, THERE'S ONE OF 'EM BEHIND THE BUSH.'"

I promised him to do so, my heart beating fast the while. For what did his words mean if not that, by no inconceivable accident, we had stumbled upon Armand de Sevigny's coach, and that the man and his fellows were still waiting in the neighbourhood to finish the foul deed they had begun so well? Nay, I had hardly set poor Le Brun upon the cushions and bidden Pauline Beauvallet step up beside him, when the old man cried out, "Why, there's one of 'em behind the bush," and sure enough, standing half concealed at the thicket's edge, I perceived a slim Frenchman with a naked sword in his hand.

"How many were there that fell upon him, child? How many in the wood?" I asked Pauline.

She could not remember rightly, but, at a hazard, thought they had been six.

"I saw M. de Sevigny a little way off upon a black horse," she rejoined. "They fell upon us suddenly from the thicket; we could not afford horses, Mr. Kay, and were going afoot. Then they cried out that it was Gaspard le Brun they had to do with, and two fled from us and there were two he killed. You know how men have been afraid of him. Even in Paris he had no master at the fence. But he was one against three, when a great coach came up the hill and M. de Sevigny called to them to forbear. They ran from us at that and Gaspard fell, and I hid my face, for I knew that he was hurt—and, Mr. Kay, he is the only friend I ever had."

Her eyes dimmed again at the memory of her friend's distress, but I had learned all I wished to hear, and, shutting the door upon them, I bade the coachman drive on. Of the six Frenchmen in the thicket no more than two were hurt. We had Armand de Sevigny and four others still to deal with, it always being supposed that there were not more of his company waiting in the nearest village!

And there was but this brave lad, Philip Ker, to stand by me when the time should come. For I had no doubt that they watched us as we rode away, and presently would cross swords with us.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PARSON INGOLSBY.

THE inn lay farther from the thicket than I had imagined it to be. We crossed a wild, bleak down with a gibbet at the heart of it and a man's body swaying to and fro in a

little breeze that came in from the sea. A lone house which, at a distance, I had taken to be a hostel proved to be nothing more than a shed for cows. Thereafter for some miles this unfriendly heath persisted, so open, so black that I could well understand the stories of rapine and murder to which it had given birth. That we had been followed from the wood I never had a doubt. The hedgeless road, the winding, chalky track gave no shelter to the dark forms of the horsemen who were plainly to be perceived at every turn, three or four of them together, neither advancing with courage nor drawing back with discretion. Their hesitation I welcomed, since thereby we obtained minutes of grace most precious to us. In the village, I said, if a village there were, we might come to the reckoning.

I knew little of our situation, neither the name of the heath we crossed nor of any place of note in its vicinity. When a church spire appeared above some of the melancholy trees, the lad told me that we were approaching the hamlet of Barham and might look for some protection there, "since," said he, "they have a constable." To laugh at his boyish confidence in this worthy official were easy enough; but I forbore alike from that and from any answer to his encomiums upon the parson of the place, who, he told me, had no rival in Kent in his judgment of horse or hound or a bottle of Spanish wine. The village should speak for itself, as it did presently when we entered it at all speed, and coming to the door of a thatched inn, white-fronted and very English, I dismounted from my horse and told the landlord my business.

"Your best room and the bed prepared instantly for a gentleman who has come by an accident in the wood," I said; "we may lie here some days. Do that which is necessary, and the items of your bill shall not be questioned."

A tall man, long in the weasand, with eyes that looked into each other and a tuft of lank chestnut hair upon an egg-shaped head, the fellow smiled sourly while I spoke and answered with little thanks.

"The very words I heard at this door not the half of an hour ago. Ye be all for the best bedroom; and yon's the second gentleman that got his trouble in the wood—but some of you speak French, sir, and others, I doubt not, know where Black Robin is perched. Well, I'm no constable, thank goodness; it's not my business to stop a man's windpipe so long as good ale can trickle down it. Bring your gentleman within; I'll do what I can for him."

I think that he must have perceived my astonishment when he spoke of those in his house who had the French tongue. It needed no good guess to say that some of Sevigny's men were there before us—perhaps the man himself, waiting for the tidings which should reach him from the thicket. To enter the house meant that we must come face to face with this desperate gang which had pursued the child and her protector so doggedly through these long years. To proceed would be to invite attack upon a more lonely road, where neither men nor house might witness our predicament. I chose the former course without a moment's hesitation, and, entering the house boldly, who should I stumble upon at the very threshold but Armand de Sevigny himself in the act of climbing the staircase before me?

You can never mistake a nobleman of France, his bearing, his dress, or his manner. This fellow's coat must have cost a little fortune to trim; his sword had a golden hilt; he carried that fine, unmistakable air of a man who could say to all the world, "My father is the Marquis de Sevigny."

Hearing me upon his heels he turned and bowed very graciously, and we were still face to face, like two women that would know each other's business, when the stablemen, at my bidding, began to carry poor Le Brun up the stairs and the whole story flashed out in a twinkle.

"What nonsense is this?" he cried, angrily; "why have you brought that ruffian to the house?"

"For the very same reason that brings black crows to a field together," said I; "and as for your ruffian, there are men here who have an answer to the word and know where to place it."

I looked him straight in the face, and he stepped back at my keen glance. That the situation could not have been more perilous both to the child and myself I was perfectly well aware. An open door at the stair's head showed me the legs of three or four servingmen, listening, I did not doubt, to every word their master spoke. Behind us, upon the high road, were others in Sevigny's pay—the coach stood at the door; a bold man, I said, would have called his fellows out, picked up the child in his arms, and raced for Dover and the sea. A bold man, yes; but was Armand de Sevigny a bold man? For boldness, mind you, is as much a matter of wit as courage. And this man had little wit, or

he would have grasped the circumstances as I grasped them and not drawn back to think upon it. Therein he found me a shrewder antagonist; for I was up the stairs and at the open door even before he could whip his sword from its scabbard.

"Gentlemen," I exclaimed, standing upon the threshold of the room and speaking to them rapidly in French, "if you do not desire a better acquaintance with the King's dragoons from Canterbury, there is the window and yonder lies the high road to Dover town. I speak as one recently come from Paris and not unfriendly to your nation. They have a short way in this country with those who marry other men's daughters against their will—and I would remind you that we have just passed by a gibbet, which the justices might find a convenience to their hands. Now choose your path quick, and go or stay as you please. You will have precious little chance of coming to a decision at all if you bide here longer."

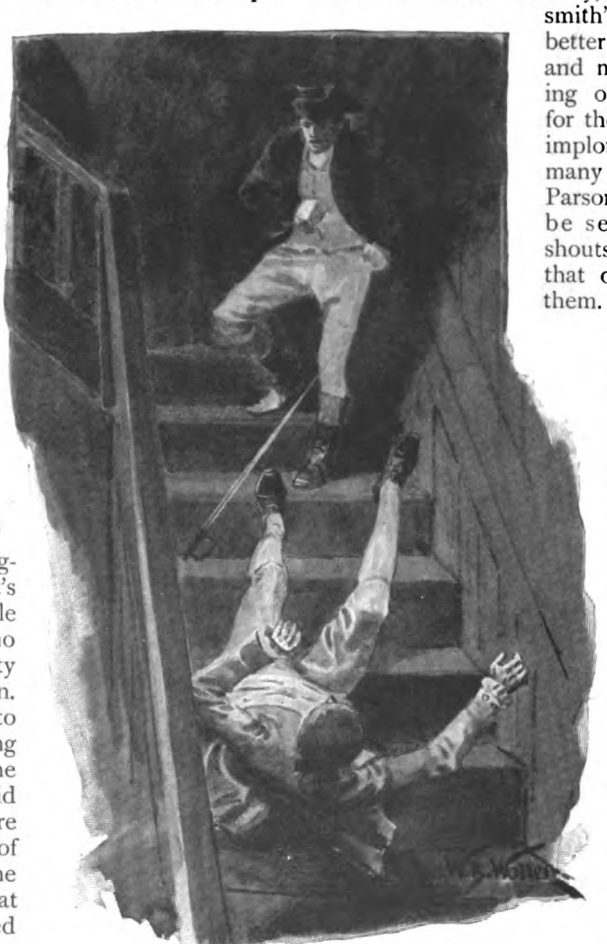
"HE TURNED AND BOWED VERY GRACIOUSLY."

They stared at me agape in astonishment. Who was I? Whence had I come? Why should I be at the pains of warning them? And, for the matter of that, young Armand de Sevigny could have been scarcely less perplexed than they. Here was a stranger speaking his own tongue, not to be accused of any apparent motive in warning his men, and yet seemingly desirous both for their safety and that of the poor fellow they had brought so near to death.

Possibly he was half ready to believe my story that there were dragoons upon the road behind us; but, however it might have been, he stood there in doubt and perplexity until the servants would have carried poor Le Brun by him. Then all his hate and fury mastered him in a twinkling; and, whipping out his sword from its scabbard, he made to thrust it through that helpless body and settle his monstrous score for good and all. Just one terrified scream I heard from little Pauline; just for one instant did I witness the servants' horror-stricken faces and their brave attempt to shield their burden from the steel—then, with a blow that, had it fallen fairly, would have killed the rogue upon the instant, I shot out my clenched fist crash upon his forehead, and he went headlong down the stairs, over and over like a child's ball, bouncing from step to step, now against the wall, now almost bursting the balustrade, until the flags received him, and he lay like one dead across the threshold he had but just quitted.

I say that I struck him with all my force, and yet, angry as I was and almost beside myself at the cowardly act he had intended, I, none the less, kept my wit alive and bethought me of the consequences of the designed blow. Behind me were the hired ruffians in the room they had bespoken. Their astonishment and debate at my warning could not be so great as to prevent their coming to Sevigny's aid when they understood how it went with him. None in the inn yard would lift a hand to save me from these fellows or those others now racing down the road from Canterbury. It behoved me, therefore, to settle with Armand de Sevigny once and for ever, and to settle with him while none could come between us.

To this intent, quick as light, I slammed to the door of the room wherein Sevigny's fellows stood, and turned the key which my quick eye had detected when first I came there. And no sooner had this been done than I leapt down the stairs and, calling to the serving-men to make way for me, drew my sword as I went. No fear had I that Sevigny was dead. There are few that a blow from the fist will kill when it is not fairly struck; and this man lay but winded by the stroke. To drag him up, to push him into the village street before me, was child's work for a man whose limbs had been shaped in the grim schools of war. And I had a temper which would have pitted me against a dozen such as he at such a time. Was it not for Pauline Beauvallet's sake, and could I forget that day upon the road in Spain when M. de Lafayette's liberty, perhaps his very life, had been the price of her courage?



"HE WENT HEADLONG DOWN THE STAIRS."

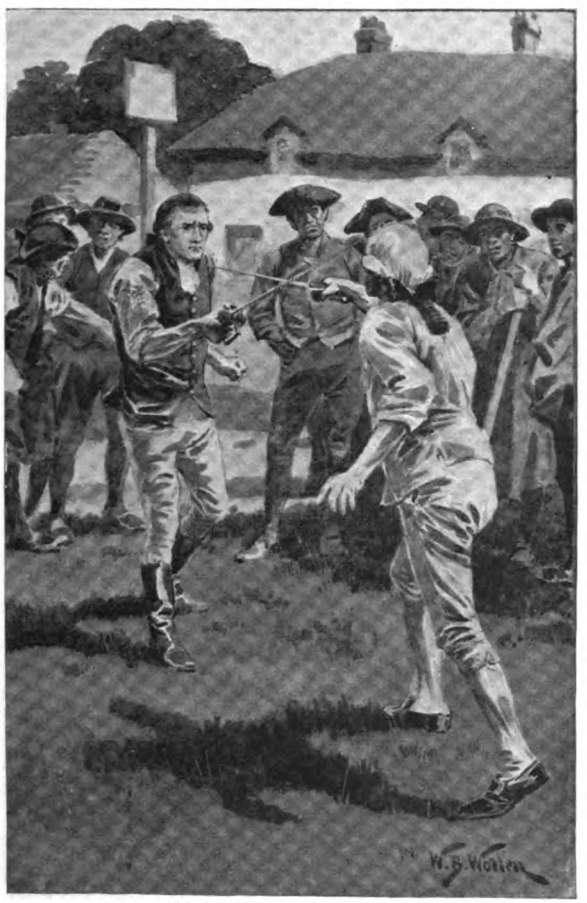
"Up with you, my fine cock-robin," I cried to him as we reeled and struggled together; "let's hear how you whistle at men, you who have such a pretty throat for women. Here's one ready to answer for bringing your ruffian to the house." This I said driving him before me to the path of green grass at the inn door. And at every taunt I kicked him with my foot, for I saw that he was but a craven after all and would not face me save it were under provocation.

"What! This proud lapdog has too much milk in him to yap!" I went on, seeing his teeth all shut up like a boy's when they whip him, and a look in his eyes which named him a base coward. "Oh, here's a tale to tell in Paris; here's something for the Trianon and the petticoats there! A Frenchman who had his ears boxed, and asked for it to be done again! Nay, sir, I swear if you do not fall to upon the instant, I will duck you in yonder fountain, and lose no time in doing it, moreover."

He replied to this, not by any word to me, but by calling over his shoulder to his fellows in the room that they should come down and stand by him. As for the village of Barham itself, never was such commotion in its single street. From every cottage, from the fields near by, from the blacksmith's forge, and the better houses, maids and men came swarming out, some bawling for the constable, some imploring us to desist, many beseeching that Parson Ingolsby should be sent for. These shouts fell upon ears that cared nothing for them. I had Sevigny at my sword's point, and our blades were engaged at last. If I had gone to that affray in heat, I continued it with the clear brain of a man who perceives that his adversary is more skilled than he, and that nothing but prudence will save him from death. Yes, truly he was a great swordsman, this dandy from Southern France, and had it not been for the blow I struck him upon the stairs, for that and his rage against me, he had killed me at the second pass. Anger, however, had robbed him of his steadiness; I parried his thrusts upon a blade which an iron wrist had been schooled to govern. Time and chance must be my

opportunity—and yet, Heaven knows, when some minutes had passed and he had begun to master himself and my own skill seemed the poorer for that, I did truly believe that he would kill me and that my end must be there before the inn door of a Kentish village.

The fear of death comes to us in many shapes, but most to be dreaded is such a death as a man must die who would avenge a bitter wrong and is to fall by a villain's blade when all right and justice should claim his life. Not so much a dread of death itself, but of that which this man's victory would mean to Pauline Beauvallet, chiefly distracted me and helped to rob my arm of its cunning as I stood before Armand de Sevigny that day. For let him pass his sword through my body, and what then? The child must go to France with him. She would come to his possession beyond hope or chance of redemption. And men would name me but a fool thus to die for sentiment. This I could not help but remember while the man pressed me more hardly and the clamour about us droned away to a whisper and the villagers held their tongues for excitement of the issue. In the room above the hired ruffians beat upon the door as though to bring the roof of the inn about their ears. A brisk sound of galloping drummed in my ears even while steel clashed upon steel and my adversary's point quivered against my shoulder. I knew that those whom we had left in the thicket would not long delay their coming, and yet it would have been madness to take account of them, or to abate one jot or tittle of my purpose. That iron wrist of mine must save me if I were to be saved. Again and again its muscles stiffened at a mad attack; the man cut over and under, engaged and disengaged, came at me with the cry of a Red Indian, or riposted with the lightning touch of a *maître d'armes;* and still the good wrist saved me. I knew not before, the truth be my witness, that I had such skill with the sword, or could have made such a brave show as then I made when more than my own life must be the price of defeat and a young lady's fate lay trembling in the balance. Twice, indeed, he touched me lightly; I felt a trickle of blood upon my forearm and a sharp burning pain about my shoulder; but each time that he touched me my riposte made him sing; and one of his assaults had such a mad turn, and showed him in such strange contortion of limb and body, that I laid his face open from the chin to the ear, and cared not a fig whether the stroke were foul or fair.



"STEEL CLASHED UPON STEEL."

Aye, but what of that? Were not his rogues approaching upon the high road, and those others within the house beating down the door with savage cries? Even the villagers perceived my predicament, and called upon me earnestly to make an end of it. The maids at the window, whose white-frilled caps flashed upon my vision at every turn, screamed together when they heard the horsemen. There were fierce oaths from the hulking labourers and coarse jests from those who had to do with the

horses. All these I heard as distinctly as a man hears a whisper in a lonely gallery; but I turned my head for none of them. This man before me—my anger against him fed upon his very impetuosity. If at first I had been all cool and self-collected, the desire to kill him now began to possess me like a fever. I cared nothing for my own life, for the blue sky above me, or my home across the seas; nothing for any promise of to-morrow or love of yesterday, but only for his flesh warm upon my blade, his blood upon the grass, his sightless eyes rewarding me at my feet. And so, perchance, I began to deserve no more pity than he; and the very wickedness of desire foiling me, I cast discretion to the winds and met him with his own heedlessness, thrust and lunge, cut here, cut there, yet caring nothing for the cuts; and so bearing myself that a desire to live seemed to find no place in that mad encounter.

He had me sure enough; all my knowledge of swordsmanship told me that. Inch by inch he was forcing me back, and I must stumble headlong into the inn presently or bare my breast to his furious stroke. And he was no longer alone. With a shout of ringing triumph, a clatter of swords, horses neighing and women shrieking, his fellows from Canterbury were upon us. Those within the house had burst the door and were all tumbling down the stairs together like dogs let suddenly from a kennel. There could be but brief moments now before they would be at me from behind; while before me were the burning eyes, the flushed cheeks of this man I would have killed. What, then, kept his steel from my heart? The long-drawn instant of suspense when I seemed to number the seconds to myself, saying, "It will be now, or now," was surely as awful as any man has lived through. He had me. I was helpless before him; and then, miracle of miracles, he lay senseless upon the ground and a great shout rang in my ears. I heard laughter, oaths, and, above all, a fine resounding voice which bade men stay their hands in the King's name, and then shouted to someone to "pick up the velvet man and put him in the water-trough." And still I knew even less than before what had happened, save that Pauline Beauvallet's arms were about my neck and her kisses warm upon my lips.

"Who is it—who has come between us?" I asked them, wildly.

A great voice answered me. "Why, who should it be but Parson Ingolsby and his good oaken cudgel? Think you he'll have brawling in Barham village? Zounds, man! he'd put him under the pump were it the French King himself."

I stared at the speaker as though he had risen from the dead—a seaman, as it appeared, for he wore a pigtail and a broad-brimmed hat; he rode an uncouth horse clumsily enough; and there were fifteen more of his kind, on horses no better than his own, halted round about us. Amid them stood the merriest little parson man that ever I have met in all my travels—bald as an egg-shell, sprightly upon his legs, here, there, and everywhere in a jiffy.

"Tell me," cried I to them, amazed, "how did it come about; why did yonder man go down before me?"

"Aye," said one of them, "that's no long tale. The parson threw his cudgel at him. Many a good man has known the thickness of it when he bided too long in the ale-house. Me and my mates are preventive men from Deal. We'll have no rascally Frenchmen swilling claret in Barham village. But I'll tell you what, sir: you'd have been dead and gone to glory if the parson had dined with the squire last night, and that's as true as Scripture. Jest you give thanks that he got no port wine in him yesterday. 'Tis a plague upon a man's eyesight, surely."

I made some answer to him, but have no recollection of my words. Little Pauline still held close to me; Sevigny's rogues were galloping back to Canterbury as fast as tired horses could take them; the others from the room above scattered like frightened birds and were not pursued. A wench bathed the Frenchman's head at the fountain and mocked him the while. But as for me I was dumb before that Providence which had given me back my life when I thought it surely to be lost, and had sent me this day to the help of one whose need no just man might refuse.

(To be continued.)

Genius by Counties.

SHOWING AT A GLANCE WHAT COUNTIES HAVE PRODUCED THE GREATEST NUMBER OF CELEBRATED MEN AND WOMEN.

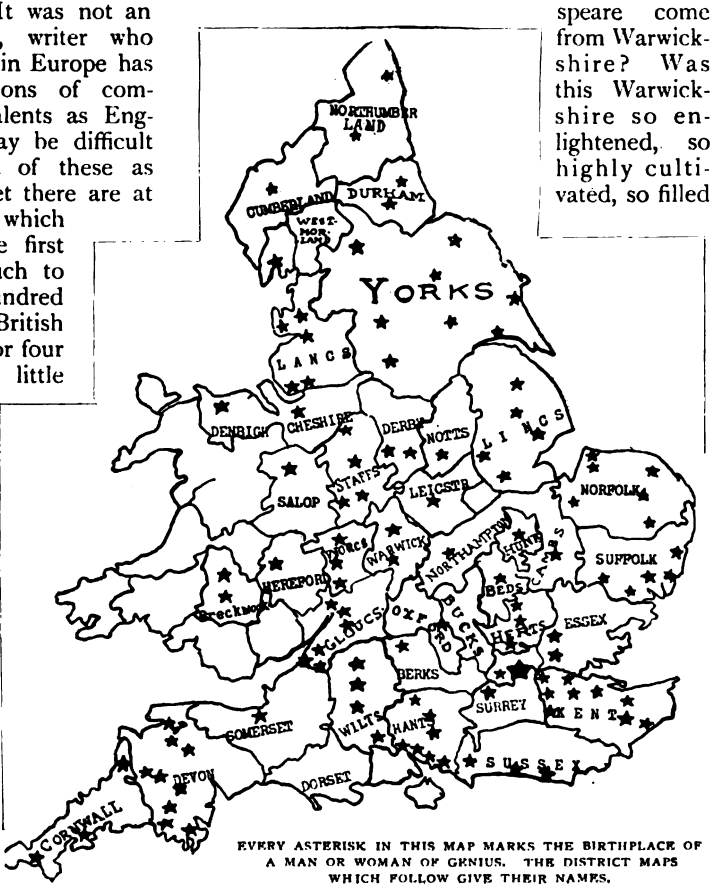
BY GORDON COLBORNE.

THE division of the nation into counties is no mere arbitrary geographical distinction. Two thousand years have combined to make the inhabitants in most cases separate peoples, with distinct physical and moral traits. To the eye of a student of English minds and manners a Sussex man bears but little resemblance to a Lancastrian. How different is an East Anglian from a Cornishman! All the groups have not only their own characteristics and customs, but they have also their own atmosphere, their own peculiar outlook, contributing to produce, in a measure, a special breed of men.

Let us take genius to represent uncommon powers—a notable superiority in ability and in achievement. Nothing is rarer than master-minds: a whole generation may pass and not a solitary genius arise to impel and influence his age. It was not an English, but a French, writer who declared that no country in Europe has produced so many persons of commanding character and talents as England; and although it may be difficult to construct such a list of these as would satisfy all critics, yet there are at least two hundred names which indubitably belong to the first rank. It is not too much to say that if these two hundred names were expunged British history for the past three or four hundred years would be little more than a blank. A single room thirty feet square would suffice to hold all the men who have wrought all that is valuable in politics, war, literature, science, art, discovery, invention, oratory, theology, and government in these islands since the Middle Ages.

Now, it is not a new theory that there are certain soils which are propitious for the growth of genius, just as there are others, like Holland and Switzerland, which, although themselves high in civilization, fail to produce individuals of commanding moral and mental stature. Wales, as we shall see, is another such instance. Why are the Poles such a race of musicians when the Scotch are not? Why did a whole generation of sculptors flourish in Italy at a time when the Germans, now far more intelligent, were rudely carving wooden effigies? Why is Ireland full of orators and Portugal empty? Why does a single department of France give birth to more able painters than the whole of Australia?

Without attempting to answer these questions we may perhaps not altogether unprofitably analyze the origin of our British geniuses and ascertain precisely from what soil each sprang. Let us trace our most famous men to their birthplace—let us deal with genius by counties. Why did Shakespeare come from Warwickshire? Was this Warwickshire so enlightened, so highly cultivated, so filled



EVERY ASTERISK IN THIS MAP MARKS THE BIRTHPLACE OF A MAN OR WOMAN OF GENIUS. THE DISTRICT MAPS WHICH FOLLOW GIVE THEIR NAMES.

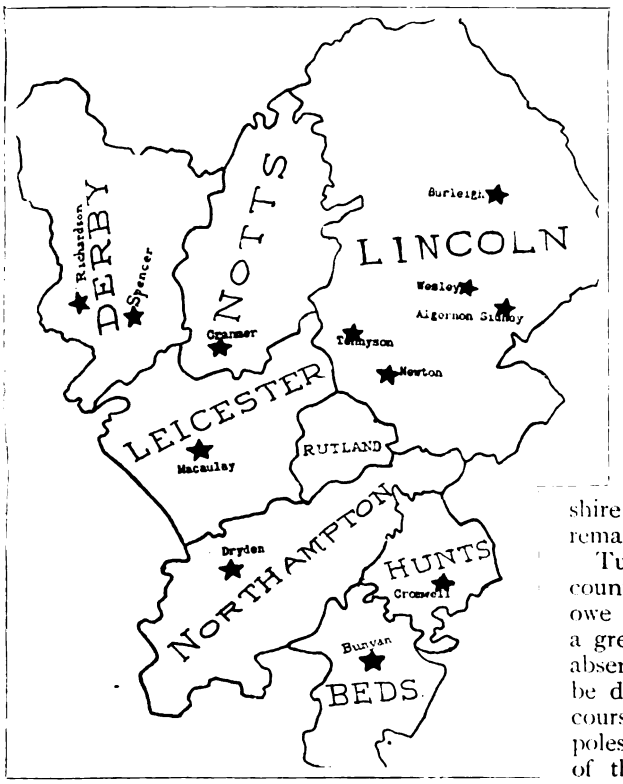
THE WEST MIDLAND COUNTIES.

with an intellectual population that it could easily produce that which is by universal consent ranked as the master mind of the world—even above Plato's? Not at all. On the contrary, Warwickshire as a whole was inhabited by a dull, plodding, prosaic folk; but, nevertheless, it contained, amongst its better sort, the germs of Shakespeare long before Shakespeare was born. While it is true there are exceptions to the rule, it is no less true that the members of a race or tribe or family must conform to the family qualities and characteristics. Some ethnologists doubt whether any well-authenticated exceptions exist. As Dr. Wendell Holmes observes: "Two and two do not always make four in this matter of hereditary descent of qualities. Sometimes they make three, and sometimes five." Anyhow, all the qualities and characteristics of Napoleon are to be found in Corsica and not elsewhere. On this hypothesis, then, Warwickshire contained the precise ingredients of Shakespeare—his sanity and serenity, his good-humour and philosophy—and when circumstances were favourable the Man appeared. Shakespeare was Warwickshire crystallized by Fate.

By way of illustration of this fact, two and a half centuries later another individual appeared, eminently good-humoured, sane, serene, and philosophic. This was George Eliot, whose breadth of intellect was for a woman astounding, and presents many points of resemblance to the immortal Bard of Avon. This, again, is the very genius of Warwickshire; it would not be the genius of Norfolk, nor would it be the genius of Kent or Cornwall. As for the adjoining counties, in our second chart we notice that no fewer than four have produced only one apiece of men worthy to be in the first rank in their respective callings.

Turning now from the heart of England to its northern extremity, we find that Northumberland is responsible for but two names on our roll of honour. To Cumberland belongs William Wordsworth, the poet of the Lakes,

THE NORTHERN COUNTIES.



THE MIDLAND AND NORTH-EASTERN COUNTIES.

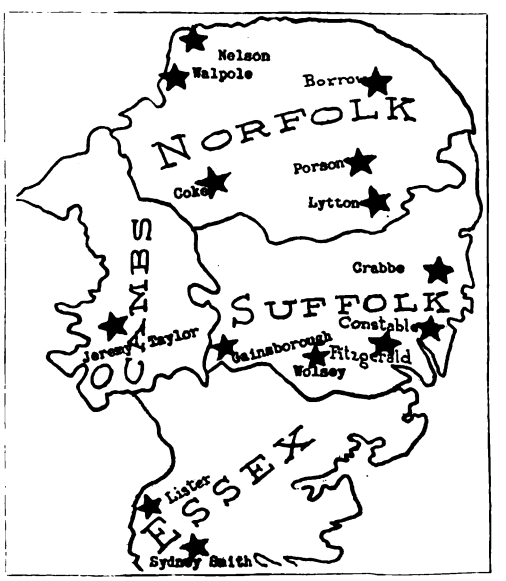
while the adjoining county of Durham brought forth, besides the Earl of Durham, the great pro-consul to whom modern Canada owes more than to any statesman, England's greatest poetess, Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Westmorland is the birthplace of no very eminent person. Yorkshire, the largest of English counties, we should naturally expect to be almost a nation by itself and exhibit a catholicity in genius. We are not disappointed. Nearly all departments have their representative. In war there is Lord Lawrence; in politics, Wilberforce; in discovery, Captain Cook; in learning, Bentley; in painting, Lord Leighton; in sculpture, Flaxman; in fiction, Charlotte Brontë; in engineering, Smeaton. The much smaller county of Lancaster is much more distinguished as a political cradle, for Peel, Bright, and Gladstone first arose there; besides Kemble, the celebrated actor; Romney, the painter; and Arkwright, the engineer.

Fewer names are more illustrious in English history than those of the first Cecil, Lord Burleigh, Algernon Sidney, Isaac Newton, John Wesley, and Lord Tennyson, and these five men first drew breath in Lincolnshire.

It is strange that Cranmer, Henry VIII.'s famous archbishop, is the only illustrious man born in Nottinghamshire, a county which plays so important a part in history. Derby has only two names, Herbert Spencer and Samuel Richardson, the father of the English novel. Leicester is proud of having been the birthplace of Macaulay and Northamptonshire of Dryden. Huntingdonshire took many centuries to produce that really great man, Oliver Cromwell, and having produced him was so exhausted that she has achieved nothing since but mediocrity in genius. Rutland is still hatching her swan; Bedfordshire three centuries ago put forth that remarkable genius, John Bunyan.

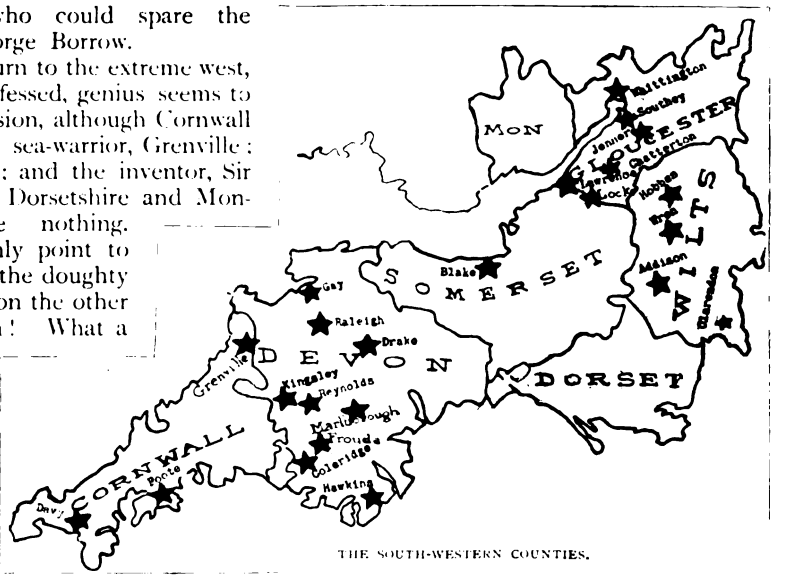
Turning to the group of eastern counties, we discover that to Norfolk we owe a half-dozen beings who have cut a great figure in the world, or whose absence from the roll of honour would be deeply felt. Horatio Nelson was, of course, a distant kinsman of the Walpoles, which accounts for the proximity of the birthplaces of the Admiral and the Prime Minister of George II. Porson was the greatest Greek scholar and one of the most amazing intellects England ever produced. Coke was among her ablest jurists, Lytton amongst her most brilliant novelists, while there are very few lovers of



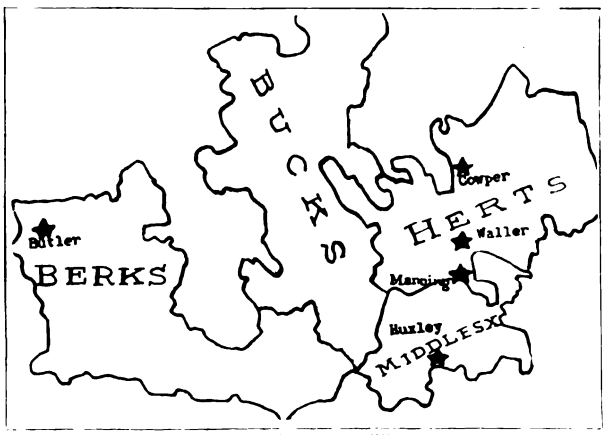
THE EASTERN COUNTIES.

English literature who could spare the sterling figure of George Borrow.

From the east we turn to the extreme west, where, it must be confessed, genius seems to grow in greater profusion, although Cornwall can boast of only the sea-warrior, Grenville; the comedian, Foote; and the inventor, Sir Humphry Davy; and Dorsetshire and Monmouthshire produce nothing. Somersetshire can only point to a single name, that of the doughty Admiral Blake; but, on the other hand, look at Devon! What a list of worthies for a county not much larger than Somerset! Here first saw the light the illustrious Drake and Raleigh and Hawkins, and after them Marlborough, the conqueror; Sir Joshua Reynolds, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and Charles Kingsley. Gay, the poet, was also of Devon birth. Then see Gloucestershire, with Whittington; and Locke, the philosopher; and Lawrence, the painter; and Southey, the poet; and Chatterton, the marvel; and Jenner, the benefactor of the human race.



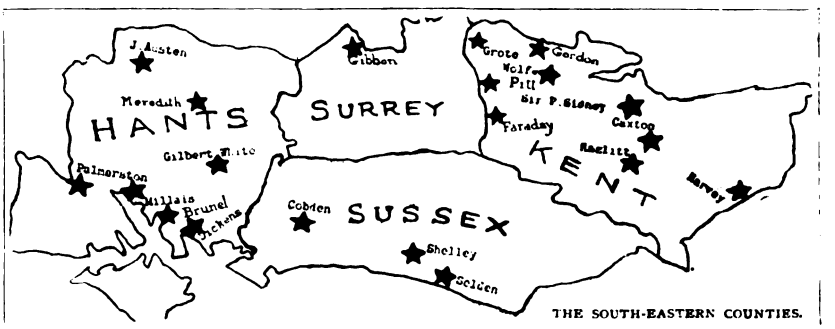
THE SOUTH-WESTERN COUNTIES.



THE SOUTH MIDLAND COUNTIES.

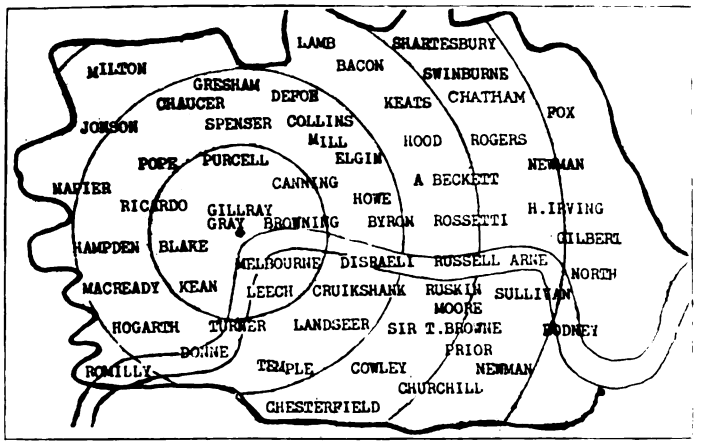
even more remarkable fact in the annals of English genius is that not one of the first rank has hailed from Buckinghamshire. Berkshire has produced Samuel Butler, author of "Hudibras," alone. Hertfordshire brought forth Cowper, Waller, and Cardinal Manning, all three men in whom certain mental characteristics may be noted—and all three poets. Middlesex gave the world Thomas Henry Huxley.

We are told that if William Makepeace Thackeray had not been born in India he would have first seen the light in Fareham, Hants. Had this been the case, there would certainly have been something significant in the fact that four great English novelists of the nineteenth century—Dickens, Thackeray, Jane Austen, and Meredith—had first opened their infant eyes and



THE SOUTH-EASTERN COUNTIES.

Perhaps an

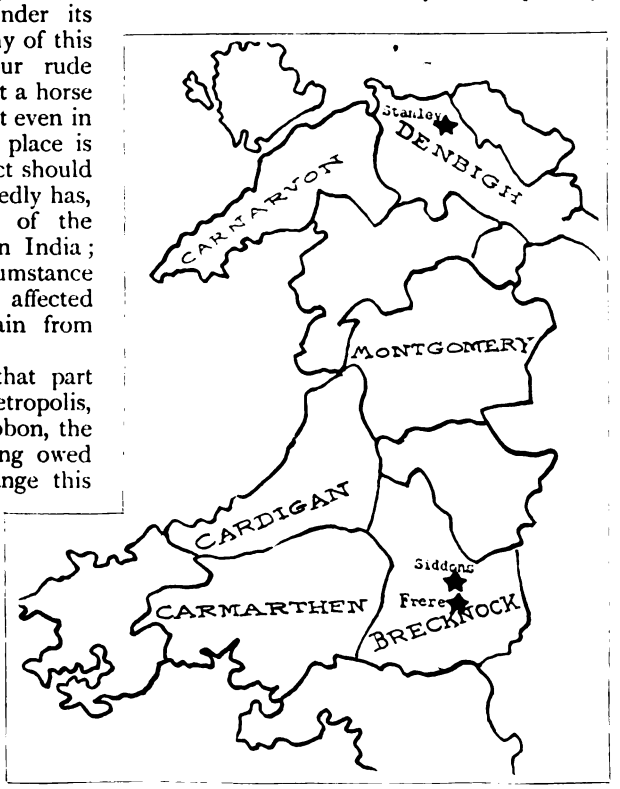


LONDON.

drew their first breath in Hampshire. And this suggests the singular belief, current amongst the ancients and held to-day very tenaciously by the Chinese, that a human being derives certain attributes from the place of his birth which influence his whole career. With the Romans this belief was, of course, connected with the belief in a *genius loci*—a sort of fairy godmother or godfather who took all infants at birth under its peculiar protection. The philosophy of this is wholly opposed to that of our rude northern proverb that "a man is not a horse because he is born in a stable." But even in cases where the birth in a particular place is accidental, is it not odd that that fact should influence, as in many cases it admittedly has, the mind or character or tastes of the person? Lord Roberts was born in India; he has himself related how that circumstance told upon his life and would have affected him had he never seen India again from infancy.

In the annals of Surrey, except that part which belongs strictly to the Metropolis, only the single name of Edward Gibbon, the historian, can be discovered as having owed his birth to that county. How strange this is may be seen on a comparison of Surrey with the adjoining county of Kent. Sussex brought into the world Percy Bysshe Shelley, Richard Cobden, and the illustrious scholar and lawyer, John Selden.

Thus far we have travelled nearly half through our list of two hundred British worthies. We have purposely omitted to take cognizance of London, where a phenomenon is presented for which a study of the laws of probability as regards the nativity of genius does not prepare us. For in the Metropolis we take in more than sixty names at a single stride. Half that number would seem to be London's due share—even more than its due share. But this fact must be borne in mind—London is not merely the political and commercial and industrial capital—it is also the hot-bed, the forcing-house, the nursery of intellect for the whole of our race. All the provinces pour their talent into the lap of London, and talent breeds talent. Examine the pedigrees of these sixty odd Londoners and you will find their parents hailed from twenty different counties. Nevertheless, London stamped them all—it was Hogarth who said that he would spend his life painting ale-house signs but for London. And it is not only in the quantity,



WALES.

SCOTLAND.

but in the quality, of talent that this great list is remarkable. What an astonishing galaxy of mighty names!

The principality of Wales is distinctly disappointing. It is hardly possible to account for the absence of great names from its roll of honour. Someone attempts to explain the phenomenon by a theory that mountainous countries rarely produce men of the first rank, although the general level of intelligence may be high. Even Scotland is no exception, as most, if not all, of its leading men sprang, as we shall see, from the Lowlands.

To our national roll of honour Scotland sends her quota of eighteen names, which, creditable as it is, does not seem large in view of the fact that she has always been, until lately, far more populous than London. The most northern birthplace we find is Forfarshire, which produced Lyell, the geologist, and Hume, the historian. Wilkie and Smollett came from Fife, and so did Adam Smith, the father of modern political economy. Edinburgh was where Robertson, Brougham, Jeffrey, and Blair first saw the light. As a capital it is, in this respect, far inferior to Dublin, where seven really greater men were ushered into the world. Dublin, the reader will note, was the birthplace of Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, Steele, Wellesley, Lecky, and Swift, while the province of Leinster can boast of the great Duke of Wellington, besides Oliver Goldsmith and Bishop Berkeley. Connaught does not figure on the lists of the nativity of genius. It is interesting to note that, in addition to Daniel O'Connell and Laurence Sterne, that doughty East Anglian and undoubtedly great soldier, Lord Kitchener, whose great opportunity has, perhaps, yet to come, first opened his baby eyes in the province of Munster.

IRELAND.

THE WIRE-PULLERS.
(A Cricket Story.)
By P. G. Wodehouse.

IT is a splendid thing to be seventeen and have one's hair up and feel that one cannot be kissed indiscriminately any more by sticky boys and horrid old gentlemen who "knew you when you were *that* high, my dear," or who nursed you on their knees when you were a baby. When I came down to dinner for the first time in a long frock and with my hair in a bun there was a terrific sensation. Father said, "My dear Joan!" and gasped. The butler looked volumes of respectful admiration. The tweeny, whom I met on the stairs, giggled like an idiot. Bob, my brother, who is a beast, rolled on the floor and pretended to faint. Altogether it was an event. Mr. Garnet, who writes novels and things and happened to be stopping with us for the cricket, asked me to tell him exactly how it felt to have one's hair up for the first time. He said it would be of the utmost value to him to know, as it would afford him a lurid insight into the feminine mind.

I said: "I feel as if I were listening to beautiful music played very softly on a summer night, and eating heaps of strawberries with plenty of cream."

He said, "Ah!"

But somehow I was not satisfied. The dream of my life was to spend the winter in town, as soon as I had put my hair up, and go to dances and theatres and things, and regularly come out *properly*, instead of lingering on in this out-of-the-way place (which is ducky in the spring and summer, but awful in the winter), with nobody to be looked at by except relations and father and the curate and village doctors, and that sort of people.

We knew lots of nice people in town who would have given me a splendid time; but father was always too lazy to go. He hates London really. What he likes is to be out of doors all day and every day all the year round with his gun or rod. And he loves cricket, too. So do I. That is to say, I like watching it. But you can't watch cricket in the winter.

It really wasn't fair of father to keep me stowed away in a place like Much Middlefold

now that I was grown up. I spoke to him about it after dinner.

I said, "Father, dear, you *are* going to take me to town this winter, aren't you?"

He shied. It is the only word to express it.

"Er—well, my dear—well, we'll see, we'll see."

Poor old father, he does hate London so. It always brings on his rheumatism or something, and he spends most of his time there, I believe, when he is really obliged to go up on business, mooning about Kensington Gardens, trying to make believe it's really the country. But there are times when one feels that other people's objections must give way. When a girl is pretty (I believe I am) and has nice frocks (I know I have), it is perfectly criminal not to let her go and show them in town. And I love dancing. I want to go to dances every night. And in Much Middlefold we have only the hunt ball, and perhaps, if we're lucky, two or three other dances. And you generally have to drive ten miles to them.

So I was firm.

I said, "Father, dear, why can't we settle it now, and then you could write and get a house in good time?"

He jibbed this time. He sat in his chair and said nothing.

"Will you, father?"

"But the expense——"

"You can let the Manor."

"And the land; I ought to be looking after it."

"Oh, but the tenant man who takes the house will do that. Won't you write to-night, father, dear? I'll write if you'll tell me what to say. Then you needn't bother to move."

Here an idea seemed to strike him. I noticed with regret that his face brightened.

"I'll tell you what, my dear," he said; "we will make a bargain."

"Yes," I said. I knew something horrid was coming.

"If I make fifty in the match on Monday, we will celebrate the event by spending the winter in town, much as I shall dislike it. Those wet pavements always bring on my rheumatism; don't know why. Wet grass never does."

"And if you don't make fifty, father?"

"Why, then," he replied, cheerfully, "we'll stay at home and enjoy ourselves."

The match that was to be played on Monday was against Sir Edward Cave's team. Sir Edward was a nasty little man who had made a great deal of money somehow or other and been knighted for it. He always got together a house-party to play cricket, and it was our great match. Sir Edward was not popular in the county, but he took a great deal of trouble with the cricket, and everybody was glad to play in his park or watch their friends playing.

Father always played for Much Middlefold in this match. He had been very good in his time, and I heard once that, if only the captain had not had so many personal friends for whom he wanted places in the team, father would have played for Oxford against Cambridge in his last year. But, of course, he was getting a little old now for cricket, and the Castle Cave match was the only one in which he played.

He had made twenty-five last year against Sir Edward Cave's team, and everybody had said how well he played, so I thought he might easily do better this year and make double that score.

"And if you make fifty you really will take me to town? You'll promise faithfully?"

"*Foi de gentilhomme!* The word of a Romney, my dear Joan; and, mind, if I do not make fifty the subject must be dropped for the present year of grace. Next year the discussion may be re-opened; but for this winter there must be no further attempt at coaxing. You know that I am as clay in your hands, young woman, and you must not take an unfair advantage of my weakness."

I promised.

"And you really will try, father, to make fifty?"

"I can promise you that, my dear. It would take more than the thought of the horrors of London to make me get out on purpose."

So the thing was settled.

I went to see Bob about it before going to bed. Bob is a Freshman at Magdalen, so, naturally, he is much more conceited than any three men have any right to be. I suppress him when I can, but lately, in the excitement of putting my hair up, I had forgotten to give him much attention, and he had had a bad relapse.

I found him in the billiard-room with Mr. Garnet. He was sprawling over the table, trying to reach his ball without the rest, and looking ridiculous. I waited till he had made his stroke and missed the red ball, which he ought to have pocketed easily.

Then I said, "Bob!"

He said, "Well, what?"

I think he must have been losing, for he was in a very bad temper.

"I want to speak to you."

"Go ahead, then."

I looked at Mr. Garnet. He understood at once.

"I'm just going to run upstairs for a second, Romney," he said. "I want my pipe. Cigarettes are bad for the soul. I sha'n't be long."

He disappeared.

"Well?" said Bob.

"Father says that if he makes fifty on Monday against the Cave he'll take me to London for the winter."

Bob lit another cigarette and threw the match out of the window.

"You needn't hurry to pack," he said.

"Don't you think father will make fifty?"

"He hasn't an earthly."

"He made twenty-five last year."

"Yes; but this year the Cave men have got a new pro. I don't suppose you have ever heard of him, but his name's Simpson—Billy Simpson. He played for Sussex all last season, and was eleventh in the first-class bowling averages. The governor may have been the dickens of a bat in his day, but I'll bet he doesn't stand up to Billy for many overs. As for getting fifty——"

"DO YOU KNOW SIMPSON, THE CRICKET PROFESSIONAL AT CASTLE CAVE?"

Words failed him. I felt like a cat. I could have scratched somebody—anybody; I did not care whom. No wonder father had made the bargain so cheerfully. He knew he could only lose by a miracle.

"Oh, Bob!" I said. My despair must have been tremendous, for it touched even Bob. He said, "Buck up!"

I said, "I won't buck up. I think everybody's horrid."

"Look here," said Bob, anxiously—I could see by his face that he thought I was going to cry—"look here, chuck playing the giddy goat and going into hysterics and that sort of thing, and I'll give you a straight tip."

"Well?"

"This man Simpson—I have it on the highest authority—is in love with your maid—what's her name?"

"Saunders?"

"Saunders. At present it's a close thing between him and a chap in the village. So far it's anybody's race. Billy leads at present, because it's summer and he's a celebrity in the cricket season. But he must pull it off before the winter or he'll be pipped, because the other Johnny plays footer and is a little tin god in these parts directly footer begins. Why don't you get Saunders to square Billy and make him bowl the governor some tosh which he can whack about?"

"Bob," I cried, "you're an angel, and I'm going to kiss you!"

"Here, I say!" protested Bob. "Break away!"

While I was kissing him Mr. Garnet came back.

"They never do that to me," I heard him murmur, plaintively.

I spoke to Saunders while she was brushing my hair.

I said, "Saunders!"

"Yes, miss."

"Er—oh, nothing."

"Yes, miss."

There was a pause.

"Saunders!" I said.

"Yes, miss."

"Do you know Simpson, the cricket professional at Castle Cave?"

"Yes, miss."

Her face, reflected in the glass in front of me, grew pinker. It is always rather pink.

"He is very fond of you, isn't he?"

"He says so, miss."

She simpered—visibly.

"He would do anything for you, wouldn't he?"

"He says so, miss." Then, in a burst of confidence, "He said so in poetry once, miss."

We paused again.

"Saunders!" I said.

"Yes, miss."

"Would you like that almost new hat of mine? The blue chiffon one with the pink roses?"

She beamed. I believe her mouth watered.

"Oh, yes, miss."

Then I set out my dark scheme. I explained to her, having first shown her how necessary it was to keep it all quite secret, that a visit to town that winter depended principally on whether Mr. Simpson bowled well or badly in the match on Monday. She held Simpson in the hollow of her hand. Therefore she must prevail upon him to bowl father a sufficient quantity of easy balls to allow him to make fifty runs. In return for these services he would win Saunders's favour, and Saunders would win the hat she coveted and also a trip to London.

Saunders quite saw it.

She said, "Yes, miss."

"You must *make* him bowl badly," I said.

"I'll do what I can, miss. And I do really think that Mr. Simpson will act as I tells him to."

Once more she simpered.

Father came back in very good spirits from practising at the village nets next day.

"I was almost in my old form, my dear," he said. "I was watching them all the way. Why, I am beginning to think I shall make that fifty after all."

I said, "So am I, father, dear."

Saunders had stirring news on the following night. It seemed that Mr. Simpson was in an awkward position.

"Sir Edward, miss," said Saunders, "who always behaves very handsome, Mr. Simpson says, has offered to give him a ten-pound note if he bowls so well that nobody of the Middlefold side makes fifty against Castle Cave."

Here was a blow. I could not imagine any love being proof against such a bribe. London seemed to get farther away as I listened.

"And what does Simpson——"

"Well, Mr. Simpson and me, miss, we talked it over, and I said, 'Oh, if you prefer Sir Edward's old money to a loving heart,' I said, 'why, then,' I said, 'all is over between us,' I said, 'and there's others I could mention who worships the ground I tread on, and wouldn't refuse me nothing,' I said. And Mr. Simpson, he said ten pounds was a lot of money and wasn't to be found growing on every bush. So I just tossed my head and left him, miss; but I shall be seeing him to-morrow, and then we shall find out if he still thinks the same."

The next bulletin of Mr. Simpson's state of mind was favourable. After a day of suspense Saunders was able to inform me that all was well.

"I walked out with Mr. Harry Biggs, miss, and Mr. Simpson he met us and he looked so black, and when I saw him again he said he'd do it, he said. Ho, he is jealous of me, miss."

Mr. Harry Biggs, I supposed, was the footballer rival.

I slept well that night and dreamed that I was dancing with Saunders at a house in Belgrave Square, while Mr. Simpson, who looked exactly like Bob, stood in a corner and stared at us.

It was a beautiful day on the Monday. I wore my pink sprigged muslin with a pink sash and the pink chiffon hat Aunt Edith sent from Paris. Fortunately, the sun was quite hot, so I was able to have my pink parasol up the whole time, and words can't express its tremendous duckiness.

The Cave team were practising when we arrived, and lots of people had come. The Cave man, who was wearing a new Panama, met us at the gate.

"Ah, Sir William," he said, fussing up to father, "you're looking well. Come to knock our bowling about, eh? How do you do, Miss Joan? We're getting quite the young lady now, Sir William, eh? quite the young lady."

"How do you do, Sir Edward?" I said in my number four manner, the distant but gently tolerant. (It wants practice, but I can do it quite well now.)

"I hear you have a new professional this year," said father. "Which is he?"

"Ah, yes, yes; Simpson. You have probably seen his name in the papers. He did well for Sussex last season. There he is, standing by the tent. That tall young fellow."

I eyed Mr. Simpson with interest. He was a nice-looking young man, but gloomy. He was like a man with a secret sorrow. And I don't wonder. I suppose a bowler hates to have to bowl badly on purpose. And there was the ten pounds, too. But he must have thought it worth while, or

he wouldn't have done it. I could not help wondering what was Saunders's particular attraction. Perhaps I don't see her at her best, reflected over my head in the looking-glass.

Much Middlefold won the toss, and father and another man went in to bat. I was awfully excited. I was afraid, when it actually came to the point, Mr. Simpson's blood would be up to such an extent that he would forget all about Saunders's attractiveness. The other man took the first ball. I could see that he was very much afraid of Mr. Simpson. He looked quite green. He made a huge swipe at the ball and missed it, but it didn't hit the wickets. Then he hit one right into Sir Edward's hands, and Sir Edward let it fall and puffed out his cheeks as if he was annoyed, as I suppose he was. And then Mr. Simpson bowled very fast, and knocked two of the stumps out of the ground.

"It isn't playing the game, don't you know," I heard one of our side say, "bringing a man like Billy Simpson into a country cricket match." He was sitting on the grass not far from me with his pads on. He looked very unhappy. I suppose he was going in to bat soon. "He's too good, don't you know. We shall all be out in half an hour. It spoils all the fun of the thing. They wouldn't like it if we got a lot of first-class pros to come and bat for us. Tell you what—it's a beastly shame!"

The next man missed his first ball; it went past the wicket-keeper. They ran one run, so that now father had to bat against Mr. Simpson.

"If old Romney doesn't do something," said the man who thought Mr. Simpson too good for country cricket, "we're in the cart. He used to be a rattling bat in his time, and he might stop the rot."

He did. I was watching Mr. Simpson very carefully, but I couldn't see that he bowled any differently to father. Still, he must have done, because father hit the ball right into the tent, close to where I was sitting. And the next ball, which was the last of the over, he hit to the boundary again. Everybody clapped hard, and the man sitting on the grass near me said that, if he could keep it up, he would "knock Billy off his length, and then they'd have to have a change."

"And then," said he, "we'll have them on toast."

The match went on in a jerky sort of way. That is to say, father continued to score as if the bowling was the easiest he had ever seen, and the others simply went to the wickets and were instantly destroyed by Mr. Simpson.

"The fact is," said the young man near me, cryptically,

"'IT ISN'T PLAYING THE GAME, DON'T YOU KNOW,' I HEARD ONE OF OUR SIDE SAY."

"we're all rabbits, and old Romney is the only man on the side who could hit a football." He had himself been in, and been bowled second ball.

The last man was now at the wickets, and it was getting frightfully exciting, for father had made forty-eight. The whole score was only ninety-three. Everybody hoped that the last man would stop in long enough to let father make his fifty—especially myself.

"SIR EDWARD CAVE, OF ALL MEN, CAUGHT IT."

I was in such a state of suspense that I dug quite a trench with my parasol. I felt as if I were going to faint.

The other bowler, not Mr. Simpson, was bowling. Father was batting, and he had the whole six balls to make his two runs off.

This bowler had not taken any wickets so far, and I could see that he meant to get father, which would be better than bowling any number of the rabbits, as the young man called them. And father, knowing that he was near his fifty, but not knowing quite how near, was playing very carefully. So it was not till the fifth ball of the over that he managed to make anything, and then it was only one. So now he had made forty-nine. And then that horrid, beastly idiot of a last man went and spooned up the easiest catch, and Sir Edward Cave, of all men, caught it.

I went into a deserted corner and *bellowed*.

Oh, but it was all right after all, because father said that forty-nine not out against one of the best bowlers in England was enough for his simple needs, and that, so far as our bargain was concerned, it should count as fifty.

So I am going to town for the winter, and Mr. Simpson has got his ten-pound note, and will marry Saunders, I suppose, if he hurries and manages it before the football season comes; and father is as pleased as possible with his forty-nine, because he says it restores his faith in himself and relieves him of a haunting fear that he was becoming a veteran; and the entire servants' hall is moaning with envy at Saunders's blue chiffon hat with pink roses.

Trips About Town.

By George R. Sims.

V.—IN LIMEHOUSE AND THE ISLE OF DOGS.

JUST outside the West India Dock Station there is a little one-horse 'bus which takes you by a winding way of high, black walls, broken here and there by bridges and wharves and the towering masts of ships, to Millwall.

As you near the journey's end the driver —there is no conductor—opens a little trap in the roof of the 'bus and puts his hand through. In his open palm you deposit the penny for your fare, and a few moments later the 'bus stops, and you alight and find yourself at the commencement of the West Ferry Road and in the famous Isle of Dogs.

It is the island note that greets you at first. If the bridge is up you have to enter by the lock gates, and you may, by a stretch of the imagination, fancy yourself performing a Blondin feat, with the welcome addition of a row of protecting chains on each side of you.

Across the water you are in a land of one familiar sound and a score of unfamiliar scents. The sound is one ever dear to the ears of the Briton—the clang of the hammer as it descends on ringing iron. You listen to the sound that speaks of England's might, and you remember the song that Charles Mackay sang of Tubal Cain. The memory that the scents bear in upon you is of another poet—Coleridge, who sang of Cologne.

The odours are overpowering. They do not mix, but with every breeze each salutes you with its separate entity. One odour is that of heated oil, another that of burning fat, others are of a character which only visitors with a certain amount of chemical experience could define.

The odours saturate you, and cling to you, and follow you. They are with you in the highway and the by-way. You pass into the house of a friend who has offered you his hospitality at the luncheon hour, and the door that closes behind you does not shut them out. Nothing is sacred to them, not even the church. Even the flowers in the little gardens that the West Ferry Road can show here and there have lost their own perfume and taken that of the surrounding industries.

The island is no dreaming place. It is a land of labour. From morn till eve the streets are deserted; the inhabitants are behind the great walls and wooden gates—husbands, wives, sons, and daughters, all are toiling. The only life in the long, dreary roads and desolate patches of black earth that are the distinguishing notes of the side streets is when the children come from school. Then the red and blue tam-o'-shanters of the little girls make splashes of colour here and there, and the laughter of romping children mingles with the clang of the hammer and the throb of the engine.

In Ingleheim Street, a turning off West Ferry Road, there is a quaint brick building that at once attracts your attention, for above it is a flagstaff, and in the wire-protected windows there are flowers.

When you go down over the rough bit of roadway that ends in a wall of corrugated iron and a suggestion of black sheds beyond you read above the doorway of the quaint building the words, "St. Cuthbert's Lodge," and you remember that this is the address of the Rev. Richard Free, the author of that intensely human document, "Seven Years' Hard," the story of seven years' patient, and often heart-breaking, work among the poorest population of a land of drudgery and desolation.

When we came first upon St. Cuthbert's Lodge, not knowing what it was, the oddness of the building struck both my colleague and myself. The suggestion it conveyed to my mind was that of a lifeboat station or ark of refuge on a lonely shore. Why it conveyed that impression I cannot say. I am inclined to imagine that somewhere on the Yarmouth shore I have, in years gone by, seen something like it.

A veritable ark of refuge has this quaint little building—with the ship masts stretching high above it—proved to many in Millwall.

Mr. Free and his wife, cut off from the world, with which their one link is the little, conductorless one-horse 'bus, have brought the love of light and colour into houses of

"ST. CUTHBERT'S LODGE."

grimness and gloom, and, taking the human view of our poor humanity, have become popular characters in the island of mighty tasks and mean surroundings, of noxious trades and pleasureless lives, an island in which there are no places of amusement of any kind. When the day's work is over the lads and lasses of Millwall get out of it as quickly as possible. The island gardens form a green oasis in the desert. They are not in Millwall, but Millwall has in them a beautiful breathing space and a glorious view on the other side of a "cleaner, greener land."

So over the Thames—or rather under it by County Council subway—that portion of young Millwall which has not passed on to Poplar hastens, and finds in Greenwich a welcome surcease from the miserable monotony of dead wall and black chimney-pot.

There is a Ladies' Settlement, St. Mildred's House, in Millwall, which suggests the refining influence of gentle womanhood. The conditions of life among the women workers of the place are affected by the nature of their employment. The dirt of their drudgery, the odour of their occupation, are brought into the home by the men and women alike. There is no escape from either. But the humanizing influences brought to bear upon the situation have not been altogether in vain, and in the little back-yards and scanty patches of green still left here and there before some of the houses there are flowers struggling to be pretty under difficulties, and fowls and rabbits that look considerably plumper and healthier and happier than their owners.

In the centre of the island lies Desolation Land, a vast expanse of dismal waste ground and grey rubbish heaps. All round the open space is a black fringe of grim wharves and of towering chimneys, belching volumes of smoke into a lowering sky that seems to have absorbed a good deal of the industrial atmosphere.

This waste land is spanned by the soot-dripping arches of the railway, which is the one note of hope in the depressing picture, for occasionally a train dashes shrieking by towards a brighter bourne.

Across the waste, as we gaze wearily around it, borne down by our environment, comes a lonely little lad, who wheels his baby sister in a perambulator roughly constructed out of a sugar-box. They are the only human beings in sight.

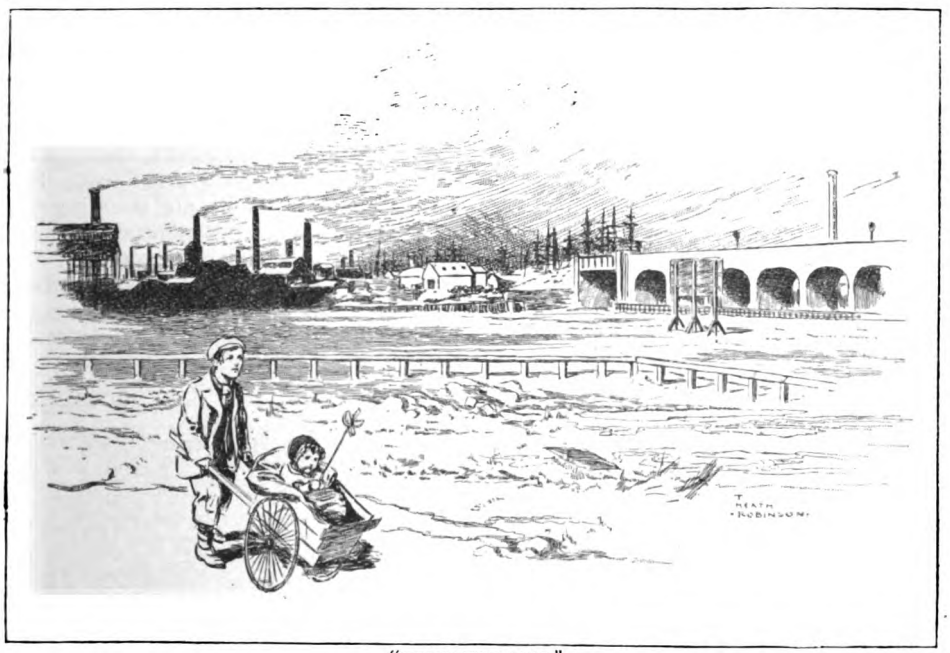
Years ago this desolate spot was farm land. It might yet be secured and made into a green playground for the children, who at present have only the roads and the

miniature mountains of rubbish that have gradually risen at the end of side streets closed in by factory walls. If this central desert could be secured and "humanized" and turned into a healthy playground, it would be a grand thing for the Millwall that is—a grander still for the Millwall that is to be.

Sir Walter Besant complained that in all Millwall there were no book-shops. That is still true, but the taste for reading has penetrated to the island, and in the shopping part of it there are several stationers' shops where periodical literature may be obtained. It is principally for the younger generation. The windows are filled with "Tales of the Wild West" for the young gentlemen and "How to be Beautiful" for the young ladies, and of fashion journals there is quite a plentiful display. As I have not, in any of my visits to Millwall, observed the fashionable hats and blouses given in the plates exhibited, I can only surmise that they are reserved for the evening visits to Poplar and Greenwich, or for the Sunday trips to regions still farther away "on the mainland."

When we again take "the little 'bus," as it is affectionately called on the island, or, rather, when we let the little 'bus take us, it is for the return journey. The 'bus terminus —the West India Dock Station — is an excellent point from which to take a trip around Limehouse.

Close at hand is the Causeway, the Chinese quarter. Now that a considerable portion of it has been pulled down, the Chinese element is not so prominent as it used to be. A goodly number of the sons of the Flowery Land have removed to the neighbourhood of High Street, Poplar; but in Limehouse the Asiatic seafaring man is still a conspicuous note. You will find specimens of him—Oriental, mysterious, romantic — at almost every turn.



"DESOLATION LAND."

At the corner of the Causeway, as we turn into it in search of "China Town in London," we come upon a group of Lascars in their picturesque little round caps chatting together. Through the dock gates close at hand we see the Jap, the Chinaman, the Malay, and the negro pass side by side with the Scandinavian and the Russian. In and about Limehouse we should have little difficulty in finding the Persian, the Arab, the Egyptian, or even the South Sea Islander.

But first let us make our way through narrow, winding China Town. There is no mistake about the Chinese element. The Chinese names are up over the doors of the little shops, and as we peer inside them we see the unmistakable Celestial behind the counter and Chinese inscriptions on the walls.

At the back of one little shop is an opium den. If we enter we shall find only a couple of clients, for this is not the hour. The "den" is dark and dirty and reeks unpleasantly.

There are no Oriental garments or pigtails in this or in any other part of China Town. The Chinamen who have settled here in business have mostly married English wives, and have English babies who are wheeled out in English perambulators. The Chinese lodgers in the Chinese boarding-houses round about are seafaring men, and dress in serge suits and wear cloth caps under which the pigtail, if it has not been sacrificed, is coiled up and concealed. A pigtail would have a bad time in the hands of the local larrikin.

Here is a Chinese grocery store. Some of the canned goods are familiar to European eyes, but all are labelled in Chinese characters. There are also mysterious compounds in glass bottles which may be drugs or dainties, something to eat or something to drink. The closest scrutiny fails to enable either my colleague or myself to arrive at a conclusion.

We go into the shop and some young Chinamen come forward from a back parlour, gaze at us, and summon the proprietor.

The proprietor is understood to speak English. He speaks it, and in despair I try a few words of Pidgin English which I remember to have read in a book of Charles Leland's. I say "top side galaw," "belongey," "ketchee," and "chop" and "chow." But Mr. Ching Kung only smiles at my Chinese and tries some more of his own English.

Eventually I buy a long paper packet, scrawled all over with Chinese characters in gold on a pink and green ground, and I pay three-and-sixpence for it. I think I have purchased something absolutely Chinese to present to my domestic circle, and I carry it under my arm during the whole of our wanderings about Limehouse. When I get it home and open it amid the eager expectation of the aforesaid domestic circle I discover that I have spent three-and-sixpence in "crackers"—the familiar firework that little English boys let off in the streets on the fifth of November and other festive occasions.

A little way down from the Chinese grocer's is a typical Chinese boarding-house. In a big, square window there is a stuffed "sea parrot," with a weird Oriental arrangement of shells and seaweed and dried fish. Several young Chinese sailors are standing in the doorway. One has just returned with something in a mug. It may be beer.

Suddenly the whirr of a gramophone is heard from the interior. "A Chinese gramophone," exclaims my colleague; "we shall hear something."

"A TYPICAL CHINESE BOARDING-HOUSE."

The record begins to make itself heard, and out over China Town float the familiar strains of "Bluebell." Two or three English girls and a couple of children attracted by the gramophone gather about the doorway. One of the big girls has a sparring match with a Chinese youth.

For the rest, though it is Saturday afternoon, the streets of China Town are silent as the grave. With the exception of the little group outside the lodging-house and ourselves there is no one in sight but a Custom-house official, who in gold-laced jacket and peaked cap passes leisurely along.

At the end of the Causeway are a few two-story houses built into railway arches. The trains run over the top-floor ceiling. Outside they are peaceful-looking dwellings. How much peace there can be on the top floor when an express or a heavy goods train passes over them one can only conjecture.

Leaving these quaint specimens of architecture on the right, we wander in and out of a network of narrow by-ways and quaint old-world thoroughfares to find ourselves presently in Three Colt Street. We have left Oriental Limehouse behind us. Here the environment is typical of the old-fashioned Cockney district with a strong leaven of the Irish element.

Here are plenty of public-houses well filled, and here are the local gentlemen who loll against the wall and the local ladies who gossip at street corners, basket or bag on arm and latchkey on forefinger.

Three Colt Street is a shopping neighbourhood, and one in which the shoppers take the middle of the road, for here are stalls and barrows with comestibles to suit the purse of the humble housewife whose allowance from her lord and master compels her to buy in the cheapest market.

"YE OLDE JIMMY THICKS."

Half-way down the street is a block of old-fashioned wooden houses, which are in curious contrast to the up-to-date bustle of the inhabitants.

One of these, an eating-house, boldly announces itself as "Ye Olde Jimmy Thicks," and I take it that the "thicks" are the slices of bread and butter, which are better

known at the coffee-stalls of the people as "door-steps."

Nearly opposite these wooden houses, which my colleague has sketched, is a public-house, in the window of which the programme of a summer outing is already displayed. "An outing will leave here for a day in the country first Monday in July; five shillings, including tea, cornet-player, and hat."

The hat is given that the party in the brake may all be similarly headgeared. It is a light white sun hat, suggestive of a song and dance in the cotton-fields. That you may see yourself in one before you start, a photograph of the company in a former excursion, all in the "included hat," is also exhibited in the tavern window.

This is busy, bustling, marketing Limehouse. The romantic riverside Limehouse lies a little farther away.

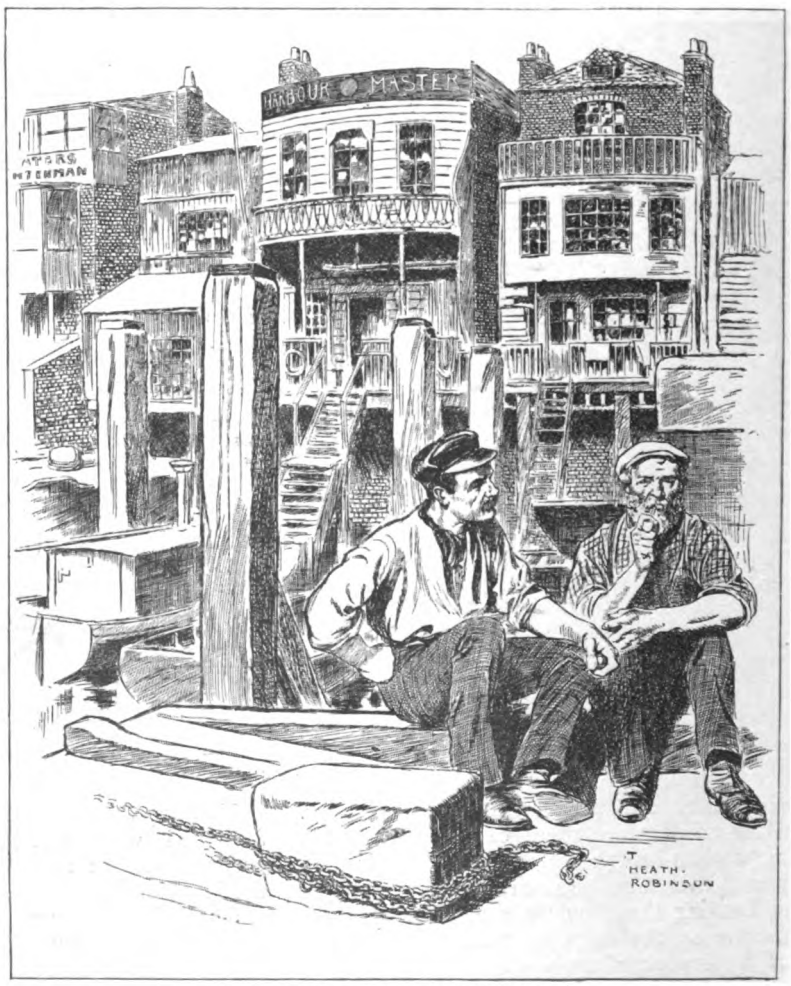
We turn into a narrow street and Dibdin and Dickens are with us in a moment. Here are wharfingers, tug and barge owners, ships' chandlers, riverside warehouses, and the house of the harbour-master.

We pause at Duke Shore Steps, a narrow cut in the long narrow way, and standing where the water washes up almost to our feet we see the great steamers pass, and it is as though one were looking out at a busy port through the chink in closed window shutters.

Through the hospitable portals of a ships' chandler we pass, and making our way by long lines of blocks, and coils of rope, and lamps, and the fittings of cabins, and ships' stores, we come to a little wooden door at the end. It is opened and we fancy ourselves in a bathing-machine, for the water is almost on a level with the floor. The great river is in front of us. Scores of moored barges lie between us and the passing ships.

The smell of tar and rope is everywhere, and, as the sun shines on the broad bosom of the Thames and the big ships pass, one feels a Briton's pride in the great river that makes London the capital of the world's commerce.

From the ships' chandler's we pass into the premises of a firm of tug-owners. Here, again, the scene is a page from Dickens. In the office one looks round for Captain Cuttle, and, leaning from the sunny, wooden balcony that looks out over Limehouse



"A FAR-FAMED BIT OF LIMEHOUSE REACH."

Reach, one peers across the water for the wharf of Quilp.

Wonderfully picturesque are these old warehouses by the riverside, with their wooden balconies, their grey boarding, and their quaint, broken-up lines.

To sketch this far-famed bit of Limehouse Reach from the river, my colleague has to walk along a narrow plank from the doorway of the tug office to a barge some feet away. There is a fresh breeze blowing and it is high tide, and the feat for a landsman is not without its perils.

That it was safely accomplished the sketch at the bottom of the previous page happily shows; but there were moments when the artist, with an umbrella in one hand and his sketch-book in the other, wondered if all he had read about the condition of the waters of the Thames was true.

Penetrating the riverside labyrinth as far as Medland Hall, the well-known refuge in Ratcliff, we turn back and make our way through a public-house into a part of Limehouse which probably few strangers ever visit. It is an area of Poverty Land cut off from everywhere, and its inhabitants are frankly unfriendly. They do not love the stranger, and they do not court observation. They may be virtuous and orderly, but having seen some of the young men in their shirt-sleeves at the doorways, and having been greeted with the information that something unpleasant would be done to us if we came "spying" there, we were quite prepared for the information, which we received later on by the side of a narrow canal at which this area ends, that it was not considered safe to walk along that canal after nightfall alone.

This canal, or "cut," is forbidding enough in its blackness and loneliness. But from the artistic point of view it has its charms. Wandering along the lonely river by-way you come suddenly upon old green-painted Dutch houses with doorways that might have been transported from the quay-side of Rotterdam.

The "cut," with the white towers of Limehouse Church above it, is a bit of Bruges, but along the banks it is Holland all the way with bits of London in between. The most picturesque portion of the "cut" is the lock-side. Here, with a pair of lovers leaning over the long, low wall, the little houses on the opposite side and the green trees in tubs, the white and green woodwork, and the broad river beyond the dock gates, the grim realism of the "cut" has ceased and the romance of the river begins again.

A lighterman comes along the little terrace in front of the lock-side houses and watches a barge steering its way to the open.

He makes some critical remarks in a tone which suggests that after the day's toil he has welcomed evening in with "the cup that cheers." The rest of the familiar line is not appropriate. He informs the loiterers and the passers-by that he knows more about the river and river craft than any man in Limehouse.

He is evidently a popular local character, for everybody greets him by his Christian name. He stares at my colleague and myself, for strangers are rare along the "cut," and asks who we are. He is more interested than ever in us when the people of whom he has inquired tell him that they don't know.

Limehouse off the main thoroughfares is a village in which everybody knows everybody else's business, or hastens to learn it at the earliest possible opportunity.

We leave the "cut" reluctantly, for the view at the bridge is one which appeals strongly both to my colleague and myself, and making our way by Church Row, a lane of old-fashioned little houses with green gardens in front of them, we come presently to Salmon Lane, the great market street of the district, which is densely packed from end to end with a Saturday marketing crowd. Here are soldiers and sailors in plenty, a few Lascars and Chinamen, Irish hawkers, and a sprinkling of foreign Jews.

At the end of Salmon Lane, where the crowd has ceased, for the market boundary is passed, we are astonished to see the legend "Real Turtle Soup" in the windows of a warehouse.

But this warehouse is one of the largest depôts for turtles in London. It is here that they are brought straight from the docks, and this warehouse supplies many of the famous London firms who furnish the City and the West with its calipash and calipee.

Threading our way back through the lane into the broad highway we pass the Chinese Mission, and come on the opposite side of the road to that admirable institution, the Strangers' Home. Within its walls Asiatics of all creeds and callings are housed and catered for. The arrangements are in every way admirable, and are highly appreciated by the sailors and travellers who seek shelter here.

When we enter the spacious general room a little group of Lascars is seated by the fire chatting. Lying at full length on one of the benches is a Cingalee. On a table in the centre of the room are Chinese and Japanese

books and periodicals, and these are being eagerly perused by the Orientals who have just come off their ships. There is a bagatelle board in a corner. A Parsee is amusing himself by playing while he waits for a friend who has given him an appointment at the Strangers' Home.

In the dining-rooms there are a number of long tables at which the castes and creeds eat separately. In the kitchen arrangements are made that each creed can cook according to its ritual.

The dormitories and cubicles are airy and comfortable. In one, an Arab sailor who has been taking a long rest in his first bed ashore for many weeks is just thinking of getting up and going out for a stroll.

Some of the Asiatics who patronize the home are sailors who "come with nothing and go with nothing," but many of them are men with a little means—small traders visiting London, who prefer the cleanliness, comfort, and security of the home to the risks of the lodging-houses and boarding-houses with which Limehouse and Poplar abound, and of which they have possibly heard terrible tales. No one in the old days suffered more than the Asiatics at the hands of the "crimps."

The men who accept the advantages of the Strangers' Home and pay the moderate price asked are, as a rule, quiet and orderly and well-mannered, and the superintendent has little difficulty in maintaining harmony among men who belong often to creeds violently opposed to each other, and who might sometimes be expected in the heat of argument to let their angry passions rise.

But the privileges of the home are too greatly appreciated to be lightly abused, and it is not until you pass out of Asia, which is the institution, into Europe, which is the street, that you pass from peace to unrest, from the quiet of a haven to the storm and stress of a turbulent sea of humanity.

We have wandered from the dock gates to the Isle of Dogs, and back again through Limehouse to the West India Road, and here we may bid good-bye to the East and, taking train, allow ourselves to be borne through the bowels of the earth to our own home haven in the West.

"IN THE STRANGERS' HOME."

The Man in the Chest.

By Katharine Tynan.

THE clock over the stables at Idlethorpe Hall had just struck one o'clock. The whole household might have been supposed to be asleep. But there was a light in the great hall, which the person who placed it there had not troubled to hood over.

The person was Bill Nixey, a London cracksman. He had been prospecting in the neighbourhood, and, through a casual acquaintance with a pretty and frivolous housemaid, he had discovered that Idlethorpe contained a deal of desirable treasure—gold plate and silver plate, things easily broken up and dropped into the melting-pot.

More, the job was made so easy to his hand that it would have been a sin to have brought anyone else into it. It was the very last crib he was going to crack. After this he was going to lead a respectable life. Of all things, a little farm was the thing he desired. He was going to marry Sarah Jane Evans, with whom he had walked out these three months back. Sarah Jane was a respectable, chapel-going girl. Perhaps it was she who had turned Bill's heart to the desire of honest living. She had no idea that Bill, who was known to her as William Jones, was anything but the locksmith's young man he represented himself to be. And to do Bill justice he had not been tempted to burgle Sarah Jane's mistress, a rich and timid old lady who left her valuables on the hall-table every night with a pathetic appeal to burglars to help themselves so long as they did not disturb the sleeping inmates of the house.

As Bill put his loot together in convenient bundles for transportation, although that was a word he would have scorned to make use of—he had discovered some beautiful hollow trees in Idlethorpe Wood where the heavy things might lie safe till the hue and cry was over — he thought with indignation of Hannah, the pretty housemaid, and the rest of the staff of servants at Idlethorpe Hall.

"Sarah Jane 'ud never ha' done it," he said to himself. "'Ere's the master and missus gone to Monty Carlo to see the last of a sick old gent wot's the master's uncle. An' 'ere's these 'ere old crusted family servants left in charge of the 'ouse an' the two little girl kids that's the apple of their parents' eye. An' 'ere's those bloomin' servants gone off to a dawnce at the Ring o' Bells, a-leavin' of an empty 'ouse to the two little girl kids. There might be chaps 'ud frighten 'em out o' their pretty wits. It's well for you, my dears, sleepin' so sound in your pretty nighties, that Bill Nixey's known in the perfession as the Polite Burglar. Sickenin' thing human nater is when you come to think on it!"

He had a thought of what a pity it was he could not tell Sarah Jane about the untrustworthiness of those servants and listen to her honest denunciations of them. He might tell it to her, of course, as something he'd read in the newspapers. Still, once Sarah Jane had made an honest man of him, he was going to keep the conversation off burglars and burglary till such time as he could trust himself not to be nervous.

He was doing his packing-up leisurely. He had inspected the ballroom and supper-room at the Ring o' Bells. The festivities there would not break up before five o'clock, at which hour he intended to board the night mail at Foulsby Junction; so there was no great hurry.

But suddenly his heart gave a jump, or perhaps it was Sarah Jane's heart which he had exchanged for his own. He had heard a sound of whispering, the pattering of slippered feet, on a distant stair.

He looked about him frantically. The first thing he did was to blow out the light. He had not much time to think of a hiding-place. If he had had time, one of the suits of armour would have been excellent. But there was no time. No time either to put the bundles out of sight.

Beside his hand was an old oak chest. He had looked into it and seen that it was empty; had noticed, too, that the lock had been removed, leaving a hole about the size of a penny where it had been. Bill was a small man. He lifted the lid of the chest, got inside, and let the lid down gently upon him.

"Pretty dears," he said to himself, as he lay doubled up uncomfortably on his hands and knees; "I don't want to scare 'em. Drat 'em; why couldn't they have gone on sleepin'?"

The twin daughters and co-heiresses of Sir John Vivash, of Idlethorpe Hall, had appeared in the doorway that led from the great staircase into the hall. They stood a moment in the doorway, while their candle burnt up and threw a light on the darkness.

There was something in the position which appealed to Bill's not naturally hard heart. By twisting himself round a little bit he was able to put his eye to that hole where the lock had been.

"Pretty dears!" was his thought. "What man that was a man could go for to hurt them?"

The Misses Vivash were indeed extremely pretty. They were just sixteen years old, and had yet an alluring air of childhood about them. Their rounded cheeks and black silken curls, their beautiful blue eyes and red lips, made them look a little like very pretty French dolls. At this moment they were dressed in pink quilted-silk dressing-gowns, and their little bare feet were thrust into pink silk slippers. Below the dressing-gowns their white night-attire trailed on the ground. They had the dewiness and roundness and softness of children new-waked from sleep, although at the moment they were looking disturbed.

"Where do you suppose they can be, Iris?" asked Dahlia, as they stood peering into the hall, dimly lit by the candle Iris was holding over her head.

"I don't know," answered Iris, in a determined voice. "All I know is that they have left us alone in the house and that they shall find themselves locked out when they return. They may have gone this way, the wretches."

Her spirit made Bill smile to himself in the chest.

She advanced towards the square glass enclosure beyond which was the hall-door, and had almost passed the bundles which Bill had been making up so carefully when her foot knocked against one. She bent down to look.

"Why, Dahlia," she cried, "look here! The gold plate, and mamma's ruby necklace, and Sir Humphrey's loving-cup. What is the meaning of it?"

"HE LOOKED ABOUT HIM FRANTICALLY."

She swept the candle-light down on the floor at her feet, letting it fall on the bundles and the loose valuables. Her more timid sister stood trembling beside her. Suddenly, with a little cry, Iris sprang on to the chest, dragging her sister with her.

"There's someone in the chest," she said. "Now, stay down there, whoever you are! You've got to stay till morning."

Alas! for Bill, his curiosity had been too much for him, and his bright eye advanced to the hole in the chest had revealed his presence to Miss Iris.

Now, anyone might have expected the young ladies in the circumstance to scream and swoon. But Vivashes had not been heroic in the history of their country, giving great soldier-men and sailor-men to its service, without transmitting something of their qualities to the two little girls who were the only hopes of the race at this moment.

Dahlia shuddered, but kept her seat on the chest. As for Iris, she gazed about her over the floor, her indignation rising as she realized the full extent of the burglar's haul. Her mother's jewel-cases had been emptied of their contents and flung aside in a heap. Many of the jewels were heirlooms and priceless. Something stirred in Iris's heart that prevented her from being afraid. She was the elder daughter; she had indeed come into the world first, with Dahlia holding on to her foot, a method of arrival very significant of their relative positions towards each other in after-life.

Bill was lying low in the chest, uttering not a sound. It was becoming uncommonly uncomfortable. The lid, as it crashed down under the weight of the twins, had caught Bill on his side and pinioned him so that he could not use what strength he had. He did

make one or two desperate efforts to push up the lid, but in vain. The twins might have weighed a ton for all the impression he made against them.

He was just about to cry out for mercy when he heard one of them slip off the chest; but if he thought that was going to do him any good he made a great mistake. The bundles had been conveniently placed for Miss Iris's purpose. They were immensely heavy in the aggregate. It took all her little strength to lift one. But when she had placed a few dozen gold plates on top of Bill Nixey he was far more securely weighted down than he had been by Miss Iris herself.

"Now, dear, I must leave you for a little while," he heard her say.

"Where are you going to?" Dahlia asked, fearfully.

"I am going to bring help. They are still up at Margrave Court. I shall not be long gone."

"Oh, Iris, are you going to leave me alone with this dreadful thing?"

"Will you go, and let me remain? I shall have to cross the churchyard by the short cut. And think—we are saving mother's jewels for her! She thinks so much of her rubies."

"Very well, I will stay," Dahlia answered, whimpering a little, although she tried to be brave. "You won't be long, Iris?"

"Not more than half an hour. Just stay where you are. You will be quite safe. No one can lift the chest against the weight I have placed on it."

She pulled down a plaid from where it was flung across the shoulders of a man in armour, and, with a last adjuration to Dahlia not to stir, she was gone.

When the heavy door had clanged behind her the more timid sister sat shivering on the chest, at the farthest possible point from the eye. Was ever anyone in so horrible a position? she asked herself, and could have wept for sheer terror and self-pity. If she only knew what was attached to the eye, she thought, it wouldn't be so bad. But to be sitting there, aware only of that live eye, had something ghastly about it to poor Dahlia's mind.

"IT TOOK ALL HER LITTLE STRENGTH TO LIFT ONE."

She almost wished she had chosen the churchyard. The clock chimed half-past one, and an owl hooted suddenly outside the window. By this time Iris would be crossing the churchyard. Oh, how could she do it? It was so lonely, so dark, and there was the new mound outside the consecrated ground where Mr. Scatcherd, the carpenter, who had hung himself in his own woodshed last week, had just been buried.

Panic was fast taking hold on Dahlia—oh, if only she had a spirit like that of Iris!—when suddenly a voice squeaked under her, making her almost jump from the chest.

"Young lady," it said, "couldn't you ease a bit? My

shoulder's nigh broke with the lid of the chest. It can't be that a beautiful young lady like you would want to 'urt a pore fellow that never meant you no 'arm."

It was really better than the eye. For an instant Dahlia did not answer. Then she spoke in trembling tones.

"Who are you?" she asked, "and why are you in the chest? You know you came to steal our things."

"If I did it's no reason for killing me. I'll be a dead man before your sister comes back. I wouldn't have 'urt a 'air o' your 'eads. Don't you know that if I wasn't soft-'earted it 'ud ha' been the easiest thing in the world to settle two little kids—I mean young ladies—like you and your sister? My soft-'eartedness is like to prove my undoin'. An' I wouldn't mind for myself, no, I wouldn't, only for my pore girl. It'll fair break 'er 'eart, so it will."

Dahlia was silent, her heart thumping against her side. Why, it was true that if he was any sort of a burglar at all he could have made short work of her and Iris. And what was it he had said about a girl?

"You ought to have thought of your poor girl," she said, with some indignation, "before you began to burgle. I daresay she's as bad as yourself."

"That she isn't," answered Bill, as energetically as he could, considering his position. His voice by this time whistled like the wind in a keyhole. "I was a burglar afore ever I saw 'er. She knows nothin' on it, or she'd ha' given me the mitten. A downright good girl she is. This was to be my last job. Oh, lor', miss, think o' the 'appy 'ome you're destroyin'! My pore Sarah Jane! You're a cruel-'earted little lady, so you are. I'm endoorin' the tortures of the exquisition, so I am."

He groaned horribly, and poor Dahlia turned pale.

"You'll be a murderer all your days if you don't let me out," he went on. "My backbone is pushin' through my ribs. I'll be a dead man before that other 'ard-'earted little lady comes back. I'd never ha' believed it o' you an' 'er. Such pretty little ladies you looked! Oh, my pore girl!"

Dahlia got hastily off the chest; then, with sudden misgiving, seated herself again.

"How do I know that you won't kill me," she asked, "if I let you out?"

There was something like a hoarse cackle inside the chest.

"Much good that 'ud do me! I only want to get out o' this before your sister comes back with the toffs. Let me out, miss, for the love o' 'eaven. I'll never crack another crib—I mean burgle a 'ouse. I'll repent an' live 'appy with Sarah Jane ever after. I didn't think a young lady like you would be a torturer. Oh, lor'! oh, lor'!"

The voice at the aperture ended in a squeak of suffering. Dahlia got off the chest again hastily and began dragging at a bundle.

"You won't want to take any of mother's jewels?" she asked, pausing, and addressing the aperture.

"Me! Jewels!" Again the ghastly merriment came as from a toy gramophone. "I'll tell you what, lady; I believe you'll find my pistol on a chair. It's loaded. Don't touch it or it'll go off. Still, you can 'old it over me, turned away from me, you understand, till I'm gone. That's wot the little gels in the story-books does. Once out o' this I swear to you I'll lead an honest life ever after."

Off came another bundle of the gold plates. Dahlia, pale as a sheet, but very determined-looking, dragged at bundle after bundle. At last she lifted the lid of the chest.

"I dare say you'll kill me," she said; "but I couldn't leave you in suffering. Come, get out!"

Bill Nixey came out of the chest with a painful effort, but making all the haste he could. He groaned very much as he stepped over the edge on to the floor. Then he turned and looked at Dahlia. She was wearing an expression as though her last hour had come. She was standing by the chair on which the pistol lay, but she had made no effort to take it up. The candle-light flickered on the pale determination of her little face.

"That's right," he groaned. "Don't touch it or it might go off and kill someone."

"I wouldn't kill you for worlds," she said; "and I think it much more likely you will kill me. But I shall have to fire at you if you want to take any of these things with you. We think a deal of them. The gold plate was given by the City of London to Admiral Sir Hercules Vivash in 1682 for services——"

Her hand was on the pistol now.

"Don't touch it," cried Bill Nixey again. "It might go off of itself." He was stretching himself with evident pain and discomfort, leaning his hands on the edge of the chest. "Per'aps if I'd known the family 'istory I wouldn't 'ave come after that there

"BILL NIXEY CAME OUT OF THE CHEST WITH A PAINFUL EFFORT."

plate. There's a 'ussy by the name o' 'Annah. I'll tell you what, missy; get your par an' mar to give 'em the sack, every man an' maid of 'em. Bless ye, they don't deserve nobody's trust!"

"I certainly shall," said Dahlia, with dignity; "but aren't you going?"

"I may as well stay," Bill Nixey said, with unhappy jocularity; "I've a twist in my back, I think. The young toffs 'ud 'ave me before I'd gone 'alf a mile."

"You've hurt yourself," said Dahlia, forgetting he was a burglar. "I'm so sorry!"

"You've 'urt me, you an' your sister 'ave," Bill said, resignedly. "Not that I blames you. What did I go playin' the giddy goat for, gettin' into that there chest? This'll break Sarah Jane's 'eart."

Dahlia looked on with many emotions chasing each other over her candid face. By this time she had ceased to be afraid of Bill Nixey. His round, rosy-cheeked countenance was indeed reassuring. It had been an asset to Bill in his professional career; and it explained how it was that a person as naturally shrewd as Sarah Jane had believed in him, even to his being the Sunday-school teacher with which he had embellished his first legend about his being a locksmith's young man. To be sure, few people knew more about locks than he did.

"Is Sarah Jane the young woman who gave you the mitten?" she asked, sympathetically.

"I didn't say she gave it to me. I said she would ha' given it to me if she'd known. Pore girl, I can't bear to deceive 'er; only if I could ha' married 'er it 'ud ha' been the savin' o' me. I never got no chance in my youth, or I'd ha' lived honest. Say, miss, do you think the toffs'll be long? The sooner I'm in 'orspital under the doctor the better."

By this time he had succeeded in straightening out his back and was looking the paler for the process.

"Oh, you mustn't be taken; you must cheer up," said Dahlia, impulsively. "I know a place where I can hide you for a bit, till they've given up searching for you. I'll bring you food myself. You can get away when everything's quiet. And I hope you will marry Sarah Jane and be a good man, even if she didn't give you the mitten. Do you think you can move now?"

Bill Nixey turned on her a gaze in which amusement and gratitude were oddly blent.

"I'm hanged," he said, "if you aren't the best little kid I ever met. An' I'll marry Sarah Jane, my dear, I 'ope, an' I'll be a good man for your sake as well as 'ers, so 'elp me I will!"

He dragged himself painfully after the younger Miss Vivash, down the back stairs, and through what seemed to him unending passages and stone-flagged kitchens, till they reached a door which the servants had left open so that they might return by it. They were now nearly at their journey's end. There was a short ascent by a ladder in the stable-yard which tried all Bill's nerve to accomplish it, while Miss Dahlia stood at the foot of the ladder and held the candle, shaded by one little pink hand, to guide him.

At last he was at the top, in the loft, and was wondering whether he was safe in trusting the kid, when she called out to him to wait a minute. She ran off and came back carrying a bottle of wine, a loaf, a piece of cold beef, and a knife.

"Here, take these," she said, unburdening herself of them one after another. Her candle had blown out, and he could only feel what the benefactions were, but he blessed her aloud as he received them.

With a last injunction to draw up the ladder and bolt the door of the loft she was gone; and being no heroine, but only a little girl wound up to heroic deeds for the moment, she found the passage back through the empty house almost as great a strain on her nerves as had been her experience with the burglar.

She had hardly returned to the hall when there came a hammering at the door, and she heard her sister's voice.

"Have you got him?" cried Iris, coming in with half-a-dozen gentlemen, and feeling for Dahlia in the darkness. "Is your candle gone out? I hope you aren't dreadfully frightened, Dahlia, dear."

Someone struck a match and revealed Iris in the midst of half-a-dozen gentlemen in evening dress. She had, apparently, come in a carriage, and the gentlemen were all looking eager and excited.

"MISS DAHLIA STOOD AT THE FOOT OF THE LADDER AND HELD THE CANDLE."

"Where is the scoundrel?" cried young Lord St. Iwerne, who had only recently come to live at Margrave Court. "I hope you are not frightened out of your life, Miss Vivash. Those rascally servants——"

He was looking at Dahlia in a fascinated way. Nothing could be sweeter than her little pale face, uplifted as it now was with an air of spirit and pride. The gentleman who had struck the match had gone on to light the candles that were on the walls between the men in armour.

"Why, he is gone!" cried Iris. "Oh, Dahlia, weren't you able to keep him in the chest? You poor little thing!"

All the fine young gentlemen stared at the empty chest; then at Dahlia, standing in the midst of them.

"He is gone," she said; "I let him go. He was so dreadfully cramped in the chest. And he has taken nothing. He promised me he would be a good man and not burgle any more. He is going to be married——"

"Which way did he go?" put in young Sir Harry Greenacre. "We are wasting time. He can't have got very far."

"He is not to be followed," said Dahlia. "He did me no harm. He was quite nice, and I felt very sorry for him. He has taken nothing."

"But, Miss Vivash——"

There was a chorus of remonstrating voices, in which Iris joined. Dahlia looked from one face to another. Then she put her hand on Lord St. Iwerne's arm. He had a kind, strong, gentle young face.

"Please, he is not to be followed," she said, pleadingly.

The young fellow flushed and a look of resolve came into his face. "Very well, then," he said, "he shall not be followed. And now, hadn't you young ladies better go back to bed? Some of the servants from Margrave are coming over to keep the house going till your parents return. You shall not again be left to those faithless wretches. We will stay here on guard, so you will know that everything is safe. Ah! the valuables. Will you show me where the

"'PLEASE, HE IS NOT TO BE FOLLOWED,' SHE SAID."

strong-room is? Then we can lock these things up."

He directed everything as though he were a son of the house.

"Remember, we shall be on guard," he said, as the twins turned to go up the stairs. For a second he and Dahlia were isolated.

"Thank you so much for letting him go," she said. "Only for you—I could see they wanted to hunt him. He had a sweetheart."

He looked into her eyes.

"I would do anything in the world for you, Miss Dahlia," he said, and then stood watching her until she was out of sight.

"Her dear little feet were bare," he said to himself, with tender concern. "They were like roses. I hope she will not take cold."

The next day both he and Dahlia were rather sad, for Dahlia's burglar was flown, and with him was gone a pearl necklace of great value, an heirloom which Lady Vivash had prized greatly. It was a shock to Dahlia's faith in human nature, and Lord St. Iwerne, to whom she had confided everything, while anathematizing the burglar, felt impelled to comfort her.

"He looked so simple and good-natured," poor Dahlia said, pathetically. "And he said he was going to be good for the sake of the young woman who had given him mittens, or something of the kind. Even yet I can hardly believe I was so deceived in him."

The disappearance of the necklace was to be hushed up, as Sir John Vivash did not wish all the world to know how his daughter had connived at the burglar's escape. But within the week Dahlia's faith in her burglar was strikingly vindicated.

For one fine day a registered parcel arrived addressed to Miss Dahlia Vivash, and when it was opened within it lay the necklace, carefully packed in a little wooden box. Enclosed with it was a rather grubby scrap of paper, on which was written the following letter:—

"HONOURED MISS,—I didn't know as how I ad the necklis till I'd got rite away. You saved my life, you did, an' made an honest man an' good sitizen of me. I'm goin' to marry Sarah Jane. My first deception shall be my last, pore girl. I'll run strait an' be a good 'usbin' to her. Lord 'elp me, wot would I ha' done if she'd found out an' had given me the mitten? That back o' mine took a deal o' straitenen' out. You should ha' heard my grones that night after I'd took leg-bail! I could never ha' got away only for the thought o' Sarah Jane. You're a plucky little lady, miss, an' the Lord reward you.—From yours respeckful,

"THE BURGULAR."

When Miss Dahlia Vivash became Lady St. Iwerne she wore the identical pearl necklace. Lady Vivash declared that Dahlia had the best right to it, and herself clasped it about her daughter's milky throat on her wedding morning.

Random Recollections of a Bohemian.

III.—MUSICAL MEMORIES.

By M. Sterling Mackinlay, M.A. Oxon.

"SOME are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." Among the best-known names connected with music, whether of the past or present, it is hard to point to any who have not reached their honoured position by means of the second of the above three alternatives.

What of those who have been "born great," bearing names inherited from some brilliant member of a past generation? Have they not usually found the reflected glory bequeathed to them a drawback rather than an assistance? Has it not invariably from the first drawn upon their well-meaning heads a comparison with their progenitor, in which the younger generation has been practically bound to suffer? A case in point was the son of a great singer who came out as a vocalist, and obviously got himself up to look like his father. His appearance provoked the following piece of poetic pleasantry from that ever-ready humorist, Sir Frederick Bridge, who, as organist at the Abbey, has earned the nickname, "Westminster" Bridge:—

The minstrel's boy to the concert's gone,
  On the platform you will find him;
His father's hair he has girded on,
  But his voice he's left behind him.

As to those who in the musical world have become known by the third method there has, as a general rule, been an unpleasant preliminary. During their lifetime they suffer poverty, neglect, and all manner of privations. At last their reward comes and greatness is thrust upon them. But this is not until some years *after* death, so that it is not altogether satisfactory from the recipient's point of view. It savours too much of lynch law, "Hanging first, judgment after."

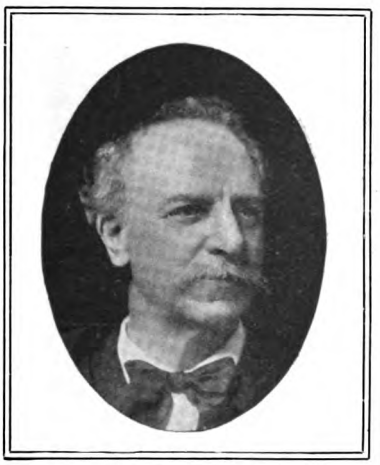
SIMS REEVES.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

The present article will be confined to those who have achieved greatness *during* their lifetime.

Sims Reeves, who, by the way, like Jean de Reszke, commenced as a baritone, was, like most artistic people, of a somewhat uneconomical turn of mind. In going North to fulfil an engagement in Scotland, he was known on more than one occasion actually to order a special train. The cost of this little extravagance must have swallowed up a goodly portion of his fee. Often at the hotel he would, on arriving, engage all the rooms immediately over his own suite, so as to ensure undisturbed slumber next morning. Again, when singing at an evening concert in St. James's Hall—that musical landmark now "lost to sight, to memory dear"—instead of returning to his home at Norwood he would sometimes pass the night at one of the most expensive hotels, accompanied by his family.

Among the concert-goers of twenty years back surely none will ever forget that familiar form, clad in old-fashioned frill-shirt, neat evening dress, and white kid gloves—with genial face, wavy hair parted in the middle, and heavy iron-grey moustache—tripping lightly on to the platform, a sheet of music in the hand (in place of the book of words which is more customary nowadays), to give vent to "My Pretty Jane," "Come Into the Garden, Maud," or, perhaps, to complete that magnificent quartette of oratorio singers with Sherrington, Patey, and that great artist who, as a veteran, still makes occasional appearances to show how the old Italian method of the centenarian Garcia, coupled with a fine intellect, feeling, and dramatic instinct, can triumph over mere weight of years. I refer, of course, to that name which is honoured and reverenced throughout the musical world for high ideals nobly sustained, Charles Santley.

Before leaving Sims Reeves, one more reminiscence may be of interest. Scene, the artist room of St. James's Hall. Time, 3.30 on a November afternoon some fifteen years ago, during one of the Ballad Concerts. It was the tenor's usual practice when not singing to remain in the larger room at the back of the stage. Here there was certainly a greater degree of comfort, in the way of grand piano, chairs, table (on which a plate of biscuits and some liquid refreshments raised their inviting heads, like an oasis in a desert of sheet music), and, what was more dear than all these to the feminine mind, a looking-glass. Sometimes the star would come for a few minutes into the front artist room at the side of the platform, where there was nothing to cheer the performers save a long bench running along either side.



CHARLES SANTLEY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

On this particular day Reeves had wandered into the front room to hear a new ballad which was being brought out. A young tenor was singing at St. James's Hall for the first time, and was in consequence immensely puffed up with a sense of his own importance. He had been put on right at the beginning as one of the forerunners to prepare the way before the public favourites, who were to come on later in the programme.

Youth is full of reverence—for itself. When, therefore, the great tenor robusto strolled into the room, the little tenor obscuro marched up, and in the most patronizing way said, "You'd better use the piano on the farther side of the platform. You're down for a big song, you know, and the nearer piano is right up to full concert pitch." The other artists looked round in amazement at the calm impertinence of the new-comer, while the one and only Sims replied, "How dare you speak to me like that? I shall certainly sing it at the high pitch. I'm not one of your little squeezed-up baritones." He would have added more, but was stopped by his wife, who had followed him in, to see that he didn't talk too much, "Come back into the other room. You *must* keep quiet before going on to sing. You know how delicate your voice is, and how careful you ought to be."

Just before his turn had come to appear on the platform his better half entered, went over to Sidney Naylor, the accompanist, and said in a loud voice: "Mr. Reeves will sing to the high pitch piano." Then, in a whisper, she added the pregnant words: "*But please transpose it down a semitone.*"

Naylor was a most wonderful accompanist, the least of his abilities being displayed in the ease with which he was able to transpose, absolutely at sight, any piece of music into whatever key might be desired. There have not been many who could be depended upon to do this with any degree of certainty, among the elect being Henry Bird, who is, perhaps, the veteran accompanist of the present time. When any artists received a command through Sir Walter Parratt, the "Master of Musick," to appear before the late Queen, Henry Bird would be almost invariably called upon to "officiate at the piano."

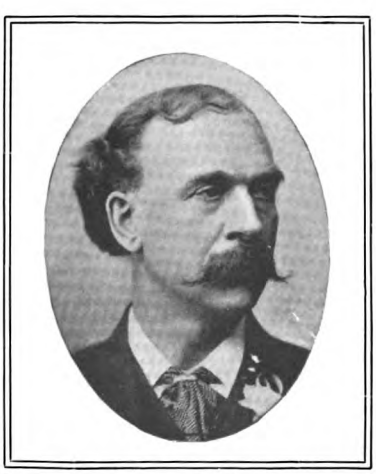
The hard-worked and little-thanked instrumentalist does not always find his life a happy one. His position strikes one as resembling the "coxes" in the riverside regattas. If the oarsmen win the race they pat each other on the back and say, "Well rowed"; but if they lose they all thump the "cox" on the back and say with one voice, "Badly steered." So, too, the singer goes forth to sing. If he makes a success his bosom swells with pride, and he says to himself, "I am a great artist"; but if he makes a failure his bosom swells with anger and he says to himself, or, better still, to another singer who has made a similar fiasco, "He's a *rotten* accompanist!"

The ladies, of course, do not make use of that epithet; they probably substitute the word "shocking," but they *mean* "rotten" all the same. All of which is enough to make any self-respecting accompanist "lose his hair" with the vocalist. If they confine themselves to doing so in the metaphorical sense, well and good. But I remember a concert, given some years ago, in which the accompanist lost his hair in the literal meaning of the

phrase. The singer was Michael Maybrick, better remembered, perhaps, to the public of the present day as Stephen Adams, the *nom de plume* adopted by him as composer of "The Holy City," "The Star of Bethlehem," and other songs of world-wide fame. For many years he was a popular baritone, making the greatest success with such songs of his own as "Nancy Lee." At this particular concert he was down for "The Midshipmite." The man at the wheel, or rather at the piano, went on peacefully until Maybrick, thinking to help by turning over the music, stretched out his arm. While doing so he began the refrain, "With a long, long pull, And a strong, strong pull," when, unhappily, in moving his arm back, his cuff-link caught in the pianist's hair. The audience forthwith saw the hair gradually lifted from his head, and discovered to their amusement that it was a wig. The victim suddenly realized what was happening—he possibly felt an unaccustomed draught on the top—and clapped both hands to his head, being just in the nick of time to "effect a clever save," in football parlance. The music may have had a nasty turn, but it was nothing to the nasty turn the unfortunate accompanist received.

MICHAEL MAYBRICK ("STEPHEN ADAMS").
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

The way Maybrick was left to go on by himself while the wig was being disentangled reminds one of another experience. A new singer was making his first appearance with Rivière's orchestra. M. Jules Rivière used to have immense success in the seventies with his Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden. The piece which the vocalist was rendering was an operatic recitative and aria of considerable intricacy, and the band had not had opportunity for more than one short run through. All went well till some noise at the back of the arena called the conductor's attention off his music for an instant. When he resumed he searched in vain for the proper place. He tried to keep up a beat, while his eyes eagerly scanned page after page of the full score. Meeting with no success in this effort his beat became more and more fitful, till at last it stopped altogether. At this the orchestra, who naturally had been getting shaky, gradually went to pieces, tailing off one by one till at last the unhappy performer was left to finish absolutely by himself. Certainly an experience which few artists would care to undergo themselves.



SIGNOR FOLI.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

One of the most amusing frequenters of the artist room at St. James's Hall was Signor Foli — tall, powerful, with long, curly hair and a deep basso-profundo voice of extraordinary compass and power. He was, of course, unmistakably Irish, but, having had operatic aspirations in days when without a foreign-sounding name no one could hope to enter the charmed circle, he promptly Italianized his surname Foley, and took the prefix "Signor." During the off-season he used to spend a good deal of time out in California, where he owned a ranch. Here he would fish, ride, shoot, and lead the healthy out-of-door life of which he was so fond. Again, it used to be his great delight to run down to Monte Carlo and indulge in a gentle little flutter at the tables. Unfortunately he did not always meet with complete financial success upon these trips, and on several occasions might have had some difficulty in returning home again had he not taken the precaution of buying a return ticket when he set out on the expedition. One evening he got back from one of these outings just in time for a concert engagement in London.

He stalked into the artist room. "Sure, Oi've lost every penny Oi had, and if it wasn't for what Oi'm making to-night Oi shouldn't have any at all." He had one of those cheerful Hibernian dispositions which look on the bright side of everything, and the *contretemps* did not seem to have upset him in the least. With his magnificent physique he always had a supreme contempt for any sign of effeminacy in his fellow-men. I remember as an undergraduate going to supper with him at the Clarendon Hotel, when he came up to sing at Oxford one term. After having attended to the wants of the body, thereby making a tremendous hole in the pickled onions, for which he had an insatiable appetite, we settled down to a little food for the mind, not forgetting the soothing presence of My Lady Nicotine. During conversation the name of a certain violinist came up. "Oh, don't talk to me of that spalpeen. Sure, he's got a face loike a milk pudding."

EDWARD LLOYD.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Everyone who knew Foli had heard of his parrot, a knowing bird with a retentive memory and great facility for mimicry. Visitors would sometimes be considerably "flabbergasted" by a little scene which the basso and his wife had carefully rehearsed with the bird. First, Polly would say, in a deep voice, "Have you got any money for me?" Then a high screech would reply, "No; I sha'n't give you any more!" An answer would come in the lower tone, "You *might* let me have a fiver." To which the other returned, "Not one farthing." "But I must have some. Come on." "I won't, I won't, I *won't*." With which thrilling words the drama would be brought to an end.

In those days Edward Lloyd was at his prime. Being a clever man of business, he was wise enough to lay by a large portion of his income. Consequently he was in the happy position of being able to retire while still at the zenith of his glory, before anyone could say he was beginning to lose his voice. This tenor was another case of what hard work will do. His musical career may be said to have commenced at the age of seven, when he became a member of the choir at Westminster Abbey. From here he removed to the Chapel Royal and to St. Andrew's, Wells Street. At the latter church the organist was the late Sir Joseph Barnby, who subsequently left the appointment to take up the post of precentor at Eton College. This he retained for many years, only resigning in order to become Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, where he remained up to his death. At St. Andrew's a great friendship sprang up between the two musicians. A delightful memory of this is afforded by the following anecdote. "Joe" Barnby, as he was always called, had written a new oratorio, "Rebekah." By those who had heard portions of it privately it was supposed that the work would be an enormous success, one of the numbers, "Softly Sighs," being specially beautiful. In spite of this, however, it failed, for some reason, to make the impression which had been anticipated, and has never been very largely performed by the choral societies. Not long after the oratorio had been produced the composer was invited by some intimate friends to a large house-party at Christmas. Before his arrival a novel surprise was arranged by his host in conjunction with Lloyd. When Barnby came down he was told that there was going to be an entertainment that evening in his honour. When he adjourned to the music-room with the rest after dinner he had no idea what was going to take place, but had a fancy that there would be charades, or something of the sort. One of the party sat down at the piano, while Edward Lloyd and the other vocalists present went up to the seats prepared for them on the platform. When all were settled in their places the pianist commenced to play the music as arranged. "By Jove!" was the exclamation which sprang involuntarily to the composer's lips, for with the opening chords he at once realized what was the nature of the entertainment which had been kept so secret. His look of surprise and pleasure at the compliment paid him was good to see, while the performers went through the music of his own work "Rebekah."

An amusing story which he used to tell concerned the famous singer, Mme. Titiens. Owing to his intimate acquaintance with the oratorios, Sir Joseph's professional assistance was much sought by those vocalists who wished to make themselves conversant with the correct "tempi" and renderings of the various works.

MME. TITIENS.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Among others whom he coached was the above-mentioned artist, and he used to attend at her house for the purpose. On one occasion the hour fixed for the rehearsal was somewhat early, and on arriving the musician was ushered up to the drawing-room and left alone for about twenty minutes. Eventually his pupil appeared, and without further delay proceeded to the business in hand. Suddenly, in the middle of the aria, she caught sight of herself in the glass, and with an agonized cry rushed wildly from the room. What had she seen? A ghost with horrid grin peering over her shoulder? A murderer, dagger in hand, prepared to strike her to the ground? No; much worse. When the unhappy woman raised her eyes to the mirror she saw—her hair all done up in curl-papers! Her instructor had observed them immediately upon her entrance, but consideration for her feelings prompted him to ignore the situation. "Noblesse oblige!"

MME. SAINTON-DOLBY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

A great deal of attention has been lately drawn to the question of royalties paid on songs. Composers have, of course, had from the first the alternative of selling their rights for a lump sum or of receiving a royalty of so much per copy sold. The payments made to singers have, however, been of more recent date. The first arrangement was to give a perpetual royalty to the vocalist who brought out the song. Mme. Sainton-Dolby, for instance, had an agreement with the publishers that they should pay royalties so long as the songs continued to sell. Consequently, after her death the stipulated sums did not cease, but, I believe, are still being paid to her heirs at the present time, though the contralto has been dead a considerable number of years. Soon the publishers began to object to such an arrangement as the above-mentioned, and decided on giving a royalty as long as the singer continued to perform the music; and still more recently this dwindled down to seven years, at the end of which time they were at liberty either to terminate all payments or to make a fresh agreement for a second term of similar length. In the case of "The Lost Chord," which has been probably the greatest, certainly the most lasting, success of modern times, Sir Arthur Sullivan, as composer, and Antoinette Sterling, for whom it was specially written, each received a royalty of sixpence on every copy sold. During a period of some twenty-five years nearly half a million copies were sold in England alone. When "The Better Land" was written, Mme. Sterling bought the song outright for a certain sum from Dr. Frederick Cowen before it had been heard in public. Afterwards, however, when it was seen what a *furore* the song was making, it was felt that it was a little hard for the composer to have no share in the large profits which resulted, and so the original arrangement was cancelled. Dr. Cowen, in consequence, received more than a hundred times the amount first accepted, which in itself had been based on the usual profits from a fairly successful piece of music.

A good deal of interest and excitement arose in the eighties from the advent of a young American soprano, Mlle. Nikita. Her style of singing was something quite new to England, and did not meet with altogether unanimous approval at the hands of her fellow-artists. One of her first appearances in London was made at the house of Joseph Bennett, the musical critic of the *Daily Telegraph*, at an informal Sunday evening gathering. Most of the leading singers and instrumentalists were present, but this did not abash Nikita in the smallest degree. When asked to sing she handed her music to the accompanist, stood by the piano with the most complete *sang-froid*, and proceeded to give, to perhaps the most critical audience it was possible to bring together in a private drawing-room, "The Last Rose of Summer," which was left blooming alone, as it well deserved to be, considering that it was fading. When the first bars were struck, Edith Wynne, who was present, sniffed audibly at the presumption of the new-comer in attempting a song with which she herself had made a big reputation. As it progressed, being given in a most unorthodox way from the accepted British point of view, Mme. Wynne was observed gradually to tilt her nose even nearer to Heaven than had been ordained by Mother Nature. But the climax arrived with the last verse, when the American soprano tried to give additional effect by tearing the leaves of a rose which she had been holding in her hand, and dropping them to the ground one by one as the last lines were given. "Well," burst out her more mature rival, unable to contain her indignation any longer, "we don't do that in *England*, thank goodness! *We* go in for *legitimate* singing." After which she raised her glasses, looked the American up and down, and turned to a professional who was sitting in an adjoining chair. "*How* old do they say she is? What, sixteen? H'm! As far as her *ankles*, possibly. She gets at least ten years older—higher up!"

DR. COWEN.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

MLLE. NIKITA.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

MME. EDITH WYNNE.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

"*Apples Lodge Over Onions.*"

By Randolph Bedford.

GEORGE WHEELER walked moodily down the dusty, traffic-ploughed street, half oblivious to the jostling and the subdued roar around him. The cloudless blue above the rolling little plain, blocked by the great granitic upheaval men called the Rand before the name of a hill had been stretched to apply to fifty square miles of country, was not in his vision. The reek of jaded coach-horses was for him dissipated by the obsession of a country very far away. Instead of the cosmopolitan and piebald street-raffle of all nationalities and colours—the blonde, the brune, the yellow, and the black—he saw a small cottage in Surrey, an old man—his father—and a young woman, his own wife. And the mental vision did not help—it hurt him, for if he saw love there he saw also responsibility It depressed him so much that he did not lift his feet clear of the ground—shuffling along like a Chinaman in sandals and kicking up at every step the impalpable dust that became luminous in the sunbeams and made a ladder in the air.

He was strong enough and clever enough to succeed in a familiar environment; he was too young and too ignorant to make money out of nothing and immediately, in the way that seemed natural to the successful men of the field. *They* seemed to earn immense profits without effort, and carelessly between drinks; and here was he in Johannesburg in the first boom—the Boom of Discovery that grows into the Slump of Disappointment, and bursts again into the Boom on Results; here was he in the midst of plenty—a pauper with loved and loving encumbrances.

His possibilities of adapting himself spoiled by an easy youth full of money; his naturally strong character weakened by that life of comfort which atrophies resourcefulness—he had married in the belief that his father was as wealthy as ever. And a few months thereafter that wealth had gone as the wind goes, and George Wheeler had two people to fend for and unskilled hands for the work.

That morning he had had a letter saying, "Father is well, but weaker, and still brooding over things. His only pleasure seems to be to talk to a horrible man who is always here—a Mr. Lodge. He is very wealthy, and I am sure a cad; he talks so much of his money; and after he has gone father is so miserable. I wonder what he can see in talking so much to father—I suppose it is only caddish vanity. He *does* love to talk of himself and his money. I am sorry to trouble you, dear, with money matters, but you must telegraph twenty pounds to me as soon as you receive this. I can last till then, as I have credit."

Twenty pounds!—and he had but a sovereign, the twenty shillings that represented his share of all this wealth. Later, perhaps, there would be work for him in that hive that was still buzzing and had not settled down; meanwhile, clerk he was not. He would have digged, but there were no alluvial diggings; only the banket that called for development, batteries and money, and that was already held by companies.

They had been so hopeful at parting.

"I'll make money out there quickly, sweetheart," he had said. "A month to go out and a month there and a month to come home. In three months I'll be home again and I'll bring the gold in a waggon."

"I know you will, dear; you can do anything you want to do. Three months, dear—oh, George, it's good-bye now."

And six months had passed, and he had earned just enough money for the home maintenance and his own; and on this day there was no money and little hope.

He walked on without resource, and as he passed a dust-dry, crackling, iron-roofed shanty a cheery, unctuous voice hailed him:—

"Halloa, George!"

Wheeler stopped and looked at the speaker, a round man, bull-necked and fleshy, but hard and full of force. His tie was held through a sard seal ring of antique design; there was a plain nugget ring on his little finger, and he ostentatiously displayed it by lifting the little finger above the cigar he held. Yet the display was discounted by the dirty and time-discoloured leather watch-chain he wore. The ostentation was unconscious; his valuation of his adornments was not intrinsic; the sard and the nugget each had their story.

He lifted his hat to wipe his forehead, and showed that he was prematurely bald; then he curled his little black moustache into ferociousness with a few impulsive twitches of his finger and thumb, replaced the cigar, puffed a ring of smoke into the golden air, and said:—

"Well, George, how goes it?"

"Bad!" said Wheeler, moodily; and then a sudden hope was born in him, and he talked very rapidly, as if he would prevent a refusing reply. "Solly, I'm jammed—for—for a week. Will you lend me twenty-five pounds till next Tuesday?"

Solomon Flome puffed his cigar and smiled — he had been expecting the request; he expected every man he knew had no money to ask him for money; he suspected every other kind of man who knew him of a desire to get more from him.

Wheeler talked on. "I want it very badly, Sol—and you shall have it back again on Tuesday."

"WELL, GEORGE, HOW GOES IT?"

He made the promise glibly, but Sol Flome was not deceived, although he appeared to be.

"Certainly—certainly, my boy. Come in and I'll give you a cheque."

All Wheeler's gratitude and relief shone in his eyes.

"Thanks, old man—next Tuesday I'll be all right."

"Certainly — certainly, my boy. Come in."

He entered the crackling shanty he called his "office" as he spoke, and Wheeler followed him—feeling like a condemned man suddenly respited.

From the dusty table Flome lifted an armful of prospectuses, newspapers, and plans, and almost buried in them his partner who wrote at the other side of the table, and who merely swept the papers to the ground and went on writing.

"There's the cheque, my boy," said Flome, and Wheeler took it and grasped Flome's hand, almost voiceless with gratitude, but able to say, "Next Tuesday, sure."

Flome smiled again. "All right, my boy," said he, and as Wheeler disappeared joyously in the direction of the telegraph-office the peculiar philanthropist said:—

"So that settles him. I wondered how long he'd last without biting my ear, and now he's done it. Well, he's a decent cove, and I sold him cheap."

The thin, red-haired, dark-bearded partner looked up for a moment and asked:—

"What's his price?"

"Twenty-five quid," replied Flome, merry again, his round face wreathed with smiles, his keen hawk-eyes laughing too.

But George Wheeler was not to be sold cheap. He intended repaying the money—had never intended otherwise; and now that the debt was doubly sacred by the use that had been found for it he regarded it doubly as a debt. He speculated with two pounds and made twenty-seven of them before the week was out, and a day before his time he went to Flome's office and repaid it, and warmly shook the hand of Flome and told Flome he would never forget the kindness.

Flome looked after the retreating figure in a dazed way and then spoke his wonderment to his partner.

"What's the game, Barney? He's paid me."

"Means to borrow fifty next week."

"That trick's older than Damascus. I don't think he means that. But I thought I'd sold him cheap."

"Well, don't worry. You've got your sugar again."

"It isn't that—I hate to be had. I'm always right, ain't I?"

"Pretty well, Solly."

"This and this—they prove that, don't they?" He touched the sard and the nugget as he spoke.

"Yes."

"Didn't I spot the Bokfontein business?"

"Yes—my oath you did."

"Don't I know men from A to Z? Can't I spot 'em?"

"Yes, Solly."

"Well, what's it mean?"

They were left in doubt for a fortnight.

George Wheeler, spurred by the success of passing that obstacle of twenty pounds which had seemed an insurmountable obstruction to him, caught some of the enterprise of the time and place and hustled for himself, being rewarded with a commission to put a tradesman's books in order. For five minutes he bitterly cursed his vagrom gilded youth that had left him a man without equipment, but he bought a treatise on book-keeping, and the study of it left him more puzzled than before. Ignorance is a darkness in which a man can see dimly when he is used to it; a little sudden light blinds.

But he used his own large stock of logic and good sense, and even his earliest attempts at book-keeping passed muster because his tradesman-employer was no critic.

A week after his employment had begun there came a cable from his wife, "Father very ill—remit." And this time with but half the diffidence of his first application he sought Sol Flome and handed him the telegram.

"What's this, my boy?" (He was only six or seven years older than Wheeler, but his money excused the fatherly air of patronage.) "I don't want it; what's it all about?"

"Mr. Flome, I must cable some money again; you can have it in ten days sure."

"Ah! how much?" asked Flome, aloud, but saying to himself, "Barney was right. He's after fifty."

"Twenty will do; I've got a berth now, and I only want enough to cable."

"Twenty!" said Flome, aloud; and to himself: "Barney wasn't right; it's less than last time."

"Yes; twenty."

"All right, my boy, here's the notes; you needn't come to the office for a cheque."

Later, in his office, he spoke wonderingly to the partner: "You were all wrong, Barney. He's come again, but for less than last time. What do you say now?"

"Say? Why, he plays a better confidence trick than the others. That's what I say."

"Well, I sold him for twenty this time, so I've made a fiver," said Flome, on very good terms with himself.

Wheeler began to be vaguely uneasy over his wife's letters—hints at the growing weakness of his father; of the constant visits of the man Lodge, whom she said she hated more and more every day. But he sent her hopeful telegrams and received reassuring replies, and worked hard and wrote to her letters breathing much affection, and with more hope of a speedy reunion than his progress warranted.

He became sharp in the making of money, gradually developing that nose for profit which once a man has it perfected must inevitably lead him to wealth. And within the ten days he had the twenty pounds ready and repaid Solomon Flome; and that gentleman, proud of his knowledge of human nature and of the completeness of his classification of human motives, was aghast.

"It's no ordinary cove this, Barney. What's the game? He's paid the twenty."

"Next time it'll be fifty."

"You said that before, and it wasn't. I'd give a bit to know."

"I wouldn't lend him any more, anyway. It's not business, Solly."

"Oh! You're very clever, ain't you? You're a fly flat, you are. You're either too cautious to breathe for fear you'll pick up typhoid, or you plunge at the top of the market."

Barney scowled. "I kept you out of Klipbergs, anyhow, and it was rotten enough."

"Yes; and if we'd gone in we'd have cleared a pot and taken a profit before it busted. And you put us into Barberton Valleys and left us there."

The man who was wondrously cautious and madly reckless by turns muttered something about "sleeping dogs," and turned to his letter-writing.

Three weeks later came a letter that disquieted Wheeler terribly: "Father mopes all day and talks to himself half the night, and I am afraid for him. I do wish you were here—I am so nervous, and that horrible man Lodge, he is always calling; and when father is not in the room he talks familiarly to me. I hate him, and I am afraid of him."

Home and its responsibilities tugged at

"I WOULDN'T LEND HIM ANY MORE, ANYWAY. IT'S NOT BUSINESS, SOLLY."

his heart-strings—love drew him England-ward; pride held him there. The shame of going back with empty hands to a country where every man must find his groove or starve made him deny his inclinations. And then a telegram decided him :—

"Father died last night. Come at once."

He thought for half a moment—he had decided as he read; now for the ways and the means.

For the third time he went to Solomon Flome.

"Mr. Flome, I thought I need not weary your kindness again, but I am in serious trouble."

"Halloa!" said Flome to himself, "Barney's right after all."

"I've got a cable from my wife, Mr. Flome, to sail at once. My father is dead."

"He's not my father, my boy."

"I know, Mr. Flome. I know I've no right to bother you with my troubles, but I must go. I can't pay you till I come back, but I'll pay every cent when I do. I want a hundred pounds."

"No."

"But you can't see how serious it is. I don't like to tell you, but my wife writes me that there's a man persecuting her, and—I hate to tell you this, but you've been a friend to me—she's afraid of this man. I can't go under a hundred. I must have money when I land, and to bring her out with me. Will you do it?"

"No, my boy," he laughed, satisfied that all Wheeler's statements were lies and his emotion mere acting.

"No?"

"No! I lent you money and you disappointed me twice, my boy."

"Disappointed you? I paid you."

"Yes, I know you did, and you disappointed me. I never thought I'd see it again. Look here, my boy, I know all the tricks about money, and there's millions of 'em. When a man wants money badly he'd lie like the very deuce to get it. I've been puzzled what your game was, but I see it now."

"Then it's 'No'?"

"Yes, my boy, it's 'No.' Good-bye and good luck. Try to bite somebody else's ear—mine's been bitten so much it's as hard as sheet-iron now."

The younger man moved off, stunned by the refusal—shame and grief and anxiety mingling in his blood and leaching all the life out of him.

In his office Flome, with many little laughs and chuckles, told the story to his partner.

"It was an old fake, wasn't it, Barney?"

"Yes; but did you see the cable?"

"He had it in his hand."

"But he couldn't have faked that."

"No-o-o; and, come to think of it, his game was new. He said he'd leave for the Cape to-night."

"Did he? Well, that is new. I never heard of a man startin' lug-bitin' by sayin' he was goin' to clear out."

"N-n-o; and he said he'd pay when he came back. And then the yarn about his wife was new—and—and natural. Great Scot! I've got it, I think."

"What is it, then?"

"He's an honest man!"

"No!"

"Yes, yes, I tell you. Borrows twenty-five pounds and pays it to the minute, borrows twenty pounds next time and pays it. Then says, 'Give me a century to go to England with.'"

"He's either a fool or the coolest card outside o' Wormwood Scrubs."

"He's neither—he's an honest man. Oh, what a fool *I* was!"

"Why, we haven't seen so many honest men that we can get their form at a glance. *I* think it's a trick—but if he is an honest man, stuff him and stick a feather in his hair and put gold paint on his tail and send him to the museum."

"I'll have another yarn with him and, if he's straight, I'll lend him the hundred pounds."

"I think I'll take you down next week with a yarn about my rich uncle in Fiji," said Barney, but Flome did not hear him—he was already in the street, sending a message to Wheeler by the first boy he could impress into service.

Wheeler returned half sullenly, because shame had for the moment the ascendency.

"Let's see the cable, my boy, and I'll see if I can do it."

Wheeler handed him the telegram, and was flushed with hope anew.

"That looks all right. Old man dead and the wife scared of this other feller, eh? Oh, never mind Barney; he's just the same as me."

"Yes, Mr. Flome."

"Well, if I lend you this, when will you come back?"

"A fortnight after I land I'll start out again, Mr. Flome."

"You'll bring the missus back with you?"

"Yes, Mr. Flome."

"'I DIDN'T MEAN TO LOOK AT IT,' REPLIED WHEELER."

"Good iron! I used to take my wife everywhere—nearly everywhere. She's—gone under now! Never mind that—it ain't your funeral. Better give me your I O U—what's your address in England? Better make an indicator with the cable company—why, y' never know—might want you. Where's the cable address-book, Barney? You put it in, will you?"

He was filling in the cheque as he spoke. Barney opened the cable address-book at "W," began to write "Wheeler," cursed the pen, and rose to get a new nib. The address-book was a new one and the binding stiff; when the weight of Barney's hand was removed from it the leaves turned over of themselves and stopped at "A."

And there Wheeler, glancing idly at anything in the attempt to keep his shame-faced gaze off the cheque that meant so much to him, read proper names and phrases, and their code equivalents, thus:—

Arona	Apples.
Buyer	Onions.
Seller	Spinach.

At that moment Barney returned, saw the direction of the visitor's gaze, and said, snappily:—

"That's our code, and private."

"I didn't mean to look at it," replied Wheeler, with some heat. "I wouldn't have thought of it again if you hadn't mentioned it."

"Like you, Barney," said Flome. "You're very clever — you can lead a goose to water when it rains. What do you want to talk about a thing you don't want to be talked about? There's your cheque, my boy, and don't you do me this time, or you'll be sorry your mother ever got married."

"I'll pay, sure," replied Wheeler, gripping his hand.

"I'd be the biggest fraud alive if I ever forgot this."

He said good-bye to them and walked away quickly, with the word "Arona" in his thoughts. He knew it was a mine in a good position, but without ore so far. All the shares were owned by Flome and Barney, who had provided the working capital and were said to have unloaded shares at fancy prices. Arona—it sounded like the name of a girl. His girl, his wife, was at that moment suffering the persecution of a wealthy scoundrel. Wheeler did not delay a moment.

Two days later a Castle liner with Wheeler as a passenger sailed nor'-nor'-west from Table Bay, homeward bound.

She met him coyly as a bride, after that long absence, and they went to his father's grave, whereon the clay had not yet consolidated, and she told him of her anxious days and nights with the old man, who had died slowly of brain-softening.

And then he questioned her. "You wrote of a man named Lodge. What of him, dear?"

"*You're* here now, George; never mind anything of that time. We'll forget it."

"No; we'll forget no injury."

"But how you've changed, George; you used to be so forgiving."

"Never again, then. I've been among men who are good to their friends and who hate their enemies; and that is what I'm going to do. No secrets from me, sweetheart. Tell me."

"Well, I will. That brute, I found, was in love with me. He'd talk to me and tell me how to make money, and I thought it was only snobbishness. I never dreamed that he was trying to shine in my eyes. But that was it; his money was all he could brag of, and he bragged of it."

"Yes. Well?"

"Then I began to notice that he would take liberties of speech when father was not with me. And one day he told me he was in love with me."

"The hound!"

"Now, don't worry about it. I laughed at him first, because it's best to laugh off that sort of thing if you can—but next day he repeated it, and I ordered him from the house. Then I wrote that last letter to you."

"Yes."

"Two weeks after that he came here again. Talked of diamonds and money till I was sick of the words. He said he would pay you to consent to a divorce——"

"Wh-a-a-t? Wha-aat? And you listened?"

"I called father, and the poor old man came tottering to me and struck the brute. Poor father! He was dying then, and I did not know it."

"I'll kill him."

"Oh, my George — don't talk so! You can't kill people in these days, dear. You'd be hanged. The silly old law protects all sorts of people. Promise me you won't go near him."

"I won't promise you—I'm going to him to-day."

"You mustn't. Who would suffer? I should. And my reward for loving you so well would be to know that you were in prison because I had foolishly told you this. I should have kept it to myself."

"Don't say that. And I'll promise not to do anything that could get me into trouble."

"You're a dear, then. Let us forget all the black time when you were away. It was only a bad dream."

"It was more than that. I've been a dead man for seven months, and I've come to life again this morning."

If Wheeler did "nothing to get himself into trouble" he certainly did a great deal to provide trouble for Lodge. That afternoon a young man entered the prosperous atmosphere of Lodge's office in Broad Street House and demanded an audience. He refused to give his name to the clerk, who withdrew dubiously to find the will of his principal, leaving a pile of documents on the table—papers that rustled to the draught from the open windows. One of the papers —a little square of pink—fluttered from the table to the counter where leaned Wheeler, who was the anonymous visitor; and Wheeler, his sense of honour still untainted, turned it face downwards that he might not read it. Yet the swift glance he could not help giving to it burned the words into his brain—"Bought 1,950 Aronas at 4 7-16ths."

Arona again!

A visitor leaving the private office held the door for a moment, and said to the invisible Lodge, "The dip is flatter than people think. I say, 'Buy the deeps.'"

Then the clerk reappeared and invited Wheeler to enter.

A bulky, middle-aged man, whose face was marked by experience as if by surgeons' knives, rose to receive him.

"You are Mr. Lodge?"

"Yes; what's your business?"

"My name is Wheeler, you dirty cur! Put up your hands!"

His fairness made him give the warning; his rage made him strike before the warning was heard. Wheeler had it all his own way; the bigger man scarcely attempted to defend himself. Full of the joy of fight and the desire to mark his enemy, Wheeler struck.

Lodge nursed his beaten body that night, retarding his recovery by the nourishing of the hatred that almost burnt him in twain.

"So you broke your promise, George."

"I couldn't help it. The man who can't revenge his injuries is contemptible; the man who won't is despicable. I couldn't rest till I had thrashed him."

Secretly she thought all the more highly of him for breaking such a promise, although she pretended to be disappointed.

They told themselves that the episode had for ever been disposed of; they did not know that it was only at its opening.

"PUT UP YOUR HANDS!"

That night, while George smoked, Lucy sang and played to him. He had already written to Flome that they were preparing to return. And from Flome his thoughts strayed to Johannesburg and to many mines there—good, bad, and indifferent; so that by-and-by, and almost unconsciously, to himself he was saying:—

"Arona! It sounds like the name of a girl."

Lucy was standing at the table looking through a pile of music for his favourites, but at the word she looked up and repeated it.

"Arona! Why, that's the name that sneak told me."

"What sneak, dear?"

"Lodge."

"Oh, don't mention the name again."

"I'm sorry I said it, then. It was the word 'Arona' that caught me."

"Of course. I saw that sale note this afternoon—1950 Aronas at 4 7-16ths. H'm! So he's buying Flome's stock."

"Flome! Yes—yes; that's another name. Lodge hates Flome. Who is Flome?"

"Flome is my good friend who lent me a hundred pounds to come home and take you back with me. Flome is our friend, dear."

"And Lodge is his enemy. I can tell you all he said, word for word. Now, how did he begin? Yes, I know. I've got it. He was bragging of his money; and one day he said to me, 'Wouldn't you like to make a lot of money, Mrs. Wheeler?' And I said, 'No, I don't want a lot of money,' but he wouldn't be put off. He said, 'Buy Aronas, and you'll make fifty thousand at least.' I asked him how I could buy shares if I hadn't the money to pay for them, and he laughed and said that he had already bought more Arona shares than there were in existence, and that he was still buying. It puzzled me so much, and then he said that I needn't attempt to understand it; that if I liked he would buy two thousand Aronas for me, and that the sellers would give me ten thousand pounds if I didn't insist on getting the shares. I refused,

of course, and then he seemed to get into a rage, and said that a man named Flome was his enemy, and that he'd ruin him."

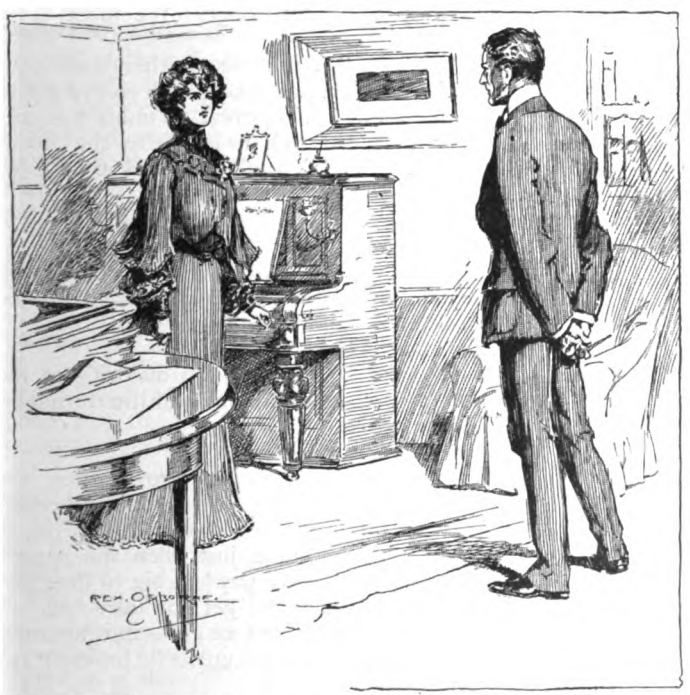
"Good Lord! What a scheme!" said Wheeler, excitedly, walking up and down the little room and shaking it. "I see! Flome is over-sold and Lodge is the buyer. I'll spoil his game. I'll cable Flome and tell him Lodge is over-bought."

"But will it be in time, dear?"

"Yes. Not to save Flome a loss, but to lessen Lodge's profit a deal."

"Good luck, dear! Do it. Spoil that sneak's scheme. It's a twentieth-century revenge, dear. Strike at him through his pocket. He loves money. It is all he has. It's better than killing him."

"We will. You're a jewel, Luce, to remember the name. And I can do Flome a good turn — the only man out there who trusts me, because I blushed and stammered when I asked for money, instead of laughing and walking away with it. And I've got the code words for 'Arona' and 'buyer,' so nobody can benefit Lodge by tapping the cable. Get your hat on, dear, and we'll go out and send a cable now, and Flome will have it by breakfast-time. . . ."



"GOOD LUCK, DEAR! DO IT. SPOIL THAT SNEAK'S SCHEME."

"How's the Arona account?" demanded Flome of his partner.

He had been out in the back-country for four weeks, and was taking up the threads of his business anew ten minutes after his return.

"We've sold nearly all," replied Barney, proud of the operation, in his subdued way.

"Let's see. There's a hundred and twenty-five thousand shares in the company, and we held a hundred and nineteen thousand. How many have we put out?"

Barney took down a share sales ledger and ran his finger down the Arona account. Then he called out the items, and Flome wrote them as they were called.

"Eleven thousand at average of £2; 9,500 at average of 2⅛; 13,000, average 2 5-16ths; 3,475, average 2 15-16ths; 10,000, average 2½; 11,120, average 2 11-16ths; 7,300, average 3⅛; 22,000, average 2¾; 9,000, average 3¼; 2,600, average 3⅜; 14,250, average 3¼. That's all on the ledger; but we've sold a lot by cable.

"Wait a minute! I'll call the others down to you. They are cable advices—I don't put 'em in the sales ledger till I get the sale notes."

"All right; call away."

"Eleven thousand five hundred, average 3½; 6,225, average 3 11-16ths; 8,470, average 3¾; 5,390, average 3 15-16ths; 4,850, average 4 1-32nd; 12,200, average 4 1-16th; that's all."

"It's enough," said Sol Flome, a new anxiety in his voice. "Count the sales."

He watched Barney in dead silence and saw his pale skin flush and grow livid as Barney counted. Then the pale, red-bearded man looked across the table at the stern, fleshy man on the other side.

They regarded each other for a moment, and then Flome demanded:—

"How many have we sold?"

"A hundred and sixty-one thousand eight hundred and eighty. Sol, I swear to you——"

"Never mind — keep your explanations. You've got me in a hole. Never mind how

we got into it now we're in it. Think of some way to get out. By now there are a hundred and seventy thousand sold by us and there are only a hundred and twenty-five thousand in existence. But who's behind the buying? I don't like it. Whoever heard of a market holding up its price to wholesale unloading like this? Who's behind it? I want to know."

As if to answer him, a boy entered the office and handed him a telegram.

"Who's 'Spugnino,' Barney?" he asked, all his mercurial gaiety returning to him. "Look up the indicator."

"Spugnino is the chap who played the new confidence trick on you," replied Barney, with some spitefulness, and feeling the smart of his terrible error eased by the indulgence in this *tu quoque* argument

"Wheeler? What's he want? Can't ever know what an honest man'll do—I've had no experience of 'em myself. Decode it, will you?"

Barney took the cable, looked at his code-book, and uttered an exclamation of surprise. Then he wrote the decodation and handed it to Solomon Flome, who read this :—

"Apples Lodge Over Onions."

And, below the telegraphed words, Barney's decodation :—

"Arona ; Lodge over-buyer."

And now two wondering and half-frightened faces stared at each other over the table.

"Is it a fake, Sol?"

"No ; Wheeler's straight. How did he steal our code?"

"That day he got the hundred I saw him looking at the code-book."

"And you told him it was private, and made him remember what he'd seen. I remember. It was a good mistake, Barney."

"But he may be a tug of Lodge's—trying to frighten us."

"No! By Aaron and Moses! I've got it. His wife said some rich bloke was chasing her—it was Lodge—I know his dirty, sneaking game ; and Wheeler's dropped on him, and he's with us."

"Then, if Lodge is the buyer, we're done, Sol."

"We're not. Not yet. Have a cigar. Smoke and shut up. A hundred and seventy thousand. Have you got the share-register?"

"Yes—here it is."

"Look 'em up. Any shares in Lodge's name?"

"No. They're all in ours and our dummies except two thousand. They're held by Mary Ann Smith, Old Broad Street House."

"Lodge's office. Miss Smith wears trousers. That's Lodge's dummy."

"And there's a parcel of fifteen hundred came in by the mail this morning from London for transfer."

"Are they for Mary, too?"

"Yes."

"Good old Mary Ann! We'll raise the game on Mary."

"How?"

"When's the next mail out to London?"

"To-morrow."

"When's the next mail in?"

"Not for a week."

"Well, then, we'll hold a board meeting now and put through Mary Ann's transfer for fifteen hundred."

"But they're for Lodge. We must delay and gain time."

"Barney, you can't see further than your ponum, and that's hooked, and you've got to look crooked at that, even. Time's the only thing that can lick us! We're the board meeting. Mary Ann's fifteen hundred go through for transfer now."

"All right ; but I can't see what you're driving at."

"You will soon. Send back Mary's transfer by to-morrow's mail. See? Cable London to sell on."

"Oh! You're mad."

"Wait a bit! We're the majority of the shareholders—you and me and the dummies, ain't we?"

"Yes ; but——"

"Well, day after to-morrow, after the mail's gone—see—we put a little advertisement in the paper. We go to the editor at three in the morning, just when the paper's going to print. We pay 'em big to drop out a bit of news and we get our little 'ad.' set in very small type, and we get it into a corner where nobody will see it unless he looks for it."

"But what——"

"Steady on! What's the advertisement, do you think?"

"I'm at a dead end. I don't know."

"Well, it'll say the Arona Gold Mines, Limited, want badly to increase their capital."

"What?"

"Yes ; and that's how we'll get the thirty days' notice the law says you must have, without being interfered with by Mary Ann."

"But the transfer-books?"

"They'll be open from the day after to-morrow till the day before the next mail comes in."

"That's straining the law."

"Hang the law! The law doesn't want you to be straight; it only wants you to seem to be."

"All right; well—but will this help us?"

"Mary Ann has caught us over-sold, hasn't she? She wants a hundred and seventy thousand shares, and there's only a hundred and twenty-five thousand in the world. Well, oblige the lady. Give her a hundred and seventy thousand."

"But how can you explain the reason for the increase of capital?"

"This way. The Arona's a good-positioned block, and she'll be a good deep mine one of these days. We want another fifty thousand working capital. We'll take 'em at a quid a share and put the money up."

"My bones! Sol, you're a wonder! So we'll increase the capital to a hundred and seventy-five thousand shares, put up the fifty thousand, deliver the hundred and seventy to Lodge, and hold five."

"We won't! We'll increase to two hundred and fifty thousand, take all the new shares for putting up the fifty thousand, deliver two hundred thousand to Mary Ann, and keep the rest for a bit."

"Deliver two hundred! But we've only sold a hundred and seventy."

"But we're going to sell another thirty thousand before this busts. Get the cable to work."

Barney sat back and gasped his adoration. Flome feigned not to notice it, but the effect of the admiration was apparent in his but half-controlled voice, for he dearly loved praise.

"This ought to smash Lodge, but it'll smash others. He's not in it alone. He's not big enough for a thing like this. And he must think we're stronger than we are, or he wouldn't have given us this rope. He waited too long, and now we'll squash him."

"And what about Wheeler?"

"Put him down for ten thousand of the new stock at the price they'll cost us and wire him to sell now."

Barney was ready with arguments against the giving of a call of ten thousand shares to a pauper. One thousand was ample, and five hundred ought to be satisfactory; but Flome had his way, as usual.

So cables went to Flome's many London brokers—he did not make a thing a secret by trusting it to one man—to sell Aronas again and yet again, and to Wheeler this:—

"Yourself immediately Spinach Apples Perks."

It astounded him, but he knew a letter would follow, and he marked the "immediately" and, trusting Flome absolutely, he searched the Directory and found that Perks and Co. were brokers. Then he took his courage in both hands and interviewed Perks and Co., and Perks and Co. told him that Flome had cabled a recommendation, and they sold ten thousand Aronas on account of Wheeler at 3⅞—the market having weakened.

Lodge grew a little uneasy; shares seemed to be coming forward very readily, but arithmetic cheered him. By no possible means can one hundred and twenty-five supply one hundred and eighty.

A fortnight later he received a cable from his agent in Johannesburg: "Arona capital doubled. Presume you know."

He scouted it, and the cables that succeeded it. But the next week brought confirmation in a small-typed and obscure advertisement in the *Goldfields Courier* of three weeks before.

All that day men—great and important City men—visited Lodge's office and called him various kinds of idiot; and that evening found him still sitting in the room overlooking Wormwood Street, black and impotent rage shaking him; an almost ruined man, staring at the darkness, thinking—every thought full of murder.

"THINKING—EVERY THOUGHT FULL OF MURDER."

The Chronicles of the Strand Club.—No. 1.

We feel sure the many readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE will welcome a new feature—the Chronicles of the Strand Club. By one of the rules of this interesting organization—which is, by the way, mainly composed of the literary and artistic contributors to THE STRAND—each member must furnish either a story or a picture for the edification of the monthly gatherings. Although commonly the story precedes the picture, yet sometimes, as we shall see, the process is reversed, and the picture precedes the story.

ADOPTING the language of Pickwick, we may say that "the first ray of light which illumines the gloom, and converts into a dazzling brilliancy that obscurity in which the earlier history of the public career of the immortal Strand Club is involved," takes the form of a legal anecdote in which an author, an artist, and two famous lawyers are involved. At the outset rumour has it that the Strand Club was avowedly and exclusively an artists' club. It met in quite an unpretentious way at a rendezvous situate somewhere or other in that illustrious thoroughfare which begins near the church of St. Clement Dane's and ends at Charing Cross. There was nothing in the constitution, by-laws, rules, or regulations which suggested the possible intrusion of literary characters, and various legends are afloat as to the way the barrier was broken down; by far the most plausible appears to be this.

One evening a well-known artist — it may have been Mr. Phil May, or Mr. Raven-Hill, or Mr. Gould, or Mr. Furniss — was called upon, in accordance with the established custom of the club, for a story, to be illustrated on the spot by himself —also according to a peculiar custom of the club. He had to confess, amidst loud cries of "Shame!" and "Resign!" (it is said the disturbance was occasioned by certain Irish members), that for the life of him he couldn't remember any story.

"I've been all day at the Law Courts," said he, "making sketches for my next picture, 'The Jocular Jury, or Six Men in a Row,' and, although I'm dead tired, gentlemen, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll draw you a life-like picture of the back of the counsel who, for four hours and three-quarters, completely obstructed my view of the proceedings." Whereupon he went up to the drawing-board on the easel, and in a few minutes produced the first of the sketches given below.

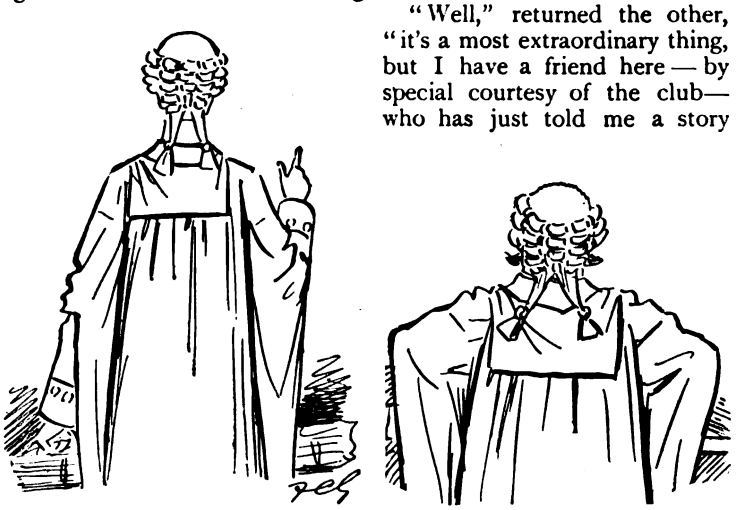
There was naturally some applause, for the sketch was amusing and the members extremely sympathetic. Encouraged by this, our artist continued:—

"I will now endeavour to delineate the back of the barrister who obstructed my view for the remainder of the day's proceedings." And he then added the accompanying figure.

He had no sooner finished than a member arose and said: "Haven't you any story to fit that picture?"

"Sorry; none whatever. You might call it the 'long and short of the law.'"

"Well," returned the other, "it's a most extraordinary thing, but I have a friend here — by special courtesy of the club— who has just told me a story which fits that picture exactly. It's really most extraordinary."



MR. F. C. GOULD'S LIGHTNING ILLUSTRATION OF THE STORY OF THE TWO BARRISTERS.

"Bravo!" "Platform!" "Speech!" "Let's hear the story," cried the members of the Strand Sketch Club; and so, blushing and reluctant, the visitor was led forward, and instantly recognised as a well-known author, whom we will here describe as Garry.

Garry (taking up his place in close proximity to the above lightning sketch): Gentlemen, I think I may say that the chief merit of my—ah—little tale lies in its application (waves a stout briar pipe towards

sketch). You all know, I dare say, that Sir Edward Clarke and Sir Edward Carson are leading lights of the Bar. One stands five feet two in his brown boots and gaiters; the other six feet three in red silk socks. On the occasion I am going to tell you about they were arguing, as opposing counsel, an ecclesiastical case, when Carson, towering above his opponent, said, with some sarcasm :—

"Of course, my learned friend here is omniscient in such matters. As everybody knows, he was originally intended for the Church."

Sir Edward Clarke sprang to his feet.

"I do not know, m'lud; I am not aware whether my lofty friend here was or was not originally intended for the Church, but I think you will agree with me, m'lud, that he was much better fitted for the steeple!"

Nothing could have been more pat (no allusion being here intended to the nationality of both K.C.'s), and, the laughter having subsided, a motion was duly put, seconded, and carried, that in virtue of his exploit Garry should be, any rules and by-laws to the contrary notwithstanding, elected a member of the club. That was the beginning, and now, a proper test having been imposed, there are amongst the fifty almost as many "literary" as "pictorial" members, and the labour of amusing one another at the monthly meetings is agreeably divided. Sometimes an author is called upon to provide, impromptu, a story for a sketch, likewise impromptu. At other times a Strand artist has to illustrate, on the spur of the moment, an author's anecdote. In either case the contest is amusing enough, and the roars of laughter which greet the failures are almost as great as those which reward the successes. But let us introduce the reader to one of the evenings of the Strand Sketch Club.

The Chairman (watch in hand): I call upon Mr. Alfred Pearse for a sketch and Mr. J. J. Johns for an explanation.

(That, by the way, is the peculiar humour of our club; it is always assumed that all our artists are as occult as William Blake and as esoteric as Rossetti and Burne-Jones. None of their pictures speak for themselves, or but very rarely, as will be shown later.) Here is Mr. Pearse's drawing. He has, you see, offered a presentment of a weary but

MR. ALFRED PEARSE'S DRAWING WHICH GAVE RISE TO THE STORY OF THE DAIRYMAN-ORGAN-GRINDER.

muscular organ-grinder, grinding away on the pavement his instrument of torture. It is a good character-study, especially when it is considered in how brief a time it was executed. Of course, we were all anxious to see how our humorist, Johns, acquitted himself on this occasion. It was a trying moment.

Johns: Gentlemen, you see before you a middle-aged organ-grinder, blind and likewise deaf and dumb. (Cries of "Oh, oh!") This afflicted organ-grinder once took up his stand —or, more properly, his sit-down — in a certain country town. Here his absolutely futile musical efforts excited the indignation of a stingy old agriculturist who thought the man was strong enough to work for a living. An idea struck him. He lay in wait for the poor, blind, and deaf and dumb organ-grinder, helped him to his accustomed pitch, and on the way substituted a churn for the barrel-organ. The poor musician then ground out four pounds of excellent butter instead of "Maisie is a daisy"; the farmer came and put twopence in his saucer and kindly helped him a few steps on his way home again. It is a touching instance of mutual human helpfulness.

Sime: Does anybody know a good story of a landlady?

The Chairman: Yes, you do. If you don't, you must invent one on the spot. (Calls of "Sime! Sime!")

Whereupon one of our most humorous members approached the easel, and with a piece of black chalk produced the following drawing. When he had finished he undertook to explain it to the Club in, as he said, the landlady's own words. "This, sir, is the bath — a nice bath — which, if ever you should think o' usin', I dessay we could find another place for the coals." The laughter that greeted the story and the picture made the rafters of the building rock.

Mr. Harry Furniss, being called upon, strode to the easel and in an incredibly

MR. HARRY FURNISS'S SKETCH WHICH SUGGESTED THE TALE OF THE BLUNDERING COLONEL.

short space of time produced the sketch shown above. It looked easy enough to fit a story or repartee to such a picture, but Mullins, who was called upon, did not find it at all easy.

"If you had drawn something funny——" he began.

"But it must be funny," protested the Chairman; "don't you see the girl laughing?"

Furniss: That is not laughter. It is surprise, astonishment, embarrassment.

Mullins: Oh, of course, if you put it that way. But, then, women, some women, would look just that way if anybody told them a really funny joke. However, I just remember something that will fit that work of art. At a concert one evening a short-sighted colonel I know turned to his fair neighbour and said, "I do admire your husband's singing so much."

"That isn't my husband," she cried; "it's my papa."

MR. SIME'S ILLUSTRATION TO HIS OWN NARRATIVE OF THE OBLIGING LANDLADY.

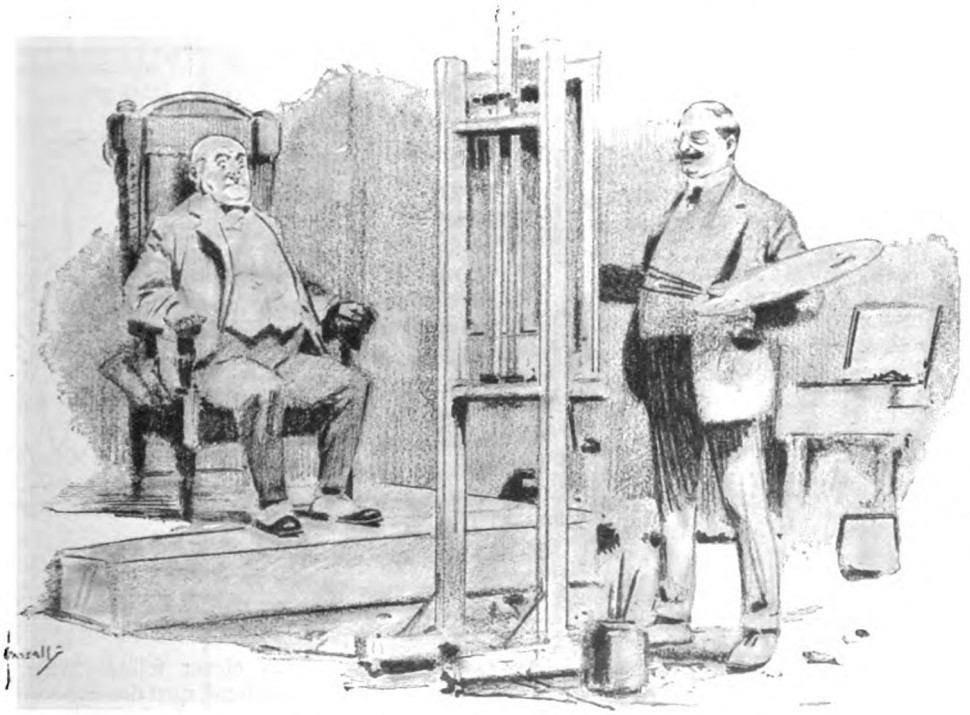
"Indeed! How stupid of me! But he really does look much too young to be your father!"

Emberton: That reminds me of a good-looking painter who got a commission to paint the portrait of a rich City magnate. He improvised a studio down at his country place in Kent and spent about a couple of months on the job. One day he said to the purse-proud Moneybags, "I think your countenance, sir, most mobile. Is there any particular expression you would like to wear in this picture?"

think of—a sort of combination of disgust, stand-offishness, anger, and you-can't-come-it-over-me-my-boy look. You see, I desire to place this portrait in the ante-room of my City offices to scare away money-seekers, and it occurred to me——"

"I see," said the artist. "I will try and realize your idea. Perhaps you can help me. Can you oblige me with a sample of one of these expressions?"

The magnate beamed. "No, young man; I'm much too good-natured to-day. I've



MR. JOHN HASSALL'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE STORY OF THE ENTERPRISING PAINTER.

"Well, since you ask it, there is. I particularly want a certain expression. By the way, have you met my daughter?"

"Yes," replied the artist.

"A charming girl, eh?"

"Very."

"I'm glad you think so. I've spent a lot of money on that girl. Well, supposing you came to me and asked my consent to marry her."

"Oh!" cried the painter.

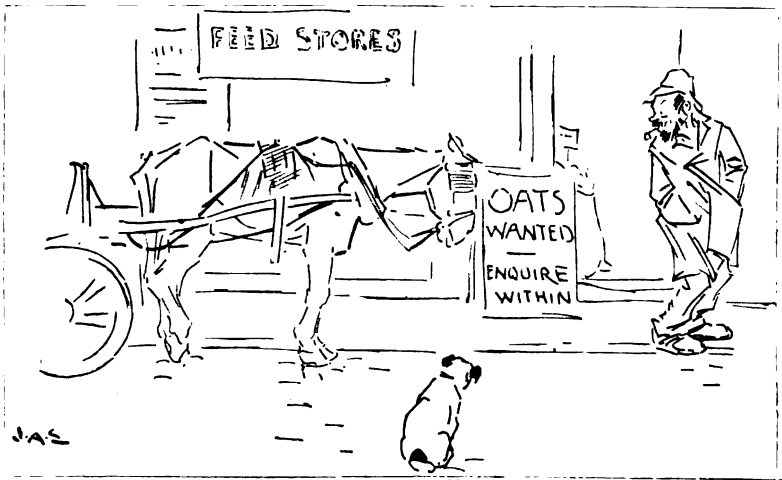
The magnate smiled. "Perhaps you don't quite follow me. At all events, the expression I want to wear in that picture is the expression you would see on my face on such an occasion. It is the only illustration I can just floated two companies at half a million each."

"No matter. Maybe *I* can help you. As a matter of fact, Sir Jabez, I fell in love with your daughter at first sight. I asked her to marry me, she consented, and we were married at a registry office yesterday."

And as the millionaire struggled with his feelings, the painter added:—

"Ah, thanks; might I ask you to keep that expression as long as possible? The picture is bound to be a success."

Mr. Hassall thereupon illustrated the story, causing much additional laughter by introducing a fellow-member, Mr. Dudley Hardy, as the artist-hero.



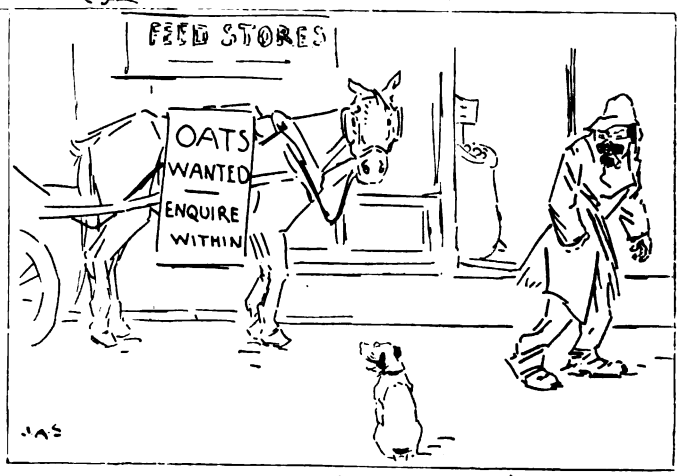
think not. I see you've been out into the country for some time, sir. You see, if I was to let it go like that, they'd take you for one of these 'ere bloomin' foreign piano-thumpers.'"

To the above story Mr. Wallis Mills duly appended the picture which appears on this page.

"My turn so soon?" cried Wornung. "Well, really, I was just about to make my excuses—a touch of Australian fever — but, since you press me, I don't mind telling this, which I heard this afternoon.

"It seems that the other day a famous pianist dropped into a Strand barber-shop for a hair-cut. After a time he remarked anxiously to the operator: 'Look here, haven't you taken off about enough?'

"'Oh, I think not, sir, I



MR. J. A. SHEPHERD'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE HORSE AND THE JOCULAR TRAMP.

MR. WALLIS MILLS'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE ANECDOTE OF THE FAMOUS PIANIST.

A clever fellow-artist, Mr. Shepherd, next drew a couple of sketches which told the little joke of the horse and the jocular tramp so explicitly that explanation really became superfluous.

Lomack: Did I ever tell you the story of the uncanny fur coat? No? Well, one day in the Alps a friend of mine met an acquaintance in a peculiar fur coat. "Good gracious!" he cried; "what an extraordinary fur coat, Brown! What animal do you call it?"

"Just plain bear. I tracked it myself."

"But what makes it stand on end like that?"

"We must be near a precipice. The instinct is strong even

MR. D. B. WATERS'S DRAWING TO EXPLAIN THE STORY OF THE FUR COAT.

in death. The bear saw me coming. It turned round to escape and found a precipice. Then it died of fright. I admit it's a trifle awkward, old chap, but it's saved my life no end of times when I've tried to cross Piccadilly in the road-repairing season."

While the story was still in progress Mr. D. B. Waters was adroitly covering the sheet of cartridge-paper on the easel, and in little more than five minutes the drawing reproduced above was complete.

At this stage of the proceedings there was only one member remaining who had not contributed to the success of the evening, and immediately all eyes were fastened upon him. There arose vociferous calls for "Max! Max!"

With a deep gravity befitting his years Mr. Max Beerbohm bowed his acknowledgments.

"I have no story," he said, "only an object-lesson. All the members of the Strand Club, this great and worthy institution which is doing so much to add to the gaiety of nations, are at liberty to interpret it." And he proceeded in a dozen strokes to expose to the world the seductive smile of Mr. Bernard Shaw in the inimitable apologue of Mr. Bernard Shaw and John Bull.

MR. MAX BEERBOHM'S OBJECT-LESSON—JOHN BULL AND MR. BERNARD SHAW.

Some Further Experiences of an Irish R.M.

By E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross.

III. — A CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE.

IT has not often been my lot to be associated with a being of so profound and rooted a pessimism as Michael Leary, huntsman and kennelman to Mr. Flurry Knox's Foxhounds. His attitude was that of the one and only righteous man in a perfidious and dissolute world; with, perhaps, the exception of Flurry Knox, he believed in no one save himself. I was thoroughly aware of my inadequacy as deputy-master, and cherished only a hope that Michael might look upon me as a kind of Parsifal, a fool, perhaps, yet at least a "blameless fool"; but during my time of office there were many distressing moments in which I was made to feel not only incapable but culpable.

Michael was small, sandy, green-eyed, freckled, and, I believe, considerably junior to myself; he neither drank nor smoked, and he had a blistering tongue; I have never tried more sincerely to earn anyone's good opinion.

It was a pleasant afternoon towards the middle of December, and I was paying my customary Sunday visit to the kennels to see the hounds fed. What Michael called "the throch" was nearly empty; the greedier of the hounds were flitting from place to place in the line, in the undying belief that others were better off than they. I was studying the row of parti-coloured backs, and trying for the fiftieth time to fit each with its name, when I was aware of a most respectable face, with grey whiskers, regarding me from between the bars of the kennel door.

With an effort not inferior to that with which I had just discriminated between Guardsman and General, I recognised my visitor as Mr. Jeremiah Flynn, a farmer and a cattle-dealer on a large scale, with whom I had occasionally done business in a humble way. He was a District Councillor and a man of substance. He lived twenty miles away, at a place on the coast called Knockeenbwee, in a flat-faced, rambling house of the usual type of hideousness. Once, when an unkind fate had sent me to that region, I had heard the incongruous tinkle of a piano proceeding from Mr. Flynn's mansion as I drove past, fighting an umbrella against the wet wind that swept in from the Atlantic.

"I beg your pardon, Major Yeates," began Mr. Flynn, with an agreeable smile, which I saw in sections between the bars; "I had a little business over this side of the country, and I took the liberty of taking a stroll around to the kennels to see the hounds."

I made haste to extend the hospitality of the feeding-yard to my visitor, who accepted it with equal alacrity, and went on to remark that it was wonderful weather for the time of year. Having obeyed this primary instinct of mankind, Mr. Flynn embarked upon large, yet able, compliments on the appearance of the hounds. His manners were excellent; sufficiently robust to accord with his grey frieze coat and flat-topped felt hat, and with just the extra touch of deference that expressed his respect for my high qualities and position.

"'YE HAVE THEM IN GREAT FORM, MICHAEL,' HE REMARKED."

"Ye have them in great form, Michael," he remarked, surveying the hounds' bloated sides with a knowledgeable eye; "and, upon me word, there's our own poor Playboy, and a fine dog he is, too!"

"He is, and a fine dog to hunt rabbits," said Michael, without a relaxation of his drab countenance.

"I dare say, Major, you didn't know that it was in my place that fellow was rared?" continued Mr. Flynn.

Owing to his providentially distinctive colouring of lemon and white, Playboy was one of the hounds about whose identity I was never in doubt. I was able to bestow a suitable glance upon him, and to recall the fact of his having come from a trencher-fed pack, of which Mr. Flynn was the ruling spirit, kept by the farmers in the wildernesses beyond and around Knockeenbwee.

"Ah! Mr. Knox was too smart for us over that hound," pursued Mr. Flynn, pleasantly; "there was a small difference between himself and meself in a matter of a few heifers I was buying off him—a trifle of fifteen shillings it was, I believe——"

"Five-and-thirty," said Michael to the lash of his thong, in which he was making a knot.

"——and I had to give him the pup before we could come to terms," ended my visitor.

Whether at fifteen or thirty-five shillings, Playboy had been a cheap hound. Brief, and chiefly ornamental, as my term of office had been, I had learned to know his voice in covert, and had learned also to act upon it in moments of solitary and helpless ignorance as to what was happening. This, however, was not the moment to sing his praises; I preserved a careful silence.

"I rared himself and his sister," said Mr. Flynn, patting Playboy heavily; "but the sister died on me. I think 'twas from all she fretted after the brother when he went, and 'twas a pity. Those two had the old Irish breed in them; sure you'd know it by the colour, and there's no more of them now in the country only the mother, and she had a right to be shot this long time."

"Come, hounds," said Michael, interrupting this rhapsody; "open the door, Bat."

The pack swept out of the feeding-yard, and were away on their wonted constitutional in half a minute.

"Grand training, grand training!" said Mr. Flynn, admiringly; "they're a credit to you, Major! It's impossible to have hounds any way disciplined running wild through the country the way our little pack is. Indeed, it came into my mind on the way here to try could I coax you to come over and give us a day's hunting. We're destroyed with foxes—such marauding I never saw! As for turkeys and fowl, they're tired of them, and it's my lambs they'll be after next!"

The moment of large and general acquiescence in Mr. Flynn's proposal narrowed itself by imperceptible degrees to the moment, not properly realized till it arrived, the horrid moment of getting up at a quarter to seven on a December morning, in order to catch the early train for Knockeenbwee.

In the belief that I was acting in the interest of sport I had announced at the last meet that there was to be a by-day at Knockeenbwee. To say that the fact was received without enthusiasm is to put it mildly. I was assured by one authority that I should have to hunt the hounds from a steam-launch; another, more sympathetic, promised a drag, but tempered the encouragement by saying that the walls there were all made of slates, and that by the end of the run the skin would be hanging off the horses' legs like the skins of bananas. Nothing short of a heart-to-heart appeal to my whip, Dr. Jerome Hickey, induced him to promise his support. Michael, from first to last, remained an impenetrable thunder-cloud. The die, however, was cast, and the hospitality of Mr. Flynn accepted. The eve of the by-day arrived, and the thunder-cloud and the hounds were sent on by road to Knockeenbwee, accompanied by my ancient ally Slipper, who led my mare and rode Philippa's pony, commandeered for the occasion.

Next morning at 9.45 the train stopped by signal at the flag-station of Moyny, a cheerless strip of platform, from which a dead-straight road retreated to infinity across a bog. An outside-car was being backed hard into the wall of the road by a long, scared rag of a chestnut horse as Dr. Hickey and I emerged from the station, and its driver was composing its anxieties as to the nature of trains by beating it in the face with his whip. This, we were informed, was Mr. Flynn's equipage, and, at a favourable moment in the conflict, Dr. Hickey and I mounted it.

"It's seldom the thrain stands here," said the driver, apologetically, as we started at a strong canter, "and this one's very frightful always."

The bog ditches fleeted by at some twelve miles an hour; they were the softest, blackest, and deepest that I have ever seen, and I thanked Heaven that I was not in my red coat.

"I suppose you never met the Miss Flynns?" murmured Dr. Hickey to me across the well of the car.

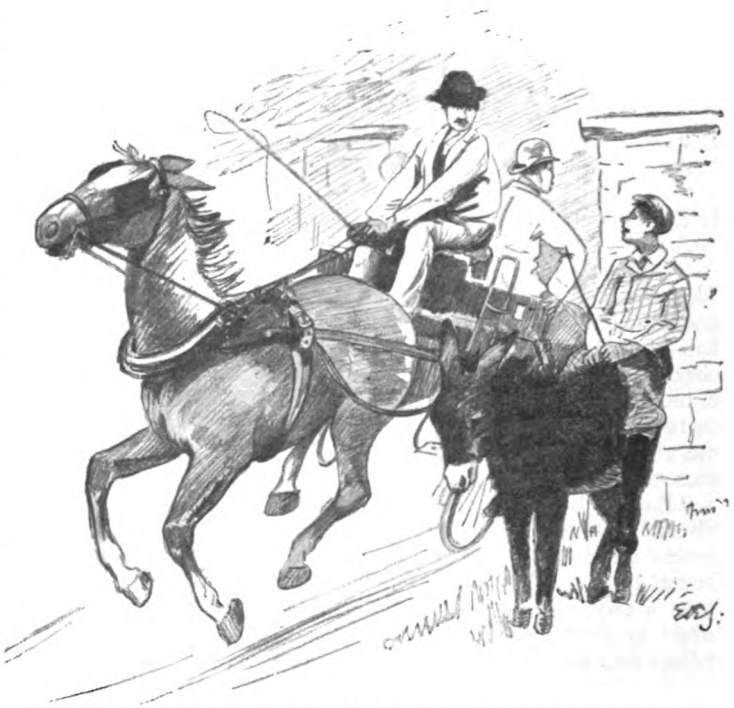
I replied in the negative.

"Oh, they're very grand," went on my companion, with a wary eye on the humped back of the driver. "I believe they never put their foot outside the door unless they're going to Paris. Their father told me last week that lords in the streets of Cork were asking who they were."

"I suppose that was on their way to Paris?" I suggested.

"It was not," said the driver, with stunning unexpectedness; "'twas when they went up on th' excursion last month for to have their teeth pulled. Gwout o' that!" This to the horse, who had shied heavily at a goat.

Dr. Hickey and I sank into a stricken silence, five minutes of which, at the pace we were travelling, sufficed to bring us to a little plantation, shorn and bent by the Atlantic wind, low white-washed walls, an economical sweep of gravel, and an entrance-gate constructed to fit an outside-car to an inch From the moment that these came within the range of vision the driver beat the horse with the handle of his whip, a prelude, as we discovered, to the fact that a minor gate, obviously and invitingly leading to the yard, lolled open on one hinge at the outset of the plantation. There was a brief dissension, followed by a hand-gallop to the more fitting entrance; that we should find it too fitting was a foregone conclusion, and Dr. Hickey whirled his legs on to the seat at the moment when impact between his side of the car and the gate-post became inevitable. The bang that followed was a hearty one, and the driver transmitted it to me in great perfection with his elbow as he lurched on to me; there was a second and a hollower bang as the well of the car, detached by the shock, dropped on to the axle and turned over, flinging from it in its somersault a harlequinade assortment of herrings, loaves of bread, and a bandbox. It was, I think, a loaf of bread that hit the horse on the hocks, but, under all the circumstances, even a herring would have been ample excuse for the two sledge-hammer kicks which he instantly administered to the footboard. While the car still hung in the gateway a donkey with a boy sitting on the far end of its back was suddenly mingled with the episode. The boy was off the donkey's back and the driver was off mine at apparently one and the same moment, and the car was somehow backed off the pillar. As we scraped through the boy said something to the driver in a brogue that was a shade more sophisticated than the peasant tune. It seemed to me to convey the facts that Miss Lynie was waiting for her hat, and that Maggie Kane was dancing mad for soft sugar. We proceeded to the house, leaving the ground strewn with what appeared to be the elemental stage of a picnic.



"WHILE THE CAR STILL HUNG IN THE GATEWAY A DONKEY WITH A BOY SITTING ON THE FAR END OF ITS BACK WAS SUDDENLY MINGLED WITH THE EPISODE."

"I suppose you're getting him into form for the hunt, Eugene?" said Dr. Hickey, as the lathered and panting chestnut came to a stand some ten yards beyond the hall door.

"Well, indeed, we thought it no harm to

loosen him under the car before Master Eddy went riding him," replied Eugene; "and, begannies, I'm not done with him yet. I have to be before the masther at the next thrain."

He shed us and our belongings on the steps and drove away at a gallop.

The meet had been arranged for half-past eleven; it was half-past ten when Dr. Hickey and I were incarcerated in a dungeon-cold drawing-room by a breathless being in tennis shoes, with her hair down her back—doubtless Maggie Kane, hot from the war-dance induced by the lack of soft sugar. She told us in a gusty whisper that the masther would be in shortly and the ladies was coming down, and left us to meditate upon our surroundings.

"A DIVERSION WAS PRESENTLY CREATED BY THE ENTRANCE, AT RACING SPEED, OF MAGGIE KANE."

A cascade of white paper flowed glacially from the chimney to the fender; the gloom was Cimmerian and unalterable, owing to the fact that the blind was broken; the cold of a never-occupied room ate into our vitals. Footsteps pounded overhead and crept in the hall. The house was obviously full of people, but no one came near us. Had it not been for my companion's biographical comments on the photographs with which the room was decked—all of them, it appeared, suitors of the Misses Flynn—I think I should have walked back to the station. At eleven o'clock the hurrying feet overhead were stilled, there was a rustling in the hall as of a stage storm, and the daughters of the house made their entry, wonderfully attired in picture-hats and in gowns suggestive of a theatre or a tropical garden-party. As I viewed the miracles of hair-dressing, black as the raven's wing, the necklaces, the bracelets, and the lavish top-dressing of powder, I wildly wondered if Dr. Hickey and I should not have been in evening clothes.

We fell to a laboured conversation, conducted upon the highest social plane. The young ladies rolled their black eyes under arched eyebrows, and in almost unimpeachable English accents supposed I found Ireland very dull. They asked me if I often went to the London opera. They declared that when at home music was their only resource, and made such pointed reference to their Italian duets that I found myself trembling on the verge of asking them to sing. Dr. Hickey, under whose wing I had proposed to shelter myself, remained sardonically aloof. A diversion was presently created by the entrance, at racing speed, of Maggie Kane, bearing a trayful of burning sods of turf; the cascade was torn from the chimney, and the tray was emptied into the grate. Blinding smoke filled the room, and Maggie Kane murmured an imprecation upon "jackdahs," their nests, and all their works.

The moment seemed propitious for escape; I looked at my watch, and said that if they would kindly tell me the way to the yard I would go round and see about things.

The arched eyebrows went up a shade higher; the Misses Flynn said they feared they hardly knew the way to the stables.

Dr. Hickey rose. "Indeed, it isn't easy to find them," he said, "but I dare say the Major and myself will be able to make them out."

When we got outside he looked down his long nose at me. "Stables, indeed!" he said. "I hate that dirty little boasting!"

Mr. Flynn's yard certainly did not at the first glance betray the presence of stables. It consisted of an indeterminate assembly of huts, with a long corrugated-iron shed standing gauntly in the midst; swamp of varying depths and shades occupied the intervals. From the shed proceeded the lamentable and indignant clamours of the hounds; against its door leaned Michael, in his red coat, enacting his accustomed *rôle* of a righteous man constrained to have his habitation in the tents of Kedar. A reverential knot of boys admired him from the wall of a neighbouring pigsty; countrymen of all ages, each armed with a stick and shadowed by a cur more or less resembling a foxhound, stood about, dispassionately, in the swamp; two or three dejected horses were nibbling,

unattended, at a hayrick. Of our host there was no sign.

At the door of the largest hut Slipper was standing.

"Come in and see the mare, Major," he called to me in his bantam cock voice as I approached. "Last night when we got in she was clean dead altogether, but this morning when I was giving the feed to the pony she retched out her neck and met her teeth in me poll. Oh, she's in great heart now!"

In confirmation of this statement a shrewish squeal from Lady Jane proceeded from the interior.

"Sure I slep' in the straw last night with herself and the pony. She'd have ate him this morning only for me!"

The record of his devotion was here interrupted by a tremendous rattling in the farm lane; it heralded the entrance of Mr. Flynn on his outside-car, drawn at full gallop by the young chestnut horse.

"Oh, look at me, Major, how late I am!" shouted Mr. Flynn, jovially, as he scrambled off the car; "I declare you could light a candle at me eye with the shame that's in it, as they say. I was back in Curranhilty last night buying stock, and this was the first train I could get. Well, well, the day's long and drink's plenty!"

He bundled into a darksome hole, and emerged with a pair of dirty spurs and a malacca crop as heavy as a spade-handle. "Michael! Did they tell you we have a fox for you in the hill north?"

"I wasn't speaking to any of them," replied Michael, coldly.

"Well, your hounds will be speaking to him soon. Here, hurry, boys; pull out the horses!"

His eye fell on the chestnut, upon whose reeking back Eugene was cramming a saddle, while the boy who had met us at the entrance-gate was proffering to it a tin basin full of oats.

"What are you doing with the young horse?" he roared.

"I thought Master Eddy would ride him, sir," replied Eugene.

"Well, he will not," said Mr. Flynn, conclusively; "the horse has enough work done, and let you walk him about easy till he's cool. You can folly the hunt then."

Two more crestfallen countenances than those of the young gentlemen he addressed it has seldom been my lot to see. The saddle was slowly removed. Master Eddy, red up to the roots of his black hair, retired silently with his basin of oats into the stable, behind Slipper. Even had I not seen his cuff go to his eyes I should have realized that life would probably never hold for him a bitterer moment.

The hounds were already surging out of the yard with a following wave composed of every living thing in sight. As I took Lady Jane from the hand of Slipper, Philippa's pony gave a snort. Some touch of Philippa's criminal weakness for boys assailed me.

"That boy can ride the pony if he likes," I said to Slipper.

I followed the hounds and their *cortège* down a deep and filthy lane. Mr. Flynn was just in front of me on a broad-beamed white horse with string-halt; three or four of the trencher-fed aliens slunk at his heels, the mouth of a dingy horn protruded from his coat-pocket. I trembled in spirit as I thought of Michael.

We were out at length into large and furzy spaces that slanted steeply to the cliffs, and, like smuts streaming out of a chimney, the followers of the hunt belched from the lane and spread themselves over the pale green slopes. From this point the proceedings became merged in total incoherence. Accompanied, as it seemed, by the whole population of the district, we moved *en masse* along the top of the cliffs, while hounds, curs, and boys strove and scrambled below us, over rocks and along ledges which, one might have thought, would have tried the head of a seagull. Two successive bursts of yelling notified the capture and slaughter of two rabbits; in the first hour and a half I can recall no other achievement.

It was, however, evident that hunting, in its stricter sense, was looked on as a mere species of side-show by the great majority of the field; the cream of the entertainment was found in the negotiation of such jumps as fell to the lot of the riders. These were neither numerous nor formidable, but the storm of cheers that accompanied each performance would have dignified the win of a Grand National favourite.

To Master Eddy, on Philippa's pony, it was apparent that the birthday of his life had come. Attended by Slipper and a howling company of boon companions, he and the pony played a glorified game of pitch and toss, in which, as it seemed to me, heads never turned up. It certainly was an adverse circumstance that the pony's mane had, the day before, been hogged to the bone, so that at critical moments the rider slid, unchecked, from saddle to ears; but the boon com-

panions, who themselves jumped like antelopes, stride for stride with the pony, replaced him unfailingly, with timely snatches at whatever portion of his frame first offered itself.

Music even was not wanting to our progress. A lame fiddler on a donkey followed in our wake, filling Michael's cup of humiliation to the brim by playing jigs during our frequent moments of inaction. The sun pushed its way out of the grey sky, the sea was grey, with a broad and flashing highway to the horizon, a frayed edge of foam tracked the broken coast-line, seagulls screamed and swooped, and the grass on the cliff summits was wondrous green. Old Flynn on his white horse moving along the verge, and bleating shrilly upon his horn to the hounds below, became idyllic. I believe that I ought to have been in a towering passion, and should have swept the hounds home in a flood of blasphemy; as a matter of fact, I enjoyed myself. Even Dr. Hickey admitted that it was as pleasant a day for smoking cigarettes as he had ever experienced.

It must have been nearly three o'clock when one of Mr. Flynn's hounds, a venerable lady of lemon and white complexion, poked her lean head through the furze bushes at the top of the cliff and came up on to the level ground.

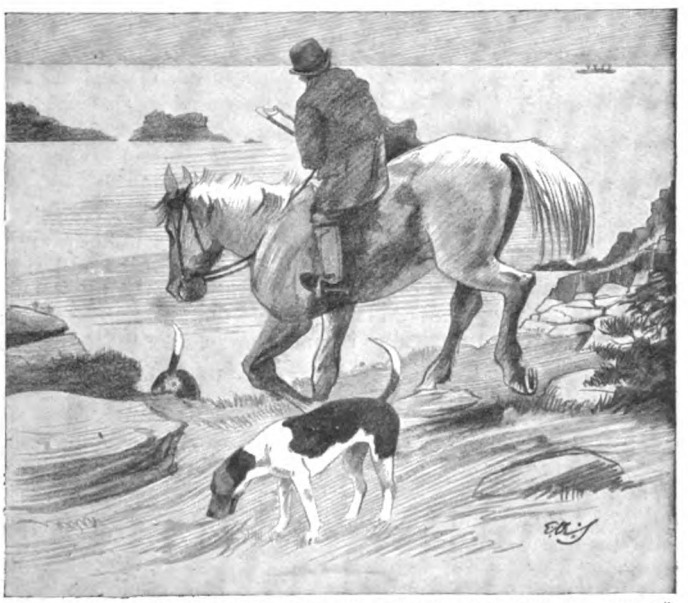
"That's old Terrible, Playboy's mother," remarked Dr. Hickey, "and a great stamp of an old hound too, but she can't run up now. Flynn tells me when she's beat out she'll sit down and yowl on the line, she's that fond of the smell."

Meantime Terrible was becoming busier and looking younger every moment, as she zigzagged up and across the trampled field towards the hillside. Dr. Hickey paused in the lighting of what must have been his tenth cigarette.

"If we were in a Christian country," he said, "you'd say she had a line."

Old Flynn came pounding up on his white horse, and rode slowly up the hill behind Terrible, who silently pursued her investigations. Fifty or sixty yards higher up my eye lighted on something that might have been a rusty can or a wisp of bracken lying on the sunny side of a bank. As I looked it moved and slid away over the top of a bank. A yell, followed by a frenzied tootling on Mr. Flynn's ancient horn, told that he had seen it too, and, in a Bedlam of shrieks, chaos was upon us. Through an inexplicable huddle of foot-people the hounds came bursting up from the cliffs, fighting every foot of ground with the country boys, yelping with the contagion of excitement; they broke through and went screaming up the hill to old Terrible, who was announcing her find in deep and continuous notes.

How Lady Jane got over the first bank without trampling Slipper and two men under foot is known only to herself, and as we landed Master Eddy and the pony banged heavily into us from the rear, the pony having once and for all resolved not to be sundered by more than a yard from his stable-companion of the night before. I can safely say that I have never seen hounds run faster than did Mr. Knox's and the trencher-feds in that brief scurry from the cliffs at Knockeenbwee. By the time we had crossed the second fence the foot-people were gone, like things in a dream. In front of me was Michael, and, in spite of Michael's spurs, in front of Michael was old Flynn, holding the advantage of his start with a most ad-



"OLD FLYNN ON HIS WHITE HORSE, MOVING ALONG THE VERGE, BECAME IDYLLIC."

mirable jealousy. The white horse got over the ground in bucks like a rabbit, the string-halt lending an additional fire to his gait; on every bank his great white hind-

"PURE ECSTASY STRETCHED HIS GRIN FROM EAR TO EAR."

quarters stood up against the sky like the gable end of a chapel. Had I had time to think of anything I should have repented acutely of having lent Master Eddy the pony, who was practically running away. Twice I replaced his rider in the saddle with one hand, as the pair landed off a fence under my stirrup. Master Eddy had lost his cap and whip, his hair was full of mud, pure ecstasy stretched his grin from ear to ear and broke from him in giggles of delight.

Providentially it was, as I have said, only a scurry. It seemed that we had run across the neck of a promontory, and in ten minutes we were at the cliffs again, the company reduced to old Flynn, his son, and the hunt establishment. Below us Moyny Bay was spread forth, enclosing in its span a big green island; between us and the island was a good hundred yards of mud—plump-looking mud, with channels in it. Deep in this the hounds were wading; some of them were already ashore on the island, struggling over black rocks thatched with yellow seaweed, their voices coming faintly back to us against the wind. The white horse's tail was working like a fan, and we were all, horses and men, blowing hard enough to turn a windmill.

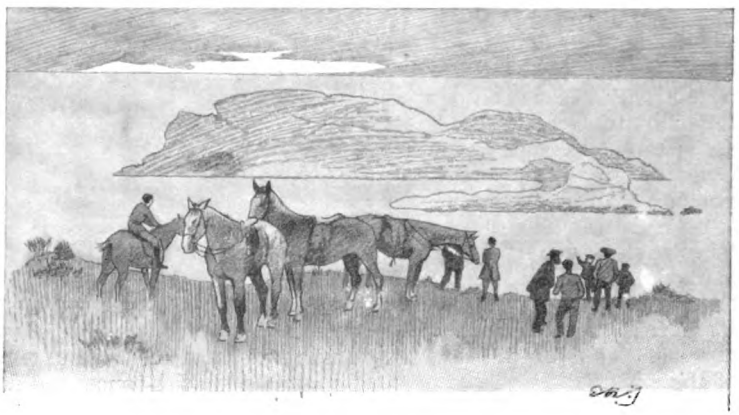
"That's better fun than to be eating your dinner!" puffed Mr. Flynn, purple with pride and heat, as he lowered himself from his saddle. "There isn't a hound in Ireland would take that stale line up from the cliff, only old Terrible!"

"What will we do now, sir?" said Michael to me, presenting the conundrum with colourless calm and ignoring the coat-tail trailed for his benefit. "We'll hardly get them out of that island to-night."

"I suppose you know you're barefooted, Major?" put in Hickey, my other Job's comforter, from behind; "your two fore-shoes are gone."

A December day is not good for much after half-past three. For half an hour the horns of Michael and old Flynn blew their summons antiphonally into the immensities of sea and sky, and summoned only the sunset, and after it the twilight; the hounds remained unresponsive, invisible.

"There's rabbits enough in that island to keep ten packs of hounds busy for a month," said Mr. Flynn. "The last time I was there I thought 'twas the face of the field running from me. And what was it after all but the rabbits!"



"THE HOUNDS REMAINED UNRESPONSIVE, INVISIBLE."

"*My* hounds wouldn't hunt rabbits if they were thrown after them," said Michael, ferociously.

"Oh, I suppose it's admiring the view they are," riposted Mr. Flynn. "I tell ye now, Major, there's a man on the strand below has a flat-bottomed boat, and here's Eugene just come up. I'll send him over with the horn as soon as there's water enough, and he'll flog them out of it."

The tide crept slowly in over the mud, and a young moon was sending a slender streak of light along it through the dusk before Eugene had accomplished his mission.

The boat returned at last across the channel with a precarious cargo of three hounds, while the rest splashed and swam after her.

"I have them all only one," shouted Eugene, as he jumped ashore and came scrambling up the steep slants and shaly ledges of the cliff.

"I hope it isn't Terrible ye left after ye?" roared Mr. Flynn.

"Faith, I don't know which is it it is. I seen him down from me, floating in the tide. It must be he was clifted. I think 'tis one of Major Yeates's. We have our own whatever."

A cold feeling ran down my back. Michael and Hickey silently conned over the pack in the growing darkness, striking matches and shielding them in their hands as they told off one hound after another, hemmed in by an eager circle of countrymen.

"It's Playboy's gone," said Michael, with awful brevity. "I suppose we may go home now, sir?"

"Ah! hold on, hold on!" put in Mr. Flynn. "Are ye sure now, Eugene, it wasn't a sheep ye saw? I wouldn't wish it for five pounds that the Major lost a hound by us."

"Did ye ever see a sheep with yalla spots on her?" retorted Eugene.

A shout of laughter broke from the circle of sympathizers. I mounted Lady Jane in gloomy silence; there was nothing for it but to face the long homeward road minus Flurry Knox's best hound, and with the knowledge that while I lived this day's work would not be forgotten to me by him, by Dr. Hickey, and by Michael.

It was Hickey who reminded me that I was also minus two fore-shoes, and that it was an eighteen-mile ride. On my responding irritably that I was aware of both facts and would get the mare shod at the forge by the station, Mr. Flynn, whose voluble and unceasing condolences had not been the least of my crosses, informed me that the smith had gone away to his father-in-law's wake, and that there wasn't another forge between that and Skebawn.

The steps by which the final disposition of events was arrived at need not here be recounted. It need only be said that every star went out of its course to fight against me; even the special luminary that presided over the Curranhilty and Skebawn branch railway was hostile; I was told that the last train did not run except on Saturdays. Therefore it was that in a blend of match-light and moonlight a telegram was written to Philippa, and, at the hour at which Dr. Hickey, the hounds, and Michael were nearing their journey's end, I was seated at the Knockeenbwee dinner-table, tired, thoroughly annoyed, devoured with sleep, and laboriously discoursing of London and Paris with the younger Miss Flynn.

A meal that had opened at six with strong tea, cold mutton, and bottled porter was still, at eight o'clock, in slow but unceasing progress, suggesting successive inspirations on the part of the cook. At about seven we had had mutton-chops and potatoes, and now, after an abysmal interval of conversation, we were faced by a roast goose and a rice pudding with currants in it. Through all these things had gone the heavy sounds and crashes that betokened the conversion of the drawing-room into a sleeping-place for me.

There was, it appeared, no spare room in the house; I felt positively abject at the thought of the trouble I was inflicting. My soul abhorred the roast goose, and was yet conscious that the only possible acknowledgment of the hospitality that was showered upon me was to eat my way unflinchingly through all that was put upon my plate. It must have been nine o'clock before we turned our backs upon the pleasures of the table, and settled down to hot whisky punch over a fierce turf fire.

Then ensued upon my part one of the most prolonged death-grapples with sleep that it has been my lot to endure. The conversation of Mr. Flynn and his daughters passed into my brain like a narcotic. After circling heavily round various fashionable topics, it settled at length upon croquet, and it was about here that I began to slip from my moorings and drift softly towards unconsciousness. I pulled myself up on the delicious verge of a dream to agree with the piquant statement that—"croquet was a fright! You'd boil a leg of mutton while you'd be waiting for your turn!"

Following on this came a period of oblivion, and then an agonized recovery. Where were we? Thank Heaven, we were still at the croquet party, and Miss Lynie's narrative was continuing.

"That was the last place I saw Mary. Oh, she was mad! She was mad with me! 'I was born a lady,' says she, 'and I'll die a lady!' I never saw her after that day."

Miss Lynie, with an elegantly-curved little finger, finished her wineglass of toddy and awaited my comment.

I was, for the instant, capable only of blinking like an owl, but was saved from disaster by Mr. Flynn.

"Indeed, ye had no loss," he remarked. "She's like a cow that gives a good pail o' milk and spoils all by putting her leg in it!"

I said, "Quite so—exactly," while the fire, old Flynn, and the picture of a Pope over the chimney-piece swam back into their places with a jerk.

The tale, or whatever it was, wound on. Nodding heavily, I heard how "Mary," at some period of her remarkable career, had been found "bawling in the kitchen" because Miss Flynn had refused to kiss her on both cheeks when she was going to bed, and of how, on that repulse, Mary had said that Miss Flynn was "squat." I am thankful to say that I retained sufficient control of my faculties to laugh ironically.

I think the story must then have merged into a description of some sort of entertainment, as I distinctly remember Miss Lynie saying that they "played 'Lodging-houses.' It was young Scully from Ennis made us do it — a very vulgar game *I* call it."

"I don't like that pullin' an' draggin'," said Mr. Flynn.

I did not feel called upon to intrude my opinion upon the pastime in question, and the veils of sleep once more swathed me irresistibly in their folds. It seemed very long afterwards that the clang of a fire-iron pulled me up with what I fear must have been an audible snort. Old Flynn was standing up in front of the fire; he had obviously reached the climax of a narrative; he awaited my comment.

"That—that must have been very nice," I said, desperately.

"Nice!" echoed Mr. Flynn, and his astounded face shocked me into consciousness. "Sure, my goodness gracious, she might have burned the house down!"

What the catastrophe may have been I shall never know, nor do I remember how I shuffled out of the difficulty; I only know that at this point I abandoned the unequal struggle and asked if I might go to bed.

The obligations of a troublesome and self-inflicted guest seal my lips as to the expedients by which the drawing-room had been converted into a sleeping-place for me. But though gratitude may enforce silence, it could not enforce sleep. The paralyzing drowsiness of the parlour deserted me at the hour of need. The noises in the kitchen ceased, old Flynn thumped up to bed, the voices of the young ladies overhead died away, and the house sank into stillness, but I grew more wakeful every moment. I heard the creeping and scurrying of rats in the walls; I counted every tick and cursed every quarter told off by a pragmatical cuckoo-clock in the hall. By the time it had struck twelve I was on the verge of attacking it with the poker.

I suppose I may have dozed a little, but

"'I DON'T LIKE THAT PULLIN' AN' DRAGGIN',' SAID MR. FLYNN."

I was certainly aware that a long tract of time had elapsed since it had struck two, when a faint but regular creaking of the staircase impressed itself upon my ear. It was followed by a stealing foot in the hall; a hand felt over the door and knocked very softly. I sat up in my diminutive stretcher-bed and asked who was there. The handle was turned, and a voice at the crack of the door said, "It's me!"

Even in the two monosyllables I recognised the accents of the son of the house.

"I want to tell you something," pursued the voice.

I instantly surmised all possibilities of disaster: Slipper drunk and overlaid by Lady Jane, Philippa's pony dead from over-exertion, or even a further instalment of the evening meal only now arrived at completion.

"What's the matter? Is anything wrong?" I demanded, raising myself in the trough of the bed.

"There is not; but I want to speak to you."

I had by this time found the matches, and my candle revealed Eddy Flynn, fully dressed save for his boots, standing in the doorway. He crept up to my bedside with elaborate stealth.

"Well, what is it?" I asked, attuning my voice to a conspirator's whisper.

"Playboy's above stairs!"

"Playboy!" I repeated, incredulously; "what do you mean?"

"Eugene cot him. He's above in his room now," said the boy, his face becoming suddenly scarlet.

"Do you mean that he wasn't killed?" I demanded, instantly allocating in my own mind half a sovereign to Eugene.

"He wasn't in the island at all," faltered Master Eddy. "Eugene cot him below on the cliffs when the hounds went down in it at the first go off, and he hid him back in the house here."

The allotment of the half sovereign was abruptly cancelled.

I swallowed my emotions with some difficulty.

"Well," I said, after an awkward pause, "I'm very much obliged to you for telling me. I'll see your father about it in the morning."

Master Eddy did not accept this as a dismissal. He remained motionless except for his eyes, that sought refuge anywhere but on my face.

There was a silence for some moments; he was almost inaudible as he said:—

"It would be better for ye to take him now, and to give him to Slipper. I'd be killed if they knew I let on he was here." Then, as an after-thought, "Eugene's gone to the wake."

The inner aspect of the affair began to reveal itself, accompanied by a singularly unbecoming sidelight on old Flynn. I perceived also the useful part that had been played by Philippa's pony, but it did not alter the fact that Master Eddy was showing his gratitude like a hero. The situation was, however, too delicate to admit of comment.

"Very well," I said, without any change of expression; "will you bring the dog down to me?"

"I tried to bring him down with me, but he wouldn't let me put a hand on him."

I hastily got into the few garments of which I had divested myself before getting into the misnamed stretcher-bed, aware that the horrid task was before me of burglariously probing the depths of Eugene's bedroom, and acutely uncertain as to Playboy's reception of me.

"There's a light above in the room," said Master Eddy, with a dubious glance at the candle in my hand.

I put it down and followed him into the dark hall.

I have seldom done a more preposterous thing than creep up old Flynn's stairs in the small hours of the morning in illicit search for my own property; but, given the dual determination to recover Playboy and to shield my confederate, I still fail to see that I could have acted otherwise.

We reached the first landing; it vibrated reassuringly with the enormous snores of Mr. Flynn. Master Eddy's cold paw closed on my hand and led me to another and steeper flight of stairs. At the top of these was a second landing, or rather passage, at the end of which a crack of light showed under a door. A dim skylight told that the roof was very near my head; I extended a groping hand for the wall, and without any warning found my fingers closing impalpably, awfully, upon a warm human face. I defy the most hardened conspirator to have refrained from some expression of opinion.

"Good Lord!" I gasped, starting back and knocking my head hard against a rafter. "What's that?"

"It's Maggie Kane, sir," hissed a female voice. "I'm after bringing up a bone for the dog to quieten him!"

That Maggie Kane should also be in the plot was a complication beyond my stunned

intelligence ; I grasped only the single fact that she was an ally endued with supernatural and sympathetic forethought. She placed in my hand a tepid and bulky fragment, which even in the dark I recognised as the mighty drumstick of last night's goose, and at the same moment Master Eddy opened the door and revealed Playboy tied to the leg of a low wooden bedstead.

He was standing up, his eyes gleamed green as emeralds, he looked as big as a calf. He obviously regarded himself as the guardian of Eugene's bower, and I failed to see any recognition of me in his aspect ; in point of fact, he appeared to be on the verge of an outburst of suspicion that would waken the house once and for all. We held a council of war in whispers that perceptibly increased his distrust ; I think it was Maggie Kane who suggested that Master Eddy should proffer him the bone while I unfastened the rope. The strategy succeeded—almost too well, in fact. Following the alluring drumstick Playboy burst into the passage, towing me after him on the rope. Still preceded by the light-footed Master Eddy, he took me down the attic stairs at a speed which was the next thing to a headlong fall, while Maggie Kane held the candle at the top. As we stormed past old Flynn's door I was aware that the snoring had ceased, but the pace was too good to inquire. We scrimmaged down the second flight into the darkness of the hall, fetching up somewhere near the clock, which, as if to give the alarm, uttered three quick and poignant cuckoos. I think Playboy must have sprung at it in the belief that it was the voice of the drumstick. I only know that my arm was nearly wrenched from its socket, and that the clock fell with a crash from the table to the floor, where, by some malevolence of its machinery, it continued to cuckoo with jocund and implacable persistence. Something that was not Playboy bumped against me. The cuckoo's note became mysteriously muffled, and a door revealing a fire-lit kitchen was shoved open. We struggled through it, bound into a sheaf by Playboy's rope, and in our midst the cuckoo-clock, stifled but indomitable, continued its protest from under Maggie Kane's shawl.

We drew breath for the first time, and Maggie Kane put the cuckoo-clock into a flour-bin ; the house remained still as the grave. Master Eddy opened the back door ; behind his head the Plough glittered wakefully in a clear and frosty sky. It was uncommonly cold.

Slipper had not gone to the wake and was quite sober. I shall never forget it to him. I told him that Playboy had come back, and was to be taken home at once. He asked no inconvenient questions, but did not deny himself a most dissolute wink. We helped him to saddle the pony, while Playboy crunched his hard-earned drumstick in the straw. In less than ten minutes Slipper rode quietly away in the starlight, with Playboy trotting at his stirrup and Playboy's rope tied to his arm.

I did not meet Mr. Flynn at breakfast ; he had started early for a distant fair. I have, however, met him frequently since then, and we are on the best of terms. We have not shirked allusions to the day's hunting at Knockeenbwee, but Playboy has not on these occasions been mentioned by either of us.

I understand that Slipper has put forth a version of the story in which the whole matter is resolved into a trial of wits between himself and Eugene. With this I have not interfered.

"HE DID NOT DENY HIMSELF A MOST DISSOLUTE WINK."

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Ages—New Series.

We believe that our readers will welcome the revival, in a new and improved form, of a series which proved so popular a feature of our pages some years ago.

No. I.—HON. CANON EDWARD LYTTELTON.

YOUNGEST but one of eight distinguished brothers, the Rev. the Hon. Canon Edward Lyttelton was born in London on the 23rd of July, 1855. His father was the late George William, fourth Baron Lyttelton, and his mother a daughter of the late Sir Stephen Glynne. His younger brother Alfred is the present Colonial Secretary, and among the others are the late Bishop of Southampton, the present Lord Cobham, Lieutenant-General Sir Neville Lyttelton, Commander-in-Chief in South Africa, and the Hon. G. W. Spencer Lyttelton, who was private secretary to Mr. Gladstone for several years. All were educated at Eton, and all covered themselves with greater or lesser glory in the cricket-field. Perhaps, as compared to his eldest and youngest brothers, the lesser share of glory fell to the young Edward; nevertheless, both in his Eton and Cambridge days he enjoyed a position of considerable distinction as a cricketer. He was in the Eton eleven in 1872, 1873, and 1874, being captain of the side in his last year. He was on the winning side against Harrow twice and three times against Winchester, his best score against the latter school being 61 in 1873.

AGE 12.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Eton.

On leaving Eton he went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, as a Foundation Scholar, winning fresh distinction in the cricket-field, notably in 1878, when he ranked as one of the great batsmen of the season. In the same year he took a second class in the Classical Tripos.

He left the University to take up teaching, and was for two years assistant-master at Wellington College, returning to Eton as classical master in 1882. In whatever light the present generation of Etonians may regard his appointment as head master there can be no doubt as to his extreme popularity in those former days, or of the loyal affection and admiration which he won from every schoolboy under him. It was not only that he was good at games, though that is a recommendation that goes to the heart of every normal boy, but he may be said to have instituted at Eton, or in any case greatly developed, that good-fellowship and comradeship between master and boy which is one of the distinguishing features of our public schools, as opposed to the very different feeling which exists in foreign colleges. When he took orders his sphere of influence was further enlarged, and his forcible and practical sermons in the chapel rarely failed to attract and interest that most difficult and critical of congregations—a number of growing boys.

AGE 18.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Eton.

In 1888 he married Miss Caroline West, daughter of the Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin; and in 1890, after eight successful years at Eton, he was appointed to the head-mastership of Haileybury.

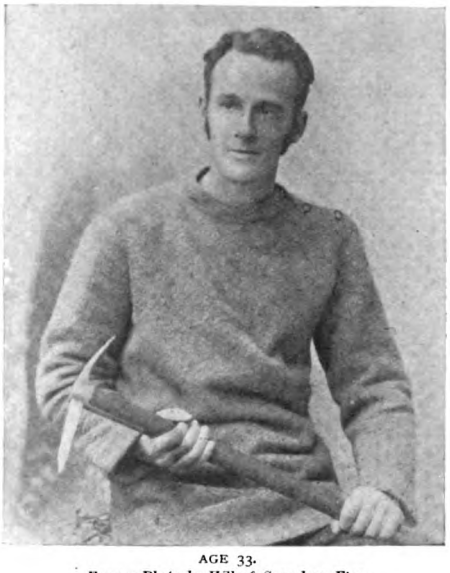
As to his recent appointment to Eton in succession to Dr. Warre, it is so recent as to be still fresh in the public mind.

AGE 23.
From a Photo by The London Stereoscopic Co.

It is among the traditions of Eton that none but an Etonian and a divine should be chosen to fill this most important post, whose influence is far-reaching enough to be called Imperial in its widest sense, and in Canon Lyttelton both conditions are fitly met.

Some people were inclined to take an alarmist view of things when the new election was made known. So great a reformer, they said, will hardly be in place in a conservative establishment like Eton. But we may be sure that Canon Lyttelton's good sense will prevent him from taking undue liberties with his Alma Mater, and even those who are "plus royaliste que le roi" may perhaps admit that in one or two particulars reform might be desirable, even at Eton.

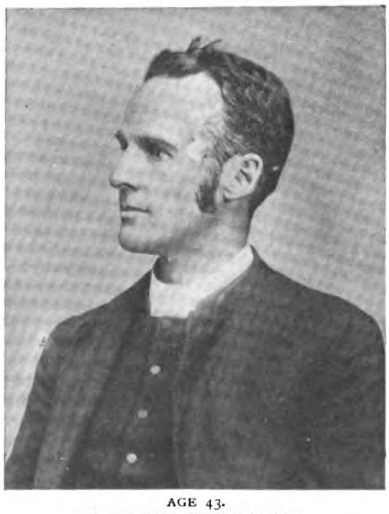
No one will, of course, deny that the Canon is a man of very pronounced views on questions of education, hygiene, and the general training of boys, and he has both written and spoken on the subject at some length. His publications are "Cricket," "Mothers and Sons," "Are We to Go On with Latin Verses?" and "Training for the Young in the Laws of Sex," which last appeared in 1900. He has a strong leaning towards vegetarianism, believing that the average English boy eats far too much meat; and it is said that more than one young Etonian looks forward with fear and trembling to a possible change of diet under the new *régime*, and dolorously wonders whether he will henceforward be required to live on cabbage and potatoes.



AGE 33.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Eton.

Speaking last year on the subject of the unnecessary luxury of the modern boy's life, Canon Lyttelton referred to the luncheons which form an important part of so many cricket matches, and told a story of a gamekeeper, quite unsophisticated in the matter of cricket, who was hastily chosen to supply an unexpected vacancy. After the match a friend asked him: "Well, Bill, how do you like cricket?" "Oh," he replied, "I liked it well enough, all except the running about between meals."

The Canon, by the way, is an excellent speaker. His delivery is admirable, and his personality both striking and imposing.



AGE 43.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

HON. CANON EDWARD LYTTELTON—PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

MME. CLARA BUTT—PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

No. II.—MME. CLARA BUTT.

MME. CLARA BUTT, the celebrated contralto, was born at Southwick, near Brighton, on February 1st, 1873. Two years later her family moved to Jersey, where they lived for some years, finally returning to England and settling in Bristol, where the famous singer received her preliminary training under Mr. Rootham. Her parents, however, never intended her for a professional career, and were indeed opposed to the idea, and it was not until 1890, when she gained a Royal Scholarship, with a prize of four hundred guineas, that they consented to let her go in for definite training as a singer. She came to London, entered the Royal College of Music, and studied for three years under Mr. Henry Blowden. Her first public appearance was made on December 5th, 1892, when she sustained the *rôle* of Eurydice in a students' performance of "Orfeo" given at the Lyceum; but her actual professional *début* took place a couple of days later in the Albert Hall, where she sang in "The Golden Legend," in company with Mme. Albani, Mr. Ben Davies, and other noted artists.

From a] AGE 5. *[Photo.*

Never was success more instantaneous and complete. The whole world, musical and social, seemed to be ringing with the praises of the new star that had arisen in the firmament of song. Success followed success, engagements poured in, the young contralto was "commanded" to sing at Windsor and afterwards at Balmoral, and in 1894 her talent received supreme recognition and she was elected to sing at the Handel Festival.

Far from resting upon her laurels, Miss Butt, as she then was, devoted herself to her studies more assiduously than ever, and to this end went abroad, studying both in Paris and Berlin, and perfecting herself in French, German, and Italian pronunciation.

She sang with unvarying success both in France and Germany, and among her Paris triumphs recalls with pleasure a most touching compliment received from Mme. Gounod, widow of the great composer. "My child," she said, "you are an artist—you have tears in your voice. For the first time I have heard my dear husband's song sung as he would have wished to hear it. Let me thank you."

In Berlin, too, both the Emperor and Empress evinced the greatest admiration for the English singer, and showed her much personal kindness. The Empress's favourite song was "Light in Darkness," a song which Mme. Butt, who feels every word she sings, is unable to this day to sing without tears. But the occasion when she was most deeply moved was when she sang to the soldiers in Westminster Abbey, on Thanksgiving Sunday in Diamond Jubilee year, the solo of "God Save the Queen." The tears ran down the great artist's cheeks; but it is stated that in the matter of emotion she had the entire Army, as there represented, with her.

After her studies abroad she returned to England to score fresh triumphs, and was engaged for all the leading musical festivals—in particular, Leeds, Birmingham, Norwich, and the Three Choirs Festival.

Then in 1900 she sang in the Handel Festival again, and a few days later, on June 26th, was married in Bristol Cathedral

AGE 16.
From a Photo. by Johannes Hulsen, Berlin.

to her fellow-artist, Mr. Kennerley Rumford. Universal interest was felt in the wedding, and a large circle of friends and admirers assembled to witness the ceremony, a number of well-known artists being present, among others Mme. Albani, Mme. Melba, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Ben Davies. The members of the Handel Festival Choir presented the bride with a bracelet bearing an inscription to the effect that it was in commemoration of two events: the singer's marriage and the Handel Festival, 1900.

Two children have been born of the marriage: the elder one, Joy Clara, was born in the summer of 1901, and the second baby in the autumn of last year. They are surely to be envied the possession of a mother who can sing such exquisite lullabies.

Mme. Clara Butt's most notable successes have perhaps been made in oratorio and sacred song, but those who have heard her rendering of a simple ballad will say that the real heart triumphs have been won there. She has indeed the gift of tears, and no one more fitly demonstrates the truth of the saying that, while the soprano is the voice we admire, the contralto is the voice we feel.

Mme. Butt has, perhaps, the ideal appearance for a singer. Surely a "daughter of the gods," being over six feet two inches in height! She has a charming and graceful presence and delightful manners. Her brunette colouring is, possibly, due to some admixture of Spanish blood, but she also confesses to an Irish strain somewhere, and she certainly has her fair share of Irish magnetism. Some of her experiences in the Emerald Isle are very characteristic, and none more so, perhaps, than the following. An interviewer turned up in an inauspicious moment, when the famous singer was extremely tired and in no mood for confidences. "Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, leaving "what a nuisance!" to be inferred; "you want particulars of my career, do you? Well, where do I begin?" "Shure, just start with your death and work backwards," said Patrick the irrepressible. And after that, who could fail to expand?

AGE 19.
From a Photo. by H. S. Mendelssohn.

No. III.—**Mr. W. W. JACOBS.**

WILLIAM WYMARK JACOBS—who is so well known to readers of this Magazine, in which his stories exclusively appear — was born in London on the 8th September, 1863. His father was manager of a wharf at Wapping, so that while yet a boy he became thoroughly familiar with river life, and doubtless met many of the old salts whom he subsequently depicted in his stories with such inimitable humour.

Like many other writers he began his career in the Civil Service, where he was clerk in the Savings Bank Department from 1883 till 1899, and it was here, when he was in his twenty-second year, that his maiden effort in literature appeared in a Post Office journal known as the *Blackfriars Magazine*. He confesses himself that this early work was largely modelled on Max Adeler's "Out of the Hurly-Burly," so much so, indeed, that his editor, while encouraging him to go on writing, suggested that original matter was far more likely to succeed than anything copied.

AGE 3.
From a Photo. by Barnes & Son.

Mr. Jacobs very sensibly took the editor's advice, and before long articles from his pen began to find acceptance in one or two popular journals and small periodicals. The turning-point in his career, however, came when he sent in a story entitled "A Case of Desertion" to Mr. J. K. Jerome, at that time editor of *To-Day*. No doubt humour leapt out to meet humour, for not only was the story accepted, but the writer was asked to supply others in the same vein, and in this way the series of stories known as "Many Cargoes" came to be written, and at once placed Mr. Jacobs in the foremost ranks of modern humorists. In view of the enormous success of the book, which within three years of publication ran into eighteen editions, it was curious to note that it was refused by no fewer than four publishers. His other works, "The Skipper's Wooing," "Sea Urchins," "A Master of Craft," "Light Freights," "At Sunwich Port," are almost too well known to need comment. "The Lady of the Barge" is better known in the dramatic garb—in the fashioning of which he had the collaboration of Mr. Louis N. Parker—in which it delighted the audiences of the New and Haymarket Theatres for so long. Mr. Jacobs is also joint author of the two curtain-raisers, "The Ghost of Jerry Bundler" and "The Monkey's Paw."

As to his methods of labour, he has been questioned by more than one interviewer on the subject. In the matter of plot, he considers a man and a girl about the best base to work from, as being certain to lead somewhere. Sometimes, however, he begins a story with the mere conception of a character. Round this he groups a series of people and incidents likely to bring out its most salient points, and so a plot springs up without his quite knowing how.

He is no believer in burning the midnight oil, and does most of his work before dinner. He takes, on an average, about a month over a story, though "False Colours" was written in one day. That, however, was exceptional. It is interesting to note, in reference to this story, that though many of the characters he depicts are actual sketches of people he met in Wapping, or on some of the trips he took in little coasting vessels, "False Colours" is the only yarn he ever heard from a seaman that he was able to work up into a story.

Questioned once on the subject of humour, Mr. Jacobs refused to commit himself to a definition, but gave what he considered an example of true humour, devoid of brutality. "A little girl in her prayers at night asked to be made pure—absolutely pure—pure like Epps's Cocoa!"

Like Dickens, all of whose books he had read before he was in his teens, Mr. Jacobs attaches a good deal of importance to names,

AGE 7.
From a Photo. by S. J Durrant, Ipswich.

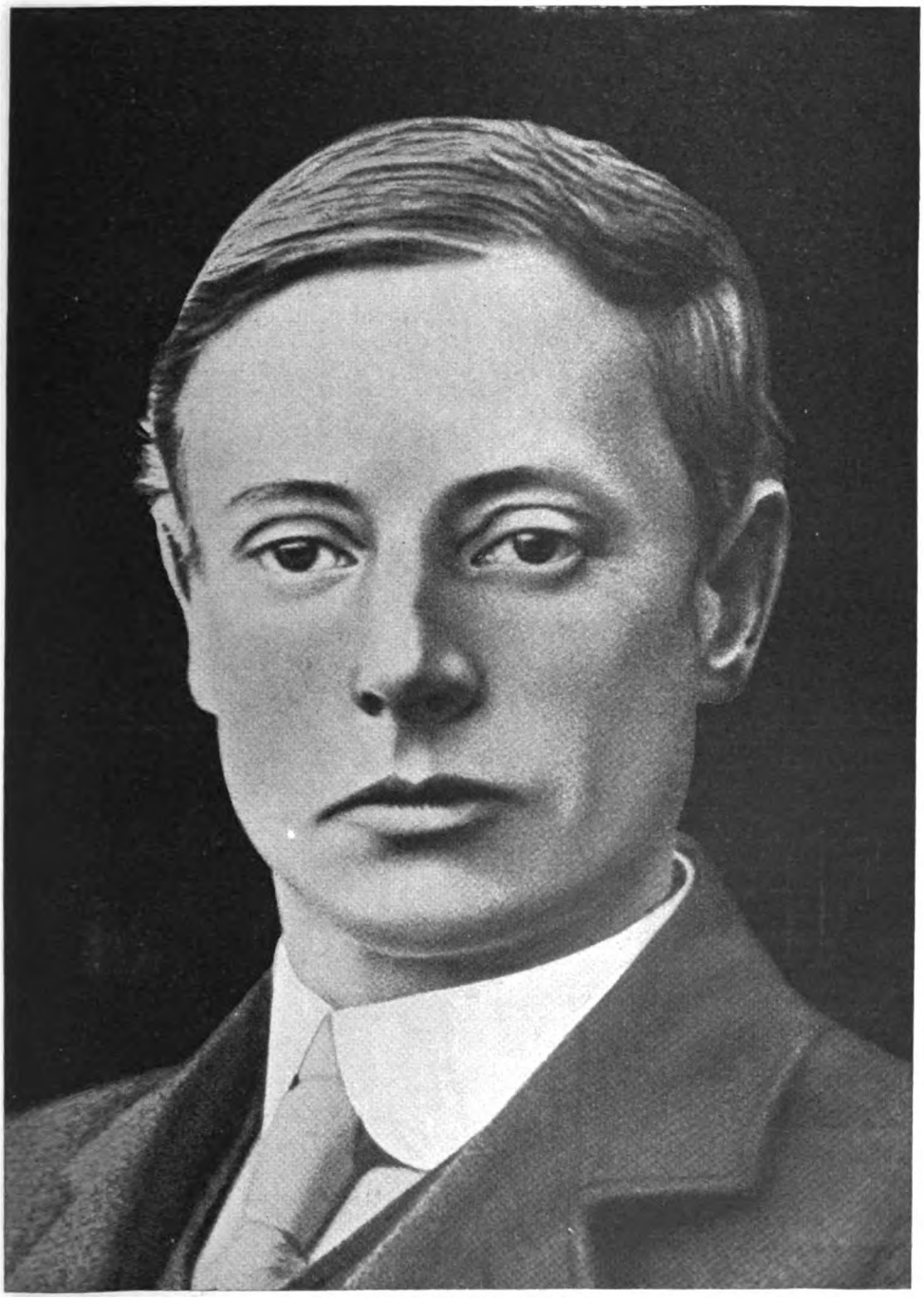
AGE 11.
From a Photo. by A. H. Vernon.

and the curious examples to be found in his stories have often been the subject of remark. Unlike Dickens, however, who manufactured most of his names, Mr. Jacobs simply keeps a list of all the odd real names he comes across, and refers to it when in search of one. On one occasion he received a letter from a correspondent in Somersetshire, whose surname he had used for one of his characters, and who asked him where he had heard it, as she had never come across it outside her own village. It so happened that he had seen it in the records of the Savings Bank Department in his Civil Service days.

As to the question of heredity in the matter of literary and seafaring tastes, it has already been stated that Mr. Jacobs's father was a wharfinger at Wapping, and he also had a great-grandfather a seaman, and a great-aunt with a talent for poetry. As a boy he himself had a great longing to be a sailor, but gave up all such ideas after his first cruise, when he was extremely ill.

AGE 25.
From a Photo. by R. Hellings, Jersey.

Mr. Jacobs's personal appearance has, perhaps, been more frequently described than that of any living writer. It seems a matter of perpetual surprise to many people that he is neither bronzed nor burly, nor even breezy. His slightness of build, combined with extreme fairness of complexion, gives him an almost boyish appearance, and no amount of success or popularity has ever made him other than the quietest and most unassuming of men. Assuredly he is of those whom prosperity does not spoil.



W. W. JACOBS—PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Arthur Hands, Studios, Wanstead.

A Rivalry in Flowers.

By Marion Ward.

I.

FOR three years the rivalry had existed and flourished—ever since the little colonel had appeared and taken up his abode next door to Butterfly Bower. Indeed, months and months before he actually appeared in person little Miss Silverton had entertained the gravest suspicions against him; and hours and hours had she spent peering through the white muslin blind of her little bed-chamber at the startling transformation that was taking place in the erstwhile long strips of untidy waste ground that stood for a garden next door.

Her first doubts arose when she saw the two healthy-looking almond trees put in to shade the little rustic summer-house at the end. Then cart after cart came up loaded with plants of every size and description; and finally, unable to bear it any longer, she slipped on her bonnet and marched boldly in to take stock of the enemy's ground.

She inspected the rose bushes first, and the light of battle dawned in her eyes. Moss, William Allan Richardson, Gloire de Dijon, three fine La France, two white Baroness, and last, but most terrible of all, some fine specimens of Captain Christie. She read the hanging labels one by one, counting them off on her little fingers, and when she came to the last she drew a deep breath and shut her lips together tightly. Captain Christie! *Her* cherished monopoly—not another specimen was there to be found in all the village. How dare this interloper-stranger come and trespass on her ground, and actually flaunt his impertinence beneath her eyes in the very next garden? She examined the labels on the other plants, with trembling fingers. Phlox Drummondi, white and pink, sweet peas galore, carnations, two great laburnums, asparagus fern—name after name she read; and at the bottom of the garden two separate beds, divided by a narrow path—one devoted exclusively to standard rose trees and the other filled with every kind of lily.

Then she went home, tingling with jealous wrath and indignation, and day by day the light of battle deepened in her sharp grey eyes, until at length all was completed and she saw the last great lilium auratum rear its budding green head and cast a lofty glance over the low wall into her own treasured garden. And at the sight tears of fierce anger and mortification filled her eyes, and she clenched her small fists in deadliest enmity toward the unknown owner of all that wealth of floral beauty.

The first day of the little colonel's arrival

"SHE READ THE HANGING LABELS ONE BY ONE."

saw him busy in his new garden, snipping off dead leaves, touching here, binding up there, with the air of a loving connoisseur, and moistening the roots of his numerous rose trees with soap-suds.

Miss Silverton watched him intently from behind her white muslin blind.

A few minutes later a quaint little figure made its appearance in the adjoining garden —a little figure in a short, brown holland skirt, large yellow gauntlets, and a huge brown poke of unknown age and fashion.

The little colonel caught the familiar sound of snipping shears and looked up.

The wall was quite low, but the flower-bed was very wide, and, the colonel being any thing but tall, he was obliged to raise himself on tip-toe to peep over.

The top of the large poke met his view, and the clipping continued. "Goot morning, mademoiselle," remarked the little colonel, courteously.

A determined snip of the shears answered him.

The colonel coughed gently.

"Goot morning, mademoiselle," he repeated, raising his voice slightly. The big poke bent a little lower and the yellow gauntlets fidgeted busily.

The little colonel surveyed the poke with surprise and a little pain. Then his face brightened. "Mademoiselle is deaf, perhaps!" he murmured to himself

The next moment the poke was up with a jerk, and the little colonel was staring aghast into the very fiercest pair of grey eyes he had ever seen. For a second he stood fascinated, then he retired precipitately to the shelter of his own wall.

"Mais—mademoiselle is a leetle—sudden," he said to himself, quite breathlessly.

And that was how the acquaintance began.

It certainly was not the little colonel's fault that it did not prosper. He was the gentlest, sweetest-tempered, most chivalrous of men; morally incapable of rudeness to any woman —much less to his own neighbour. But his most delicate and ingratiating advances met with such uncompromising rebuffs and such fierce glances that he retired each time discomfited, and finally gave up the attempt in despair.

"Mademoiselle was somewhat reserved," he excused her loyally to himself; "she has perhaps trouble. He would intrude himself upon her no longer."

In the village, however, he met with a different reception, and various and numerous were the praises of himself and his flowers sung into the angry ears of his next-door neighbour.

The Misses Gresham in particular were most enthusiastic. "Such a perfect gentleman—so courteous and kind," they extolled. "Do you not find him a charming neighbour?"

Miss Silverton sat very upright.

"I am not in the habit, as you are aware, of interfering with, or allowing interference from, my neighbours," she replied, stiffly.

They ignored the danger signal.

"But his garden," exclaimed the youngest Miss Gresham, casting up her hands; "such taste, such magnificent blooms. I really believe his roses beat yours." Miss Silverton almost turned them out of the house; and when they were gone she flew frantically up to her white muslin blind.

The little colonel was in his garden as usual; from one rose tree to another, selecting his choicest blossoms and making them into one of the inimitable bouquets for which he was justly famous.

"They are not finer; they are not," she kept repeating fiercely, and she blinked hard to keep back the tears of rage.

There was a perfect Captain Christie just out in his garden, and hers were merely budding. She locked her teeth together as she saw him approach it. He bent over it, and—distinctly she saw him—he kissed it.

"Bah!" she snorted, disgustedly. Then he took it tenderly in his hand and reluctantly severed it from its stem.

Her eyes blazed. The first one out. She would sooner have cut off her first finger than her first Captain Christie.

With bitter scorn and indignation she watched him finish off the bouquet with some feathery asparagus fern, and tie it up.

Then she put on her bonnet and went down to look at her dilatory buds.

"Mademoiselle——!"

The voice made her start, and involuntarily she glanced up.

The little colonel was standing on tip-toe, regarding her timidly.

"If mademoiselle would accept——!" he murmured, deprecatingly, actually blushing beneath the glare of those grey eyes. His head disappeared for a second as he bowed deeply, but reappeared instantly as he anxiously proffered his fragrant bouquet.

All Miss Silverton's smouldering wrath broke into flame. It was a cruel, premeditated insult—he wished to triumph over her, and taunt her with his early blooms. Her grey side-curls quivered against the big

poke as she extended a trembling hand and took the outstretched flowers.

Then, before the smile and light and pleasure had time to fade from the little colonel's face, she had raised them aloft and with compressed lips and eyes afire she had stretched up and flung them with all her force into the farthest corner of his garden.

After that incident there could be no longer any pretence at friendship between them. The desecration of his beloved flowers had roused the gentle little colonel as nothing else in all the world had done. The most flagrant rudeness toward himself he would have passed over and forgiven with his usual gentleness and courtesy, but an insult to his beloved flowers was more than he could bear.

Tenderly he had stooped and picked them up, smoothing their ruffled petals with gentle, trembling fingers, and without another glance at the wall he had carried them into the house.

He still treated Miss Silverton with the utmost courtesy—his nature was incapable of the slightest impoliteness where women were concerned—but never again did he make the faintest overture of friendship; never once did he so much as glance toward that low wall; and the very sight of that big poke in the distance was enough to bring an angry light to his kind eyes, and to send him miles out of his way to avoid its wearer. The village bore the silent enmity between the two neighbours philosophically. They voiced their opinion in Mrs. Mellar, the plump mistress of the post-office. As she said, "There's no noticing the ways of these amytoor horticulturists—they're cranks all of them, and that jealous they can't abide the sight of one another."

"SHE FLUNG THEM INTO THE FARTHEST CORNER OF HIS GARDEN."

II.

AND so for three years the enmity and rivalry grew and flourished. Then came the climax.

There was to be a grand horticultural show in honour of the opening of the new gardens at Westbury. The prizes were monetary and exceptionally high, and all the surrounding villages in a circuit of six miles were eligible to compete.

Of course, it was settled at once by the delighted and excited inhabitants of Benton-on-Meer that both the colonel and Miss Silverton must enter, and for weeks beforehand opinion wavered backwards and forwards as to which stood the greatest chance. That one must carry off the greatest prizes offered not a soul doubted.

And secretly both the colonel and Miss Silverton were of the same opinion.

Every day and almost all day they spent in their respective gardens, digging, pruning, clipping—silent and busy as bees.

As the great day drew nearer party opinion grew hotter and hotter, but still undecided.

Surely never in all the world were there such roses, so perfect in colour and form, as Miss Silverton's Captain Christies!

And, on the other hand, had there ever been seen such matchless, glorious lilies as the colonel's specimens of lilium auratum?

The little colonel hung over his great gold-shaded lilies in an ecstasy of pride and delight. His flowers should win—his beautiful ones; never should that cruel woman's over the wall win before his.

It was not the prizes he wanted, he never gave them a thought; it was the honour, the vindication as it were of his beloved flowers. Miss Silverton's roses might be the admiration of many, but the colonel's lilies were the wonder of all. To him they were as the very apple of his eyes, his children, his captured sunlight, as he whispered to them foolishly a thousand times.

Every moment that Miss Silverton was not engaged in ministering to her precious flowers she spent with her little nose flattened against that white muslin blind, watching every movement of the busy little colonel, trembling with apprehension at the growing beauty of his Captain Christies and glaring with a baleful eye at the beautiful gold-tipped heads of his lilium auratums. She hated those lilies with a deadly hatred as day by day they grew taller and taller in their big red pots; and when at last they grew so tall that they could turn their regal heads and look disdainfully down at her inferior blossoms, the very sight of them was enough to drive her into a frenzy.

There was a rose prize, of course, and a lily, but chiefest of all there was a classless prize larger than any, to be awarded to the queen of all the flowers entered. And that prize both Miss Silverton and Colonel Sangfroid had set every nerve on winning.

And at last the great day came. It was a big affair. Besides all the villagers, the county folk for miles around were represented. Indeed, they were the chief competitors. Squire Thornton of course was there—he was one of the judges—and Lady Thornton, with all the little Thorntons. Sir Banbury Hawes drove over with his wife and two daughters, and his son and heir followed on his bicycle; the Bromleys came over from Bromley Park with a large party and two drags, and all the lesser magnates were there in full force. It was a magnificent show, but from the first it was plain that the little colonel was far ahead for the first prize, and many thought for the second also; his Captain Christies were not very grand, but his Gloire de Dijons were superb.

All the morning he stood guard over his cherished plants, growing hot and tired, but never wearying of listening to the admiring exclamations his flowers called forth.

And farther along he could just see a little brown-clad figure and a huge poke—Miss Silverton apparently never altered her apparel summer or winter, and the little colonel sometimes vaguely wondered if it would

"FARTHER ALONG HE COULD JUST SEE A LITTLE BROWN-CLAD FIGURE."

never wear out—standing watchful, harassed, but unyielding. At last he was compelled to go home to luncheon, but he went contentedly. He was sure of the prize now—his beauties, his beloved, were nobler, more beautiful far than any there, and that woman would be defeated.

On the way home he met the eldest Miss Gresham, and in the fulness of his heart he confided to her his almost certain triumph.

She was delighted and voluble in her congratulations and compliments. "But poor Miss Silverton," she said, trying to smile and look sad at the same time. "It will be a great blow to her, and just now too—isn't it shocking about her, colonel?"

The little colonel stiffened.

"Mademoiselle means that I should win?" he said, reproachfully.

Miss Gresham flung up her hands. "Have you not heard the news?" she cried, eagerly; "that her bank has broke and all her money gone?"

"The bank broke? Mademoiselle means thieves broke in, n'est-ce pas?"

Miss Gresham laughed affectedly. "No, no; the bank has stopped payment and all her money was in it. They do say that if she doesn't get this prize she hasn't enough money left to pay her rent. Poor dear! Wouldn't it be sad if she had to leave Butterfly Bower? Well, good-bye, colonel, dear. I mustn't stay another moment. I hope you will win—at least, I mean I wish you could both win," and with a playful little wave and smile she tripped away.

The little colonel stood stock still, gazing blankly after her. Lost all her money—what did that mean? Obliged to leave Butterfly Bower and the garden that was as her very child and life!

She was his enemy; she had cast odium on his beloved flowers, but—she was a woman, and—*Noblesse oblige.*

The little colonel drew a deep breath. He did not wait to reason or grasp exactly what it was that had happened. One thing only was very plain to him: If he had not entered the lists Miss Silverton would have won easily. He forgot all about his luncheon; he turned hastily and hurried back along the way he had come. Then he remembered his lilies suddenly: his beautiful, golden-headed darlings. For one second he paused—then a hot flush of shame scorched his face and he quickened his steps almost to a run.

Straight into the show he went and up to the nearest official.

"I wish to withdraw away my flowers," he said, bravely, but with a catch in his breath. The gilt-buttoned official looked down on him from his superior height. "Can't be done," he said, curtly. "No flowers once entered to be removed before the judging. Out of the question."

The little colonel forgot his English in his agitation.

"Non, non," he explained, anxiously, "not out of ze question, out of—what you call ze compete."

John Bull hates nothing more than to be ridiculed. The gilt-buttoned official looked suspiciously at the innocent colonel and abruptly turned his back.

"Can't be done," he repeated, gruffly.

Just then Miss Silverton hurried by. She looked pale and tired, and she did not see the colonel, so her grey eyes were less fierce than usual.

The little colonel looked at her, and a great pity welled up in his gentle heart. How very small and weak she looked, and to be suddenly bereft of money and home——

He glanced round desperately. At all costs he must remove his flowers before the awarding of the prizes.

For a moment there chanced to be a lull about him. He glanced furtively all round. If fair means were unavailing, then——

The next moment he had his great pot of lilium auratum in his arms.

"Hi there! put that there pot down!" roared a gruff voice, and the irate official emerged from behind some shrubs. "Didn't I tell you 'twas agin the rules to remove one of them plants afore night?" he demanded, wrathfully. "Why d'you want to enter 'em if you can't let 'em bide the judging?"

The little colonel shrivelled up with shame and despair. He put the pot down and stood like a guilty schoolboy shrinking beneath the wrath of the big John Bull.

But his purpose was unchanged. He must get them away. The roses didn't matter so much; hers were splendid, but those lilies——

Just then he caught sight of the squire.

"Squire!" he cried, faintly.

Squire Thornton heard him and turned.

"Ah, colonel," he said, heartily. "You show them the way to grow flowers. You'll take the first prize to a certainty, and I'm not sure about the second too."

"Monsieur," said the little colonel, clearing his throat, "I wish to withdraw away my flowers."

The squire quite jumped. "Withdraw

"HE PUT THE POT DOWN AND STOOD LIKE A GUILTY SCHOOLBOY."

now—now, man, with two of the prizes as good as won?" He stared at the colonel incredulously, and read the despair in his eyes. "I am sorry," he said, perplexedly; "but I am afraid it is out of the question."

The little colonel turned away and a lump rose in his throat. His eyes fell on the golden glory of his lilies, and he averted them hurriedly.

"I will be rude to a lady," he thought, his brown face crimsoning at the very thought. "I will be rude to a lady, but, yes, one of the wives of the judges, and so she will make that I have not the prize."

But it was one thing to make up his mind to the deed and another to carry it out. Again and again in that crowded place the little colonel had the opportunity, but each time his innate courtesy stepped in instinctively and stopped him. At last in desperation he set his teeth together, and as he saw Mrs. Royston—the great nursery-gardener's wife—approaching, with tingling ears and thumping heart he stepped wildly forward and blocked her way.

"Will you kindly allow me to pass?" she asked, politely. The little colonel clenched his fists and bent down over a plant, pretending not to hear.

Mrs. Royston raised her voice patiently. "Excuse me, but could you move a little on one side?"

It was a dreadful struggle, but he conquered and stood immovable.

"Now will they make I have not the prize; now will they disqualify me indeed," he was saying exultantly to himself.

Mrs. Royston bent forward to repeat her request for the third time and suddenly recognised her obstructor. "Why, is that you, colonel?" she exclaimed, brightly. "What splendid flowers you are showing! How did you manage to bring them to such perfection?"

Slowly the little colonel turned and faced her, and his eyes were quite wild. "Ahrrr-rrr-rr-r," he said, with a long, queer, indrawing wail, "you—are not angry?"

"Angry!" Mrs. Royston stared. "Angry! What at?" she inquired, wonderingly.

But the little colonel had turned and fled.

Straight up to his beloved lilies he went, with despair in his eyes and a face quite white—straight up; and seizing a huge pair of shears he shut his eyes tightly, raised them on high, and the next moment those three noble golden heads lay severed in the dust.

For a second the little colonel stood staring dazedly at what he had done, the expression on his face that of a murderer who hardly yet realizes the enormity of his crime. Then a voice broke in on his stunned senses—an amazed undertone: "Is the man mad?"

And somewhere another answered it: "I suppose success has turned his brain. He's got the chief prize, you know; all the judges have settled——"

The little colonel turned one wild glance

on the speaker, and then, with a sudden wail of anguished despair, he flung his arms around his sacrificed darlings, and bowing his grey head till it rested on the hard pot he burst into sobs.

There was a horrified hush all round.

"Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" he sobbed. "Will you not disqualify me now?"

"Yes, yes," said Squire Thornton, hastily, and he blew his nose violently.

"Yes, yes — anything," promised the tender-hearted squire, recklessly.

There was an awed pause.

Men fidgeted and looked uncomfortable, and women gazed blankly from one to the other.

Then there was a little stir and a diminutive, brown-clad figure in a prodigious poke-bonnet made her way to the front. Her eyes were very bright and there was a scarlet spot on either cheek.

"I think I can explain," she said, breathlessly, looking round on the wondering faces. "There has been a false report raised that I have lost all my money — you heard that, colonel?"

The little colonel nodded without raising his head.

The fierce grey eyes were quite tender, as they rested on that bowed grey head. "My money was in that bank once, but I removed it all months since.

"There was also a still more foolish report spread"—she looked straight at the eldest Miss Gresham, who coloured and looked confused — "that if I did not gain the prize to-day I should be obliged to leave Butterfly Bower. You heard that, too, colonel?"

The little colonel nodded again. Miss Silverton's voice broke a little, but she went on courageously. "I am Colonel Sangfroid's great rival," she said, "and enemy." She paused. "The colonel knew," she said, slowly, "that if he were disqualified I should be practically certain to win."

There was a dead silence.

Then she spoke again gently, almost beseechingly. "Will you honour me with your arm home, colonel?" she said, huskily.

"A DIMINUTIVE, BROWN-CLAD FIGURE MADE HER WAY TO THE FRONT."

The tears were still wet on the little colonel's cheeks, but he rose instantly. Tenderly, almost reverently, he stooped and gathered up his murdered darlings. Then silently and courteously he offered his arm to the little spinster, and together in the silence they passed out.

At the door Miss Silverton turned round. "If you give me that prize," she said, fiercely, over her shoulder, "I will fling it down the well!"

The Life Story of a Kingfisher.

By S. L. Bensusan.

"IT is like your impertinence," said the kingfisher, stamping one of his curious feet, that had the outer and middle toe joined in fashion peculiar to kingfishers—"it is like your impertinence to ask if I might chance to be a dragon-fly. Me, a kingfisher, compared with a mere dragon-fly!"

"I'm sure I beg your pardon," said the skylark, who lived in a meadow just beyond the trout-stream's bank; "I meant no offence, but I know nothing more beautiful than a dragon-fly; at least, I did not until I met you."

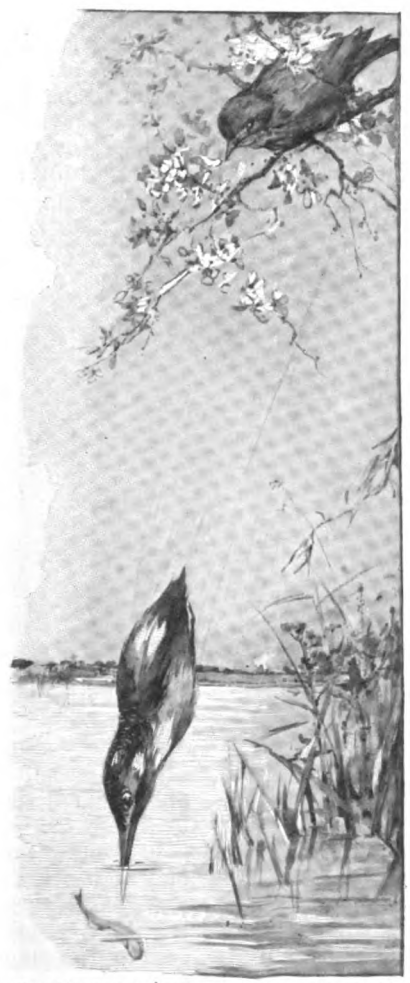
Admiration, or an uncontrollable thrill of envy, had stilled the brown bird's song; he gazed open-mouthed at the kingfisher, who stood upon a twig that overhung the river. Strong light-shafts pierced through the branches of the lime and alder trees above, and lighted the crown of feathers on the kingfisher's head, a dark blue crown with cross-bars of lightest hue. The feathers on his back looked like a robe of cobalt fire, and this strong colouring was thrown into relief by the yellow-white throat and the yellow-red under parts. The colours hardly responded to anything the painter's palette knows; they were a strong though subtle harmony of the kind that Nature alone can produce.

Pleased with the skylark's flattery, the kingfisher stretched his wings and uttered his thin, piping cry.

"I'm a fine bird indeed," he said, modestly, "and as big as you."

This was hardly true. From one wing tip to the other he was ten inches long and his height did not exceed seven. The sober-plumaged lark made no reply, and the kingfisher continued.

"See me catch fish," he said; "that alone is a liberal education, and will make you proud to have my acquaintance."



"THE GLITTERING HEAD ABOVE HIM STOOPED FOR A BRIEF INSTANT, THERE WAS A SUDDEN PLUNGE, A SPLASH."

He stood splendidly poised, like the matador who is about to make his first stroke in the *plaza de toros*, and in that moment there was nothing ridiculous in the overgrown head, the sword-like bill, the insignificant legs and stumpy tail of the brilliant little bird, for the sunlight on the feathers made them glow like a splendid emerald, and the colour dominated every other aspect. Below him in the laughing water tiny minnows and baby trout making their way up-stream caught the reflection of the light.

"What can this be?" asked one little fish, leaving the friendly shelter of a stone and moving boldly into the open water. The glittering head above him stooped for a brief instant, there was a sudden plunge, a splash, and the ripples made sudden circles. Then the flash of light curved and wheeled and was

back upon the branch in the old position. The small fish was dead, the kingfisher had closed his sharp beak upon him just behind the neck. For a brief instant the fish hung limp and motionless between the bird's jaws, and then with a sudden movement his captor swallowed him head foremost.

"Neat, eh?" he asked the astonished skylark.

"I should starve," confessed the other bird, "if I had to get my food in that way."

"Nothing to speak of, my dear sir," replied the kingfisher, who liked an audience. "See some more?"

This time a cunning young trout was the first-comer below the branch, and the kingfisher's eyes shone as brightly as his feathers in anticipation of the tasty morsel; but the stroke, though skilled and sudden, did not avail; the wily fish had some idea that the brilliant stranger was not sitting above the water for the benefit of his health, and the kingfisher got nothing more than a wetting. Somewhat disconcerted, he shifted his position from the willow tree's branch to a flat stone in the stream, still within view of the skylark, and was at once successful, the prey being a very young salmon smolt some three or four inches long. Small though the fish was, he was not easy to handle, and the lark was surprised to see how promptly the bird disposed of the difficulty. He could not shift his grip lest the fish should escape, for he had not been able to strike in the vital part at the back of the head. So, turning half round, he battered the head of his unfortunate captive on the stone with such unerring aim that after the second swift blow the writhing body was at rest. Then the baby salmon was sent to look after the last fish caught.

"Don't you wonder how it is done?" asked the kingfisher. He was panting, for the last load was not a light one, and he had met with moderate luck before the skylark had mistaken him for a dragon-fly and so started the conversation recorded here.

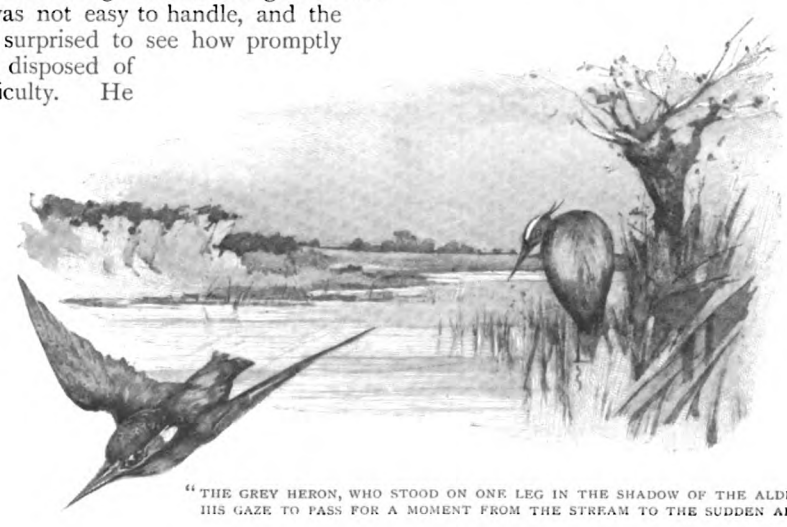
"I'm very surprised to think that you can digest the bones," remarked the lark.

"I can't," confessed the kingfisher; "and when I get back to my hole I eject them as though I were an owl."

"To your hole!" repeated the astonished skylark. "Do you live in a hole? I thought that only rats lived in holes. I couldn't live anywhere except in the open."

"I dare say not," sneered the kingfisher. "The open air is not likely to hurt your plumage, if you don't mind my saying so; nor would it be likely to expose you to the attacks of birds of prey. But I could not endure the fields; I should never sleep. And now I will wish you good-day, for I've had as much fish as I want, and it is time to go home and think."

He sprang from the stone and darted upstream, moving with quick wing-beats that were hard to follow. Small fish flinging themselves into the air in pursuit of flies saw the colour flash across them and tumbled back into the water without troubling their prey; young frogs that had been tadpoles only a few weeks before stared open-mouthed; and even the grey heron, who stood on one leg in the shadow of the alders, allowed his gaze to pass for a moment from the stream to the sudden apparition that seemed to be carved out of sunlight.



"THE GREY HERON, WHO STOOD ON ONE LEG IN THE SHADOW OF THE ALDERS, ALLOWED HIS GAZE TO PASS FOR A MOMENT FROM THE STREAM TO THE SUDDEN APPARITION."

By no means unconscious of these tributes, though he ignored them, the kingfisher pursued his way over the stream until he came to a part where the branches of the trees on either side met overhead and the growth along the bank was more than commonly luxurious. Low down, under the shelving bank, he paused at an opening not unlike the hole made by a water-rat, and entered it so swiftly that it was hard to follow the movement that hid him from sight.

At the entrance there was little more room than was required to admit him, but the hole widened rapidly and led upwards for about a yard, where it ended with the kingfisher's nest.

This was a collection of half-digested fish-bones, to which the bird at once added certain portions of the fish he had just been eating. These bones could not boast a very savoury odour, nor would the general condition of the tunnel leading from bank to nest have fulfilled all the requirements of a sanitary inspector. But birdland has no inspectors. The rule of life there is that if you transgress Nature's laws you die without any interference from your fellow-birds, and if you do not transgress the laws you are liable to be equally unfortunate. This knowledge makes birds careless, content to enjoy life, but quite unwilling to take any but the most obvious precautions. The kingfisher, quite unaware that his surroundings were by no means hygienic, fluffed out his feathers, settled his head well between his shoulders, and slept happily among the decayed and ill-smelling bones until daybreak next morning, when he set to work to depopulate the stream without so much as a headache.

"You are always to be found in this part," remarked the skylark one day, as he lighted at the meadow's edge.

"It belongs to me," replied the kingfisher. "I have about five hundred yards of stream to myself, and none of my family may fish in it. Naturally, I can't keep the grey heron away, he is too big to be persuaded, but I can look after small birds."

"Are you here all the year round?"

"Why, certainly," replied the kingfisher. "If this were a big river, instead of the tiny tributary that it is, I should be compelled to leave it in the winter time. There is no living to be had from a very broad stream in cold weather, but this place is suited for all the year round."

"How do you manage about your young ones then?" asked the lark. "When you've raised a family, they must live too, I suppose. Where do you put them?"

"They must look after themselves to a very large extent," replied the kingfisher; "my younglings and their mother left me a fortnight since, and I suppose that most of them will migrate in the autumn."

"Where do they go?" asked the lark.

"Somewhere on the Continent, to the South of Europe, I imagine," replied the other bird, rather vaguely. "I only know that the migrating birds collect on the sea-shore in the autumn, and have to live on small crabs and shell-fish and shrimps while they wait for the favouring wind that shall carry them oversea. They never come back. We kingfishers make no pretensions to affection. By the time we have raised six or eight hungry ones to the point of being able to take care of themselves, our parental fondness has worn thin. And, mark you, I don't think that the youngsters are much attached to us; they are glad enough to go away from parents and nest so soon as they are strong enough to do their own fishing."

"Don't you feel lonely?" said the lark.

"I take a mate in the spring, if that is what you mean," replied the other bird, "but a little domestic joy goes a long way. My wife and I separate at midsummer, or soon after. Yet we are loving enough and devoted to each other at the proper time. This year we met very early in April and, working side by side, we tunnelled out the hole that guarded the nest. We set the delicate bone-work on the sandy bottom, and without any other addition, save a few of our own feathers, the home was complete. It was not one of the easy jobs that can be undertaken twice or thrice a year. My bill, strong though it is, was so sore with the tunnelling work that it hurt me to strike a big fish, and my mate was in the same plight. For some time I was quite content with sticklebacks and leeches, and they are not delicacies.

"Now," he continued, "the trouble is over. I shall return to the same nest year after year, as long as there is plenty of food, in fact, and though I may do some more travelling it will be in more leisured fashion. Some of the nests built by my family are more than six feet from the bank's entrance; the diameter of the tunnel spreads steadily from three to nine inches. And you may notice that the tunnel always moves upwards, so that the nest may be well drained. Comparisons are odious, of course, but when I remember how you thought that only rats lived in holes, I am compelled to ask whether

you think your nest, an affair built in a hurry of grass and leaves and lined with hair, can compare for a moment with the one that shelters my family, my wife, and myself?"

The lark took no offence, being a friendly bird and deeply moved by the charm of his companion's colouring. He quite forgot that, while he had a song that gladdened earth and heaven, the kingfisher, for all his beauteous feathers, could say no more than "peep" or "peep-pip." It was a shrill call that nobody wanted to hear, and, after all, the lark's nest was really a cleverly-contrived affair, perfectly suited to its place.

Autumn and winter passed slowly, but uneventfully. The heron left the neighbourhood, the lark was heard no longer, for he had joined the flock; but the grouse packs came down from the high moor to feed on the "stooks," and the roe-deer and black-game filled the low-lying plantations. Gunners had gone south and the land was left to the elements, for most of the farm hands found their work in the byre.

The little stream grew swollen and muddy; there were days when food seemed to have disappeared, and even the water-insects and butterflies that suffice a hungry kingfisher in summer times of stress were wanting. Happily there were no long frosts, and there were no other kingfishers in the neighbourhood to claim a share of the scanty fish supply. Still, it was an anxious time, and the bird looked eagerly for the spring as he flitted silently from pool to pool, his brilliant covering dulled by the clouds that obscured the sun.

He passed all the winter nights in the hole on the bank, fearful at times lest the swollen water that rushed so tumultuously past should rise to the level of his home. He heard the hiss of the rain and the clatter of branches and wood-drift that came down the stream, and he heard the awesome cry of the green plover, the melancholy call of the bittern, and the scream of the whaup. But in his snug home there was a sense of security, even though all his worldly wealth consisted of fish-bones, or at best some large fish that had been caught and dragged with infinite pains into a secure corner, to stand between the captor and hunger in the days of winter's extreme wrath.

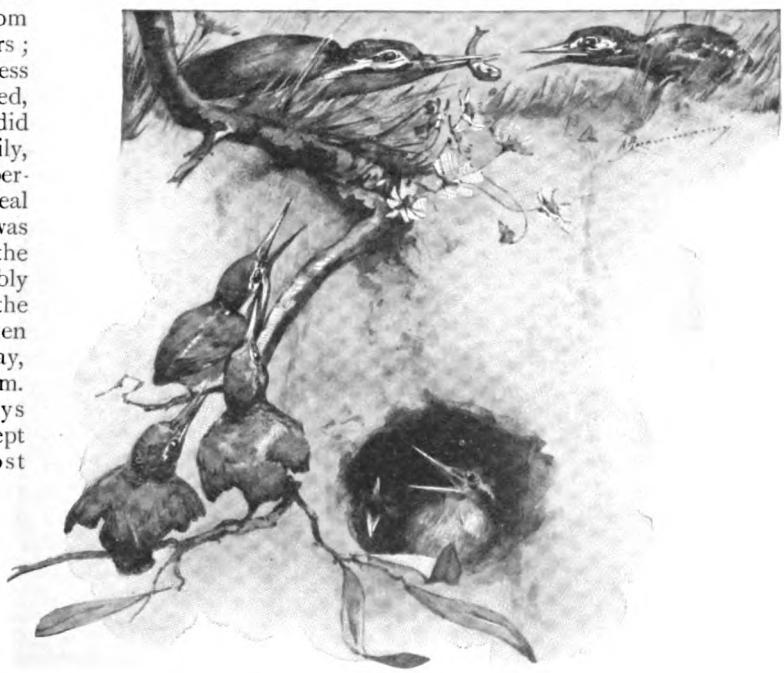
But all things have an end, March will not stay away for ever, and with his approach to prepare the world for spring the heavy rains and winds must realize that their rule is over. So the time came when the waters subsided until all danger of inundation had passed, when the early sun looked down in friendliest fashion through the dishevelled branches of the trees, and once again the kingfisher was proud of his plumage. He took longer flights, pausing upon stones that had just been uncovered after long weeks of submersion. At this season he could not sit in comfort on a bough and wait for his prey to pass beneath him; he had to scan the waters carefully and, choosing his moment, make a bold plunge, happy enough if in return for the wetting he secured a fish. In the latter part of March he went on long excursions, passing the limits of his hunting-ground, and uttered his shrill, piping cry with a determination that might have been best understood when, one afternoon, it met with a faint response.

A lady bird—should one call her a queen-fisher?—had heard his call and was responding to it. She was rather smaller than he, her colouring was less brilliant, and under the lower mandible there was a red patch that the male bird lacked. The winter had not treated her well; she was thin and in poor condition, and gave a ready hearing to the male bird's story. He told her of his splendid mansion in the bank, his wealth of fish-bones, the length of stream that belonged to him, the admiration of all living things on either side of the water. To her this corner of the country was very new and pleasant. She was conscious, too, of a great desire to have a home and bring little ones of her own to see the pageants of May and June. The solitary habit that had seemed so fitting to the winter months had gone from her now, and side by side the two birds flew up-stream, revelling in the warm sunshine and the soft song of subsiding waters.

Labouring together, they carried the tunnel farther into the bank, always preserving the sharp slope; they cleaned and cleared the passage and moulded the fish-bones so delicately upon the sandy ground that only a kingfisher could have sat on the nest without destroying its symmetry, and no other bird could have turned eggs as they must be turned in hatching time. By now April was waning, and the new-comer placed six eggs in the nest. They were nearly round, their colour was pearly white, and they were so thin that the yellow yolk gave them a most delicious tinge of colour. This could not be seen in the darkness of the nest, and perhaps the birds themselves did not know it; but had one of the eggs been held to the light when it was but a few days old, the shell would have shown a quality akin to opalescence.

No trouble came to the tunnel in the bank. On the surrounding farm-lands there was too much work waiting for young and old to admit of bird-nesting; no stoat or rat ventured into the darkness to seek the nest at the far end, and in the waters, now quite shallow and warm, the young fish were plentiful. The kingfisher and his mate shared all labours equally, took their turn on the nest and their turn on the bank, and very early in May the six babies rewarded their trouble. For the first week the newcomers were free from any sign of feathers; nothing more helpless could be imagined, but they had splendid appetites. Happily, the weather was perfect; there were real halcyon days, as was only right, for the kingfisher is probably the halcyon of the ancients, and when he nested, they say, all the seas were calm. For fourteen days Father Neptune kept all but the most favoured wind chained securely in the caverns below the ocean floor, and so the halcyon, though it nested on the bosom of the ocean, could bring all its eggs to life. Perhaps Nature remembered the old legend; certainly the early May days were windless and full of sun, the stream's song was more musical than it had been before, and baby fish without number revelled in their brief hour of glorious life. I should be afraid to guess how many were snatched suddenly from the waters to be swallowed, half digested, and then ejected, that the baby kingfishers might be fed.

Father and mother bird alike possessed this curious gift of digesting the fish sufficiently to enable their young to eat it without danger. When it was like a curd and quite free from bones and scale and indigestible matter they could give it to their babies safely. Pigeons can do a similar thing, and on this account the country folk are heard to speak of pigeons' milk. Constant care and attention brought the little ones along at a fine pace, and before they were a fortnight old they could slide down the tunnel to the entrance of their home. Once there, the light frightened them for a time, but they became accustomed to it, and soon learned to climb on to the low branch of a willow that overhung the bank near their nest. Safely seated there, in the days before they had learned to fly, or even gathered round



"THEY WOULD CLAMOUR FOR FOOD ALL THE DAY."

the entrance to the nest, they would clamour for food all the day. Now matter how hard the parents might work, they continued to squall until the evening came, and then they would stumble up the steep tunnel, digging their feet into the sand and protesting loudly that they were still hungry. I can't help thinking that this greediness had something to do with the gradual slackening of the parental interest. Sustained work, unaccompanied by thanks or recognition of any description, is apt to tire the most willing worker.

Before Midsummer Day came round the youngsters could fly, and spectators, had there been any, might have seen the rare sight of kingfishers playing together. These birds live a life so solitary that the games may be seen only when there is a nestful of

"THERE WAS SOMETHING OF THE GRACE OF SWALLOW FLIGHT ABOUT THE MOVEMENT OF THESE YOUNG BIRDS."

newly-fledged young. There was something of the grace of swallow flight about the movement of these young birds, whose plumage had assumed full colouring everywhere save on the breast, which had a dark brown tinge in place of the lighter hue of the adults.

They soon became expert fishers, but greediness was fatal to two out of the six. One swallowed a young eel without stopping to kill it, and died in a few minutes; another tried to devour a young trout before any of his brothers or sisters could seek to secure a share, and in his haste was choked.

"Pip-peep," remarked the kingfisher, "it is time our family broke up."

"Yes," said his mate. "I think I will go back to the wood near the bend of the stream before any of the season's birds seek to take my old fishing-ground."

"Quite right, my dear," agreed the kingfisher. "We have been very happy, but I will not stand in your way, and I will give the youngsters their marching order too."

Next day the family sat in council on a willow branch for the last time.

"You have had good advice and a careful upbringing," said the kingfisher to his four children, "and now you must go and find your own place in the world. Go up-river, and if there is an unoccupied stretch of stream take it. If the worst happens and you can't find a hole in the bank, look for one in the woods, as many of your family have done before you, and if you can find no free water for yourselves you must poach until the summer is over, and then go eastward to the coast and emigrate. You will find dozens of others doing the same. You must go, because this water will only feed all of us until the summer's end. Then it is hard for one to get a really good living."

Yet another week, and the kingfisher was alone again and slept o' nights in the nest, with never so much as a regret to keep him company. With all parental affection gone, he scoured his stretch of stream prepared to do battle with his own children should they be lurking in its neighbourhood; but they

"THE FAMILY SAT IN COUNCIL ON A WILLOW BRANCH."

were far away or very careful, and he saw nothing of them. He noted the procession of song-birds from the high hills, and heard the songs that the wind sings when summer is on the wane; he saw the cornfields change from green to gold, and fished merrily enough through a succession of "soft" days. Never had the stream been more bountifully supplied. The corn was cut, and he heard the guns when the shooting men came to the low land from the moors, where the grouse were beginning to pack and avoid the butts. Then he noted with some surprise that the heron left its accustomed haunts earlier than usual, and that the meadow held several strange birds who chattered fearfully in a weird, unfamiliar tongue about the approaching season

On a sudden the winter settled upon the land, briefly preluded by wind and rainstorms that churned the swollen waters of the stream and made fishing difficult. Some instinct warned the kingfisher to gather a store while there was yet time, and he did his best, working with tireless energy and letting no chance go by. At first he congratulated himself upon being quite alone; then, while the weather grew worse and the wind howled with rage as it passed the mouth of his hole in the darkness, he grew afraid, and would have given half his scanty food supply for some companionship.

One morning he ventured out in search of breakfast, to find that the wind had fallen and the land lay wrapped in snow. The glare troubled his eyes and made his aim unsteady; perhaps too short rations were weakening him; he had found it hard to face the wind, and knowing nothing of a hard winter was delighted with the change. That night the temperature fell far below freezing-point, and when the kingfisher flew hungrily from his home at daybreak the surface of the water was covered with ice. At first he thought his eyes had deceived him; never before had he known his beloved stream to surrender to winter in this manner. Hurriedly and anxiously he darted from point to point, only to find that the seal of the ice was everywhere firmly set.

Tired, hungry, and bewildered he lighted upon a twig, and saw beneath him in a tiny space of clear water a little company of small fish. They were moving slowly, as though numbed with cold. With a wild cry he dashed himself against them, but the ice was strong and thick; he lay half stunned and badly hurt, making no attempt to rise. The cold numbed him slowly and the surrounding whiteness seemed to take the colour from his feathers. A watery sun glanced down for a moment as though to afford him one last look at the abundant store of living food below. Then a cloud barred the light and the snow fell heavily.

"THE COLD NUMBED HIM SLOWLY."

One Hundred Pounds for a Photograph!

A NOVEL PRIZE COMPETITION.

NO. II.—CHILDREN.

"FAIRY TALES." By W. C. T. DOBSON, R.A.

(By permission of Henry Graves and Co., 6, Pall Mall, London, S.W.)

IN our last number we offered a prize of a hundred pounds, with second and third prizes of thirty and twenty pounds, for the photograph most nearly resembling one of four fine-art paintings of beautiful women. At the same time we made the following announcement: "In our next number we shall present a series of paintings of children, which will provide a competition on exactly the same lines as the present, and for which similar prizes will be awarded. Every mother who is so fortunate as to possess a pretty child, and every friend of such a mother, will be eager to see these pictures, and to consider whether the little one in question will be likely to obtain a prize."

In accordance with this announcement, we now reproduce three fine-art paintings of children. The conditions, which are the same as before, are here repeated for the convenience of our readers. The prizes will be taken by the competitors who send us a real-life photograph in which the lighting of the picture, the pose of the sitter, the costume, and, as far as possible, the features and expression, most closely resemble one of these paintings. Competitors may select one picture, or may, if they prefer it, send in their imitations of all three. Their best

"NOW, DEN, ALL TUM AND TEE ME DUMP." By J. HAYLLAR.
(By permission of Henry Graves and Co., 6, Pall Mall, London, S.W.)

attempt will be set aside for final judgment. The first prize, a hundred pounds, will be divided equally between the parents of the child and the taker of the photograph which, in the opinion of the judges, complies most closely with the above conditions. The second-best photograph will obtain thirty pounds, and the third-best twenty pounds, divided in the same way between the photographer and the parents of the child.

Such a competition manifestly appeals, in the first place, not only to professional photographers, but to every amateur who owns a camera. The sizes of the competing photographs will make no difference in their case the backgrounds may be neglected. The sitter is alone to be considered. But in the case of "Tee Me Dump" the child must, of course, be posed upon a step of some kind.

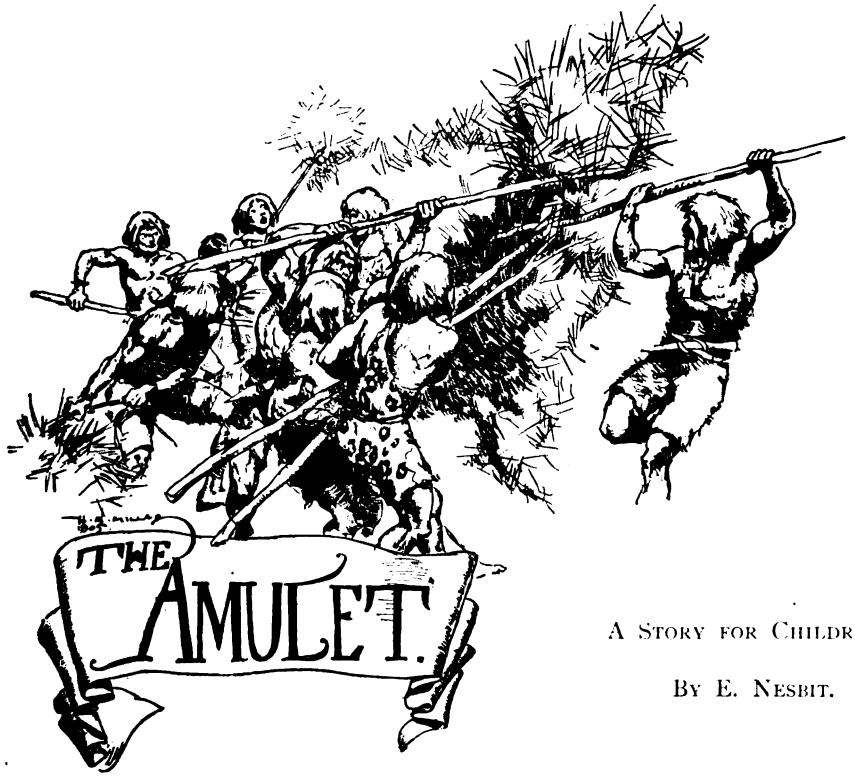
We are in hope that we shall receive some

"HEAD OF A BOY." By GREUZE.
(By permission of the Autotype Co., 74, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.)

chances of obtaining a prize. A good snapshot will be as likely to prove the winner as a full-plate photograph; the only points which will be reckoned in the score being faithfulness to the details of the original painting. An amateur will, therefore, have exactly the same chance of winning a prize as a professional photographer. In every charming pictures of children in response to this invitation, the best of which will be reproduced, as in the case of the ladies' competition, side by side with the originals, for the purpose of comparison.

The copyright of all photographs which we select for publication will, of course, belong to us.

Photographs must be mounted, and the name and address of the sender clearly written on the back. All packages must have the word "Artistic" inscribed on the wrapper, and must be posted to reach the Offices of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, 3-12, Southampton Street, London, W.C., England, not later than October 31st, 1905—a date which we hope will allow ample time for competitors in all parts of the world.



A Story for Children.

By E. Nesbit.

CHAPTER III.

THERE was a horrible position! Four English children, whose proper date was A.D. 1905, and whose proper address was London, set down in Egypt in the year 6000 B.C., with no means whatever of getting back into their own time and place! They could not find the east, and the sun was not of the least use, because some officious person had once explained to Cyril that the sun does not really set in the west at all—nor rise in the east either for the matter of that.

The psammead had crept out of the bass-bag when they were not looking, and had basely deserted them.

An enemy was approaching. There would be a fight. People got killed in fights, and the idea of taking part in a fight was one that did not appeal to the children.

The man who had brought the news of the enemy still lay panting on the sand. His tongue was hanging out, long and red like a dog's. The people of the village were hurriedly filling the gaps in the fence with thorn bushes from the heap that seemed to have been piled there ready for just such a need. They lifted the clustering thorns with long poles—much as men at home nowadays lift hay with a fork.

Jane bit her lip and tried to decide not to cry.

Robert felt in his pocket for a toy pistol and loaded it with a pink paper cap. It was his only weapon.

Cyril tightened his belt two holes.

And Anthea absently took the drooping red roses from the buttonholes of the others, bit the ends off the stalks, and set them in a yellow pot of water that stood in the shadow by a hut door. She was always rather silly about flowers.

"Look here," she said; "I think perhaps the psammead is really arranging something for us. I don't believe it would go away and leave us all alone in the Past; I'm certain it wouldn't."

Jane succeeded in deciding not to cry—at any rate, yet.

"But what can we do?" Robert asked.

"Nothing," Cyril answered, promptly, "except keep our eyes and ears open. Look! that runner chap's getting his wind. Let's go and hear what he's got to say."

The runner had risen to his knees and was sitting back on his heels. Now he stood up and spoke. He began by some

respectful remarks addressed to the heads of the village. His speech got more interesting when he said :—

"I went out in my raft to snare ibises, and I had gone up the stream an hour's journey. Then I set my snares and waited. And I heard the sound of many wings and, looking up, saw many herons circling in the air. And I saw that they were afraid. So I took thought. A beast may scare one heron, coming upon it suddenly, but no beast will scare a whole flock of herons. And still they flew and circled, and would not alight. So then I knew that what had scared the herons must be men—and men who know not our ways of going softly, so as to take the birds and beasts unawares. By this I knew they were not of our race or of our place. So leaving my raft I crept along the river-bank, and at last came upon them. They are many as the sands of the desert, and their spear-heads shine red like the sun. They are a terrible people, and their march is towards us. Having seen this, I ran and did not stay till I was before you."

"These are *your* folk," said the headman, turning suddenly and angrily on Cyril; "you came as spies for them."

"We didn't," said Cyril, indignantly; "we wouldn't be spies for anything. I'm certain these people aren't a bit like us. Are they, now?" he asked the runner.

"No," was the answer. "These men's faces were darkened and their hair black as night. Yet these strange children, maybe, are their gods, who have come before to make ready the way for them."

A murmur ran through the crowd.

"No, no," said Cyril again; "we are on your side. We will help you to guard your sacred things." The headman seemed impressed by the fact that Cyril knew that there were sacred things to be guarded.

"Good," he said. "And now let all make offering, that we may be strong in battle."

The crowd dispersed, and nine men wearing antelope skins grouped themselves in front of the opening in the hedge in the middle of the village. And presently, one by one, the men brought all sorts of things—hippopotamus flesh, ostrich feathers, fruit of palm-dates, red and green chalk, fish from the river, ibex from the mountains—and the headmen received them. There was another hedge inside the first about a yard from it, so that there was a lane inside between the hedges. And every now and then one of the headmen would disappear along this lane with full hands and come back with hands empty.

"'THESE ARE YOUR FOLK,' SAID THE HEADMAN, TURNING SUDDENLY AND ANGRILY ON CYRIL"

"They're making offerings to their amulet," said Anthea. "We'd better give something too."

The pockets of the party, hastily explored, yielded a piece of pink tape, a bit of sealing-wax, and part of the Waterbury watch that Robert had taken to pieces at Christmas and had never had time to re-arrange. Most boys have a watch in this condition.

They presented their offerings and Anthea added the red roses.

The headman who took the things looked at them with

awe—especially at the red roses and the Waterbury watch fragment.

"This is a day of very wondrous happenings," he said. "I have no more room in me to be astonished. Our maiden said there was peace between you and us. But for this coming of a foe we should have made sure." The children shuddered.

"Now speak. Are you upon our side?"

"Yes. Don't I keep telling you we are?" said Robert. "Look here. I will give you a sign. You see this?"—he held out the toy pistol. "I shall speak to it, and if it answers me you will know that I and the others are come to guard your sacred thing—that we've just made the offerings to."

"Will it speak to you alone? Or shall I also hear it?" asked the man, cautiously.

"You'll be surprised when you *do* hear it," said Robert. "Now, then." He looked at the pistol and said:—

"If we are to guard the sacred treasure within"—he pointed to the hedged-in space—"speak with thy loud voice and we shall obey."

He pulled the trigger—and the cap went off. The noise was loud, for it was a two-shilling pistol, and the caps were excellent.

Every man, woman, and child in the village fell on its face on the sand.

The headman who had accepted the test rose first.

"The voice has spoken," he said. "Lead them into the ante-room of the sacred thing."

"EVERY MAN, WOMAN, AND CHILD IN THE VILLAGE FELL ON ITS FACE ON THE SAND."

So now the four children were led in through the opening of the hedge and round the lane till they came to an opening in the inner hedge, and they went through an opening in that, and so passed into another lane. The thing was a maze, all of brushwood and thorn hedges.

"It's like the maze at Hampton Court," whispered Anthea. The lanes were all open to the sky, but the little hut in the middle of the maze was round-roofed, and a curtain of skins hung over the doorway.

"Here you may wait," said their guide, "but do not dare to pass the curtain." He himself passed it and disappeared.

"But look here," whispered Cyril; "some of us ought to be outside—in case the psammead turns up."

"Don't let's get separated, whatever we do," said Anthea; "we can't do anything while that man is in there. Let's all go out into the village again. We can come back later, now we know the way in. That man'll have to fight like the rest, most likely, if it comes to fighting. If we find the psammead we'll go straight home. It must be getting late, and I don't much like this mazy place."

They went out and told the headman that they would protect the treasure when the fighting began. And now they looked about them and were able to see exactly how a first-class worker in flint flakes and notches an arrow-head on the edge of an axe—an advantage which no other person now alive has ever enjoyed. The boys found the weapons most interesting. The arrow-heads were not on arrows such as you shoot from a bow, but on javelins, for throwing from the hand. The chief weapon was a stone fastened to a rather short stick, something like the things gentlemen used to carry about and call life-preservers in the days of the garrotters. Then there were long things

like spears or lances, with flint heads to them, and there were flint knives—horribly sharp—and flint battle-axes.

Everyone in the village was so busy that the place was like an ant-heap when you have walked into it by accident. The women were busy and even the children.

Quite suddenly all the air seemed to glow and grow red—it was like the sudden opening of a furnace-door, such as you may see at Woolwich Arsenal if you ever have the luck to be taken there — and then almost as suddenly it was as though the furnace-doors had been shut. For the sun had set, and it was night.

The sun had that abrupt way of setting in Egypt eight thousand years ago, and I believe it has never been able to break itself of the habit, and sets in exactly the same manner to the present day.

The girl brought the skins of wild deer and led the children to a heap of dry sedge.

"Sleep!" she said, and it really seemed a good idea. You may think that in the midst of all these dangers the children would not have been able to sleep, but somehow, though they were rather frightened now and then, the feeling was growing in them — deep down and almost hidden away, but still growing — that the psammead was to be trusted, and that they were really and truly safe. This did not prevent their being quite as much frightened as they could bear to be without being perfectly miserable.

"I suppose we'd better go to sleep," said Robert. "I don't know what on earth poor old nurse will do, with us out all night—set the police on our tracks, I expect. I only wish they could find us. A dozen policemen would be rather welcome just now. But it is no use getting into a stew over it. Good-night."

They all fell asleep.

They were awakened by long, loud, terrible sounds, that seemed to come from everywhere at once—horrible, threatening shouts and shrieks and howls, that sounded like the voices of men thirsting for their enemies' blood.

"It is the voice of the strange men," said the girl, coming to them through the dark. "They have attacked the walls, and the thorns have driven them back. My father says they will not try again till daylight. But they are shouting to frighten us, as though we were savages—dwellers in the swamps," she said, indignantly.

All night the terrible noise went on; but when the sun rose as abruptly as he had set the sound suddenly ceased.

The children had hardly time to be glad of this before a shower of javelins came hurtling over the great thorn hedge, and everyone sheltered behind the huts. But next moment another shower of weapons came from the opposite side, and the crowd rushed to other shelter. Cyril pulled out a javelin that had stuck in the roof of the hut beside him. Its head was of brightly-burnished copper.

Then the sound of shouting arose again and the crackle of dried thorns. The enemy was breaking down the hedge.

All the villagers swarmed to the point

"A SHOWER OF JAVELINS CAME HURTLING OVER THE GREAT THORN HEDGE."

whence the crackling and the shouting came; they hurled stones over the hedges, and short arrows with flint heads.

The children had never before seen men with the fighting light in their eyes. It was very strange and terrible, and gave you a queer feeling in your throat; it was quite different from the pictures of fights in the illustrated papers at home.

It seemed that the shower of stones had driven back the besiegers. The besieged drew breath; but at that moment the shouting and the crackling arose on the opposite side of the village, and the crowd hastened to defend that point. And so the fight swayed to and fro across the village, for the besieged had no idea of dividing their forces, as their enemies had done.

Cyril noticed that every now and then certain of the fighting men would enter the maze and come out with brighter faces, a braver aspect, and a more upright carriage.

"I believe they go and touch the amulet," he said. "You know the psammead said it could make people brave."

They crept through the maze and, watching, they saw that Cyril was right. A headman was standing in front of the skin curtain, and as the warriors came before him he murmured a word they could not hear, and touched their foreheads with something that he held in his hands. And through his fingers they saw the gleam of a red stone that they knew.

The fight raged across the thorn hedge outside. Suddenly there was a loud cry of dismay:—

"They're in! they're in! The hedge is down!"

The headman disappeared behind the deerskin curtain.

"He's gone to hide it," said Anthea. "Oh, psammead, dear, how could you leave us?"

Suddenly there was a shriek from inside the hut, and the headman staggered out, white with fear, and fled out through the maze. The children were as white as he.

"Oh, what is it, what is it?" moaned Anthea. "Oh, psammead, how could you leave us, how could you?"

And the sound of the fight sank breathlessly and swelled fiercely all around. It was like the rising and falling of the waves of the sea.

Anthea shuddered and said again, "Oh, psammead, psammead!"

"Well?" said a brisk voice, and the curtain of skins was lifted at one corner by a skinny hand, and out peeped the bat's ears and snail's eyes of the psammead.

Anthea caught it in her arms and a sigh of desperate relief was breathed by each of the four.

"Oh, which *is* the east?" Anthea said; and she spoke hurriedly, for the sounds of wild fighting drew nearer and nearer.

"Don't choke me," said the psammead; "come inside."

The inside of the hut was pitch-dark.

"I've got a match," said Cyril, and struck it.

"OUT PEEPED THE BAT'S EARS AND SNAIL'S EYES OF THE PSAMMEAD."

The floor of the hut was of soft, loose sand.

"I've been asleep here," said the psammead; "the best sand I've had for a month. It's all right. I knew your only chance would be while the fight was going on. That man won't come back. I bit him, and he thinks I'm an evil spirit. Now you've only got to take the thing and go."

The hut was hung with skins; heaped in the middle were the offerings that had been given the night before, the red roses fading on the top of the heap. At one side of the hut stood a large, square stone block, and on it an oblong box of earthenware with strange figures of men and beasts on it.

"The thing's in there," said the psammead. "The man was just going to bury it in the sand when I jumped out at him and bit him."

"Light another match, Robert," said Anthea. "Now, then, quick! Which is the east?"

"Why, where the sun rises, of course."

"But someone told us——"

"Oh, they'll tell you anything!" said the psammead, impatiently, getting into its bass-bag and wrapping itself in its waterproof sheet.

"But we can't see the sun in here, and it isn't rising, anyhow," said Jane.

"How you do waste time!" said the sand-fairy. "Why, the east's where the shrine is, of course—*there!*"

It pointed to the great stone.

And still the shouting and the clash of stone on metal sounded nearer and nearer.

The children could hear that the headmen had surrounded the tent to protect the treasure as long as might be from the enemy. But none dared to come in after the psammead's sudden fierce biting of the head-man.

"Now, Jane," said Cyril, "I'll take it. You stand ready to hold up the charm, and be sure you don't let it go as you come through."

He made a step forward, but at that instant a great crackling overhead ended in a blaze of sunlight—the roof had been broken in at one side and great slabs of it were being lifted off by two spears. As the children blinked and winked in the new light large, dark hands tore down the wall and a dark face with a blobby, fat nose looked over the gap. Even at that awful moment Anthea had time to think that it was very like the face of old Jacob Absolam, who had sold them the charm in the shop near Charing Cross.

"Here is their amulet," cried a harsh, strange voice; "it is this that makes them strong to fight and brave to die. And what else have we here—gods or demons?"

He glared fiercely at the children, and the whites of his eyes were very white indeed. He had a wet, red copper knife in his teeth. There was not a moment to lose.

"Jane! Jane! *quick!*" cried everyone, passionately.

Jane with trembling hands held up the charm towards the east and Cyril spoke the word. The charm grew to a great arch; out beyond it was the glaring Egyptian sky, the broken wall, the cruel, dark, hook-nosed face with the red, wet knife in its gleaming teeth. Within the arch was the dull, faint, greeny brown of London grass and trees.

"Hold tight, Jane," Cyril cried, and he dashed through, dragging Anthea and the

"OUT BEYOND IT WAS THE GLARING EGYPTIAN SKY, THE BROKEN WALL, THE CRUEL, DARK, HOOK-NOSED FACE."

psammead after him. Robert followed, clutching Jane; and in the ears of each as they passed through the arch of the charm the sound and fury of battle died out suddenly and utterly, and they heard only the low, dull, discontented hum of vast London, and the sound of the sparrows on the gravel and the voices of the ragged baby children playing ring o' roses on the yellow, trampled grass. And the charm was a little charm again in Jane's hand, and there was the basket with their dinner and the Bath buns lying just where they had left it.

"My hat!" said Cyril, drawing a long breath. "That was something like an adventure!"

"It was rather like one, certainly," said the psammead.

They all lay still, breathing in the safe, quiet air of the Regent's Park.

"We'd better go home at once," said Anthea, presently. "Old nurse will be most frightfully anxious. It seems to be about the same time as when we started yesterday. We've been away twenty-four hours."

"The buns are quite soft still," said Cyril, feeling one. "I suppose the dew kept them fresh."

They were not hungry. Curiously enough, they had never once been hungry throughout the adventure.

They picked up the dinner-basket and the psammead-basket and went straight home.

Old nurse met them with amazement.

"Well, if I ever did," she said; "what's gone wrong? You've soon tired of your picnic."

The children took this to be bitter irony—which means saying the exact opposite of what you mean, in order to make yourself disagreeable, as when you happen to have a dirty face, and someone says, "How nice and clean you look!"

"We're very sorry," began Anthea, but old nurse said:—

"Oh, bless the child, I don't care; please yourselves and you'll please me. Come in and get your dinners comf'table; I've got a potato on a-boiling."

When she had gone to look after the potatoes the children looked at each other. Could it be that old nurse had so changed that she no longer cared that they should have been away from home for twenty-four hours without any explanation whatever?

But the psammead put its head out of its basket and said:—

"What's the matter? Don't you understand? You come back through the charm, and at the same time as you go through it. This isn't to-morrow!"

"Is it still yesterday?" asked Jane.

"No; it's to-day, the same as it's always been. It wouldn't do to go mixing up the present and the past, and cutting bits out of one to fit into the other."

"Then all that adventure took no time at all?"

"You can call it that if you like," said the psammead. "It took none of the modern time, anyhow."

That evening Anthea took up a steak for the learned gentleman's dinner. She stayed and talked to him, by special invitation, while he ate it.

She told him the whole adventure, beginning with:—

"This afternoon we found ourselves on the bank of the River Nile," and ending up with, "And then we remembered how to get back, and there we were in Regent's Park, and it hadn't taken any time at all."

She did not tell anything about the charm or the psammead, because that was forbidden; but the story was quite wonderful enough even as it was to entrance the learned gentleman.

"You are a most unusual little girl," he said; "who tells you all these things?"

"No one," said Anthea; "they just happen."

"Make-believe," he said, slowly, as one who recalls and pronounces a long-forgotten word.

He sat long after she had left him. At last he roused himself with a start.

"I really must take a holiday," he said; "my nerves must be all out of order. I really have a perfectly distinct impression that the little girl from the rooms below came in and gave me a coherent and graphic picture of life as I conceive it to have been in pre-dynastic Egypt. Strange what tricks the mind will play! I shall have to be more careful."

He finished his bread conscientiously, and actually took a mile walk before he went back to his work.

(To be continued.)

Curiosities.

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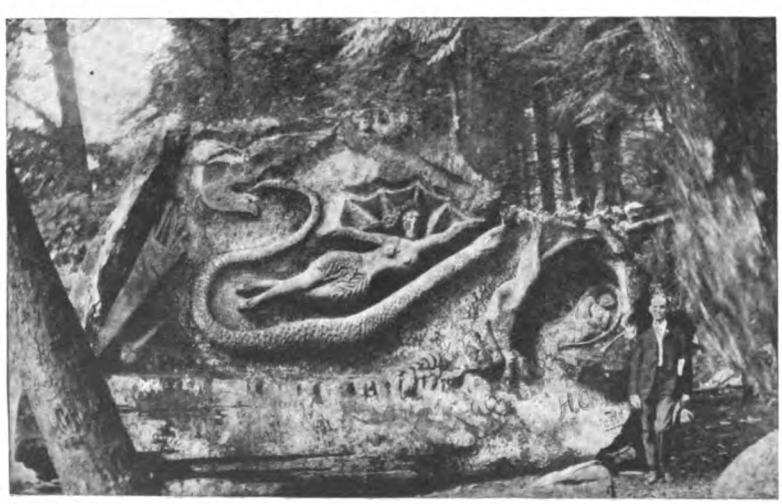
[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

THE BELLE OF THE WOODS.

"The accompanying photograph was a snap-shot taken by myself of a lady friend resting amongst the beautiful foliage of one of Surrey's choicest spots. I entitled the picture 'The Belle of the Woods,' and on placing it on the mantelpiece upside down, by accident, I discovered that the central figure was a 'belle' in more senses than one."—Mr. E. J. Bloyce, 7, Hythe Road, Staines.

SQUAW ROCK.

"The photograph given below shows a large table-rock situated in one of the small river valleys of Northern Ohio. Upon its face appear, from left to right, a shield, a quiver and arrows, a tomahawk, an eagle, a snake, a squaw, a skeleton, a dog, a papoose, a calumet or pipe of peace, H. Church—the sculptor's name—and the date of his labour. All of these objects were secretly chiselled at night by a demented blacksmith. A lantern lighted him and a dog was his only companion. When discovered and disturbed at his occupation he left it, never to return."—Mrs. M. H. Foshay, Cleveland, Ohio.



LETTERS TO A SAINT.

"I send you a photograph of San José de la Montaña (St. Joseph), the only saint in the world, as far as I know, who receives letters. They come from all parts of the world, all bearing the direction: 'Al Glorioso Patriarca, San José de la Montaña, Barcelona. De su humilde

servidor, X—— X——.' The letters are placed round the foot of the image, as shown in my photograph, and at the end of a month they are taken and burnt, unopened, by the priests in a most solemn function, at which hundreds of Catholics assist. San José receives as many as a thousand letters a month, and is said to have granted many requests asked in this way. He is also famous here for the many miracles worked by the holy well in the garden surrounding his mountain church."—Mr. H. Hencke Milanés, 125, Rambla de Cataluna, Barcelona.

FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.

FIG. 4.

FIG. 5.

FIG. 6.

THE PARADOX BOOTLACE.

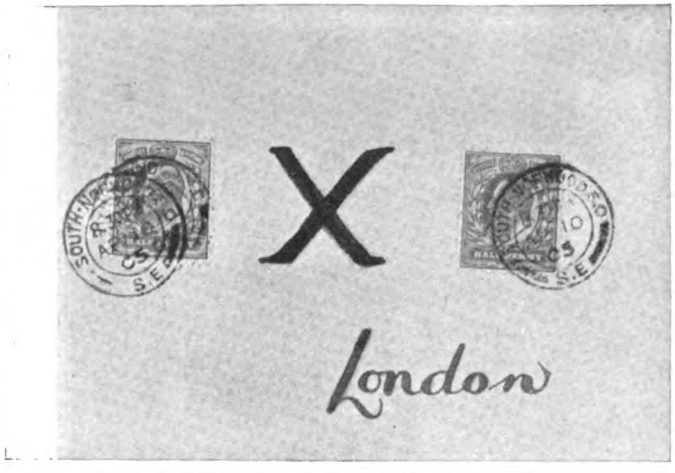
LOOK carefully at the lace of this boot (Fig. 1). The closest scrutiny will not enable you to detect any join or breach of continuity of the lace, and if you should inspect the boot itself tied in this manner you would find it every whit as difficult to understand. After reading and mastering the problem, try it on a friend and see how he will be perplexed.

HOW, then, is it done? First of all let us cut a few inches off the lace—the exact amount can easily be found out by experiment—tie a knot at one end, and thread through the lowest hole at the outer surface of the boot (as shown in Fig. 2); pull until the knot stops further progress, then pass the end of the lace downwards into the corresponding hole on the inner side; thread from within the boot outwards, bringing the lace out of the hole on the outer side of the boot, as depicted in Fig. 3. Continue in this manner until all the holes are filled excepting one, then matters will be as in Fig. 4. It will be seen, on looking at this last photograph, that the lace is about to be threaded in the last hole exactly as before, but it is not to be drawn tight, but only a distance of a few inches, thus making a loop, which is caught up by the fingers of the left hand. The size of this loop, which must be sufficient to go round the hooks on the boot, can readily be adjusted at the second trial, if not actually at the first. Fig. 5 shows the exact position of affairs.

The loop is shown drawn out by the second finger of the left hand; the remaining loose piece of lace—the end—is shown extending upwards, and it is obvious that, by drawing on this free end, the size of the loop is controlled. Having adjusted the loop to what appears to be the correct size, or a little larger, we pass the portion of the lace forming the loop alternately over the hooks as in Fig. 6, which shows the lace over all the hooks but one. We slip it over the last hook, pull the free end of the lace to ensure all being tight, tuck the loose free end inside the boot, and the thing is done.

It appears from the reading much more complex than is actually the case in practice. But try it once and you will never lace your boots in any other manner, for, in addition to its neat appearance, it never slips or comes untied.

POST OFFICE CLEVERNESS.



"The enclosed was delivered to us some time ago by the Post Office. I think it is one of the smartest pieces of Post Office cleverness I have ever seen. You will see that the Post Office people unintentionally made the two 'O's' of the word 'Oxo' by their own post-marks, and then found out that the letter was intended for us." — Mr. J. Maltwood (for Liebig's Extract of Meat Company, Limited).

THE BONE AND THE DAFFODIL.

"I send you the photograph of a daffodil picked on the 30th of March in a wood near Bristol. The flower has evidently grown through the vertebra of a rabbit, the bone being so tightly fixed that it did not move when an attempt was made to dislodge it, as it was beginning to stunt the growth of the flower."—Mr. R. M. Elliott, 3, Beaufort Road, Clifton, Bristol.

CATTLE v. HAYSTACK.

"This is not a photo. of a strange tree development, as one might be led to think, but is that of a stack of hay in Colorado that has been gradually eaten away until but a small portion of the body of the stack remains to keep the untouched top in its original position. One of these stacks toppled over recently, and a passer-by, attracted by the bellowing of a herd of cattle, made his way to the wrecked stack. Upon investigation he uncovered a young calf that was all but smothered, having been under the hay for two days."—Mr. A. D. Milligan, Fort Collins, Colorado.

THE NEST OF THE OVEN-BUILDER.

"I send you a photograph of a nest of the oven-builder. These nests are built on the telegraph and telephone poles in the Argentine, and cause a great deal of trouble to the officials who have to keep the wires free from any obstruction. They are composed of mud and straw, being of great weight and very solidly constructed, so much so that it seems really wonderful that they do not fall off. The one here shown weighs nearly nine pounds. The peculiar name is derived from the entrance to the nest, which resembles that of an old-fashioned baker's oven. There is only a small hole which affords means of communication to the nest inside. This hole is so situated, as shown in the accompanying photograph, that no rain can possibly run down into the nest. The dimensions of the nest are as follow: Height, 10½in.; breadth, 9in.; thickness, 6¾in."—Mr. H. Montgomery Newson, Mayfield, Isleworth.

A REMARKABLE PORTRAIT OF THE KING.

"This novel portrait of the King is drawn in one continuous line, commencing at the top right-hand corner and finishing at the opposite bottom corner."—Mr. Clifford B. Martin, 1, Park Avenue North, Hornsey, N.

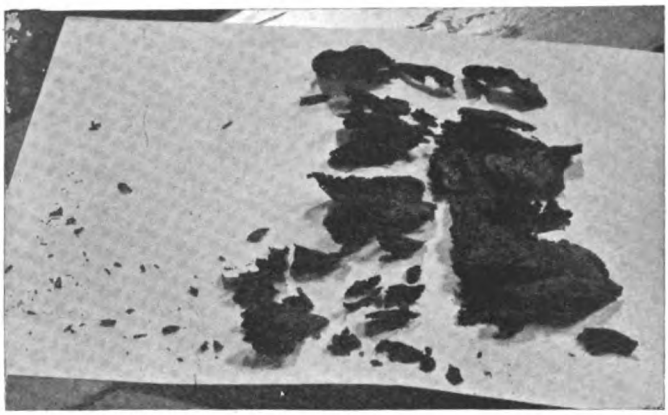
THE BIGGEST HORN IN THE WORLD.

"By looking at the picture I send you one would imagine the principal object therein to be some kind of leafless tree. In reality it is a huge tin horn. Each one of the arms or branches is a horn in itself. When these lesser horns are all blown at the same time a most hideous noise is made. In the picture the horn is in an upright position, but when blown it is carried in a horizontal position on the shoulders of the seventeen persons required to blow it and make the right sound, although one person can blow it and make a very loud noise. This horn has served for many purposes. At one time it was used as a fire alarm in a small mining town in the western part of Colorado. It has also taken a prominent part in Fourth of July and Election Day celebrations. The horn is very convenient to carry, as its weight is only a little over eight pounds."—Mr. Allen Wattson, 516, West Bijou Street, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

A POSTAGE-STAMP SUIT.

"I am sending you a photograph, by J. Winch, Brighton, of myself dressed in a suit of

clothes covered with old postage-stamps. Each stamp is sewn on with double cotton and allowed to overlap the one below it like the scales of a fish. In all there are fourteen thousand six hundred stamps, and it has taken me three months, in my spare time, to complete the suit. The dark patches on the coat are Victoria old red stamps, of which you can plainly see the heads. I have used three hundred and fifty yards of cotton, and the snake around the stick is composed of five thousand stamps."—Mr. Ernest H. Tizer, 5, Lincoln Cottages, Brighton.



VALUABLE ASHES.

"The blackened materials shown in my photograph are the burnt remains of a will. Through the intelligence and zeal of two Government officials in South Australia this thin flake of carbon proved to be worth £900. In May, 1904, at Laura, South Australia, Johann Herbrich, a Bohemian, went out of his mind, gave away his belongings, burnt all his papers, and then cut his throat. After the inquest Mr. Higgins, the local postmaster, and Mounted Constable Foote, who had been in the old man's confidence, made search for the will they had heard him speak of. On the floor of the room where the dead body was found they discovered the ashes shown in the photo.; these they recognised as the remains of a will. With a knife and a sheet of paper the remains were most carefully placed in a cardboard box; hours of patient labour, in all kinds of light, enabled them to decipher a readable will, which provided for relatives of the deceased in Bohemia. The Crown had taken charge of the estate and sold the land when claim for probate on this will was lodged. The case was heard in September, and proved to be the most interesting will case ever tried in South Australia. Judge Gordon, who presided at the Supreme Court, was asked to take a journey of four hundred miles to Laura and back to view the fragile remains, which it was feared would not bear taking to the judge, but he ruled that they must be brought at any risk. This difficult task was safely accomplished by Mounted Constable Foote, who carried them in a box suspended by elastic. The executor named, who wrote the will six years previously, produced a draft written in German, and this fully supported the bequests as deciphered by Messrs. Higgins and Foote. The Court ruled that the will had been destroyed but not revoked, and in granting probate accordingly Judge Gordon remarked: 'Most of us who have seen the fragments into which it tumbled directly it was handled would have thought it an impossible task to decipher intelligently any writing which may have been on them. The skilful labour of Mr. Higgins and Mr. Foote seems to me little short of marvellous.'" — Mr. R. Higgins, Laura, South Australia.

GEN SUNG KEE DAIRY FARM.

We open at **Woo-Sung** in the South of the Telegraph Co., for sale the Foreign Milk, the taste are sweet, the milk are pure, and the price are just. We havn't put any water in it, if examine out, won't pay a single cash. If you want to buy so you will know the Foreign Cows chop.

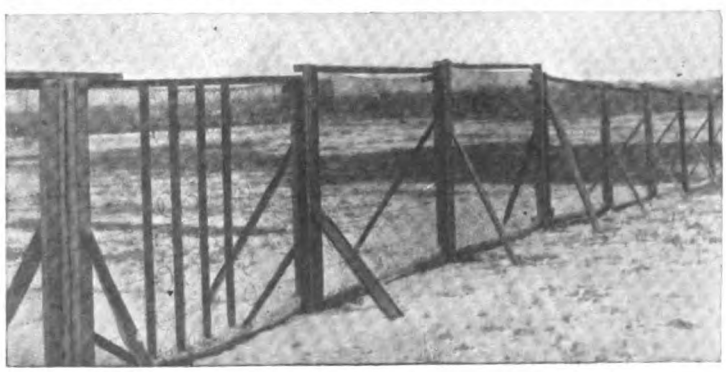
GEN SUNG KEE,
WOO-SUNG.

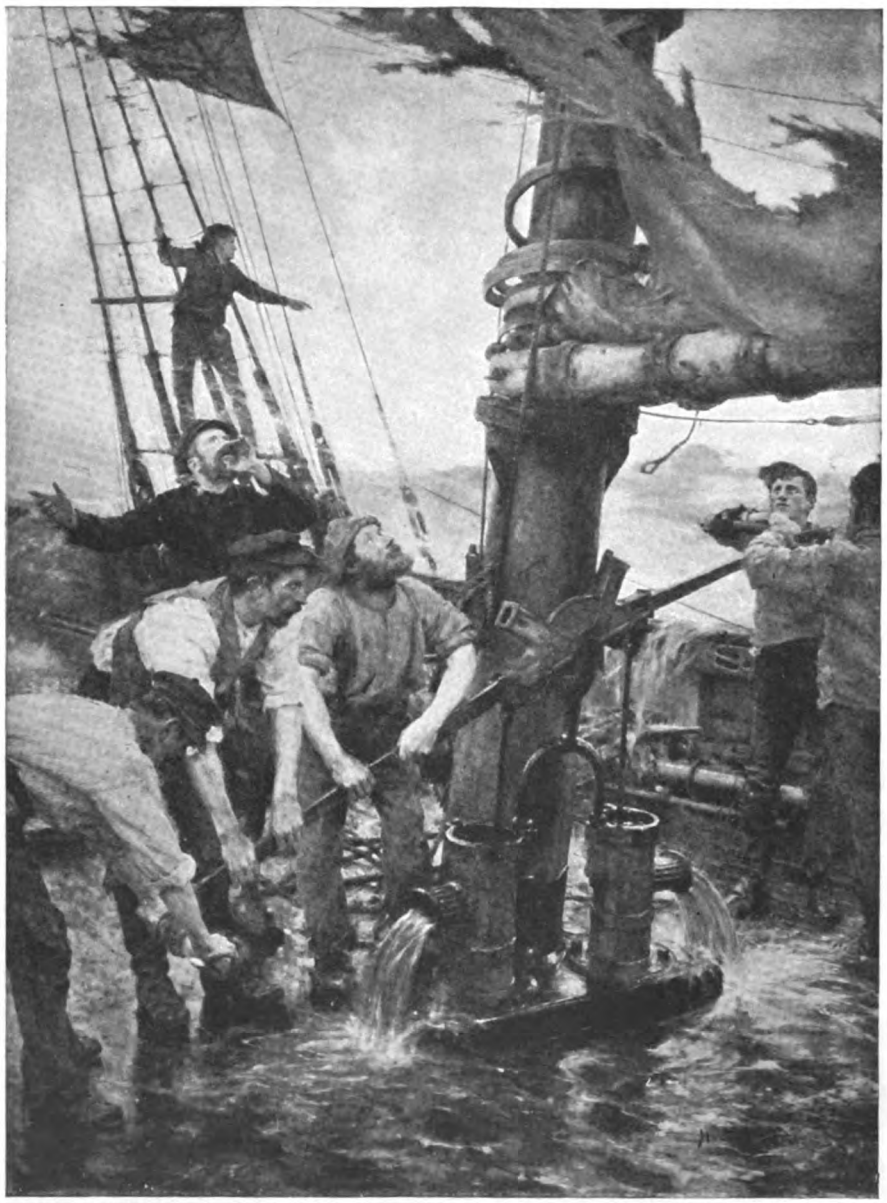
ENGLISH AS SHE IS MURDERED.

"This amusing business card was issued by an enterprising Chinaman who set up a dairy farm at Woo-sung, which is a village at the mouth of the Wongpu or Shanghai River. He had obtained possession of two English cows, hence his use of the term 'foreign milk,' and from his use of the word 'chop' I presume that the cows were branded with some mark."—Mr. A. Ogilvy, 1, West Grove Terrace, Point Hill, Greenwich, S.E.

A NEW USE FOR OLD BED-SPRINGS.

"This curious fence is built entirely of bed-springs and encloses about two acres. Strange to say, the man to whom it belongs has the name of A. Gue."—Mr. E. J. Miller, Estes Park, Colorado.





"ALL HANDS TO THE PUMPS." By H. S. TUKE, A.R.A.

(Reproduced by permission of Franz Hanfstaengl, publisher of the Photogravure.)

(*See page* 125.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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Painters of the Sea.

BY FREDERICK DOLMAN.

TO paint the salt sea is, as Ruskin has declared, one of the most difficult achievements in the realm of art, and one which, to English eyes at least, has the most fascinating charm. For several generations the excellence of our marine art has corresponded with the greatness of our naval power, and to-day we have painters not unworthy of succession to Copley Fielding, Clarkson Stanfield, and Henry Moore, if not to Turner himself.

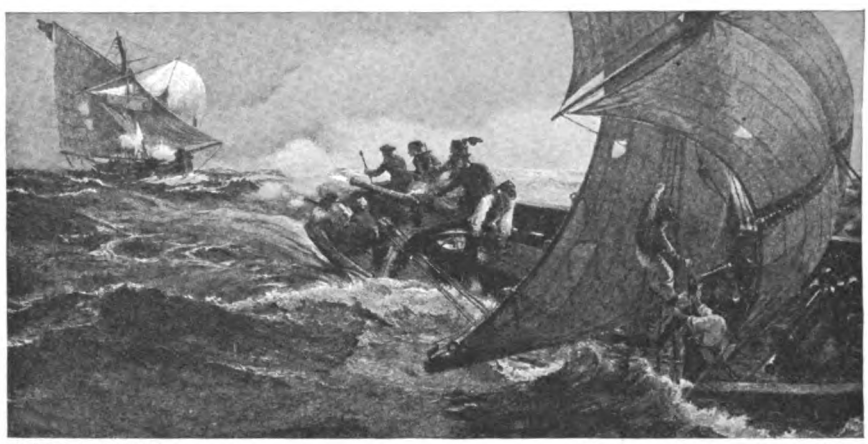
In Mr. J. C. Hook, R.A., these painters have a veteran whose powers, if not exhibited in all the vigour they once possessed, are at the age of eighty-five by no means exhausted. Through his long career Mr. Hook has in turn given attention to most parts of the British coast—east, west, north, and south—seeking to discover and to depict the distinctive beauty of the sea as seen from each. But the old man now takes a natural pride in recalling that he was instrumental, long ago, in bringing the North Devon and Cornwall shores into the great favour which they now enjoy with artists. Mr. Hook was the first to paint Clovelly for the Academy, which he visited before Kingsley wrote "Westward Ho!" and such pictures as "Welcome, Bonny Boat," and "A Fisherman's Good-night" set everybody talking of the unique beauty of this little spot. Hook went all along that coast from Bideford to Lynmouth, one of a jovial party of young artists who rode on mules and carried their food with them.

Mr. Hook's methods are of great interest in comparison with those of the younger men to whom the sea is still giving a message of fame and success. Although his whole life, with the exception of a brief early period, has been devoted to sea-painting, he has never made his home by the sea. When he left London, nearly forty years ago, it was to settle down on the beautiful little Surrey estate, near Farnham, where it has been my delight to see him in the evening of his days, hale, hearty, and cheerful. "For one thing," he told me, in explanation, on this occasion, "I am so fond of quietude, and, whilst

"FISH FROM THE DOGGER BANK." BY J. C. HOOK, R.A.
(By permission of the Committee of the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery.)

enjoying the sight, I never cared for the ceaseless sound of the sea." So every year Mr. Hook has spent his month or two on the coast, industriously painting the seas in pictures which were afterwards to be finished —as regards skies and figures—in his rural home. The example given, "Fish from the Dogger Bank," was painted as long ago as 1870.

To facilitate the painting of the skies he had a building put up in the grounds of Silverbeck, which resembles somewhat an astronomer's observatory and is called his "sky parlour"; with adjustable windows all round, he could paint there any part of the firmament according to the requirements of his picture. At the sea itself he has spared no pains in the study of turbulent waves and



"SMUGGLERS." By C. NAPIER HEMY, A.R.A.
(By permission of Messrs. Frost and Reed, art publishers, of Bristol and Clifton, the owners of the copyright, who have published an engraving of important size.)

massive rocks, rowing, swimming, and climbing in all kinds of weather with the hardihood of a strong athlete. The same resolution in the service of art has been shown, I believe, by every successful sea-painter, although they have not all possessed Mr. Hook's splendid physique. Turner had himself lashed to the rigging of a ship in order that he might know better how to paint a storm at sea.

Mr. C. Napier Hemy, A.R.A., has had the rare advantage of actual apprenticeship to the trade of the sea. Although his name is associated now with Falmouth and the Cornish coast the artist comes from coaly Newcastle, and his earliest recollections are of its ships and shipping. At the age of ten he went with his parents to Australia, and in the course of the four months' voyage there —and back three years after—he acquired a knowledge of the rigging and other parts of a sailing-ship which he has kept throughout life. This early experience of the sea confirmed and strengthened a boyish love for it. Although intended by his parents for the Dominican priesthood, Mr. Napier Hemy always hankered after a seafaring life, and at the age of seventeen he actually ran away from Ushaw College, Durham, and took service on a collier sailing from Newcastle. After a year or two of the hardships an apprentice customarily underwent at sea in those days, he was invalided home and became a student at the Newcastle School of Art. At twenty-two the idea of entering the priesthood was definitely abandoned, and Mr. Napier Hemy resolved to make painting his profession. But it was some time before he discovered the true relationship between his sea knowledge and his artistic talent. Under the impression that religio-mediæval subjects were to be his *métier*, he went to Antwerp and studied under Baron Leys.

For the last twenty years Mr. Napier Hemy has resided at Falmouth, spending almost as much time afloat as ashore. If a visitor does not find him at his villa, Churchfield, he is almost certain to be on the *Vandermeer*, a roomy yacht, fitted with a cabin-studio, on which the artist can cruise round the harbour or explore the coast with equal safety and convenience. On this craft —and on her predecessor, the *Vanderwelde* —Mr. Napier Hemy has made the studies for all his out-at-sea pictures, such as "Smugglers," "The Rescue," and "Breakers Ahead." In the great majority of his pictures Mr. Napier Hemy, unlike most marine artists, has obviously painted not from the stand-

point of the coast, but from that of floating timbers; although "Pilchards"—the Tate Gallery picture—and "Wreckage" are conspicuous examples to the contrary. Having made his studies on the sea, Mr. Napier Hemy paints the actual picture in his studio at Churchfield, using model ships when necessary with which to ensure accuracy in various details.

Mr. Napier Hemy's *Vandermeer* is now a familiar object in Falmouth Harbour, and its owner is a popular personage with the boating and fishing community, among whom he has no difficulty in finding models for the figures in his pictures. When the artist's first craft, the *Vanderwelde*, was originally seen upon the waters, the purpose of this "Pickford's van sort of a boat," with the strange adaptation of its cabin and the conversion of some of its port-holes into windows, excited much conjecture among the old salts as they lounged about the quays, smoking their pipes. The *Vanderwelde*, which, like its successor, was named after a great Dutch painter, came to an untimely end in a winter storm, but with an affectionate sentiment Mr. Napier Hemy has preserved part of the wreck, and in the garden of Churchfield it still serves as a sort of studio and summer-house.

Falmouth is also the chosen home of one of Mr. Napier Hemy's younger rivals in sea-painting, Mr. Henry S. Tuke, A.R.A. The son of a distinguished physician, a specialist in brain disease, he had no obvious destiny for either art or the sea. Nevertheless, he has a sailor's love of salt water, and even if you see Mr. Tuke in the garden of his widowed mother's villa at Hanwell, instead of his cottage on the edge of the high cliff of Pennance, you might easily suppose the bronzed features and sturdy, broad-shouldered figure, attired with careless ease in blue serge, to be those of an officer in our mercantile marine. Yet the course of Mr. Tuke's life before winning his reputation as a sea-painter had been scarcely unconventional. Boarding-school at Weston-super-Mare, where the natural boy's naval instincts had, perhaps, a little more than the usual scope; several years' study of art at the Slade School, London; several more in Paris and Italy; many more or less unsuccessful pictures of miscellaneous subjects — this was the record when Mr. Tuke turned his eyes to the sea, found that its beauty seemed to yield itself to his brush, and forthwith left the parental home in order to live for about nine months in a Falmouth cottage, amidst the marine scenery which, in all his journeyings, had most appealed to him by its charming variety of colour and aspect. Mr. Tuke has painted the sea in all its moods, and the picture by which his powers won general recognition was "All Hands to the Pumps," a presentment of a fateful incident in stormy weather, which was purchased out of the Royal Academy in 1889 by the Chantrey trustees and now hangs in the Tate Gallery. But his most distinctive achievement is undoubtedly the painting of sea-bathers—scenes of healthy, vigorous enjoyment in a fairly placid sea, reflecting the deep, rich colouring of a summer sky. To Mr. Tuke's ability in this respect the Chantrey trustees gave prompt recognition by buying—only five years after their first purchase—the picture entitled "August Blue." In "The Swimmers' Pool" and "The Bathers" Mr. Tuke has given us further examples of the same kind.

His success in this respect is doubtless partly due to the fact that all his studies from the nude are made actually on the spot represented in the picture. This course has sometimes necessitated somewhat severe ordeals for the models. "In 'August Blue,'" he confesses, "I had two sets of boys, and when one set got perished with the cold they were relieved and the others went on duty." As a rule, however, he has not called for such Spartan endurance as this. Along the Cornish coast there are many sheltered little coves where Mr. Tuke can set up his easel free from the observation of the curious, and on a hot day there is no particular hardship to his models in sitting or standing without their clothes on the sun-dried beach while the artist paints the form and flesh tints against backgrounds of white spray, quiet blue waters, and rugged grey rocks.

It ought to be said that if, in enthusiasm for his work, he is apt to be exacting from models, he does not spare himself. He is constantly afloat in all weathers in a little sailing-boat—just large enough for his painting implements and a few simple necessaries of life—which is known as the *Piebox*. This name was not deliberately given to the little craft by her owner, but acquired it in place of the more classical designation she originally bore from the colloquial wit of the Falmouth boatmen. Until a year or two ago Mr. Tuke was the master of a full-sized brigantine which was once the property of the French Government. She had put into Falmouth in an unseaworthy condition, and after lying there for some time was ordered by the French

Admiralty to be sold by auction. Mr. Tuke bought her cheaply, but the *Julie* required a considerable expenditure before she could be made presentable and fairly safe for coasting trips. She served Mr. Tuke, however, faithfully for some years, until her timbers again threatened to come apart, it became perilous to take her out of harbour, and she was condemned as being this time quite irreparable.

One of Mr. Tuke's greatest difficulties in his figure pictures is in training new models. They are invariably amateurs—Cornish seafaring folk, who have but the dimmest ideas regarding art and its requirements. It is, consequently, a somewhat tedious business to teach them how to sit or stand so that they may be effectively painted, and for this reason Mr. Tuke confesses he has been tempted to use the same models for different pictures, until they have become a little familiar, perhaps, to frequenters of the picture galleries; the raw material is plentiful enough, but it requires so much welding into shape. This difficulty would certainly be greater if Mr. Tuke were not on such excellent terms with the class of people from whom his models are drawn. As an expert swimmer, a good oarsman, and an enthusiastic yachtsman —Mr. Tuke has his own racers at Falmouth, the *Red Heart* and the *Firefly*—he has the best of passports to their hearts. When he is pottering about the harbour in a fisherman's jersey, sea-boots, and oilskins they are almost inclined to regard him as one of themselves. Of the manner in which he has painted them the following picture, "The First Boat In," may be regarded as an excellent example.

It is in a similar sphere of work that the name of Mr. W. H. Bartlett has become favourably known at the leading exhibitions in recent years. With the exception of "Here We Go Round and Round" and one or two other pictures, however, the importance of the sea on this artist's canvas is secondary, I think, to that of the figures. Mr. Bartlett himself, who lives as far away from the waves as Langley, in Buckinghamshire, seems to be conscious of this fact when speaking of his method of work. "Concerning such subjects I can only say that the problem of flesh-painting *en plein air* has always been to me a most interesting one. The 'colour of life,' whether seen under grey or sunny skies, is fascinating." From this statement it may be inferred that Mr. Bartlett has painted the sea because, in relation to bathing, it affords almost the only possible background for nude figures in subjects of present-day open-air life.

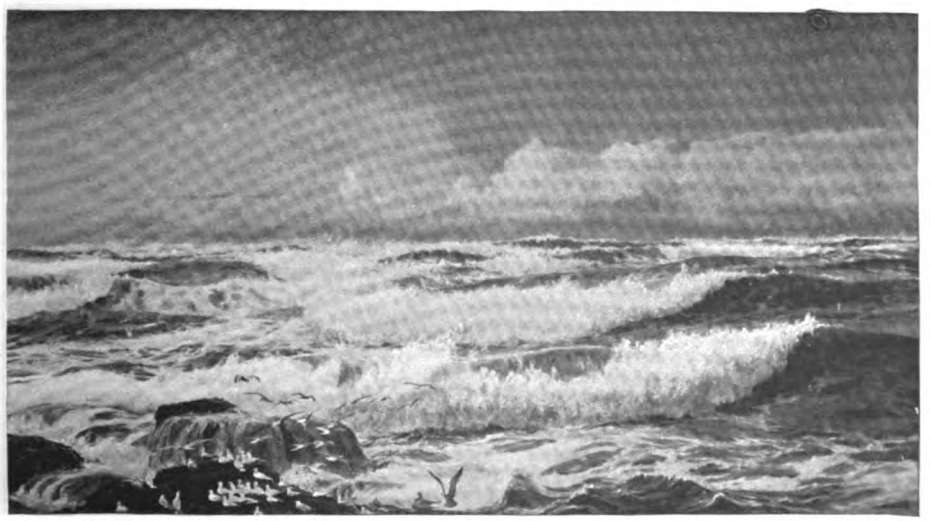
"THE FIRST BOAT IN." By H. S. TUKE, A.R.A.

Mr. W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., has shown equal excellence in painting both sea and river, and to Londoners "Toil, Glitter, Grime, and Wealth," "The River of Silver," "The River of Gold," and other presentments of the

"HERE WE GO ROUND AND ROUND." By W. H. BARTLETT.

mystical beauty of the Thames are probably the most familiar of his pictures. But Mr. Wyllie is as much at home on the sea as on the river, although a great part of his canvas is usually taken up by an immense warship, a majestic "liner," or a graceful yacht. The picture, "A Whole Gale of Wind," reproduced herewith, is most interesting as being somewhat of a new departure on the painter's part in depicting merely the action of waves apart from the association of men and ships.

Although his style is largely different, Mr. Wyllie's method of work has some resemblance to that of Mr. Tuke and Mr. Napier Hemy. He, too, has his floating studio, and although many miles from the open sea his land residence is close to the banks of the Medway, over which river it possesses an extensive view. When the



"A WHOLE GALE OF WIND." By W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.

visitor at Hoo Lodge is taken down to "The Dock"—a spacious boat-house in Mr. Wyllie's own private grounds, thus invariably spoken of—the artist is apt to offer an apology for the *Four Brothers*, which at her moorings looks only what she pretends to be—a good, sound, and stalwart Thames barge, of one hundred and twenty tons. But on this vessel Mr. Wyllie traverses the Channel from end to end; accompanied by his wife and children he has sometimes spent weeks at sea, only putting into port for provisions and letters. The *Four Brothers* has a crew of two, but the painter has a certificate for navigation and is his own captain.

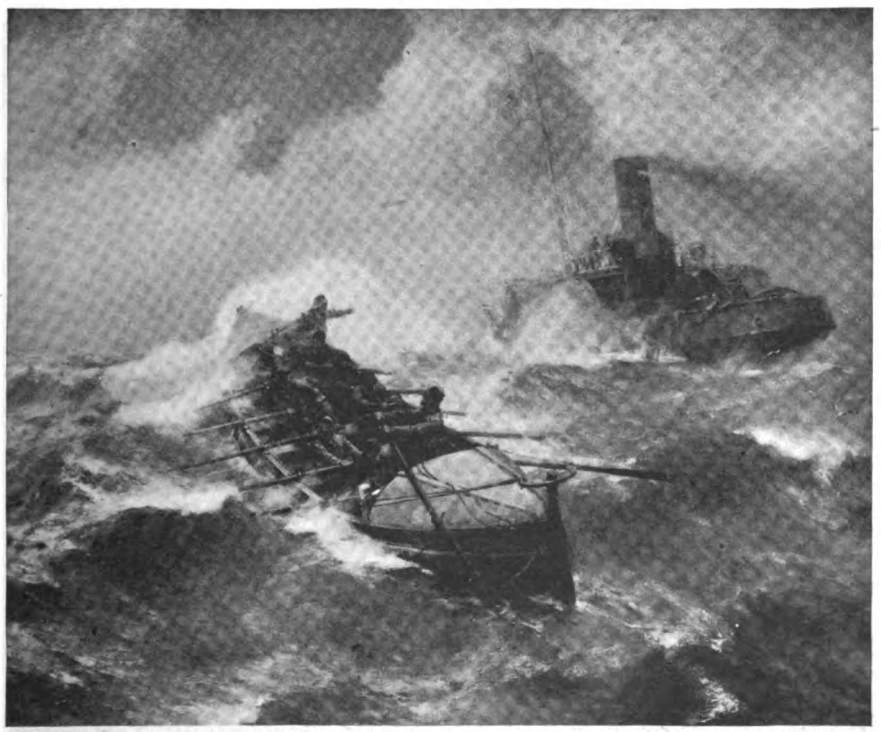
Mr. Wyllie has his "studio" in the roof of the cabin—a ladder seat with a plate-glass "look-out" round it, which protects him from wind and rain and enables him to work in any kind of weather. In the cabin itself there is a fixed easel, and telescopes placed in the port-holes enable him to make close observations at considerable distances. With such facilities Mr. Wyllie has made studies of the sea and of shipping in all their possible aspects—studies in black and white as well as in colour, with which many portfolios at Hoo Lodge are literally crammed. The studio at Hoo Lodge in size and arrangement does not greatly differ from those of his fellow-artists in Kensington or St. John's Wood. But at the top of the house he has a second studio, which indicates a sort of intermediate stage in the making of a picture—between the studies made afloat and the finished canvas. It is a little room built in the roof, somewhat resembling an astronomer's observatory, with a big telescope projecting through the window and resting on a swivel, on which it can be turned from point to point so as to command the whole view of the Medway as far as Sheerness on a clear day. Mr. Wyllie finds this contrivance most useful when he wants to verify such points as the posture of a man at the tiller or the movement of a sail in the wind. By its means the artist has his models, both animate and inanimate, almost constantly passing before his eyes.

"AN INCIDENT AT BRIGHTON."
By W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.

With the exception of an interval of several years in the earlier part of his professional career, when he had a studio at St. John's Wood, Mr. Wyllie has spent his life near the sea. Brought up at Wimereux, near Boulogne, he swam, rowed, and sailed with a fearless pleasure from early boyhood; at fifteen he built his own boat, and since then has always owned some kind of craft. Mrs. Wyllie shares her husband's enthusiasm, and their honeymoon trip across the Channel, about twenty years ago, was made in a fifteen-foot gig. She has been his companion in nearly all the adventures which have befallen the artist on the water—when the *Four Brothers* had to be run to Margate for shelter from a terrific gale and there got beached, when smaller craft

have capsized—as in the foregoing sketch, "An Incident at Brighton"—and when a prolonged calm has brought about famine on the sea. Winter on a barge, even though it is as comfortably equipped as the *Four Brothers*, obviously has perils and hardships before which the spirit of a mere sea-painting landsman would quail.

The influence of Mr. Wyllie is to be discerned in some of the work of Mr. Bernard Gribble. But Mr. Gribble, although little over thirty, has begun to assert his own individuality as a painter of the sea. He has been particularly successful with one or two pictures of the lifeboat and her mission, notably in "The Lifeboat and Her Crew" (1899) and "The Pride of Our Isles" (1902). Unfortunately, this latter picture did not make its meaning quite clear to the general public. The lifeboat is not proceeding to the rescue of the other vessel in the picture, as was supposed; this is a tug, and the lifeboatmen, almost exhausted in their endeavour to reach a wreck against wind and tide, are signalling to her their desire to be towed. Tugs not infrequently render such service, and it was an actual incident of this kind off the south coast which led Mr. Gribble to paint his picture. Its title thus refers to tugs as well as to lifeboats. Mr. Gribble took care that his meaning should be plain to seafaring eyes, although he was not unprepared for misunderstanding on the part of landsmen. Before the picture left his Chelsea studio he submitted it to the judgment of the first intelligent sailor he could get hold of. The man was asked what he thought the picture represented. He gazed at it intently for about half a minute, scratched his head, and then in sailor-language described just such an incident of the sea as Mr. Gribble had witnessed in the Downs.



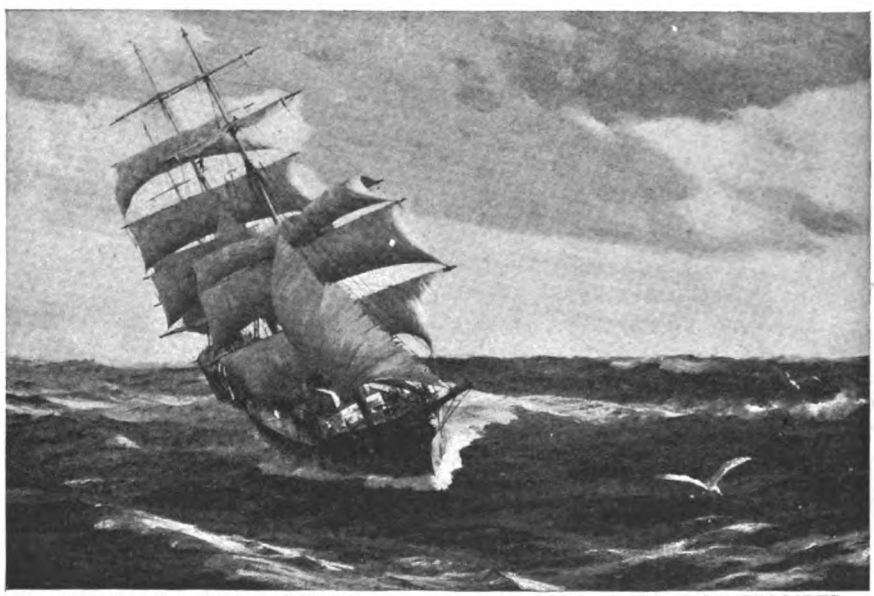
"THE PRIDE OF OUR ISLES." By BERNARD F. GRIBBLE.
(By permission of the Autotype Company, 74, New Oxford Street, London.)

The son of the well-known architect of the Brompton Oratory, it was intended that Mr. Bernard Gribble should follow his father's profession. But his father's work in connection with the Armada Memorial took him to Plymouth for a time, and there the lad's fancy led him to sketch ships and the sea whilst attending the local school of art. Even then, however, Mr. Gribble's career was not determined, for a year or two later he was studying music in Brussels, and his musical ambition was only thwarted by a pistol accident which injured his left hand. Then came more training with pencil and brush in

Belgium and France. His first picture—"A Ship on Fire"—was hung at the Academy in 1891, when he was only eighteen, and he has exhibited marine pictures there every year since, besides doing a great deal of black and white work. As I have indicated, Mr. Gribble has his studio in London, but he is constantly at the coast, and, aided by careful studies, his memory of the form and colour of waves and ships is true and vivid.

Like that of Mr. Napier Hemy, the art of Mr. Thomas Somerscales is based on a large amount of personal knowledge of the sea. But Mr. Somerscales has won recognition as a painter of great power without having had the advantage of any technical training in the use of brush or pencil. Apart from a little assistance in his boyhood from his father, a shipmaster who whiled away the tedium of long voyages by sketching, and from an uncle, who was an amateur painter of some talent, he is entirely self-taught. At the age of fourteen Mr. Somerscales began training as a schoolmaster, and at the age of twenty-one, actuated by an inherited fondness for the sea, he became a teacher in the Royal Navy. For seven years he was cruising about the Pacific, afterwards becoming a schoolmaster at Valparaiso, and then again a schoolmaster afloat. In 1878, whilst residing in Chili, Mr. Somerscales began painting seascapes and landscapes with professional intent. He was fairly successful in his new vocation, but the Chilians preferred his pictures of their mountains to his pictures of their seas. As he felt that marine painting was his true talent, Mr. Somerscales eventually returned to England, and about thirteen years ago began contributing to the Royal Academy those pictures of the sea—only a dozen or so—which have given him a steadily-rising fame.

In these pictures more, perhaps, than in those of Mr. Hemy or Mr. Wyllie, Mr. Hook or Mr. Tuke, it is the sea itself, without the aid of figures or ships, which charms and interests us. In looking at "Off Valparaiso"—which was purchased for the National Gallery of British Art—"Making Sail After a Blow," here reproduced, and most of his other principal pictures our feeling is all for the beauty of the boundless ocean, and the ship or ships appear to be merely incidental details and receive only secondary consideration.



"MAKING SAIL AFTER A BLOW." By THOMAS SOMERSCALES.

How does the painter produce such an impression? Mr. Somerscales, who resides at Hull, amidst the shipping of the prosperous port, in explaining his method to me, said that "it must, of course, be plain to everyone that there can be no copying the sea as we copy the model or drapery. I find that I must have my memory stored with impressions which have become fixed through long study, and I endeavour to reproduce these.

"Of course," continued the artist, "for the ships or boats introduced I have models to ensure accuracy in the drawing, but the ship as a whole has still to be the record of an impression from the real thing."

The Man in Moccasins.

By James Barr.

THE man in moccasins was shown in.

"I call to ask you to believe a story that is beyond your power to believe," he said, quietly.

Sir Silas Martin, lumber king and British knight, nodded.

"I am an Englishman. I tell you this to convince you that I lack the imagination needed for the concoction of an utter untruth."

Again Sir Silas nodded a non-committal nod to the man in moccasins. At the same time his lips curled sceptically. The man in moccasins noticed the curl.

"Let me put it in this way—I understand the proportion of things. I, an Englishman, would not attempt to bamboozle you, an American."

Sir Silas's brow darkened a little at this allusion to the land of his birth. He was an American, one who had quitted his native State to take up lumbering in Canada. Fortune had approved of him, forests fell prostrate to fill his pockets, and finally, to gild his career, came a knighthood. He accepted this distinction as he accepted everything of pride or profit that came his way, and went on with his money-getting and his giving in charity.

For the third time he contented himself with a nod.

"I say I lack the conceit to attempt to bamboozle you," asserted the man in moccasins, a hint of impatience in his tones not lost upon the millionaire.

"It has been done," acknowledged Sir Silas.

"I, for one, will not try. To be frank with you, I desire to tell you a story that is beyond your belief. Nevertheless it is true. I trust to its very impossibility to assist me in winning your attention. May I begin?"

"Sit down," said Sir Silas.

The man in moccasins dropped a huge slouch hat on the floor and whirled a chair to a suitable position. Outside the July sun smote down upon Montreal, each ray a fierce-flung javelin tipped with fire. After the clangour and swelter of the streets Sir Silas Martin's office seemed a cool and quiet haven. The stranger was lean for an Englishman. He wore a blue woollen shirt, patched and frayed; knee-breeches, they, too, decidedly the worse for wear; thick French-Canadian stockings, and rough-hewn moccasins. His hair was long, his face and hands tanned to the colour of an old oak chest. He straddled his legs and, locking his hands together, jammed his forearms like a wedge between his knees, dropping his shoulders as one who sits on a stile. Sir Silas shoved his chair from the desk and throwing his shoulders back tilted the seat as far as the springs would allow it to go. For some moments the two men looked at each other, eye to eye. The man in moccasins spoke.

"Sir Silas, I have been into the heart of the wilderness."

He jerked his head towards the north.

"I have been in the wilderness and I have come out. You know the fringe of those awful wilds which stretch from the St. Lawrence and Ottawa away to Hudson Bay and beyond. The fringe has been good to you, it is told."

He paused, and, after a time, Sir Silas nodded his inscrutable nod.

"So I have been told. But, Sir Silas, it has in reserve for you still greater things. It has given you, chip by chip, fortune and, bit by bit, fame of a sort. Of a *sort*, I repeat. It holds for you fame of quite another sort. I have been into the heart of the wilderness and I know."

"You are not giving yourself all this trouble solely for my good, I take it?"

"By no means," replied the man in moccasins.

"I am glad there is something of self in the matter."

The man in moccasins thought a moment.

"No; I acknowledge nothing of the kind. There is nothing of self in the trouble I am taking, as you will find at the end. I will profit in no way; no, not in any way. Others will."

"Others in whom you have an interest, I take it?"

"You take too much. I have interest in no one on earth, not even in myself."

The millionaire threw up his head impatiently.

"I trust there is no part of your story harder to believe than this you have just now told me," he said. His tones were sarcastic.

"There is, I assure you. If you have finished cross-examining I will go on with my evidence-in-chief."

The millionaire fell back upon his non-committal nod.

"In May of this year a comrade and I launched a canoe on Lac des Quinze, a sheet of water you may remember, for many millions of feet of your best lumber came from its shores. From the Quinze we proceeded to Lake Abittibi, and from that shallow lake we pushed on into the unsurveyed wilds, holding to an easterly course. We got a certain distance. If I find at the end of my account that you are sufficiently interested, I will tell you definitely where we got to. At present I content myself with saying that we won a certain distance. It was hard work. It was slow work. We ran against a great many portages across which we were obliged to cut out a rough way, for no Indian trapper's moccasin pads the bank of the river along which we made our way. Moreover, we were prospecting as we went along, and prospecting takes time."

"If you are about to attempt to interest me in a mine, let me tell you that you are wasting your time."

"Pray allow me to believe that I know what I am about. I would not dream of mentioning 'mine' to you. You are a lumberman."

"My remark applies equally to lumber."

"I know nothing of lumber and desire to continue to know nothing of lumber. May I go on?"

Sir Silas Martin nodded.

"We had weary work of it, day after day, seeing nothing but those interminable wilds and each the face of the other. I fear we grew to hate each other's presence with an intense hatred."

"Where is your companion now?"

"He is up in the region awaiting my return."

"You intend to return?"

"It is to accomplish the return journey that I am here submitting, with more impatience than is warranted, I fancy, to your cross-examination."

"Why did you leave him?"

"To tell you my tale."

"Go on."

"The savagery, the dismay, the oppression, the forebodings of the wilderness wore into our souls, so that neither of us spoke for days at a time. You see, Sir Silas, it was our first break away from civilization. But it so befell that one afternoon we happened upon a rather remarkable place. A huge amphitheatre it was, worn out of the rock by a great fall that roared over against our entrance. The banks of this place were high and covered with timber, save in one place where the rock sloped bare for twenty yards down to the water. Our canoe was caught by a backwater, and we floated up to the cheek of the fall, where we stepped ashore.

"I saw at a glance that my companion had made up his mind to camp there for the night, although there were still many hours of daylight before us. He soon had a smudge smoking, for the black fly was desperate. You know how desperate the black fly can be! I followed his lead, lighting my smudge at a distance from his, and there we sat, each as morose and savage as a Malay about to run amuck. You know the Quebec wildernesses with their black fly and their dull, drawing pain of mute despair?"

The millionaire nodded.

"Yes, yes. Only those who have penetrated the land know what that chaos of water and rock and spruce really is. Now it came to pass that after a time, as if by a common impulse, the two of us arose and set out to stroll round our side of the amphitheatre, each heading for where the rock sloped gently down to the water. My companion took the high part of the bank; I walked by the marge of the stream. Suddenly we each put our foot on the thing, I claim, simultaneously. One glance sufficed, and we stood looking at one another.

"'My find,' savagely barked my companion down at me. 'It's mine.'

"'Mine,' I bellowed back.

"Instantly we drew revolvers and simultaneously we shot."

The man in moccasins paused to laugh a hearty roar of laughter. Sir Silas smiled in sympathy.

"The lonesomeness had made us mad, but the explosion of our pistols cleared the air like a thunderstorm. Before the echoes ceased their crazy shuttling to and fro across that amphitheatre I had my companion by the hand and we were at once such friends as never were. I had a very narrow shave, as you can see."

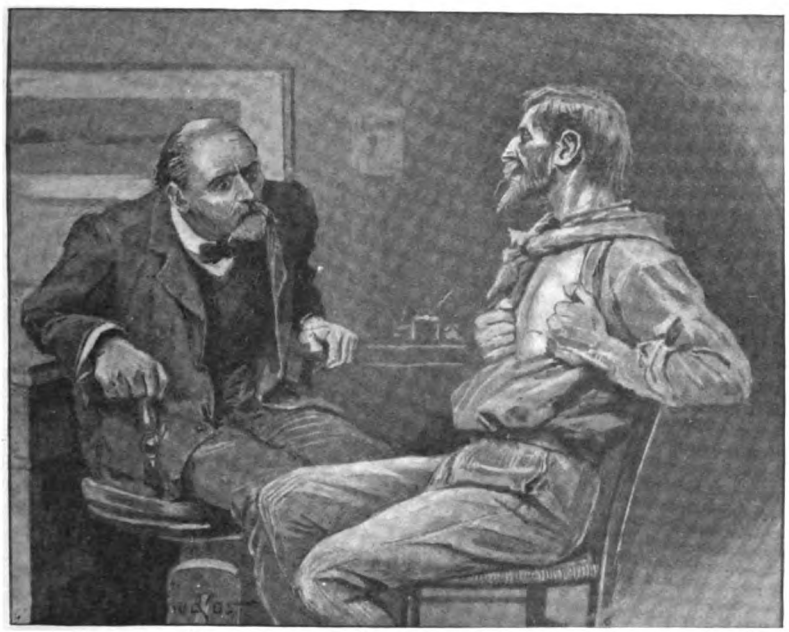
He threw open the breast of his woollen shirt and revealed an unhealed score along his side on a level with his heart.

"A narrow escape," admitted the millionaire, warming up a little. "I hope you and your companion are not given to disputing often."

"It was a wholesome lesson to each of us," acknowledged the man in moccasins.

"What was it you each claimed?"

"I will tell you. Down the bank where, as I have said, the rock slopes gently to the



"'A NARROW ESCAPE,' ADMITTED THE MILLIONAIRE."

stream there lay a wonderful thing, its tail reaching far into the water. The body of it ran up the bank and disappeared into the woods. One glance satisfied me that I had come upon a monster reptile of prehistoric ages, let into the dull rock of the bank."

Sir Silas Martin placed his hands to his sides, threw back his head, and roared in laughter.

"You are a magazine story in being," gasped the knight. "I read you from four to six times a year, and gaze upon you in illustrations as you stand horror-bound, fear-stricken, before some wonderful prehistoric creature of monster dimensions. You have stepped out of the pages of some magazine. I have paid ten cents for you. I say I bought you for ten cents off some news stand."

"Be it so. All I ask of you is that you read me to the very end," said the man in moccasins.

"Was your reptile alive?"

"No. Fossil."

Again Sir Silas went off into a spasm of laughter.

"You are spoiling what might be a good story," he cried. "When you were about it you should have made the reptile alive."

"Why should I?" demanded the Englishman, quietly.

"Well, you see, you were quite as likely to find the thing alive as in fossil in Laurentian rock. Laurentian rock belongs to life's earliest dawn, that dim period of the invertebrate. Your reptile has a backbone?"

"It is all backbone."

"In Laurentian rock cannot be found anything with backbone," said Sir Silas, definitely.

"Once upon a time the world was flat."

"That was before the days of Ananias. Since his day it has been far from flat for those who choose to listen."

The fingers of the man in moccasins raked along the carpet till they came in contact with the rim of his hat.

"I fancy I have made a mistake in coming to you," he began, at the same time making as if to arise. Sir Silas hastened to say:—

"Sit still. Don't think of going. I am just getting interested, and would like to hear you out."

"I am not here to amuse you."

"My dear sir, you are more than amusing; you are utterly impossible. But go ahead. If you can convince me of a fossil reptile in Laurentian rock I want to hear you out."

"I am not trying to convince you. In the beginning I told you that my story is beyond the power of your mind to believe."

"Overlook the shortcomings of my power of mind for the minute. You tell me that there is a reptile plainly discernible in the rock?"

"It may be the fossil of a long-necked sea-lizard or plesiosaurus. I am not saying that it is."

Sir Silas raised his brows.

"You know something of extinct reptiles, then?"

"I received what is called an 'education' at Cambridge."

"Did that education reach so deep down as to convince you that remains of high forms of life cannot be found in the oldest type of rock?"

"It did; but since stepping out into the

world I have been obliged to throw over more than one conviction convinced into me, if I may use the expression, at Cambridge."

The millionaire swung half circles in his chair for a few moments before asking:—

"How did you chance to come to me with this—this—well, as you are rather tetchy, call it 'information'?"

"I ascertained the records of wealthy Montrealers and found that you were not only a millionaire, but also a member of the Palæontological Society of Great Britain. I sought the combination of specific knowledge of fossils and ample resources in gold. I thought I found this fusion in you."

"What do you require of my knowledge of fossils?"

"I require it only to interest you in my find. If it does that it may help me to a little of your wealth."

"That's frank, at least. What amount of my wealth do you want to be helped to, and for what purpose?"

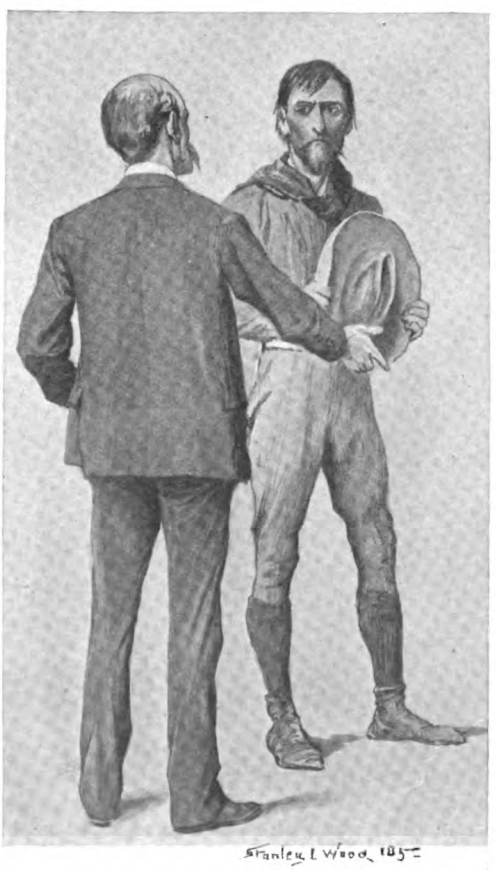
The man in moccasins rose to his feet. He gave no direct answer to the question.

"Sir Silas, I have no means of knowing whether you are really a learned man or not. I judge that you are not. I take it that you are a member of the Palæontological Society for the same reason that you are a knight—vanity. Undoubtedly you are a skilled lumberman. I see that you began at the bottom of the tree and are now seated on the apex of the world's lumber pile, and it occurs to me that in the scramble to your present position you had not the leisure to go deep into the subject of fossils. You would like to be learned, I have no doubt; but that being out of the question you would now like to be considered as learned in the subject."

Sir Silas gazed upon the man in moccasins from under his eyebrows. He wondered if this strange Englishman guessed that palæology was the one enthralling study of his, and hoped, by casting a slur on his knowledge of that ology, to spur him to follow after the thing said to be in the wilderness.

"You have been a great success," continued the man in moccasins. "You have laid the foundations well and truly, you have built the walls, flung the fan vaultings and the flying buttresses fearlessly, and, in a manner, roofed a most imposing edifice—your career. You have now the chance to rear the commanding dome upon whose giant proportions the sun of fame may blaze so that he blinks the eye of the world."

"Chaos crash upon your gilded dome," exclaimed the millionaire, violently. He leaped to his feet and began to pace the room excitedly. "What is it you want of me? Don't shove fame into my face nor prattle of blinding suns and blinking worlds. Are you telling me the truth when you tell me of a reptile in the rock? What in thunder do you want of me?"



"ARE YOU TELLING ME THE TRUTH?"

"I want you to come with me to see the reptile in the rock."

"You want more!"

"Yes; I want money."

"How much?"

"One thousand dollars will be ample."

"'Will be ample'! That expression implies that the money is not wanted as payment for a service rendered, but is needed for a specific purpose?"

"You are an observant man, Sir Silas."

"What is the purpose?"

"That you will learn at the end.

The purpose, I may say, is all to your advantage."

"I am not accustomed to having things so wholly to my advantage as you seem to have arranged. So many advantages lead my mind to a state of wonderment. I suppose you can see some rebuffs awaiting me if I agree to your proposal?"

"Sir, I must continue to speak the truth. I fail to see where you can meet with any rebuff, however small."

"Your friend? He is as much entitled to payment for the find as you?"

"The money I ask of you is all for him. I told you some time ago that I have no interest in the matter, and sought for no advantage from the find."

Sir Silas Martin paused, shoved his hands deep into his pockets, and frowned at his open desk for a minute or more. Then he switched his eyes on to the face of the man in moccasins. "I'll go," he suddenly exclaimed, and sitting down he drew forth his cheque-book. "What name?" he asked.

"Please draw the cheque in favour of yourself and send a clerk to cash it," said the man in moccasins.

"I will be ready to accompany you this day week. Where shall I meet you?"

"At Mattawa, on the Canadian Pacific Railway," replied the man in moccasins.

The millionaire took the wad of bills from his clerk and held them towards the Englishman. He said: "I part with this money saying, 'Silas Martin, you—confounded fool.'"

The man in moccasins slipped the wad into his pocket, clapped on his hat, and, saying nothing more than "Good-day," passed out into the street. At the corner of the street the man in moccasins came upon a small boy, who raised a thin, piping voice in an endeavour to sell newspapers. Into the little chap's hand he slipped a five-dollar bill and passed on. Next he dived into a ready-made clothes store, from which he came forth dressed like an ordinary citizen. That same evening he took passage on a little steamer, and early next morning found himself in Quebec, city of perpendiculars. He scrambled about her slopes and slants until the hour of opening offices came, when he presented himself before one of the best-known lawyers.

"I want you to register for me certain claims—mining, power, and timber. Those three claims will cover everything I find in and on the ground taken up, I suppose? Very well. As the district in which I desire rights is as yet unsurveyed I have myself drawn maps of it."

He unrolled two maps, one of them supplemented by half-a-dozen sketches. Maps and sketches were as if drawn by an artist.

"This," he said to the solicitor, "is a map of the route from Abittibi to the plot of land over which I desire rights. Roughly, two hundred miles, I make it. This," picking up the second sheet of tracing paper, "is a map of the particular spot I wish to possess. There can be no mistaking the place, for in these," lifting the six sketches, "I give pictures of various objects that are not likely to change. Here is a particularly splendid birch tree, is it not? Look at it! I have never seen a more glorious specimen. There is no such lovable tree as the birch, the shepherd of the wilds. Here are the falls; this the amphitheatre of water, with its sullen backwaters and centre of raging rapids shown; this a peculiarly-marked face of rock. No one can mistake the place having these before him."

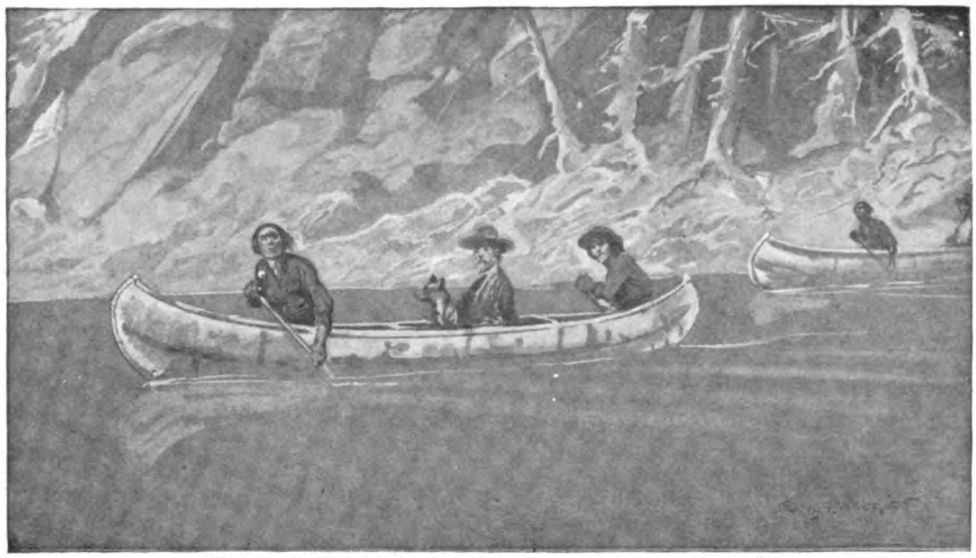
The lawyer acknowledged this.

"Now, here is the section over which I desire the mining rights. I am merely a professional prospector and must register the property in the names of my employers. Here are the names, and I suppose you can work the matter?"

He passed over a paper on which was written: "Ann Grace Fullerton, widow, Midhurst, in the County of Sussex, England; the Palæontological Society of Great Britain, headquarters, London, England; Sir Silas Martin, Knight, lumberman and capitalist, Montreal, Province of Quebec, Canada. Equal shares."

Three days later the Englishman, once again in moccasins, put up at the Rosemont House in Mattawa, made all arrangements for the coming journey, and spent every moment of his leisure time in practising with a bow he had bought from an Indian.

The midday mid-August sun beat down upon the chaos of woods and waters and rocks in far Northern Quebec, his rays, in their fierceness, scintillating like diamonds in the air. Along the gorge through which one river flowed rumbled the sullen sound of the falling of great waters. Ethereal fantasies in foam floated on the bosom of the stream, proud and white as swans, and bubbles flashed their fairy flames as they danced along, for truly the children of the falls leave the place of their birth resplendently apparelled. Skirting the bank, feeling for still waters, rode two canoes, each paddled by two Indians. In the waist of the first canoe sat the man in moccasins. The second



"IN THE WAIST OF THE FIRST CANOE SAT THE MAN IN MOCCASINS."

canoe bore Sir Silas Martin, looking the lumberman he was, if not the millionaire. Since leaving Abittibi, now eight days ago, the spirits of the man in moccasins had been exuberant. He laughed, he sang, he told tales, and made himself genial to millionaire and Indian alike. Ashore he would practise with that bow of his, and had become so skilled in its use that he could knock over the silly Canadian "partridge" with great certainty, and on rarer occasions managed to bag a rabbit which the mute mongrel he had bought off an Indian at Abittibi nosed out of its retreat. But on this, the last day of the journey, a sudden change came over him. He grew silent to the verge of the morose. Not a word had he spoken to man or beast all the morning. When the rumble of the falls grew large he found tongue.

"We are at our journey's end, Sir Silas," he said.

"It has been a long journey, but I have enjoyed it," replied the millionaire. "I find that the wilderness is still a large part of me."

"Keep to the right," said the man in moccasins, addressing the paddlers.

Presently the canoes shot out into a great circle of water ringed round with rocks and trees. Down the centre rushed a torrent, flinging and fuming at the tousling of the falls that unceasingly drummed their reverberating, hollow, deep-tongued drum. Spray fine as witch-mist blew from the turmoil to drift away and lose itself in the green of the woods. To the sweep of a backwater the canoes skirted the bank.

Suddenly the man in moccasins pointed to the shore.

"There is your petrified reptile, sir."

The millionaire, whose gaze had been sweeping the encircling bank, glanced eagerly in the direction indicated by the man in moccasins. There, as though let into the sombre rock by a Titan worker in mosaics, lay a mighty seam of sad-white material, this streaked and mottled, ribbed and ringed, by patches of dull yellow. From beneath the lap of the ripples he could follow the thing as it rose heaving up the long slope of the bank until, diving, it disappeared under the roots of the spruce and baisam. Sir Silas Martin said no word, but kept his eyes on the whiteness until he stepped ashore at the foot of the falls. Then, hands in pockets, he strolled over until his feet rested on the glistening surface. He toed a seam of the yellow. The man in moccasins stood beside him.

"Quartz?" asked the millionaire.

"Quartz," answered the man in moccasins.

"Gold?"

"Gold."

"You have had it assayed?"

"Yes."

Sir Silas slowly scrambled up the slope, following a rude-run trail, and at a distance of fifty yards came upon a hole sunk some four feet into the ground, exposing a square yard of quartz as rich as that on the shore. He returned to the marge of the stream and confronted the man in moccasins.

"Is this the reptile?"

"It is."

'You will take no exception to my mentioning the name of Ananias now?"

"I will take decided exception, sir. I promised a petrified reptile; I have produced one. Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand people who have ever touched a gold-mine will bear evidence to the correctness of calling it a reptile. Yes, a bloodthirsty reptile. You take things too literal, sir. If a man were to mention 'log' to you you would demand a saw-log, whereas the man might well be alluding to a ship's log."

"Ye-e-es; that's all very true, but——"

"Sir Silas, let me own up to deception. To profit by this discovery I was obliged to interest a capitalist. For reasons you will soon understand I wished to accomplish this without waste of time, and, having pitched upon you, I used what proved to be the best, perhaps the only, way of interesting you. You did become interested?"

"I certainly did."

"More than that, I say you are still interested, deeply interested, although in a different way."

"Yes; I admit I am."

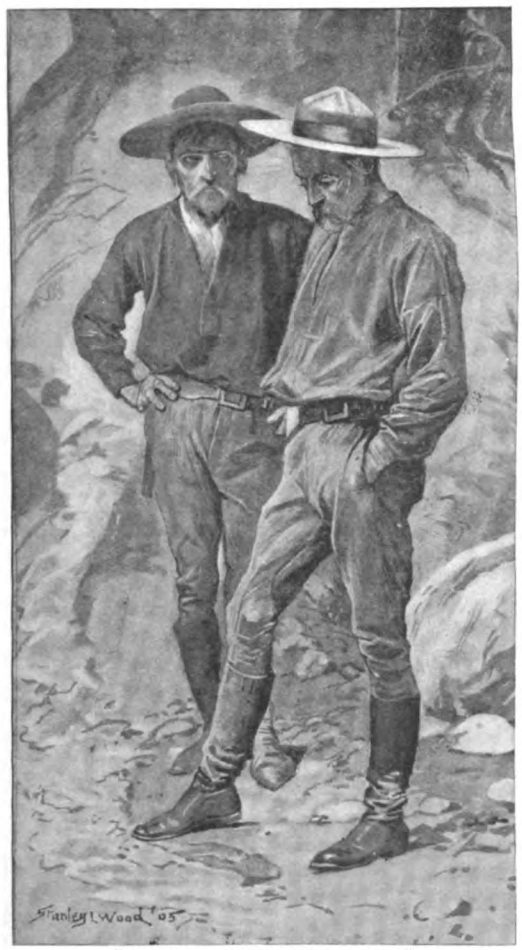
"Then I have accomplished my purpose."

"I have read you to the end, I suppose?"

"No; there are a few paragraphs more."

The millionaire recognised that beneath his feet was wealth untold, yet he was conscious of bitter disappointment. He had rather have found a fossil than a gold-mine. Nevertheless, it was a wonderful find, and his agile brain was already hard at work to devise plans for profiting from the find to the full. The two strolled back to where the guides had smudges smoking, although the flies were now few. They sat down. After a long silence Sir Silas glanced up and said: "By the way, we have seen nothing of your friend!"

"He is over there."



"HE TOED A SEAM OF THE YELLOW."

"Where?" Sir Silas glanced round. "I do not see him."

"There. Up yonder."

"What!" gasped the millionaire, as his eyes fell upon a cairn of stones that rose on the bank by the brink of the falls. "What! Dead?"

"Dead," answered the man in moccasins, smiling.

"You -- you did not tell me that."

"I told you we exchanged shots. Mine killed."

"Heavens! Murdered?"

"Not murdered—killed."

"For the gold?"

"Again no. Not for the gold, Sir Silas, but from the weariness and misery, the bitter, gnawing loneliness, the savagery, the malevolence of the spirit of this glorious, infernal wilderness. Our souls were possessed of devils, our brains afire with gloom. We drew simultaneously. His shot scored me next the heart. Mine killed. He had the luck."

Sir Silas Martin gazed in awe at the earnest face of the man in moccasins, who, on his part, confronted the millionaire frank-faced as a sunflower.

After a space of time the Englishman drew forth a large envelope from under his blue shirt and took from it a printed form. He handed it over. It was the Government titles for the mining rights to the land on which they sat, made out in favour of a widow, a learned society, and a millionaire knight. "Ann Grace Fullerton?" queried the knight.

"His widow." The man in moccasins jerked his head towards the grave. "I found her letters in his pocket. She'll need all the good fortune that may befall her, I fancy."

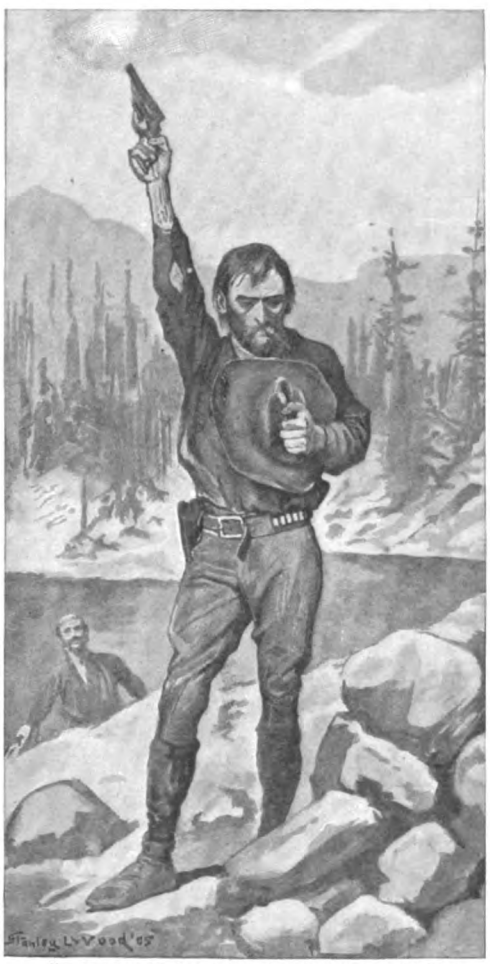
Sir Silas again glanced through the document.

"Where do you come in?" he asked.

The man in moccasins rose to his feet.

"I don't come in. I go out. Sir Silas, you are rich enough to be honest. Treat the widow and the society fair and aboveboard. They have been notified of their possessions, but I recognise in you the leading spirit in this the Plesiosaurus Mine. It is rich enough for three. Be honest."

From the belt that girdled him the man in moccasins plucked, one by one, the cartridges of his heavy revolver and tossed them into the pool. The last of these gone, he turned abruptly and strode up the incline until he stood before the grave of his comrade. Sir Silas leapt to his feet to follow, but his muscles grew suddenly rigid when he beheld the man in moccasins take off his hat and with the other hand draw the revolver from its holster. The millionaire would have shouted, but his voice refused to come. The Indians stood stoically staring. The man in moccasins slowly raised the revolver up, and up, and up, until it was held at arm's length high above his head, its muzzle pointing to the clouds. Then the shots, one by one, each separated from the other by an impressive interval, rang out on the air. Sir Silas Martin snatched off his hat. The man in moccasins was firing a farewell volley over the grave of his friend.



"THE MAN IN MOCCASINS WAS FIRING A FAREWELL VOLLEY OVER THE GRAVE OF HIS FRIEND."

Six shots delivered, the man stood for a few minutes gazing at the grave of his friend; then, turning, he leapt into the air, and with all his might flung the revolver hurtling, so that it splashed far out in the river. Replacing his hat on his head, he walked slowly towards the knight, who now sat in a state of semi-collapse on the turf. Passing the Indians he ordered, "Launch my canoe." Stepping up to Sir Silas, he held out his hand.

"I'm off," he said.

"Wh-wh-where are you off to?" stammered the trembling millionaire.

"There." He flung his hand towards Labrador. "There, and for ever. It may be my fate to live for many days, but no white man shall see my face again. I am a short story, but the end will be withheld from all but myself. Now, good-bye, Sir Silas, and — deal honestly by the widow."

He caught up his dog and squatted in the canoe. The Indians danced it across the angry stream to the far shore. He tossed the dog ashore, took his bow and arrows in his hand, and, stepping out close to the great birch tree that he had drawn so well, he scrambled up to the top of the bank. Taking off his slouch hat, he stood for some moments gazing across at Sir Silas as though loth to tear himself away; then, waving an abrupt farewell, turned round and plunged into the thicket. And that was the last ever seen or heard of the man in moccasins.

The Story of a Green Woodpecker.

By S. L. Bensusan.

WHEN the cattle in the meadows sought the shade of the hedge-side trees, and even the larks did not care to face the sun; when Farmer Giles would suspend field-work for a while and admit to Master Wotter, his horseman, that it was "wunnerful 'ot, an' no mistake," you might have heard a continued "tap, tap" from the Heron Wood. If you could go quietly enough to the spot whence the sound proceeded you would discover the green woodpecker, perhaps the most industrious bird in that part of the country, or, at least, the most industrious at that time of day.

Most of the few people who passed along the overgrown right-of-way in the grove heard the woodpecker from time to time, but very few saw him at his work, he was too careful. Though he laboured hard and sustained his attack upon the bark so long that it was almost impossible to see the head drawn back stroke by stroke, he was the shyest of shy birds, and his eyes were constantly glancing to the right and the left, while he listened most carefully for any sound, beyond his own tapping, that justified alarm.

As soon as such a sound came he would leave work at once, and either run round the tree trunk or dart off through the wood with a harsh ringing cry that not even a Cockney could mistake. His flight was rather an uncommon one, first down until he seemed to be seeking the ground, and then as suddenly up at a wide angle, as though he had decided to reach the tree tops. As he passed you could see little more than a flash of varied colour; but, by waiting in shady parts of the wood within view of some tree he had commenced to attack, it was possible to secure a proper view of the handsome bird. Then you might note at leisure his olive-green and grey-green coat, the scarlet crown on his head, and his black face further relieved by the crimson tuft below the under mandible. If the head was rather more dull in colour, and the mouth-tuft was black instead of red, you might rest assured that you were looking at Mrs. Woodpecker, who had not all her husband's claims to good looks, but was a very industrious bird and brighter than most of her neighbours of either sex.

If the season were spring or summer when the male bird went through the wood at the first approach of danger, his loud cry was intended to warn his wife, and he spread his feathers out that she might have the best chance of noting the direction of his flight. Perhaps no two birds of this family make quite the same pattern as they fly—at least, this is a country theory. There was no more hysterical bird in the wood than the woodpecker, if you make a possible exception in favour of the blackbird, who thought that every visitor to his neighbourhood had designs upon his life. Against hungry birds of the hawk family the woodpecker could do well enough, for he never lost his nerve; but if Robin, the horseman's son, stood well within the wood and clapped his hands together, the woodpecker would fly out wild with fright. Naturally enough, Robin disturbed him whenever he heard the industrious worker's "tap, tap, tap" and had a few minutes to spare. He called the bird a "yaffle," just as his father and grandfather did, the name "woodpecker" being unknown in Landshire.

"There be a great old hawk or summat," said Master Wotter to the farmer, as they sat side by side under the hedge and took a morning meal of bread, cheese, and beer. They called this meal "beever," a corruption of a word left behind by the Norman-French occupants of that part of the country.

"I count 'e'll be gettin' 'is beever out o' th' grove."

The farmer nodded curtly. He was too busy to reply, and he grudged every moment that was not devoted to the land or to his inner man.

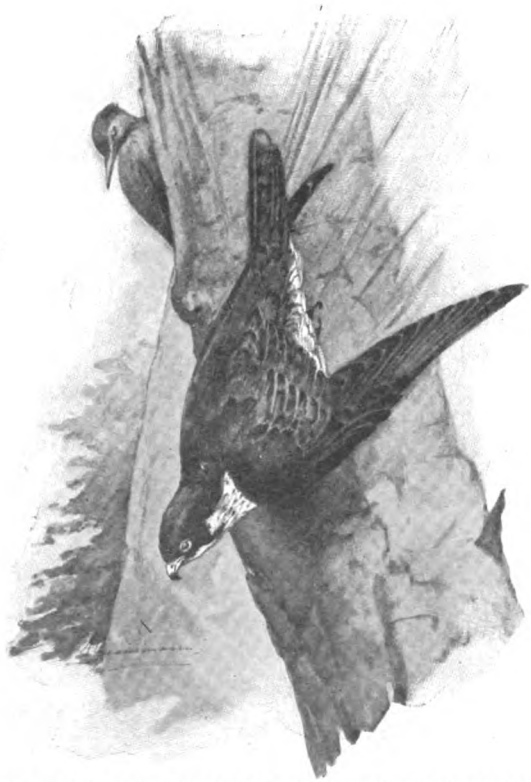
The hawk circled lazily over the wood, but the heat of the day or fear of his presence had sent every bird into the shade. No, not every bird; hard at work on the trunk of an old beech tree the woodpecker was seeking his lunch, and a stray ray of light that flashed across his bright plumage would have betrayed his presence had he been silent. The hawk descended slowly with rapid movement of his wings; he could not fall and strike his victim as he would have done in open ground. The threatening shadow passed over the tree tops; the woodpecker's quick eyes saw it at once. Now, when he might well have been alarmed, he was perfectly cool and collected. As usual, he was clinging close to the trunk, supporting himself by his

broad, outspread tail feathers in such a position that the hawk had to strike at a sharp angle.

A superb marksman, it was with a feeling of pained surprise that the bird of prey just saved himself from sharp collision with the hard wood—the quarry was nowhere to be seen. He rose slowly above the beech tree, wondering whether his intended victim had fallen to the ground through fear, and he saw the woodpecker watching him carefully from the other side of the trunk, apparently quite at his ease.

"You impudent fellow!" screamed the hawk; "how dare you trick me like that?" So saying he made another and more careful dart at the brilliant little bird. Just as soon as his aim was taken and could not be altered, the woodpecker literally ran round the trunk again. He could hear the hiss of the hawk's feathers through the air, the rustle as they came in contact with the trunk, but the sharp claws and beak were powerless to reach him, the tree was between, and the hawk's language was really disgraceful. He rose again and repeated his charge three

"HE DASHED RIGHT OUT OF THE WOOD, SCREAMING WITH TERROR."



"HE COULD HEAR THE HISS OF THE HAWK'S FEATHERS THROUGH THE AIR, THE RUSTLE AS THEY CAME IN CONTACT WITH THE TRUNK."

or four times, only to be foiled in the same way, and then, speechless at last with rage, he rose high over the wood, circled it once or twice, and dashed away at top speed, as though to leave the scene of his humiliation far behind. The woodpecker remained where he was, unmoved by his triumph over a very dangerous foe, but when little five-year-old May, the horseman's daughter, came through the grove some two hours later, staggering under the weight of a can of beer from the farm, she sought to lighten her burden with a song, and he dashed right out of the wood, screaming with terror.

As I said, it was possible to catch the woodpecker at work if you combined a little care with a great deal of good luck. It was necessary to choose a very shady place near some of the old trees that had long, bare trunks, and then you might chance to see the woodpecker test them. He would flash down suddenly and silently from the outer space, or from the top of a neighbouring tree that he had been

investigating, and commence operations near the root. His feet being those of a true climber, he could cling quite close to the rough bark with tail feathers well spread, and he would walk up very slowly, tapping as he went. He knew all the variety of sounds that might be expected, and listened for the special response that said all was not well within. A hollow note would excite him—you might see the red crest raised and hear the sharp blows redoubled; but in spite of his attention to the work before him the bird's keen eyes were ever on the look-out, and he listened for other sounds than those his sharp beak drew from the wood. So soon as eye and ear told him he had found the proper place and he had weakened the protecting bark, he would strip it with great skill and thrust his barbed tongue among the insects and grubs that his work had uncovered. The insects saw the curious tongue and they were astonished. In order to find out for themselves what the strange intruding thing was like they would walk across it. When sufficient were engaged in this pursuit and the tongue was fairly covered it would suddenly dart back to the mouth and return again quite clear. The tip of his tongue was barbed with little bristles, and it was all glutinous, so insects had quite a poor chance. This was a merry little game; the woodpecker never tired of playing it.

"HIS FEET BEING THOSE OF A TRUE CLIMBER, HE COULD CLING QUITE CLOSE TO THE ROUGH BARK."

His parents had taught him the rules in a wood on the other side of the Whitewater River some three years or so before, and when he set out on his travels he found that method of securing food served him best, though he could not afford to be particular, and followed many another plan when stress of hunger and unfavourable seasons compelled.

In the days of his youth inexperience had led the woodpecker to do a considerable amount of useless work. He had spent hours belabouring perfectly sound trunks upon which even his sharp beak could make little or no impression, but now he seldom made a mistake. Mature instinct taught him when a tree was passing from its full flush of health, and if he was sure about the matter he would work at the bark quite systematically. Beginning at the root he would tap his way to the fork, and then, if there had been no result, he would fly down again to start from another point and work up again over a fresh track. Sooner or later the bark would ring hollow and he would secure the coveted meal. When the inside of a tree was quite sound and only the bark was riven or rotted, he would not harm the core. He had learned by now to see the signs of failing vigour in a manner that would have made a forester wonder, but it is only fair to say that he accepted the assistance of other birds. If, in the spring, he saw the rooks desert any tree they had favoured in past years he would attack it at once, perfectly safe to find incipient rottenness somewhere, for the rooks are first of all birds to note a tree's approaching decay. They test all the high branches before they re build a nest, and if the elasticity that makes for safety has gone they will not use the tree, even though they must build up a fresh nest in another. So it happens that if the rooks form no more than a small colony, well away from houses and people, you may often find the marks of the green woodpecker's attentions to the trees that the rooks have deserted.

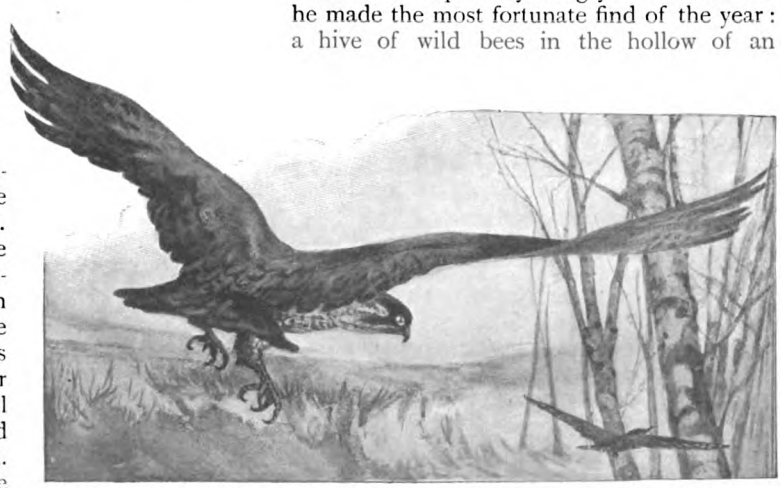
Our woodpecker was a comparatively new arrival to the Heron Wood, and had come from a grove some two miles away, where he and his mate had set up house. Unfortunately for them, some cunning bird-nesting lads had marked the hole in the tree, perhaps by the chips that lay on the ground beneath it, and with the help of a bird-limed twig they had drawn out all the eggs, breaking three out of seven in the work of bringing them to the ground. After that the woodpecker and his mate left the far grove and journeyed to the Heron Wood, where there had been no woodpecker since the winter, when the proper tenant of that secluded corner had been struck down by a marsh-hunting

hawk as he wandered far afield in search of food. It was a curious fact that, almost as soon as a rare bird passed from the Heron Wood, another of the same sort would arrive to take its place. You could nearly always find two woodpeckers, two woodcock, two nightingales, two jays at the proper season; you would never find more. I could not pretend to say how this regular succession was brought about, but it was well known to the few who studied the bird life there.

The male and female woodpeckers worked in the wood, but seldom met, and both had beats outside the home boundaries. There were small groves in the neighbourhood that would not have served either bird for long, but were worth an occasional visit, particularly when any change of weather suggested renewed activity in the insect world. The male bird had some of these groves and the female took the others, and it was to be noticed that where the trees were near a house or high road the tapping was heard at daybreak and had ceased by the time people were abroad. Caution was the dominant characteristic of these birds when they went to eat outside their home boundaries.

Summer passed, and autumn strewed the floor of the Heron Wood with yellowing leaves. The season of a plenteous supply had passed, and the time had come when birds must work harder than ever and have little reward for their pains. Drenching rains subdued much of the life within the rotting trees, and if the woodpecker did not relax his efforts he could hardly be said to be as cheerful as before. Sometimes when he reached the fork of one tree and flew off and downwards to start at the root of another he would utter his well-known call though no danger was nigh, and I think that it was intended to express his keen sense of disappointment. But he was never the bird to give the precious hours to vain regrets. When he realized that the trees would no longer supply him with all the food he required he went farther afield. By the edge of the pond in the wood some wasps had made a nest, and in the season of their torpor he attacked them fiercely, using his bill with great effect to tear down the walls of their home and feasting greedily upon the larvæ. At another season he found an ant-hill and tore a great hole in it; ants' eggs suited his palate to a nicety. In vain the industrious little owners of the place endeavoured to carry away their eggs; the woodpecker had learned to move his head with wonderful rapidity, and ten minutes at an ant-hill gave him a better reward than an hour at a tree. To secure the new dainties he was forced to go far afield to places where his curious flight and loud cry became familiar to people who had heard nothing more than the sustained tapping in the earlier year, and rarely saw the green and crimson feathers shining in the sun. When he was right away from cover he could not help crying out, and his call made his journeys dangerous, attracting the attention of the hawks that swarmed over the country in autumn and winter in the wake of migrating birds. On several occasions he was chased, but always managed to reach the shelter of a tree in time, and once there he could make any pursuing bird give up its task for very weariness.

On a December day, when a huge peregrine had come near to reaching him, he took refuge in a little copse he had not visited before, and when he had convinced his big enemy that any tree of moderate thickness was a complete armour to an understanding woodpecker, he proceeded to tap several trunks on the off-chance of finding a meal, for he was desperately hungry. In that hour he made the most fortunate find of the year: a hive of wild bees in the hollow of an



"WHEN A HUGE PEREGRINE HAD COME NEAR TO REACHING HIM, HE TOOK REFUGE IN A LITTLE COPSE."

oak that the lightning of two summers ago had rent from fork to root. He spent some days in that copse, renewing his strength, and when he returned to his accustomed haunts there was no bird in better condition. His cry was so merry that the other birds wondered at it. But a wild bees' nest is not to be discovered every day, wasps leave few traces in winter, and ant-hills are scarce. In January and February no recollection of past pleasures sufficed to stand between the woodpecker and the pangs of hunger; he was reduced to attacking acorns and hazel nuts—to eat them, declared Robin, who was often successful in catching a glimpse of the "yaffle," while I am inclined to think he did no more than split them open in search of insects that lived within. At last the day came when these failed him, and he went flying through the fields below the Heron Wood screaming for food. He had even ventured to the outhouses or the home farm to look for insects in the thatch, at a time when Master Wotter was working there.

"Come with us," said the captain and sentry of a company of green plover; "if you are really so hungry as you say you are, come down on to the marsh with us and eat the insects there. We will show you the way and you may walk among us quite freely. We like the look of you and want you for a friend."

The woodpecker did not hesitate, and I went on to the marsh towards the fall of afternoon some days later, disturbing the green plover. They flew up and went farther out to sea, but one bird of bright plumage passed in a big zigzag track to the Heron Wood, while I wondered for the moment what manner of plover it might be. Just then it called, and I knew. The winter quite unsettled the woodpecker's mode of life. He was built to climb trees, but ant-hills and wasps' nests do not grow on trees, and there are no trees on our marshes. Had he lacked adaptability he must have died; only by subordinating his instincts to his necessities could he manage to weather the rough season. So far as I could tell he remained on the marshes for the greater part of two months, protected by the kind-hearted green plover from the attacks of other marsh-faring birds that would have mobbed him had he gone there alone. It was no unmixed benefit to have plumage of green and crimson and yellow and white—something much quieter would have suited him in those winter days. Happily the lustre that comes with the spring had quite passed, and on the marshes, with grey-green sea beyond and dun fallow fields or sodden pasture on the land side, his colouring suffered a still further reduction. He could not conquer his fear of the sea; when the alarm was sounded he would go landward by himself rather than seaward with his friends, and he could never face the rising tide. It was well that most of the plover's fears were ill-founded, and that on the few occasions when they were in danger from flesh-eating birds or men the woodpecker was able to pass from their ranks unnoticed. So, in spite of all the dangers and privations in its train, the winter proved powerless to harm this bird, and when the sap began to run and life to stir in the groves, and the days lengthened, and the sun showed a cheerful countenance once more, he went back to the Heron Wood and resumed his tapping operations with success. To be sure, some weeks passed before his aim was as true and his blow as strong as heretofore. Residence on the marsh had its disadvantages, and when he returned neither his beak nor his feet could work in the old sure fashion.

"HE REMAINED ON THE MARSHES FOR THE GREATER PART OF TWO MONTHS, PROTECTED BY THE KIND-HEARTED GREEN PLOVER."

But the transformation scene that the

forest witnessed brought back to the woodpecker the joys of the days of a spring that had passed. His plumage brightened, his cry took a note that no winter day had ever heard, and he eyed his sober-plumaged companion of yester year with a love that rose as fresh and strong as the grey-green growths that were hiding the blackness of the trees. What exquisite days were theirs in the Heron Wood. They had found a tree that promised to serve for a nesting-place—no other than the old beech that had witnessed and frustrated the hawk's attack. He was beginning to rot at the core and they attacked it together—that is to say, one hammered while the other looked on. The beech yielded to this repeated knocking. The two woodpeckers, after driving a hole straight in, began to work down the trunk for a distance of nine or ten inches. It was very laborious and unremitting work, and every chip had to be taken out by the pair, except a few of the softest pieces at the bottom of the hole, where they had scooped it wide, and these served in place of a nest, so when the hen bird had arranged them comfortably she laid six eggs, and stayed contentedly in the darkness to hatch them, though I think her mate relieved her now and again, for I feel sure that I saw her once or twice in the season when the eggs must have been hatching. I did not see the eggs, but they would be white and glossy, and I knew, too, that the nest widened considerably, so that while only one bird could enter the tree at a time there was plenty of room for both within.

"THE PARENTS WORKED TO FEED THEM."

And just when May was beginning to develop the tale that March began and April carried on the mother woodpecker hatched her little brood. They were born naked, without even the downy covering of other baby birds. How hard the parents worked to feed them I can but guess, recalling their constant flight to and from the old beech tree, and last week the babies were to be seen trying their feet on the trunk of the tree, walking round and round in the oddest manner, closely watched by the parents.

Yes, only last week, for as I write May is with us still, and new life stirs or flutters throughout the Heron Wood, now at its loveliest, for summer comes as a bridegroom and the woodland is his bride. Will you blame me, then, if I leave the parent birds with their six little strangers that have yet to gain their plumage and to learn to fly?

Haply it may be that the season will be good to them, that they will thrive and go out into the world and find it full of gladness. Or perhaps one of the many tragedies that the grove sees day by day may have marked parents or children for a leading *rôle*. These things are all beyond my ken, but this afternoon no discordant note mars the harmony of the woodland. One hears on all sides a subdued song of joy and praise. I leave the wood very quietly, that never a nesting bird may be disturbed, and seek the high road, content to believe that the happy couple I have watched so long have no thought of future trouble to mar their present joy.

THE BOATSWAIN'S MATE

BY

W. W. JACOBS.

MR. GEORGE BENN, retired boatswain, sighed noisily and, with a despondent gesture, turned to the door and stood with the handle in his hand; Mrs. Waters, sitting behind the tiny bar in a tall Windsor-chair, eyed him with some heat.

"My feelings'll never change," said the boatswain.

'Nor mine either," said the landlady, sharply. "It's a strange thing, Mr. Benn, but you always ask me to marry you after the third mug."

"It's only to get my courage up," pleaded the boatswain. "Next time I'll do it afore I 'ave a drop; that'll prove to you I'm in earnest."

He stepped outside and closed the door before the landlady could make a selection from the many retorts that crowded to her lips. After the cool bar, with its smell of damp sawdust, the road seemed hot and dusty; but the boatswain, a prey to gloom natural to a man whose hand has been refused five times in a fortnight, walked on unheeding. His steps lagged, but his brain was active.

He walked for two miles deep in thought, and then coming to a shady bank took a seat upon an inviting piece of turf and lit his pipe. The heat and the drowsy hum of bees made him nod; his pipe hung from the corner of his mouth, and his eyes closed.

He opened them at the sound of approaching footsteps, and, feeling in his pocket for matches, gazed lazily at the intruder. He saw a tall man carrying a small bundle over his shoulder, and in the erect carriage, the keen eyes, and bronzed face had little difficulty in detecting the old soldier.

The stranger stopped as he reached the seated boatswain and eyed him pleasantly.

"Got a pipe o' baccy, mate?" he inquired.

The boatswain handed him the small metal box in which he kept that luxury.

"Lobster, ain't you?" he said, affably.

The tall man nodded. "Was," he replied. "Now I'm my own commander-in-chief."

"Padding it?" suggested the boatswain, taking the box from him and refilling his pipe.

The other nodded, and with the air of one disposed to conversation dropped his bundle in the ditch and took a seat beside him. "I've got plenty of time," he remarked.

Mr. Benn nodded, and for a while smoked on in silence. A dim idea which had been in his mind for some time began

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to clarify. He stole a glance at his companion—a man of about thirty-eight, clear eyes, with humorous wrinkles at the corners, a heavy moustache, and a cheerful expression more than tinged with recklessness.

"Ain't over and above fond o' work?" suggested the boatswain, when he had finished his inspection.

"I love it," said the other, blowing a cloud of smoke in the air, "but we can't have all we want in this world; it wouldn't be good for us."

The boatswain thought of Mrs. Waters, and sighed. Then he rattled his pocket.

"Would arf a quid be any good to you?" he inquired.

"Look here," began the soldier; "just because I asked you for a pipe o' baccy——"

"No offence," said the other, quickly. "I mean if you earned it?"

The soldier nodded and took his pipe from his mouth. "Gardening and windows?" he hazarded, with a shrug of his shoulders.

The boatswain shook his head.

"Scrubbing, p'r'aps?" said the soldier, with a sigh of resignation. "Last house I scrubbed out I did it so thoroughly they accused me of pouching the soap. Hang 'em!"

"And you didn't?" queried the boatswain, eyeing him keenly.

The soldier rose and, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, gazed at him darkly. "I can't give it back to you," he said, slowly, "because I've smoked some of it, and I can't pay you for it because I've only got twopence, and that I want for myself. So long, matey, and next time a poor wretch asks you for a pipe, be civil."

"I never see such a man for taking offence in all my born days," expostulated the boatswain. "I 'ad my reasons for that remark, mate. Good reasons they was."

The soldier grunted and, stooping, picked up his bundle.

"I spoke of arf a sovereign just now," continued the boatswain, impressively, "and when I tell you that I offer it to you to do a bit o' burgling, you'll see 'ow necessary it is for me to be certain of your honesty."

"*Burgling?*" gasped the astonished soldier. "*Honesty?* 'Struth; are you drunk or am I?"

"Meaning," said the boatswain, waving the imputation away with his hand, "for you to pretend to be a burglar."

"We're *both* drunk, that's what it is," said the other, resignedly.

The boatswain fidgeted. "If you don't agree, mum's the word and no 'arm done," he said, holding out his hand.

"Mum's the word," said the soldier, taking it. "My name's Ned Travers, and, barring cells for a spree now and again, there's nothing against it. Mind that."

"Might 'appen to anybody," said Mr. Benn, soothingly. "You fill your pipe and don't go chucking good tobacco away agin."

Mr. Travers took the offered box and, with economy born of adversity, stooped and filled up first with the plug he had thrown away. Then he resumed his seat and, leaning back luxuriously, bade the other "fire away."

"I ain't got it all ship-shape and proper yet," said Mr. Benn, slowly, "but it's in my mind's eye. It's been there off and on like for some time."

He lit his pipe again and gazed fixedly at the opposite hedge. "Two miles from here, where I live," he said, after several vigorous puffs, "there's a little public-'ouse called the Beehive, kept by a lady wot I've got my eye on."

The soldier sat up.

"She won't 'ave me," said the boatswain, with an air of mild surprise.

The soldier leaned back again.

"She's a lone widder," continued Mr. Benn, shaking his head, "and the Beehive is in a lonely place. It's right through the village, and the nearest house is arf a mile off."

"Silly place for a pub," commented Mr. Travers.

"I've been telling her 'ow unsafe it is," said the boatswain. "I've been telling her that she wants a man to protect her, and she only laughs at me. She don't believe it; d'ye see? Likewise I'm a small man—small, but stiff. She likes tall men."

"Most women do," said Mr. Travers, sitting upright and instinctively twisting his moustache. "When I was in the ranks——"

"My idea is," continued the boatswain, slightly raising his voice, "to kill two birds with one stone—prove to her that she does want being protected, and that I'm the man to protect her. D'ye take my meaning, mate?"

The soldier reached out a hand and felt the other's biceps. "Like a lump o' wood," he said, approvingly.

"My opinion is," said the boatswain, with a faint smirk, "that she loves me without knowing it."

"They often do," said Mr. Travers, with a grave shake of his head.

"Consequently I don't want 'er to be disappointed," said the other.

"It does you credit," remarked Mr. Travers.

"I've got a good head," said Mr. Benn, "else I shouldn't 'ave got my rating as boatswain as soon as I did; and I've been turning it over in my mind, over and over agin, till my brain-pan fair aches with it. Now, if you do what I want you to to-night and it comes off all right, damme I'll make it a quid."

"Go on, Vanderbilt," said Mr. Travers; "I'm listening."

The boatswain gazed at him fixedly. "You meet me 'ere in this spot at eleven o'clock to-night," he said, solemnly; "and I'll take you to her 'ouse and put you through a little winder I know of. You goes upstairs and alarms her, and she screams for help. I'm watching the house, faithful-like, and hear 'er scream. I dashes in at the winder, knocks you down, and rescues her. D'ye see?"

"I hear," corrected Mr. Travers, coldly.

The boatswain shook his head and patted the other's shoulder. "In the excitement of the moment you spring up and escape," he said, with a kindly smile. "I've thought it all out. You can run much faster than I can; anyways, you *will*. The nearest 'ouse is arf a mile off, as I said, and her servant is staying till to-morrow at 'er mother's, ten miles away."

Mr. Travers rose to his feet and stretched himself. "Time I was toddling," he said, with a yawn. "Thanks for amusing me, mate."

"You won't do it?" said the boatswain, eyeing him with much concern.

"I'm hanged if I do," said the soldier, emphatically. "Accidents will happen, and then where should I be?"

"If they did," said the boatswain, "I'd own up and clear you."

"You might," said Mr. Travers, "and then again you mightn't. So long, mate."

"I—I'll make it two quid," said the boatswain, trembling with eagerness. "I've took

"'I—I'LL MAKE IT TWO QUID,' SAID THE BOATSWAIN."

"She clings to me," continued the boatswain, with a rapt expression of face, "in her gratitood, and, proud of my strength and pluck, she marries me."

"An' I get a five years' honeymoon," said the soldier.

a fancy to you; you're just the man for the job."

The soldier, adjusting his bundle, glanced at him over his shoulder. "Thankee," he said, with mock gratitude.

"Look 'ere," said the boatswain, springing

up and catching him by the sleeve ; "I'll give it to you in writing. Come, you ain't faint-hearted? Why, a bluejacket 'ud do it for the fun o' the thing. If I give it to you in writing, and there should be an accident, it's worse for me than it is for you, ain't it?"

Mr. Travers hesitated and, pushing his cap back, scratched his head.

"I gives you the two quid afore you go into the house," continued the boatswain, hastily following up the impression he had made. "I'd give 'em to you now if I'd got 'em with me. That's *my* confidence in *you ;* I likes the look of you. Soldier or sailor, when there is a man's work to be done, give 'em to me afore anybody."

The soldier seated himself again and let his bundle fall to the ground. "Go on," he said, slowly. "Write it out fair and square and sign it, and I'm your man."

The boatswain clapped him on the shoulder and produced a bundle of papers from his pocket. "There's letters there with my name and address on 'em," he said. "It's all fair, square, and above-board. When you've cast your eyes over them I'll give you the writing."

Mr. Travers took them and, re-lighting his pipe, smoked in silence, with various side glances at his companion as that enthusiast sucked his pencil and sat twisting in the agonies of composition. The document finished—after several failures had been retrieved and burnt by the careful Mr. Travers—the boatswain heaved a sigh of relief and, handing it over to him, leaned back with a complacent air while he read it.

"Seems all right," said the soldier, folding it up and putting it in his waistcoat-pocket. "I'll be here at eleven to-night."

"Eleven it is," said the boatswain, briskly, "and, between pals—here's arf a dollar to go on with."

He patted him on the shoulder again, and with a caution to keep out of sight as much as possible till night walked slowly home. His step was light, but he carried a face in which care and exultation were strangely mingled.

By ten o'clock that night care was in the ascendant, and by eleven, when he discerned the red glow of Mr. Travers's pipe set as a beacon against a dark background of hedge, the boatswain was ready to curse his inventive powers. Mr. Travers greeted him cheerily and, honestly attributing the fact to good food and a couple of pints of beer he had had since the boatswain left him, said that he was ready for anything.

Mr. Benn grunted and led the way in silence. There was no moon, but the night was clear, and Mr. Travers, after one or two light-hearted attempts at conversation, abandoned the effort and fell to whistling softly instead.

Except for one lighted window the village slept in darkness, but the boatswain, who had been walking with the stealth of a Red Indian on the war-path, breathed more freely after they had left it behind. A renewal of his antics a little farther on apprised Mr. Travers that they were approaching their destination, and a minute or two later they came to a small inn standing just off the road. "All shut up and Mrs. Waters abed, bless her," whispered the boatswain, after walking carefully round the house. "How do you feel?"

"I'm all right," said Mr. Travers. "I feel as if I'd been burgling all my life. How do you feel?"

"Narvous," said Mr. Benn, pausing under a small window at the rear of the house. "This is the one."

Mr. Travers stepped back a few paces and gazed up at the house. All was still. For a few moments he stood listening and then rejoined the boatswain.

"Good-bye, mate," he said, hoisting himself on to the sill. "Death or victory."

The boatswain whispered and thrust a

"'GOOD-BYE, MATE,' HE SAID, HOISTING HIMSELF ON TO THE SILL."

couple of sovereigns into his hand. "Take your time; there's no hurry," he muttered. "I want to pull myself together. Frighten 'er enough, but not too much. When she screams I'll come in."

Mr. Travers slipped inside and then thrust his head out of the window. "Won't she think it funny you should be so handy?" he inquired.

"No; it's my faithful 'art," said the boatswain, "keeping watch over her every night; that's the ticket. She won't know no better."

Mr. Travers grinned, and removing his boots passed them out to the other. "We don't want her to hear me till I'm upstairs," he whispered. "Put 'em outside, handy for me to pick up."

The boatswain obeyed, and Mr. Travers—who was by no means a good hand at darning socks—shivered as he trod lightly over a stone floor. Then, following the instructions of Mr. Benn, he made his way to the stairs and mounted noiselessly.

But for a slight stumble half-way up his progress was very creditable for an amateur. He paused and listened and, all being silent, made his way to the landing and stopped outside a door. Despite himself his heart was beating faster than usual.

He pushed the door open slowly and started as it creaked. Nothing happening he pushed again, and standing just inside saw, by a small ewer silhouetted against the casement, that he was in a bedroom. He listened for the sound of breathing, but in vain.

"Quiet sleeper," he reflected; "or perhaps it is an empty room. Now, I wonder whether——"

The sound of an opening door made him start violently, and he stood still, scarcely breathing, with his ears on the alert. A light shone on the landing, and peeping round the door he saw a woman coming along the corridor—a younger and better-looking woman than he had expected to see. In one hand she held aloft a candle, in the other she bore a double-barrelled gun. Mr. Travers withdrew into the room and, as the light came nearer, slipped into a big cupboard by the side of the fireplace and, standing bolt upright, waited. The light came into the room.

"Must have been my fancy," said a pleasant voice.

"Bless her," smiled Mr. Travers.

His trained ear recognised the sound of cocking triggers. The next moment a heavy body bumped against the door of the cupboard and the key turned in the lock.

"Got you!" said the voice, triumphantly. "Keep still; if you try and break out I shall shoot you."

"All right," said Mr. Travers, hastily; "I won't move."

"Better not," said the voice. "Mind, I've got a gun pointing straight at you."

"Point it downwards, there's a good girl," said Mr. Travers, earnestly; "and take your finger off the trigger. If anything happened to me you'd never forgive yourself."

"It's all right so long as you don't move," said the voice; "and I'm not a girl," it added, sternly.

"Yes, you are," said the prisoner. "I saw you. I thought it was an angel at first. I saw your little bare feet and——"

A faint scream interrupted him.

"You'll catch cold," urged Mr. Travers.

"Don't you trouble about me," said the voice, tartly.

"I won't give any trouble," said Mr. Travers, who began to think it was time for the boatswain to appear on the scene. "Why don't you call for help? I'll go like a lamb."

"I don't want your advice," was the reply. "I know what to do. Now, don't you try and break out. I'm going to fire one barrel out of the window, but I've got the other one for you if you move."

"My dear *girl*," protested the horrified Mr. Travers, "you'll alarm the neighbourhood."

"Just what I want to do," said the voice. "Keep still, mind."

Mr. Travers hesitated. The game was up, and it was clear that in any case the stratagem of the ingenious Mr. Benn would have to be disclosed.

"Stop!" he said, earnestly. "Don't do anything rash. I'm not a burglar; I'm doing this for a friend of yours—Mr. Benn."

"*What?*" said an amazed voice.

"True as I stand here," asseverated Mr. Travers. "Here, here's my instructions. I'll put 'em under the door, and if you go to the back window you'll see him in the garden waiting."

He rustled the paper under the door, and it was at once snatched from his fingers. He regained an upright position and stood listening to the startled and indignant exclamations of his gaoler as she read the boatswain's permit:—

"*This is to give notice that I, George Benn, being of sound mind and body, have told Ned Travers to pretend to be a burglar at Mrs.*

Waters's. He ain't a burglar, and I shall be outside all the time. It's all above-board and ship-shape.

"(*Signed*) *George Benn.*"

"Sound mind — above-board — ship-shape," repeated a dazed voice. "*Where is he?*"

"HE RUSTLED THE PAPER UNDER THE DOOR."

"Out at the back," replied Mr. Travers. "If you go to the window you can see him. Now, do put something round your shoulders, there's a good girl."

There was no reply, but a board creaked. He waited for what seemed a long time, and then the board creaked again.

"Did you see him?" he inquired.

"I did," was the sharp reply. "You both ought to be ashamed of yourselves. You ought to be punished."

"There *is* a clothes-peg sticking into the back of my head," remarked Mr. Travers. "What are you going to do?"

There was no reply.

"What are you going to do?" repeated Mr. Travers, somewhat uneasily. "You look too nice to do anything hard; leastways, so far as I can judge through this crack."

There was a smothered exclamation, and then sounds of somebody moving hastily about the room and the swish of clothing hastily donned.

"You ought to have done it before," commented the thoughtful Mr. Travers. "It's enough to give you your death of cold."

"Mind your business," said the voice, sharply. "Now, if I let you out, will you promise to do exactly as I tell you?"

"Honour bright," said Mr. Travers, fervently.

"I'm going to give Mr. Benn a lesson he won't forget," proceeded the other, grimly. "I'm going to fire off this gun, and then run down and tell him I've killed you."

"*Eh?*" said the amazed Mr. Travers. "Oh, lord!"

"*H'sh!* Stop that laughing," commanded the voice. "He'll hear you. Be *quiet!*"

The key turned in the lock, and Mr. Travers, stepping forth, clapped his hand over his mouth and endeavoured to obey. Mrs. Waters, stepping back with the gun ready, scrutinized him closely.

"Come on to the landing," said Mr. Travers, eagerly. "We don't want anybody else to hear. Fire into this."

He snatched a patchwork rug from the floor and stuck it up against the balusters.

"You stay here," said Mrs. Waters.

He nodded.

She pointed the gun at the hearth-rug, the walls shook with the explosion, and, with a shriek that set Mr. Travers's teeth on edge, she rushed downstairs and, drawing back the bolts of the back door, tottered outside and into the arms of the agitated boatswain.

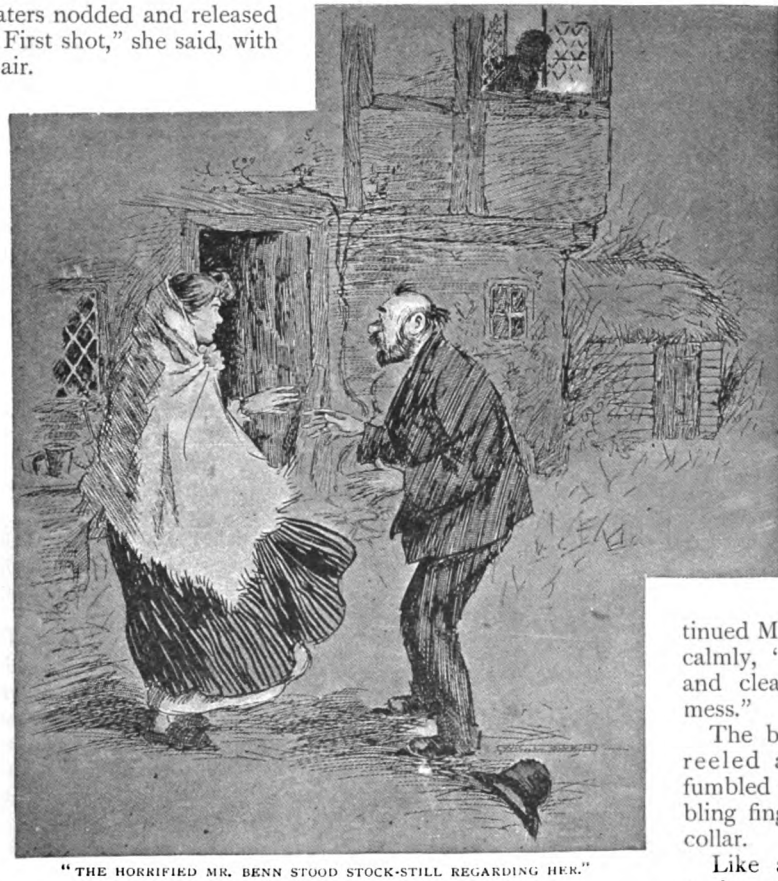
"Oh! oh! oh!" she cried.

"What—what's the matter?" gasped the boatswain.

The widow struggled in his arms. "A burglar," she said, in a tense whisper. "But it's all right; I've killed him."

"Kill——" stuttered the other. "Kill—— *Killed him?*"

Mrs. Waters nodded and released herself. "First shot," she said, with a satisfied air.



"THE HORRIFIED MR. BENN STOOD STOCK-STILL REGARDING HER."

The boatswain wrung his hands. "Good heavens!" he said, moving slowly towards the door. "Poor fellow!"

"Come back," said the widow, tugging at his coat.

"I was—was going to see—whether I could do anything for 'im," quavered the boatswain. "Poor fellow!"

"You stay where you are," commanded Mrs. Waters. "I don't want any witnesses. I don't want this house to have a bad name. I'm going to keep it quiet."

"Quiet?" said the shaking boatswain. "How?"

"First thing to do," said the widow, thoughtfully, "is to get rid of the body. I'll bury him in the garden, I think. There's a very good bit of ground behind those potatoes. You'll find the spade in the tool-house."

The horrified Mr. Benn stood stock-still regarding her.

"While you're digging the grave," continued Mrs. Waters, calmly, "I'll go in and clean up the mess."

The boatswain reeled and then fumbled with trembling fingers at his collar.

Like a man in a dream he stood watching as she ran to the tool-house and returned with a spade and pick; like a man in a dream he followed her on to the garden.

"Be careful," she said, sharply; "you're treading down my potatoes."

The boatswain stopped dead and stared at her. Apparently unconscious of his gaze, she began to pace out the measurements and

then, placing the tools in his hands, urged him to lose no time.

"I'll bring him down when you're gone," she said, looking towards the house.

The boatswain wiped his damp brow with the back of his hand. "How are you going to get it downstairs?" he breathed.

"Drag it," said Mrs. Waters, briefly.

"Suppose he isn't dead?" said the boatswain, with a gleam of hope.

"Fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Waters. "Do you think I don't know? Now, don't waste time talking; and mind you dig it deep. I'll put a few cabbages on top afterwards—I've got more than I want."

She re-entered the house and ran lightly upstairs. The candle was still alight and the gun was leaning against the bed-post; but the visitor had disappeared. Conscious of an odd feeling of disappointment, she looked round the empty room.

"Come and look at him," entreated a voice, and she turned and beheld the amused countenance of her late prisoner at the door.

"I've been watching from the back window," he said, nodding. "You're a wonder; that's what you are. Come and look at him."

Mrs. Waters followed, and leaning out of the window watched with simple pleasure the efforts of the amateur sexton. Mr. Benn was digging like one possessed, only pausing at intervals to straighten his back and to cast a fearsome glance around him. The only thing that marred her pleasure was the behaviour of Mr. Travers, who was struggling for a place with all the fervour of a citizen at the Lord Mayor's show.

"Get back," she said, in a fierce whisper. "He'll see you."

Mr. Travers with obvious reluctance obeyed, just as the victim looked up.

"Is that you, Mrs. Waters?" inquired the boatswain, fearfully.

"Yes, of course it is," snapped the widow. "Who else should it be, do you think? Go on! What are you stopping for?"

Mr. Benn's breathing as he bent to his task again was distinctly audible. The head of Mr. Travers ranged itself once more alongside the widow's. For a long time they watched in silence.

"Won't you come down here, Mrs. Waters?" called the boatswain, looking up so suddenly that Mr. Travers's head bumped painfully against the side of the window. "It's a bit creepy, all alone."

"I'm all right," said Mrs. Waters.

"I keep fancying there's something dodging behind them currant bushes," pursued the unfortunate Mr. Benn, hoarsely. "How you can stay there alone I can't think. I thought I saw something looking over your shoulder just now. Fancy if it came creeping up behind and caught hold of you!"

The widow gave a sudden faint scream.

"If you do that again——" she said, turning fiercely on Mr. Travers.

"He put it into my head," said the culprit, humbly; "I should never have thought of such a thing by myself. I'm one of the quietest and best-behaved——"

"Make haste, Mr. Benn," said the widow, turning to the window again; "I've got a lot to do when you've finished."

The boatswain groaned and fell to digging again, and Mrs. Waters, after watching a little while longer, gave Mr. Travers some pointed instructions about the window and went down to the garden again.

"That will do, I think," she said, stepping into the hole and regarding it critically. "Now you'd better go straight off home, and, mind, not a word to a soul about this."

She put her hand on his shoulder, and noticing with pleasure that he shuddered at her touch led the way to the gate. The boatswain paused for a moment, as though about to speak, and then, apparently thinking better of it, bade her good-bye in a hoarse voice and walked feebly up the road. Mrs. Waters stood watching until his steps died away in the distance, and then, returning to the garden, took up the spade and stood regarding with some dismay the mountainous result of his industry. Mr. Travers, who was standing just inside the back door, joined her.

"Let me," he said, gallantly.

The day was breaking as he finished his task. The clean, sweet air and the exercise had given him an appetite to which the smell of cooking bacon and hot coffee that proceeded from the house had set a sharper edge. He took his coat from a bush and put it on. Mrs. Waters appeared at the door.

"You had better come in and have some breakfast before you go," she said, brusquely; "there's no more sleep for me now."

Mr. Travers obeyed with alacrity, and after a satisfying wash in the scullery came into the big kitchen with his face shining and took a seat at the table. The cloth was neatly laid, and Mrs. Waters, fresh and cool, with a smile upon her pleasant face, sat behind the tray. She looked at her guest curiously, Mr. Travers's spirits being somewhat higher

than the state of his wardrobe appeared to justify.

"Why don't you get some settled work?" she inquired, with gentle severity, as he imparted snatches of his history between bites.

"Easier said than done," said Mr. Travers, serenely. "But don't you run away with the idea that I'm a beggar, because I'm not. I pay my way, such as it is. And, by-the-bye, I s'pose I haven't earned that two pounds Benn gave me?"

His face lengthened, and he felt uneasily in his pocket.

"I'll give them to him when I'm tired of the joke," said the widow, holding out her hand and watching him closely.

Mr. Travers passed the coins over to her. "Soft hand you've got," he said, musingly. "I don't wonder Benn was desperate. I dare say I should have done the same in his place."

Mrs. Waters bit her lip and looked out at the window; Mr. Travers resumed his breakfast.

"There's only one job that I'm really fit for, now that I'm too old for the Army," he said, confidentially, as, breakfast finished, he stood at the door ready to depart.

"Playing at burglars?" hazarded Mrs. Waters.

"Landlord of a little country public-house," said Mr. Travers, simply.

Mrs. Waters fell back and regarded him with open-eyed amazement.

"Good morning," she said, as soon as she could trust her voice.

"Good-bye," said Mr. Travers, reluctantly. "I should like to hear how old Benn takes this joke, though."

Mrs. Waters retreated into the house and stood regarding him. "If you're passing this way again and like to look in—I'll tell you," she said, after a long pause. "Good-bye."

"I'll look in in a week's time," said Mr. Travers.

He took the proffered hand and shook it warmly. "It would be the best joke of all," he said, turning away.

"What would?"

The soldier confronted her again.

"For old Benn to come round here one evening and find me landlord. Think it over."

Mrs. Waters met his gaze soberly. "I'll think it over when you have gone," she said, softly. "Now go."

The Humour of Cricket.

By Arthur Thomas.

I WAS amused the other day to read an American's version of a cricket match. This is how he got at it. "The principle of cricket, it seems," he says, "is simple enough. Two sets of thin upright staves, about three feet high, are driven into the ground about forty feet apart. Upon the summit of these staves a frail strip of wood is placed, which it is the object of the pitcher to dislodge with a ball. In this, however, he is continually frustrated by the action of a player who stands immediately in front of each of the upright staves. This player, by the aid of a short flat club (technically known, I overheard, as a 'boundary') prevents the pitcher from dislodging the strip of wood, and occasionally strikes the ball into remote parts of the field. According to the rules, the moment the ball is struck by the boundary both of the strikers, called 'bounders,' commence to run backwards and forwards between their respective stations, and the scoring is regulated according to the runs thus made. The more remote, therefore, the bounder sends the ball, the more opportunity to score points for his side. But as this exercise is, except for the youngest and most agile, very severe, it is not surprising to observe that many bounders restrain the force of their strokes, and so keep the ball well within range and save themselves much arduous exercise."

Well, *that's* all right. It reminds me of the Chinaman's definition of tobogganing—"Houp-la! Whish-t-t-t-t! Walkee backee milee!"—only it's a bit more lengthy.

The game, whatever may be said by one so intelligent, is not so simple as it looks. "Vat ees your cricket?" said a Frenchman in the pavilion at Lord's during the Test Match, to which he had been invited by a friend who was doing him the honours of the season. "Vat ees it? One of ze men hits ze ball and zen—*quel éclat!* Ze men run back and forth, and ze men who do not run walk about ze field. Zen it is time for ze lunch. *C'est magnifique!* And zis is ze national game of ze Englishmen!"

This is about as near as I can reproduce the luminous comment of my friend from Gaul, for I was the one who was doing the honours. It was useless to attempt an explanation of the game. He asked me at some length about the "hat trick," and when I told him that it was done by the bowler

Our Cricket Match.—General Chorus (to Farmer Giles, who, in consideration of his lending us the field, has been included in the home team, but unfortunately is bowled first ball): "Out, Varmer! thee be out! Make way for the Rector now."
Farmer Giles: "Whoy, b ain't I to bat no more?"
Chorus: "Coorse not! Thee be out!"
Farmer Giles: "Oh, *he* I? Then hout you goes hout o' *my* field."

DRAWN BY L. RAVEN-HILL. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETORS OF "PUNCH."

he blandly asked me if that was what it meant, adding later that "bowler," as he understood it, was an English name for hat. What could be done in such a case? I contented myself with letting him see "ze men" running about for some minutes, and then took him in to "ze lunch," after which he had greater respect for England, if not for its national game.

Now, that explanation of the hat trick, offered in so much innocence by one who knew nothing of the game, has prompted the belief that at last a new cricket story has been discovered. Yet from my knowledge of the humour of cricket, as represented by stories actually told and illustrated jokes in the comic papers, merely to print it as new makes me fearful of the result. Experience has taught me that there are hardly more than a dozen jokes about cricket worthy of the name. These are immortal. All others are but gloss upon, or variations of, the originals; and if there were not one prize competition running already in this Magazine it would be a good idea to start one for the best cricket story sent in by contributors. One result, at least, there would be—the "large and handsome prize," as such competitions

HE WOULDN'T MISS IT.—Irate Parent: "How dare you have the impudence to come and ask for your ball back when you nearly killed one of my children with it?"

The Captain of the Team: "But, please, Sir, you've got ten children and we've only one ball."

DRAWN BY W. FALCONER FOR THE "KING."

EXPLAINED.—Our Village Cricket Club, after the Opening Match.—The Young Squire (who, at school, made a century against Harrow): "I say, Spinner, I don't yet understand that first ball of yours that took my leg stump. Was I late, or should I have played forward?"

Spinner (our demon left-hander): "You couldn't 'ave done nothing with it, Sir."

DRAWN BY F. H. TOWNSEND. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETORS OF "PUNCH."

usually express it, would be entirely safe. Of course, there would be a coupon attached and an affidavit that each story was new. The last condition would knock out most of them.

How immortal these stories really are is proved by the following. I asked a friend if he could tell me an absolutely new cricket story.

"If I could," he replied, "wouldn't I tell it myself?"

"That's what I asked you to do," I said.

"Well," he replied, "I can't, but I'll tell you the best cricket story I know."

"Go on," said I.

"Well," said he, "down in my constituency"—he was a would-be M.P., and I hope he gets in—"we were having a game, and got one of our leading farmers to lend us a field. This farmer had been invited to play, and when he went in was bowled first ball. He was told to make way for the curate, and when the situation was broken to him he cried out, 'Ain't I to bat no more? Out, am I? Then out you goes out of my field.'"

My appreciation was great, but I could not laugh. The story he had told me with so much unction was one of Raven-Hill's, and had already appeared in the pages of *Punch*, accompanied by one of the best of that inimitable draughtsman's pictures. And, if you have not heard the story before or seen the drawing, I reproduce them, just as funny as they were when they first appeared. What pleases me most about my friend's story is the light it lets in upon the ways of politicians.

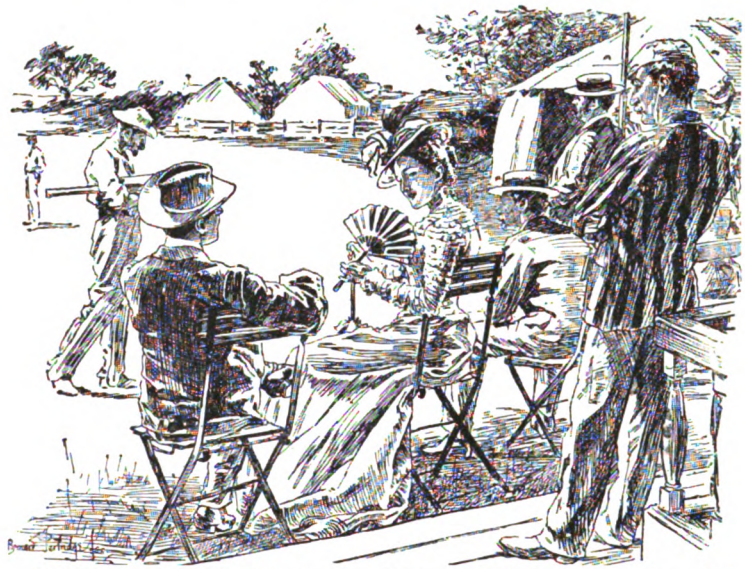
This episode, having passed safely without loss of life or limb on either side, decided me upon one point—namely, that I would leave the immortal jokes to themselves, as they originally appeared in print and picture, and, in dealing with my subject, confine myself to a few good stories. These should occasionally be accompanied by sapient remarks from one who plays the game, and having proved the difficulties in his path merrily takes his way, fearless of the man who has "heard them all before."

Just a word or two now about the people who are ignorant of the game and its many niceties. They are not all French or American, or Germans, for that matter, like the German music-master in one of Mr. Armour's sketches, who, when the telegraph-board read 20—1—0 tried to be affable to the returning batsman. "Ach!" said Mein Herr, "so you haf—how say you—zwanzig runs gemacht?" "Swan's egg?" replied the batsman, gloomily. "No. Duck's egg, unfortunately!" No, indeed. Some of the

THE NATIONAL GAME.—OUR VILLAGE CRICKET CLUB.—We had thirty seconds left before the time for drawing stumps. Our two last men were in, and we wanted one run to tie and two to win. It was the most exciting finish on record.

DRAWN BY F. H. TOWNSEND. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETORS OF "PUNCH."

most ignorant are ladies, and English, too, of the best families. There is a story, now some years old, born at an Eton and Harrow match, when a small boy was entertaining two ladies, and one of the Eton boys was bowled out, amid enthusiastic plaudits from the Harrow contingent. "What's happened?" asked one of the young ladies. "He's out," replied the boy. "Why is he out?" asked the fair one. "Bowled," was the laconic answer. "Why was he bowled?" persisted the fair one. "Because he didn't play with a straight bat." "Oh," remarked the young lady, "how silly of him! Why didn't he get someone to lend him one?"



THE PLAYTHING OF CIRCUMSTANCE.—He: "Hullo, there's Smith out for a duck again!"
She: "Did he explain how it was he made no runs in his first innings?"
He: "Well, you see, he happened to go in just when Jones was in the middle of his hat trick."

DRAWN BY BERNARD PARTRIDGE. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETORS OF "PUNCH."

It was another young lady—they are always young ladies in these stories, except, perhaps, the fat lady who thought it *so* clever of the man with the ball to hit the bat every time—who got so interested in the canvas screen that the curiosity of her sex finally overpowered her. So, for information, she

UNANSWERABLE QUESTION.—Laura (who wishes to thoroughly master the mysteries of cricket): "But then, Emily, what happens if the bowler gets out before the batter?" [Emily gives it up!

DRAWN BY DU MAURIER. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETORS OF "PUNCH."

turned appropriately to the lady by her side. "What's that screen for, Gertie?" "Oh," replied Gertie, "that's to keep the draught off the ball!"

Their ignorance is awful, but they show it in such a nice way that you don't mind it at all. In fact, it's part of the fun when you take them with you, and explains, doubtless, why so many are taken. They are not always as interested in the game as they might be, but how can they be, knowing so little of it? And it is noticeable that they rarely refuse any invitations to the matches, particularly the expensive ones. One of them, in an unguarded moment, let out the truth. When asked, during the interval, if she was fond of cricket, she replied, "Oh, I'm passionately devoted to it!" "And what part of the match," queried the young man, "do you enjoy the most?" "Oh, this part," she replied — "the promenade!" And it is said they got married and lived happy ever afterwards.

ON THE VILLAGE GREEN.—"If you 'it 'im in front it's 'leg before'; if you 'it 'im be'ind it's a 'wide.'"
DRAWN BY PHIL MAY. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETORS OF "PUNCH."

It may seem surprising, but it is a fact, that one of them once wanted to know if the Test team — although she didn't term it that way — was selected for its good looks, and great pains were taken to explain that the fit alone survived for such a great event. The mere Adonis stands not before a Cotter. The question need not have been asked had

CRICKETANA.—YOUNG LADIES v. BOYS.—Fair Batter (ætat. 18): "Now, just look here, Algy Jones—none of your patronage! You *dare* to bowl to me with your left hand again, and I'll box your ears!"
DRAWN BY DU MAURIER. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETORS OF "PUNCH."

My Lady known the story—told, I believe, by Mr. Hutchinson—of a certain county captain who was once driving in his dog-cart past a village cricket match. The style of a certain batsman caught his eye. "That's a good bat, isn't he?" he asked of a yokel, as he pulled up his horse. "Oh, yaas; 'e be a pretty fair bat," was the grudging reply. "He makes a good many runs, I should think, doesn't he?" "Oh, yaas, 'e do make runs sometimes." "H'm! Difficult man to get out, I should think, isn't he?" "Oh, yaas; we haven't gotten 'im out for fower year." Enough said. That batsman was carried away in the dog-cart there and then, to play for the county eleven, and, adds Mr. Hutchinson, "he has played for it ever since."

A CRITICAL CRICKET CRITIC.—Aunt Jane: "I think it's *so* clever, you know, of that man with the ball to hit the bat nearly every time!"

DRAWN BY L. RAVEN-HILL. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETORS OF "PUNCH."

What do I care for a bevy of yachts
Or a dozen or so of yawls?
I bowled three curates once
With three consecutive balls,

writes Norman Gale in one of his bright verses. With that we leave the subject of curates. "They 'as their say on Sunday," which is a story told when cricket was called "creag."

One of the many humours of the local match is

FERDINAND AND DIANA.—"Di insisted on my playing in local match. Haven't played since I was at school, when my average was 2. However, determined to do my best, but swiped too vigorously at my first ball. Wicket-keeper rather damaged. Wish that cousin wouldn't call me Jessop. Di rather cool to me for some reason."

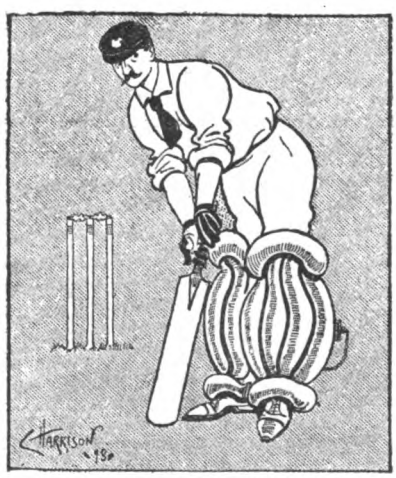
DRAWN BY L. RAVEN-HILL. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETORS OF "PUNCH."

illustrated in a well-known drawing by the late Phil May. It is called "Mr. Tipkins—His Innings," and shows Mr. Tipkins, who, by his rig, rather suggests that he is more accustomed to pounding pills than wielding the bat, standing at the wicket, legs wide apart, his whole body square to the bowler, his bat in air, and a most bewildered look on his face. He has happened to hit a ball quite by accident. "Run! run! run!" shouts the crowd. "Where? where? where?" asks the astonished Mr. Tipkins, and the field politely endeavours to stifle its mirth.

"Why was Bill Jones made captain? 'E's done nothin', 'e ain't."
"Nothin'! Oh, ain't 'e!! Wy, at the Hoval 'e threw up the ball from four bound'ry wot Grace 'it!"

DRAWN BY PHIL MAY. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETORS OF "PUNCH."

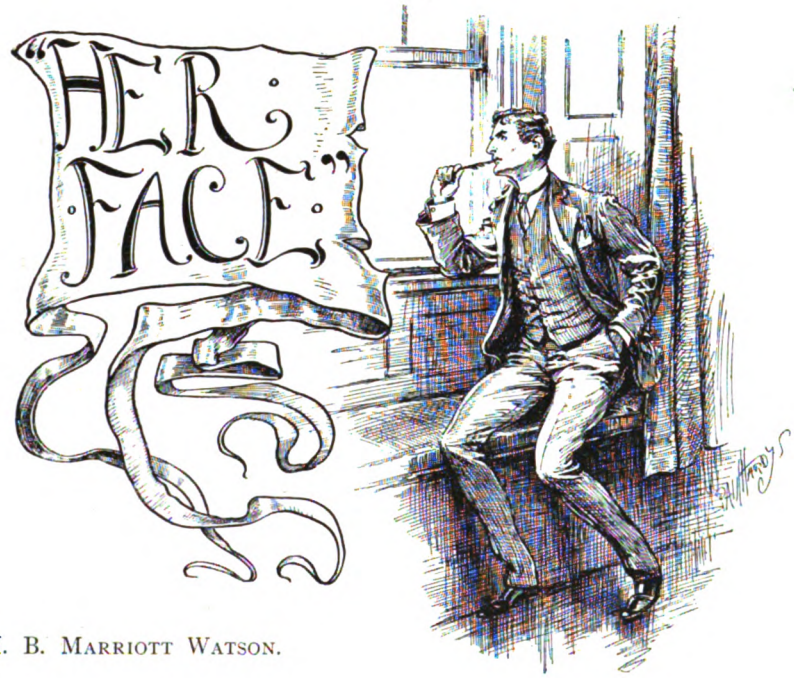
Some years ago —it was, I believe, in the days when the pneumatic tyre had taken the place of the old-fashioned stiff rubber covering for bicycle wheels — there appeared in *Punch* a diminutive sketch of a batsman at the wicket, with a new sort of exaggerated guard upon his legs. The point, both of drawing and joke, was the clever suggestion that the pneumatic bicycle tyre might successfully be adopted by manufacturers of cricket requisites to relieve the player of a heavy burden. The picture had the merit—not possessed by all of its fellows — of being funny as well as practical, and I have hunted it out for reproduction in this article merely to show the closeness between jest and earnest. Will those who have played cricket give this a moment's thought? Is it beyond the bounds of imagination that some enterprising manufacturer may some day fill a long-felt want by substituting for the hard and stiff leg-guard of the present a resilient, light, and serviceable guard of inflated rubber? Try it yourself with three or four pieces of garden hose around your leg, and note the lightness of the covering and the protection it gives you when a ball is thrown against it. How much greater will be that protection when the rubber is filled with non-escaping air!



SUGGESTION FOR THE CRICKET SEASON.—The New Pneumatic Leg Guard. (Mr. Punch's Patent.)

DRAWN BY C. HARRISON. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETORS OF "PUNCH."

"HER FACE."



By H. B. Marriott Watson.

HERBERT PARMENTER, seated in the small embrasure in his flat window, rubbed his chin and stared upwards at the sky. It was scattered at times with blowing clouds that, speeding like Spanish galleons on the blue deep, crossed the aperture of heaven between the two adjoining mansions. For March had come in and spring was at the doors, which possibly accounted for Herbert Parmenter's occupation. He nibbled the feathered end of his quill-pen and searched the blank walls and vacant windows opposite for inspiration. He was a fair, elegant young man of thirty-five, with eyes set somewhat deeply and conveying the impression of aloofness. He was, in point of fact, a poet by taste and inclination, but in office hours he assisted his uncle in the City. A partner in a business which dealt merely with earthly produce, but was none the less successful, he was of an admirable shrewdness in commerce, but in society relapsed upon a native bashfulness. He did not "go about"; he admired the drama from the upper circles; and, acquiring, as he grew older, a fastidious taste in furniture and appointments, he steadily and stealthily cultivated the Muse.

He could not tolerate anything save the best, and was accustomed to quote Tennyson: "We needs must love the highest when we see it." And hence, with the evolution of his critical instinct, he did not publish his poems. He wrote and he burnt, and then he wrote again; and next morning he took the train to the City and read the money articles in his papers with a serene mind and undisturbed digestion. Yet there was no doubt as to his reserve. He was in a way in danger of becoming a recluse, for he belonged to a club which he frequented only to break the monotony of his solitary dinners, and his social excursions into feminine society were rare. His uncle, being, like himself, a bachelor, did nothing to discourage this atmosphere of solitude by which the younger man was surrounded. Herbert declared that he wanted nothing better than his present life. He had sufficient money; he was in a position to indulge his taste in knick-knacks; and he had a good library, in the window of which he was now sitting.

If you write poems in the air (as most poets do) it is, nevertheless, of considerable advantage to have a model, so to speak. One cannot begin wildly talking of black or brown hair; it is better to fix on some material and existent object to exalt. And feeling this necessity, Herbert had on several occasions allowed a certain distant figure, dimly seen and imagined, to drift through

his thoughts and commingle with the stuff of his verse. His poem was entitled "The Face," and was somewhat after the style of Rossetti, but more thoughtful.

As he sat at his window, which commanded an extensive view of a glazed wall, he was sometimes conscious of a woman who sat or moved about, entered or departed from, a room in a flat in the adjoining block across the dismal area. She was young, as he could perceive at a glance; she had a neat way of dressing her hair, which was bronze in hue; she wore gowns close to her shapely figure, and she lolled in a chair as she read. Her face he had never really seen across the interval of space which separated them. Nor did he desire to see it. She was a text on which he constructed his poem; she was a lay figure almost, though of breath and blood; at the least she might be regarded as someone whom he had costumed for the part, and took no interest in except as a model. He was staring now at the wild March sky, for the window was empty. But he could recall enough of his model to make her useful. That bronze hair was to be most effective in a lyric; and that *svelte* body would sink into the lap of Death most pathetically. Herbert arose and looked up his Rossetti. After all, he had no desire to follow slavishly in Rossetti's footsteps; it would be far better to break away for himself. And he had a sudden misgiving that he had unconsciously transcribed a line from "Her Portrait." He hunted the poem through with a frown on his face. Then, with a sigh of relief, he went back to his table, glanced down at his papers meditatively, walked thoughtfully to the fire, poked it, stood reflecting with an elbow on the mantelpiece for a time, let his gaze travel slowly and appreciatively along his well-filled shelves, and at last returned to the window to renew the struggle with inspiration. The paper was gone!

Herbert Parmenter looked on the floor on each side of his writing bureau, but nothing was to be seen. He pushed his chair away and scrutinized the spot where it had stood, but without success. The window was open to the south on that afternoon in the advancing spring, and the bluff wind might have played tricks with his papers. He wrote on very fine sheets, for which he paid a fancy price; and now he looked at the little pile which remained on the blotting-paper, he could see that they were fluttered. As single spies, then, did they conspire to take flight into the rough world? He went to the window and looked forth. The area below was untenanted and bare. His flat was on the first floor, and he could easily have descried any paper at that distance above the basement. But once more nothing was manifest. Herbert began to be puzzled and interested. A piece of paper could not take wings and be spirited away of its own volition, and yet if the wind had carried it off it would be visible in the area.

Unwittingly his glance crossed the area to the sister block of flats and entered the window where he had often seen the lady at ease in her chair. There was no one there now, but as he noted that fact his attention was arrested by something white that fluttered on the sill. It was a piece of paper!

Almost nervously Herbert searched for his opera-glasses and brought them to bear on the restless paper. He could, of course, not identify writing at the distance, but he would have sworn that it was the cut and style of his choice, hand-made, vellum-wove sheets. Undoubtedly the mystery was solved: a vagrom gust had snatched his poem out of the window and sent it sailing across the area to the opposite suite. And now the problem was how to recover it. To wander into the next mansions and inquire vaguely for a room with a piece of paper on the window-sill was obviously impracticable. He did not know the name of the occupant or occupants of the flat, and he had no knowledge of its number. These large buildings were like rabbit warrens. No; it seemed hopeless to go conventionally to work on this mission. And yet he must regain his poem. It was his best achievement up to date, and he could not bear to lose it, tossed on the winds of heaven and subject to the eyes of any casual stranger. He contemplated the prospect for some time thoughtfully, and then abruptly clambered out of his window.

The drop to the bottom was not very great, and he had taken it before he was aware. Some impulse from the spring winds, perhaps, was fluent in his blood, and made him act with a precipitation which was hardly characteristic of him. He crossed the area and came under the window of the opposite flat. By raising himself with the aid of a lead pipe he was able to reach up to the sill, and by a dexterous manipulation of hands and legs he even brought his face level with it. The paper, with his unmistakable hand, still fluttered in the open window. He stretched out an arm with difficulty; it tantalized him, disengaging itself with a little rustle in the wind. But it was beyond reach. He

crawled a little higher and put out a hand again; it touched the paper, which disappeared.

What had become of it? Herbert realized that it must have fallen under the impetus of his push into the room beyond. He clung, thinking, to the ledge. It seemed absurd to retreat now that he had come so far and so deeply committed himself, and was so near success. He remembered, too, that out of the front windows of his flat an hour before he had seen the young lady stepping into the road, into the blown face of the traffic. Under that impulse which moved in him this season of wild births and buddings he hauled himself by a huge effort upon the ledge, and, seated there, peered over the sill into the room. He saw nothing in it; he had no curiosity; he was only looking for his own property. And, sure enough, there it lay on the floor a few feet from him, its giddy course now ended, silent in the silence of the room. Herbert leaned over and lightly crossed the sill, for he was a man of graceful carriage and easy physical actions. He stooped, picked up his poem, and turned to retreat. As he did so for the first time he became conscious of the room.

"HERBERT LEANED OVER AND LIGHTLY CROSSED THE SILL."

It was a small and pleasant room, furnished with a taste for comfort, and clearly by a woman. A bright fire burned on the hearth. A few reproductions of classical pictures adorned the walls; there were two easy-chairs, at one of which Herbert cast an envious glance, seeing at once that it belonged to Chippendale's Chinese period; there were some books open on the table, one of which he saw with half an eye to be Tennyson. It was evidently a lady's boudoir, and realizing this, now that his mission was accomplished and his ardour gone, Herbert experienced a little embarrassment. These considerations passed through his mind and these observations were made almost in a flash, as he turned to go. He had reached the window, and was mounting the sill, when he heard the handle of the door behind him turn.

Panic seized on Herbert Parmenter forthwith, but it was the panic of despair that causes a flow of thought and does not prevent it. It was impossible that he should have time to jump through the window before the person should enter; therefore he took the next course that came into his head with the promptitude of an animal caught in a trap. He dodged in a twinkling behind the curtains that fell half-way across the window.

No sooner was he safe in hiding than it occurred to him that he might have stood his ground, faced the danger, and explained his errand. But it was now too late, for the door had opened and someone had entered. Secluded behind the curtains he could not see who this was, but he heard the sound of feet and he caught the noise of a rustling skirt. It must be the lady returned from her walk.

Herbert Parmenter's breath came very fast, and he was conscious that his heart throbbed unusually loud. He was in an agony of suspense, if the truth be told, and a crowd of disjointed thoughts and hopes and fears pressed through his brain. He stood quite motionless, with one hand on the wall to keep his tremulous body from swaying and thus disclosing his presence; and then the lady walked slowly across to the window and stood looking out into the falling dusk.

He could not make out her face, which was in profile, but he could see that she wore her hat. His heart jumped in relief; for that meant, surely, that she would go to her bedroom to take it off. She stood as silently as

he, until he was almost afraid that she would hear him breathe; and then she gave vent to a troubled sigh and turned about. She went to the fire, where she was still in his line of vision, and looked into the glass above the mantelpiece. His heart sank again. She had begun to unpin her hat.

When that operation was over she examined herself critically in the mirror, and very deliberately began to disengage the rich folds of her hair. Herbert became increasingly embarrassed. Was it possible that she intended to make a toilette in her boudoir? The tresses fell luxuriantly down her back, and she still looked into the glass. She put her hand to her bodice, and he put his hand to the curtain. If she went any farther he must acquaint her of his presence. In much agitation he pushed the hangings back and looked out, scarcely knowing what he did. She uttered an exclamation of alarm, and turned suddenly, her face gone white even in that half light. She had seen him in the mirror. Herbert stepped out, and for all his shaking limbs he managed to keep control of his voice.

"I assure you, madam, I am not a burglar," he said.

The woman stood, grasping the mantelpiece in her terror, and eyed him.

"What—what are you doing here?" she gasped.

"I—I came to recover some property of mine," said he.

"Property of yours!" she repeated, in her frightened way.

"A paper of some importance to me blew in at your window, and I followed, not knowing how else I was to get it back."

"A paper?" she said, and he could see that she had somewhat recovered herself.

"Yes," he replied. "I had no intention of intruding, but it—somehow I was led on."

"You had no right to come," said she, turning now from fear to indignation.

"I admit it," he said. "But I did not think. I was only anxious to get the paper. I apologize deeply."

"I don't know how I am expected to believe this," said she, remembering things she had heard about well-dressed and well-mannered burglars. She glanced towards the bell.

"I assure you——" he began, in an access of alarm, but she interposed.

"What paper was it? Show it to me," she demanded, on a stronger and more resolute note as he quailed. He hesitated.

"I see you're speaking falsely," she said, with confidence in proportion to his confusion.

Herbert reluctantly put out his hand in which the unfortunate poem was clutched. She took it, gave him a glance, and then swiftly switched on the electric light. The room was ablaze in an instant. She looked at him and he looked at her, and then, as if something had reassured her, she glanced at the paper.

For the first time Herbert Parmenter saw her face. She was not more than five-and-twenty, and the clarity of her complexion was only equalled by the lustre of her eyes. She was reading his poem, and as she bent her head to it the masses of her hair rolled about her face.

"This is a poem!" she said, in surprise.

"Yes," he said, confusedly. "It's——"

The girl sat down to the table with an air of gentle determination, and, smoothing out the paper, appeared to enter upon a detailed scrutiny of the verses.

Herbert Parmenter watched her. From his distant position as a general connoisseur in taste he had a standard of beauty in women to which few conformed; his criterions had been moulded by public photographs, most of which had probably been doctored into suavity and brilliancy. His attitude was the reverse of misogynistic; it was idealistic; and his temperament had taught him to dwell with ideals and be content with the dream. The shadow had been to him as a rule more than the substance; but even as he waited in embarrassment and mortification at his position he admired the beauty of the face before him.

Suddenly the girl caught her breath, gave vent to an almost imperceptible sigh, and went on reading.

"Did you—is this—are you a poet?" she asked, looking up at him quickly.

"I—no—that is—I scribble—I try—I——" blurted out Herbert, who had intended to attribute the verses modestly to some living poet of renown.

"But you must be—these are yours?" she said, indicating the paper. She was evidently quite unconscious of her flowing hair; but, unfortunately, he was not. He could not keep his gaze off it.

"Well—yes—in a way," he stammered.

Her manner had quite altered, and she regarded him with interest. "It must be nice to be able to write verses," she said, quite pleasantly. "I think you live opposite, don't you?"

He admitted it; and somehow it seemed to

"AS HE WAITED IN EMBARRASSMENT AND MORTIFICATION AT HIS POSITION HE ADMIRED THE BEAUTY OF THE FACE BEFORE HIM."

serve as a sort of introduction. The girl studied the paper again.

"I suppose I oughtn't to have read them," she went on, in a certain charming embarrassment. "But, you see, the circumstances were rather——"

"Yes; yes. I apologize," he said, humbly.

"Of course, I can see I oughtn't to have read them *now*," she resumed, decidedly; "because they refer to private matters—to something that——"

"No; not at all," he assured her.

She elevated her eyebrows. "But you describe someone here very nicely, I think, which, of course, means—— Oh, but I suppose poets take those things from their imagination," she interrupted herself, with a pretty smile.

"No—that is—sometimes—I mean always—always," said Herbert, who was suddenly awakened to the realization of what the verses contained.

"Yes," she continued, calmly, "I think it's quite charming. You describe the spring afternoon so nicely, and the — the appearance and the—I think you give the hair very well."

Herbert was overwhelmed, but he thanked Heaven for one thing—namely, that she had not recognised his description.

"I don't think the face is done so well," she went on, "if you don't mind my criticising."

"Not at all—I'm glad. But I hadn't seen the face," blundered Herbert.

She opened her eyes coolly. "Hadn't seen the face! Oh!" she said, in surprise, and toyed with the paper. "I think I've seen you writing a good deal at that window," she said, as if to change the conversation.

"Yes; I constantly write there," he admitted.

She rose with an air at once of diffidence, forgiveness, and dismissal. "Well, I must return you your property, and I hope——" She was extending her hand with the paper. A knock fell on the door; she turned quickly, and into the room broke somewhat impetuously a young man. He was dark of face, thick-set, groomed to perfection, and had swift-moving eyes. He came to a pause on seeing the two, and the girl lost her colour and showed evident embarrassment.

"Marjory!" said the new-comer. "They told me you were out, and——" He stopped abruptly, glowering at Herbert.

The girl came forward a step in distress. "Oh, Fred, let me introduce Mr.—Mr.——," she stammered.

"Parmenter," said Herbert, coming to her rescue. Yet was it her rescue? The dark young man bowed with hostility.

"I don't quite understand, Marjory," he said, speaking quickly. "Your maid said you were not at home, but as I thought that couldn't apply to me I pushed in and—well, you seem very much at home."

"I—I told her that because I was going to lie down," she faltered.

"Oh!" said the dark young man, with a snort, and glared malignantly at Herbert. "I begin to see. Naturally, visitors——"

"Fred, I've only seen this gentleman for the first time now," declared the poor girl, in utter confusion.

He glanced significantly at her fallen hair.

"Is he the barber's assistant?" he said, contemptuously.

But it was time Parmenter intervened, which he did with dignity. "No, sir," he said. "I do not know who you are, but——"

"I am engaged to Miss Graham," said Fred, bluntly.

Parmenter bowed. "But I can easily explain the situation, odd as it appears. It is all my fault. I happened to lose a—a sheet of paper of some value to me, and I—in fact, I broke into the house. I mean, I got through the window."

"'THIS IS ADDING INSULT TO INJURY,' HE BROKE OUT, FURIOUSLY."

"Why on earth should you get through the window because you lost a sheet of paper?" said the dark young man, incredulously.

"It blew in through the window," said Herbert.

"Well, of all the lamest stories I've ever heard," began the angry young man, who had been evidently keeping command of himself with difficulty, "this cock-and-bull tale about a newspaper and a window and the rest of it is the lamest. I call; I'm told you're out. I push past the servant and I find you in, and"—he pointed dramatically to the girl's dishevelled locks—"and then I'm asked to believe a story about a newspaper."

"It wasn't a newspaper, Fred," said the girl, pleadingly. "It was this."

With trembling fingers she passed the verses on to the angry man. Fred took them from her just as she had taken them from Herbert, and with equal incredulity. He glanced at the paper with compressed lips. The girl stood regarding him with troubled eyes, and Herbert Parmenter, whose heart was bounding in his bosom, also felt as if he were awaiting anxiously the sentence of a judge. Suddenly the dark young man's face darkened still further. He uttered a savage exclamation between his teeth and roughly crumpled the paper.

"This is adding insult to injury," he broke out, furiously. "Why, here is a poem all about—a beastly, silly poem all about your charms, counting them up, talking of your hair, praising your eyebrows, revelling in the shape of your nose and the richness of your lips——"

"Oh, no; he hadn't seen them, he says," interrupted Miss Graham, in great distress.

The young man, his flow of passion broken, stared at her inarticulate; and even in that moment of danger Herbert had time to reflect that she must, after all, have recognised herself. "He says!" cried the young man, with scathing irony; "this is getting too much. He hadn't seen *what?*" he demanded.

The girl was abashed. "My—my—he only saw my hair."

The dark young man flung himself into a chair. "I think," said he, with obviously forced calm, "we'd better consider the situation."

"We have been doing that all along," said she, with a show of spirit.

"In the first place I am denied admittance," said the dark young man, ignoring this, and ticking off his thumb. "In the second place I find you engaged in what is evidently an engrossing conversation with a stranger—a conversation (in the third place) so obviously engrossing that you have not noticed that your hair has come down." This was heavily underlined with sarcasm. "Fourthly, I hear some rot about a piece of paper blowing in at the window; and fifthly," he ticked off his little finger, "I find a copy of ridiculous verses addressed to you in your possession. May I presume to ask if the verses are yours?" he said, addressing Herbert abruptly.

"Well, yes," said Herbert, more than a little flustered. "But I can explain how the apparent——"

"Thank you," said the young man, jumping to his feet, angrily. "I have had about as much explanation as I can stand. The situation requires stronger measures. Miss Graham, if I cannot congratulate you on your candour and honesty, I can at least leave you free. I wish you good evening, and such good fortune as you both deserve."

With this lofty utterance he abruptly left the room, and the two were left together. In the silence that ensued they heard the door of the flat bang, and then Herbert spoke.

"I do not know how to apologize for having brought this upon you," he said, manfully. "Indeed, I am not going to try. That would only be to make the injury greater. Yet if I saw how to make amends——"

She half turned towards him, and he saw her face, flushed and excited, but hardly showing the signs of embarrassment he had expected. Anger had come upon her in a flood. "I am not sure," she said, bitterly, "that I ought not to thank you instead."

She bit her lip, frowning, and it was evident that her thoughts were following the dark young man, or were perhaps involved about his concluding words.

"I wish I could think that," he said, shaking his head sadly.

Miss Graham sat down and looked at him calmly. "You are at liberty to think it if it will console you for the outrage which you have perpetrated," she said.

Her anger, then, was turned on him. He felt it was just, and, as he had expressed the futility of an apology, he made no answer for a moment.

"At any rate, I can rid you of my unnecessary presence," he said, at last, and with a bow moved to the door. Her voice arrested him.

"Perhaps you had better take your property, the cause of all the mischief."

He turned; she had picked up the poem from the floor, where the indignant visitor had dashed it. He held out his hand and took it from her.

"If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out," he quoted, and, doubling up the paper, would have torn it into scraps, but once again she intervened.

"It's a pity to do that," she said, coolly. "I thought it was quite clever, particularly the second verse."

"I don't think I quite remember——" He hesitated, astonished at her change of voice and mood.

"It was the third verse that didn't seem quite so good," said Miss Graham, with critical aloofness. "I didn't care for it so much."

Herbert studied his verses; it seemed somehow not so odd to be discussing them with her after that stormy scene. It flashed back on him now what she had said to the stranger. He looked at her, and, sitting in the chair in which he had so often descried her from a distance, she was wonderfully beautiful. The dusk outside was full of strange spring breezes and scents.

"You see, I hadn't seen you then," he said, boldly.

Miss Graham shaded her face from the fire with her hands. "It was a great liberty for you to take," she said.

"It seems," pursued Herbert, in the same bold mood, "that I have always taken liberties all along. I took them when I used you for the verses; I took them when I came in at the window; and I'm going to take them again."

She cast a quick glance at him.

"Do you remember what Mr.—Mr.——"

"Protheroe," she helped him.

"What Mr. Protheroe said? He gave us what was tantamount to his blessing."

"He had no right to say that," she said, sharply.

"No; he hadn't. I admit that. He was out of temper, and he was stupid to boot.

He misunderstood everything. But he wished us such good fortune as we both deserved."

"I hope you will get it," said she, dryly.

Herbert Parmenter was a poet, but the man is more than the poet, and broke out fast and irresistibly. "I think I can only get it one way," he said.

She glanced at him and then away at the fire, the flames of which were showing in her cheeks. "Oh, what is good fortune? I don't think any of us know."

"I ought to know at thirty-five," he said. "We have been accused unjustly. It's a pity to suffer unjustly."

"What Mr. Protheroe thinks is absolutely of no significance to me. He was always——" She stopped.

"I don't think we should lie under unjust suspicions," he persisted.

Again she glanced at him inquiringly.

"It would always be possible to justify them," he added.

"How perfectly grotesque!" said Miss Graham, shading her face again. "Why, we don't know——"

"You see, I feel I have known you a long time," he said.

"Why, you didn't know the colour of my eyes, and——"

She paused.

"I shall certainly alter that verse, if I may," he declared, looking at the paper.

"I can't prevent you," said she, carelessly, "if you like to abuse your power."

"But it won't be printed," he explained. "I only write for amusement."

"Amusement!" she said, with a change of note.

"That is, for my pleasure," he corrected. "My own deep private pleasure."

There was a pause. "I'm afraid I can't help your writing for your private pleasure," said Miss Graham.

"I will certainly alter it," he remarked, and turned at a sound outside the door. Miss Graham rose hastily.

"Oh, it's tea," she said. "My mother, who is an invalid, usually takes tea with me here." Her eyes went to the fire, and Herbert's, following hers, noticed a kettle on the hearth.

"May I?" he asked, and put the kettle on the fire.

"Thank you so much. I always like to make my own tea," she said.

Herbert put the poem carefully in his pocket.

"You'll—will you—as tea is coming, perhaps you would——"

"I should be delighted," he said, heartily.

Suddenly Miss Graham put her hands to her head. "Good gracious, I didn't know—I'd forgotten—my hair! Whatever will mother think when she——"

"I wish she would," said Herbert Parmenter, boldly. His eyes took hold on hers a moment, and her face was flushed. She held her hair back from it, looking at him, wondering. "After all, we ought to have known each other." He continued his boldness. "We could pretend——"

"I don't want to pretend; I like the truth," she interrupted.

"Well," he declared, softly, "the truth is that, although I have not known you very long, I made up my mind at once that I do——"

"I don't think I want all the truth," she interposed again, rosy red; "at least, not just yet."

"Come in!" she called to the maid, and added on her entrance, "Will you tell your mistress that — er— that tea is ready?"

"I'D FORGOTTEN MY HAIR."

THE STORY OF MY LIFE.

By FATHER GAPON.

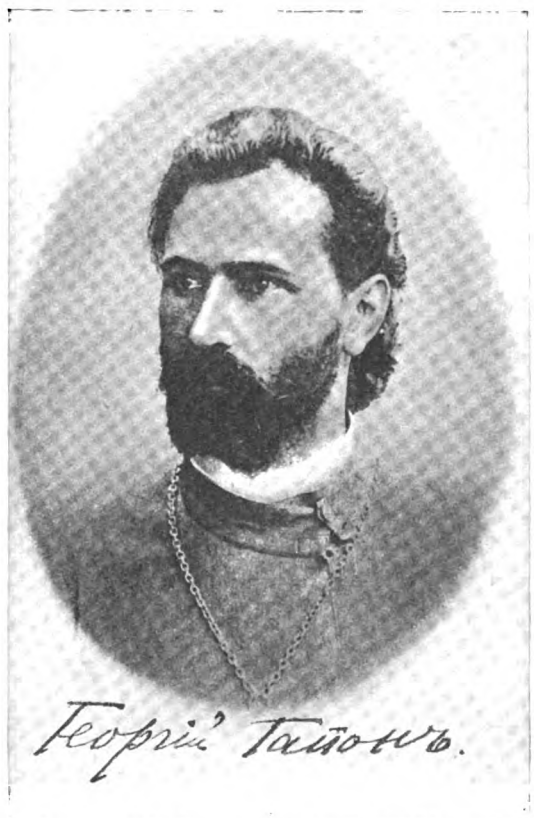
THE present instalment of Father Gapon's story shows how he became a leader of the working classes in the Russian capital, and incidentally throws many sidelights on recent events of the greatest interest to those who wish to understand the situation in Russia at the present moment. Following on this necessary prelude, the next instalment will narrate the extraordinarily rapid developments of last year down to the massacre of January 22nd, 1905.

CHAPTER IV.

EXTREMES MEET IN ST. PETERSBURG.

I STARTED upon my journey to St. Petersburg to enter the Academy; but on my way to the capital I stopped at the Troitsky-Lavra, the famous monastery which is visited yearly by more than a hundred thousand pilgrims from all parts of Russia, and in which the relics of its founder, the great St. Sergius of Radonyesh, are preserved. This I did according to the desire of Bishop Illarion, who wished me to worship before the relics of St. Sergius. At that time I no longer believed in the indestructibility of the bodies of holy men, but, nevertheless, I felt an imperious impulse to kneel before the saint, whose life presented to my mind an ideal to which I was striving with all my heart. He had always tried to live according to his own teaching. He was not one of those saints who isolated themselves in remote deserts, trembling to come into contact with the evil things of life. He preached love to our neighbours, and he loved his neighbours, giving away everything he had to them and living in the simplest way. He preached and practised forgiveness. And although he was a saint he was a great patriot, and for that I loved him still more. He blessed the great Prince Dimitri Donskoï before he went into battle for the deliverance of his country from the yoke of the Tartars, and he gave the Prince two of his most trusted monks to help him, who proved to be two of the greatest warriors of the age.

When I approached the monastery the bell, which is the greatest bell in Russia, was booming solemnly, filling the wide distance—moving the very earth, it seemed to me—with a divine appeal. So I entered the church full of love and veneration for the resting-place of the lover of truth and simplicity, St. Sergius. I hastened towards the shrine with the longing to kneel before it. But at that moment the Metropolitan of Moscow, Vladimir, entered the church, followed by his long train of Archimandrites and inferior monks. Vladimir looked simple enough, but the sight of the fat, glossy clerical dignitaries and monks accompanying him gave me a disagreeable shock. Vladimir began to sing the evening Mass for the glory of St. Sergius, as the following day was the feast of the saint. The monks and clergy, mimicking the Metropolitan, bowed and crossed themselves precisely as if they were moved by machinery. But I saw that while they were not occupied in so doing they were indulging in whispered remarks, jokes,



FATHER GAPON.
This photograph was signed by Father Gapon for this Magazine.

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and behaviour most unseemly in a place of worship. The religious ceremony had evidently no meaning for them. Their hypocrisy in the very house of the lover of truth, St. Sergius, filled me with disgust, and I left the church before the end of the service without having knelt at the feet of my beloved saint, for I felt that it would have been a blasphemy to address him in the eyes of that group of fat, grinning Pharisees.

Returning to my room I found a telegram from St. Petersburg awaiting me, saying that my application for entrance into the Academy would be considered by the Educational Committee of the Holy Synod two days later, so that I had to leave at once.

I was much struck by the appearance of the Russian capital. I had expected to see a great damp town, full of fog and mist, its inhabitants pale, lean, and nervous, because of their unhealthy and unnatural lives. But it happened that the day was a bright and sunny one in July, and the town appeared at its best—full of cheerful noise and brisk activity. The people I saw on the first day did not seem depressed and gloomy, but, on the contrary, far more energetic and healthy than the inhabitants of my peaceful and poetical Poltava. But the buildings of the town were all of uniform pattern, and looked like so many huge barracks. Indeed, there were many barracks among those buildings, and the whole town was overrun by military and police.

It was not Bishop Illarion alone who took a great interest in my fate, but a rich lady who owned a great quantity of land near Poltava invited me to stay in her town house, on the fashionable Admirals Quay, and wrote about me to Sabler, the powerful Assistant Procurator of the Holy Synod.

He received me immediately, evidently on account of the very pressing letters of introduction. He was a tall, grey-haired gentleman, who had an unctuous smile and ingratiating manners He showed great favour to me, took me to lunch with him, and promised to smooth my way to the Academy.

"You must go to see Father Smyrnoff, the head of the Educational Committee of the Holy Synod," he said. "Tell him your story, and then go directly to Pobyedonostseff, who will have heard of you from your bishop."

I went then to the Holy Synod and saw Father Smyrnoff, a fat, worldly, conceited-looking priest, who repelled me by his haughtiness. He blessed me, though being not of the higher ranks of episcopal clergy he had no right to bless another priest.

"Well, I really don't know whether you are fit to enter the Academy," he said. "My friend, Professor Schegloff, told me of you, how you argued with him about the origin of Christ. You are infected with free ideas, and we don't want such persons in our Church. I must confess that I feel my heart full of perplexity about your entering the Academy."

This meeting discouraged me a good deal, and I decided to try and see Pobyedonostseff immediately. I took the train to Tsarskoye Selo, where Pobyedonostseff was at that time living in the Imperial Palace. In the same carriage with me was sitting a very respectable-looking gentleman, with whom I soon made acquaintance. He was, it appeared, Pobyedonostseff's special messenger, and he took a fancy to me when he learned that I was a priest in Poltava. He had himself once visited Poltava, accompanying Pobyedonostseff, and had been excellently fed in Bishop Illarion's kitchen. Therefore, Poltava had a warm place in his heart. He told me that Pobyedonostseff prayed frequently in the church of the palace and took frequent walks in the palace garden, carrying a prayer-book in his hand and murmuring prayers. He told me also that there was very small chance of seeing him that day, as he did not usually receive any members of the clergy at his summer residence, and on that particular day he had been invited to dine with the Czar on the occasion of the arrival of the little Bulgarian Prince Boris. Still, he would try to gain me admittance to the Procurator, who, though in the habit of treating the clergy in general rather scornfully, might, perhaps, look more leniently at a priest recommended by Bishop Illarion, who was his especial favourite. When we reached Tsarskoye Selo the messenger kept his word and I was introduced into the ante-chamber of Pobyedonostseff's audience-room. Here I was told to wait the Procurator of the Holy Synod.

I was awaiting the man who had the power to extinguish all the hopes and prospects of my life; and as I waited I pondered in my mind over the sad fate of the Russian Church, so completely dependent upon the will of this one man—a layman, an official of the Government. There is absolutely no autonomous life in the Russian Church. The Holy Synod, ruled by the Procurator, is composed of bishops who, by their very obligation to belong to the monastic order, are held

totally aloof from the needs of the people's life and unacquainted with them. And each bishop has absolutely unlimited power over the Church in his own See. He appoints the priests without of necessity being hindered by any considerations regarding the moral or intellectual qualities of the candidate. If it please him he can raise a costermonger or a swineherd to the priesthood. He punishes or dismisses at will any priest in his diocese, leaving him no chance of appeal. Should a priest risk an appeal to the Holy Synod against the decision of a bishop, the Synod would unfailingly forward the complaint to the very bishop against whom it was lodged, for his personal consideration. The priests on their side are absolute masters of the Church property and affairs in their parishes, the parishioners having no voice in the management. In this way the Church is deprived of any germs of healthy life; it has been transformed into a kind of bureaucratic department of religion under the sway of Pobyedonostseff.

M. POBYEDONOSTSEFF, THE SUPREME HEAD OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH.
From a Photo.

"What do you want?" said a sharp voice, suddenly, from behind me.

I turned round, and saw the withered, monkey-like face and sharp, cold eyes of an old man. It was the Great Inquisitor, who had crept noiselessly from behind a door concealed by a curtain. He was of middle size, of lean figure, slightly bent, and dressed in a black evening-coat.

"I have come to your Excellency to ask your intercession to enable me to take part in the competitive examination for the Academy," I said.

Pobyedonostseff looked at me inquisitively.

"Who is your father? Are you married? Have you any children?"

The questions were rained upon me in a harsh, dry voice. I replied that I had two children. He exclaimed:—

"Ah! Children? I don't like that. What kind of a monk would you make with children? A poor one! I can do nothing for you," and he turned brusquely to leave me. His manner of speaking, and the thought that all my expectations were to be ruined by him in this careless and insolent way, raised in me a feeling of indignation and protest.

"But, your Excellency," I cried, "you must listen to me. It is a question of life for me. It is the one thing which remains for me now—to forget myself entirely in studies in order to learn how to serve my people. I cannot take a refusal."

There was probably a note in my voice which arrested him. He turned again towards me and listened in amazement, looking fixedly into my eyes, and then suddenly became kind.

"Yes. Bishop Illarion has told me of you. Well, go to Father Smyrnoff, to his house. He lives now in Tsarskoye Selo. And tell him in *my name* that he must send a favourable report to the Holy Synod." Then he disappeared.

Next day I saw Father Smyrnoff again, and he this time unhesitatingly promised me that the Educational Committee would send a favourable report to the Holy Synod.

So I set to work for the examination, as only one month was left me. I worked eighteen hours a day, and still I only managed to read once through all the subjects I had to prepare. On the eve of the examination I was quite unnerved; my hands shook to such a degree that I could not hold my pencil. When I tried to ascertain whether I knew my subject I found, to my horror, that not a word of it was in my head. I went to bed in utter distress and fell asleep.

Then again my wife came to me and kissed me, and I felt that the anguish had been lifted from my soul. Arising next morning, consoled and confident, I went to the examination hall and passed all examinations with full honours; indeed, so well that not only did I matriculate as a student of the Academy, but on account of my honours I received one of the best scholarships, for which only the most successful are eligible.

In this way I became a student in the Theological Academy of St. Petersburg, and began to live in its buildings. Here, I thought, I should at last find an answer to the question of the meaning of Life, which so perpetually tormented me. Surely, I

thought, in one way or another I should, in this sacred domain of knowledge, be enabled to lay foundations upon which I could serve the cause of truth and of my people.

But these hopes were doomed to disappointment. Soon it became evident that the immense majority of the students were as little interested in the research of religious and moral truth as were the professors willing or prepared to help them in such research. The teaching was entirely formal and scholastic. The Holy Scriptures were studied not in their spirit but exclusively in their letter.

With the exception of one Professor of Church History, M. Bolotoff, who was an earnest man and had a powerful intellect, all the others were unfit for the responsible task allotted to them. For instance, the professor who lectured upon the Deity of Christ was a very young man, who was in the habit of appearing at his lecture with a flushed face and swollen eye. Students who were acquainted with him told me that he spent his nights in drink and base depravity. And after such proceedings this professor dared to come to us and to speak about the Holy Family with cool familiarity, as if he were one of their near relations! How could I fail to feel revolted at such things?

At that time the Bishop of St. Petersburg, Benjamin, who had heard of me from Bishop Illarion, invited me to take part in a mission to the working classes, which had its headquarters in the church in Borovaya Street. The factory hands—men, women, and young girls—would gather in this church, while the missionaries addressed them with the view of improving their moral state. The first gathering of the mission which I attended impressed me very deeply. I saw a crowd of pale, haggard men and women, poorly clad, and bearing the traces of infinite suffering. But in their eyes I read the eager desire for knowledge and truth. The missionary preached to them about the Commandments and the terrors of the Day of Judgment. I felt that such words could not satisfy the longings of the eager listeners. They needed encouragement to new efforts; they needed the forgiveness and love of Christ.

When my turn came to preach I tried to make the people confident of their power to better their lives. But still I felt that I had not told them all I believed; that I had not shown them the way to any real improvement of their lot. I felt that the mission was not in sympathy with my views, and that, on the other side, I could do nothing for the people I was called to teach. At last I abandoned the mission work in despair. I began to think of a peaceful refuge in some monastery in which I could live with Nature, in prayer, undisturbed by the sight of the evils of life. My mind as well as my bodily health was affected, and my friends, becoming seriously alarmed, raised a subscription, which was supplemented by one from the Academy, in order that I might be sent to some place of rest in which there might be a chance of a complete recovery. Accordingly I started for the Crimea.

CHAPTER V.

FALSE SHEPHERDS.

REACHING the Crimea, I went on to the beautiful town of Yalta, staying in the suburb of Tchukulali, where I took pains to recover my health. Tchukulali is situated on a high cliff, and I passed much of my time watching the glorious sea and revelling in the sunshine and bracing air. My frequent visits to Yalta, I fear, rather tended to arrest my convalescence. It is above all a place of fashion, frequented by rich people who come to spend money and get pleasure, often of a disreputable kind, rather than to get health. With disgust I watched the squandering, in reckless and riotous living, of money which was the fruit of the labour of poor peasants whose lot I knew so well; while side by side with all the prodigality of these homes of pleasure and luxury there might be seen in the town thousands of miserable creatures, ill-fed, nearly naked, and without shelter.

The town itself presents, indeed, what to any sensitive mind must be a shocking contrast of huge palatial mansions in the centre and abominable slums in the suburbs. In and near the town are palaces and estates of the Czar; and the sight of this appalling misery at the very doors of the Czar's palaces and on the borders of his rich estates filled my heart with indescribable bitterness, and did something to poison the happiness and enjoyment of Nature which I had found on these southern hillsides. By a fortunate chance I met Father Nicholas, the Bishop of Taurida. He was not much liked by the people there, who complained of his conceit and haughty manners, but he was very kind to me, and when he learned that I was a student of the Academy became very friendly, and offered me the hospitality of the monastery of St. George. I gladly accepted this invitation.

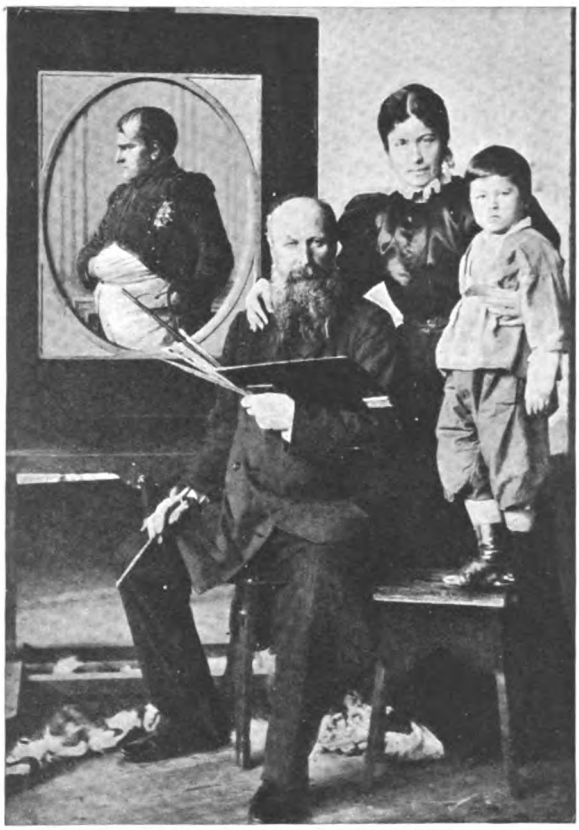
This monastery is situated on a high mountain overlooking the Black Sea, amid the most beautiful surroundings. The fresh air and the constant sight of the wide, clear water gave me new health. I loved the sea, and felt its breathing as though it were a living being. Confidence and strength and belief in my own purposes began to return to me, and my plan of entering a monastic order appeared in a different light from what it had taken when I was weary and in despair.

I soon found that the great natural resources of the place were left unused, while the monks, evading any real work, passed their time in serving the visitors who stayed in the hostel of the monastery. This hostel was always filled with rich holiday-makers, of whom many were young ladies; and the relations between the monks and these guests were anything but what they ought to have been. A large majority of the monks, in fact, passed their time in a frivolous and parasitic way of living upon the income which the hostel brought in; and at the same time over two thousand acres of most beautiful vineyards belonging to the monastery, which might have produced an income of twenty pounds per year per acre, were left in a state of desolation.

YALTA, THE BEAUTIFUL SEASIDE TOWN IN THE CRIMEA WHERE FATHER GAPON RECRUITED HIS HEALTH.
From a Photo. by] *[Fradelle & Young.*

Such contrasts between pious words and impious conduct destroyed little by little my desire for the monastic life.

While staying in the monastery I met a number of interesting people, to three of whom I owe, in part, my decision to return to work in the world. The best known of them was the great painter, Vassili Verestchagin. He was living near us, closer to the sea, in a small house with his children, whom he dearly loved. He was an austere and even rough man, strong-willed, but magnanimous; his keen eyes looked out fixedly from beneath thick brows, and the whole appearance of his severe, bearded face bespoke a forcible character. He saw in his art a real mission, and therefore he put it above everything else. I remember once, while he was working in the light of the setting sun, an old schoolmate, Admiral S——, came up from the town to see him. Verestchagin was busy with his work, and refused to see any visitors. The admiral begged for at least a short talk, but the painter remained firm, and his friend had to return. "Of course," Verestchagin said to me afterwards, "I should have liked to have a talk with my old acquaintance, but work is above everything. I cannot get at will the moment of inspiration and the proper light, and I cannot sacrifice such opportunities as remain." He was a man of kind heart, with all his straightforwardness of speech. His vivacity and vigour were infectious. We often walked together on the cliffs and the beach, and I remember many of our conversations. "I always respect a man," he told me once, "who speaks out his convictions plainly, without regard to the consequences. I can see clearly that you also have passed through some tragedy; and I will tell you what I think of it. Throw off your cassock! Give it up! There is plenty of work to do in the world which needs all the energy we can give it." Verestchagin was a thorough realist in art. He considered that only that work of art is great which fully reflects the reality of Nature. "It is," he would say, "the task of the artist to find out in Nature and life such subjects as correspond with, and into which he may infuse, his ideas." He condemned, for instance, the famous picture of Ivanoff of the "Appearance of Christ," in which Christ was represented as returning from the desert with rough, torn



VASSILI VERESTCHAGIN, THE GREAT RUSSIAN PAINTER, WITH WHOM FATHER GAPON HAD SEVERAL INTERESTING INTERVIEWS.
From a Photo.

clothes, but smooth hair. "How," asked Verestchagin, "could anybody coming from the desert have smooth hair?"

I passed nearly a year altogether in the Crimea, visiting from time to time the beautiful little village of Balaclava, which is locally called the "Gem of God," and many of the monasteries in the district, in all of which I got the same impression of wasted opportunities and useless and even disreputable life which I had already received. Every day I saw more clearly that these thousands of monasteries—there are more in Russia than in any other country in the world—are nothing but nurseries of vice and machinery for increasing the superstition of the people. Yet how useful all those beautiful spots might be to the nation! What splendid schools, libraries, hospitals they would make! What parks for the enjoyment of the people! The most beautiful places in the Crimea, as in other parts of Russia, belong to the monasteries, and are turned not to the good but to the evil of the people. The time will come when this will be changed.

My health now completely restored, I returned with new confidence and hope to St. Petersburg.

CHAPTER VI.

MY SCHEME FOR THE OUTCASTS.

I DECIDED to continue my studies in the Ecclesiastical Academy, thinking that by graduating there I might obtain a position which would enable me to devote myself very largely to work amidst the industrial classes of the capital. Remembering my late wife's wish, however, the idea of abandoning the priesthood was very unwelcome. On returning to the Academy I made up my mind to give to my studies only so much time as was necessary to pass the examinations, and to devote the remainder to coming into closer touch with the working classes in the city. Hearing of my return, Sabler, Pobyedonostseff's assistant, invited me to take part in a brotherhood mission in the church over which he had immediate control. This church, called that of the Holy Mother of Pardon, is situated in the part of St. Petersburg called the Haven.

It is a low-lying district near the river, which frequently overflows, causing great misery among the poor people who live there. The Baltic wharves and many manufactories and mills are situated in this quarter. Here I preached on duty and happiness, and very soon my congregation increased so that the building could not hold it. Often more than two thousand people gathered to hear me.

I made the acquaintance of many workmen at this time, going among them at their work on the Baltic wharves and entering into conversation with them. They got to trust me, and some of them confessed to having become infected with political ideas. I did not at that time think that political change was necessary. I told them that by some industrial organization they might reach better results for their own elevation than by entering into conflict with the Government. But I felt very deeply the despair with which they regarded their position. Once as I passed near a workman in one of the smelting works he said to me, "Is hell worse than this?" and when, in answer, I mentioned the name of God, he cried

angrily, "There is no God. I have prayed to him hundreds of times that he might save me from this hell where we are tortured in the struggle for our bread, but He has not done what I asked."

Meanwhile I continued my studies in the Academy, and when I was in the second year I was offered a position of *locum tenens* for the leading priest in the new church attached to the second Orphanage of the Blue Cross. This also was situated in the workmen's quarter. I applied myself to making the church successful, and achieved this result. At the same time I was offered the place of teacher of the Bible in the Olga Poor House, which is under the special patronage of the Empress.

To reach these two places I had to pass an immense field, called Haven Field—a great open plain which, instead of being made a playing-ground for the children, is a real danger to the public health—in the first place from the refuse that is thrown there, and also because it is a great gathering-place of the outcasts of the town, those unfortunate beings whose life and sufferings have been so fully described by Maxim Gorky. I often stopped here on my way and made the acquaintance of some of these outcasts, and tried to help them in whatever way I could. Their sad fate touched me deeply.

The more I learnt of the life of these unfortunates the more touched I felt for them; the problem of how to help them filled my mind more and more. To get to the root of it I began to visit the private lodging-houses, which in St. Petersburg, as in other cities, supplement the altogether inadequate shelter offered by municipal effort. In many of them the sanitary conditions were absolutely deplorable, the air being sometimes so foul that, according to the Russian expression, "you would need an axe to cut it." At first I disguised myself and spent some nights in these shelters; and then, when I had become familiar enough with them, I began to visit them regularly in my priest's gown in the evening, finding at length a workman intelligent enough to help me in conducting a short service. After this the poor folk would gather round for conversation and would tell me their stories. They had found a friend, and I had found that even in these uttermost depths, where humanity has become so grievously broken and defaced, the power of friendship may still redeem even those who seem to be most lost.

Among the outcasts I met I was often startled to find really gifted individuals. There were some who had had high situations, there were officers of the army, barristers, and even members of aristocratic families. It was plain that many of them might again become useful members of society if only they could be put in human conditions, and could be inspired with some confidence in themselves.

I wrote a report fully explaining my plan for the regeneration of the outcasts by the establishment of a series of labour-houses in the great towns and labour-colonies in the country, the fundamental principles of which were that labour must be the only criterion and that everyone must work.

I made the Prefect of St. Petersburg, General Kleygells, acquainted with my report, to which I added a criticism of the existing workhouses, showing their complete inadequacy, their failure to develop the will of the men, and to provide them with any help upon their leaving. I also sent a copy of this report to General Maximovitch, who is the general director of the workhouses patronized by the Empress. He professed to be very much pleased and to fully sympathize with the scheme. He ordered it to be printed at once and gave a copy of it to General Tanyayeff, a great favourite of the Czar, who, as chief of His Majesty's Chancellery, has the rank of Minister, and who is the vice-president of the Committee of Workhouses, the president being the Empress. Tanyayeff reported upon the scheme to the Empress, who, as I was told, was impressed by it, and desired that it should be discussed by the committee in her own presence at a meeting to which I should be invited to explain it. This success of my report greatly encouraged me, and I intended to give up my life and study to the working out of the scheme. But my hopes soon proved premature. Month after month passed without the conference being called. General Maximovitch, who professed to be very keen about it, consoled me with various explanations: now the Empress was ill, now she had had to leave the capital, and so on. Bureaucratic red-tape was evidently going to kill my scheme.

The news of it spread in society, and members of some of the highest aristocratic families began to show interest in the subject and in myself. I was invited to a number of salons of titled persons surrounding the Court, and began to become familiar with them. During these visits I made the acquaintance of all sorts of representatives

of these classes, and especially often I visited the salon of Mme. de Khitrovo, a spirited lady, the widow of the late Hoff Marshall Khitrovo, formerly Russian Minister to Japan. There I had plenty of chances of studying society life, and I found it very far from enviable. In their words as well as in their deeds these people seemed to me to move in one great round of artificiality. Their life appeared exceedingly tedious, exhausting, and unsatisfying. Their interest in philanthropy was feverish, but quite superficial. At first I believed in their good intentions, and when they asked me to inquire into the conditions of such or such a poor family I rushed off, carefully studied the case, and reported upon it, at the cost of time and even of money. But I soon found that these efforts were useless; there was no real interest behind the inquiries and no real desire to cure the evil. All they wanted was a new kind of distraction. The same unreality I found in their supposed yearning for religion. They would constantly develop great interest in the life of Christ and ask me to instruct them in it, but I found that what they really wanted was something quite different.

GENERAL KLEYGELLS, PREFECT OF ST. PETERSBURG.
From a Photo.

There was, however, one old lady for whom I had the greatest respect. This was Princess Elizabeth Narishkin, first lady-in-waiting on the Empress, a member of the very highest aristocracy and standing in very high favour with the Czar and the Imperial family. She was also a virtuous and intelligent woman, and a number of philanthropic institutions organized by her were of a really satisfactory character. I was often invited to her house and had long conversations with her. It was under her influence that I began to idealize the Emperor Nicholas II. She told me that while he was still a child she used to carry him in her arms and that he grew up under her eyes. She assured me that she knew him as well as her own children, and she always characterized him as a really good, kind, and honest man, but, unfortunately, very weak of will and devoid of any strength of character. In my imagination there then grew up a kind of ideal Czar who had not yet had an opportunity of showing his real worth, but from whom alone the salvation of the Russian people could be expected. I thought that the day would come when the Czar would suddenly rise to the height of the situation with which he was faced, and would listen to the voices of his people and make them happy.

During this time I continued my work in the church of the Olga Refuge and in the second Blue Cross Refuge. My position in both places had become stronger. In the latter I was soon elected as the manager, a distinction which was reported to the authorities of the Academy and to the Metropolitan, who were much pleased. In this position I used to come into frequent contact with the president of the committee of all the refuges, a Mr. Anitchkoff, who was also a member of the City Council. He showed great friendliness in his own peculiar way, and in a state of greater or less insobriety used to open his heart to me as to his many exploits in public life. He told me of many dishonest transactions in which he had taken part in connection with the City Council. Several times he invited me to his house, where he offered me wonderful vodkas, which, as he said, were stolen and brought to him by his uncle, who was the manager of the commissariat of the Winter Palace. He told me many queer stories of life in the Imperial Household. The number of servants in the palace is enormous, there being about seventy cooks alone, and every cook, I was told, stole as much as he could. Robbery is, in fact, practically the general rule. It was with deep grief that I heard of these things and reflected how, instead of continuing this useless waste of the people's money, the Czar might live a simpler life

and set a better example to the world. At first, taking Anitchkoff simply as a good-hearted fellow, I in return told him about the ignorance prevailing among the masses of the people and their exploitation. But soon I learned that his friendliness was but a screen for actual perfidy, and that he was doing his best to ruin me. I believe that the chief motive of the intrigues against me in which he was presently involved were the critical passages of my report to the Refuges Commission. The details of these criticisms would hardly be of interest to foreign readers. Suffice it that I showed that some of the refuges for which Anitchkoff, Baron Witte, and some other influential persons were responsible were badly managed and completely failed of their ostensible purposes. Anitchkoff's only idea of reply was to rake up against me what he tried to represent as dubious incidents in my past life, and to embroider these with slanders which he invented. The only thing that I really had to fear was the consequences of my undoubted friendship for the poor and the outcast. The workmen had showed an increasing interest in my services and filled the church in greater and greater numbers. Sometimes I spoke to them about the hardness of their lot and the oppression they had suffered, and it is likely enough that I used unguarded phrases.

I came into constantly closer contact with the factory hands, and learned much of their conditions of life. Their situation was indeed a hard one. There are in St. Petersburg about two hundred thousand factory workers, the larger number of these being engaged in the textile and machine industries, and concentrated in certain quarters of the city. Their wages ranged from twenty-eight shillings a month upward, only the very best skilled hands receiving as much as seventy shillings a month. The foremen frequently treated the men with great injustice and brutality, extorting bribes from them under threat of dismissal and giving preference to their own relatives and friends. When a conflict arose between masters and men the factory inspectors, who have in Russia the power and duty of settling industrial disputes, nearly always took the side of the employers, using all their efforts to induce or force the men to submit. Even the factory doctors proved themselves faithful servants of the masters who paid them, and often in cases of accident managed in a very cruel way to deprive the workmen of compensation. All these causes, operating in a community where officials and police have absolute and arbitrary power, and where there is no means whatever of securing personal justice, were increasing the discontent of the workmen. I began to see what a tremendous influence it might be for the amelioration of the conditions of labour in Russia if this large body of workmen could be combined and taught how to protect their own interests.

But the unexpected intrigues to which I have referred came near to cutting short my efforts. At that time the Duchess Lobanoff Rostovsky had offered me the position of priest in the Red Cross Society. I decided to accept the offer and to leave the Refuges, and the Metropolitan Antonius agreed in principle that I should do so. That was at the beginning of my fourth and last year at the Academy. But the Managing Committee of the Orphanage was by no means pleased, fearing the effect of my removal to a neighbouring church upon the large congregation which I had gathered at the Olga Orphanage. Lending an ear to Anitchkoff's libels, they sent a report to Bishop Innocent, who was temporarily filling the place of the Metropolitan Antonius, and prevailed upon him to deprive me of my situation and expel me from the Academy.

At the same time Anitchkoff denounced me as a Revolutionist to the "Okhranoe Otdelenye"—the Central Department of the Political Police. One day a high official of that department named Mikhailoff visited me at my lodgings, with the object of inquiring into the matter. I told him my story, and he replied with great kindness and friendliness, professing sympathy with the liberation movement. Probably upon his report to his chief, the Metropolitan Antonius, who had in the meantime returned to his post, received me in audience and reinstated me in my situation and in my position in the Academy, where I continued in my rooms to receive my friends among the workmen and to discuss their interests with them. What follows will help to explain this curious episode, in which I received my first help from the Russian police.

CHAPTER VII.

I MEET ZUBATOFF.

ONE day Mikhailoff came to the Academy to see me. He said that a certain personage wished to make my acquaintance, and asked me to go with him. Taking me under his charge, he brought me to a huge building of the Fontanka, which bore the simple but significant inscription, "Department of the

Police." There we passed through a number of large rooms, all of them filled with little black boxes, which, as I learned afterwards, contained the history and photographs of political suspects in various parts of the Empire. The collection is known in Russia as "The Book of Fate."

"You are going to see Mr. Zubatoff," Mikhailoff told me. I did not at that time know anything about the Department of Police, or Zubatoff, the powerful chief of the political section; but my curiosity was fully awakened. We entered a splendid reception room, and there I was introduced to Sergius Vasilivitch Zubatoff, a short, strongly-built man of about forty years of age, with chestnut-brown hair, winning eyes, and simple manners.

"My colleague, Mikhailoff," he said, with a friendly gesture, "has spoken well of you. He said that you are in frequent communication with the working men, that you have influence with the people, and easy access to them. That is why I am so glad to make your acquaintance. I myself have but one object in my life, and that is to help the working men. You know, perhaps, that I first tried to do so from inside the revolutionary camp, but I soon found that that was not the proper way of doing any real good. So I tried to organize the workmen in Moscow, and I may claim to have succeeded. We have there a very strong organization, with its own library, courses of lectures, and societies for mutual help. You will see how strong it is when I tell you that on February 19th (the anniversary of the emancipation of the serfs) fifty thousand workmen in Moscow united in laying a wreath before the statue of Alexander II. I know that you are interested in the same cause, and I would like you to work with us." And he asked me to visit him at his house to discuss the matter further on the following day.

The mention of the wreath struck me rather unpleasantly, for I knew from the workmen themselves that it was an altogether artificial show of loyalty. The workmen, in fact, understood well how hollow a reform the emancipation had proved. Nevertheless, I wanted to know what Zubatoff would say next, and I agreed to visit him.

From a] THE CZAR'S WINTER PALACE. *[Photo.*

"Meanwhile," he said, "I will send you one of our organizers—a workman named Sokoloff, an excellent fellow."

My former guide drove me back to the Academy. "Well," he asked, "how do you like Zubatoff?" "What is he?" I asked, innocently. "Is he a detective?" "He can hardly be said to be that," said Mikhailoff. "He is one of those who sympathize with the Revolutionary Movement, and, indeed, he often helps the Revolutionists themselves with money. You see he is a real statesman, and now he has special plans for bettering the lot of the workmen you will see for yourself."

The same day the workman Sokoloff came to me. This man, as I learned after-

wards, was in the hands of Zubatoff and the Government, and was one of their chief instruments in the curious work of organizing the Moscow factory hands in an association under the supervision and direction of the Secret Police, and he was also one of the chief actors in the St. Petersburg organization of the same kind. But though in this way connected with the Secret Police I do not doubt that he was sincerely convinced that he was doing good work for his class. He struck me, indeed, as a brave and intelligent fellow. During the interview we had he spoke to me with pride of the education that was being given by the Moscow Workmen's Association, for which professors and other educated men were delivering lectures, and in the course of our talk he gave me a leaflet by Leo Tikhomirov,* lithographed in imitation of the rougher kind of revolutionary prints, in which he praised the workmen for placing the wreath on the statue of Alexander II. Sokoloff spoke to me with delight about this expensive wreath. I said that it seemed to me rather a pity to organize the men, not for self-help, but to waste their hard-earned savings in such a way.

"Yes," he said, "but this will please the Czar, and if he is pleased with us he will grant us the concessions we want." Sokoloff told me something also of the organization established in St. Petersburg, in which several professors of the Ecclesiastical Academy were taking part. He said that the first meeting of the society was to take place very shortly, and that the workmen would be very much pleased if I would join them by leading the service which is usual on such occasions. I promised to consider this request. Next day I went to see Zubatoff at his apartments in the building in the Department of the Police. He received me in the friendliest manner in his sumptuous rooms, and we talked until three o'clock in the morning. He expounded at great length his views on political and social questions, and his ideas of how work for the betterment of the industrial conditions should be conducted. "Our great advantage," he said, "is that we have an Autocrat; he stands above all classes, and, being on this moral height and in a position of social independence, he can play the part of a balance of power. Until now the Czar has been surrounded by men of the upper classes, who influence him so that his policy may be chiefly to their profit. Now, what we need is that the workmen should organize themselves, and on their side should be able to influence the Czar, so that they would counterbalance the influence of the upper classes, so that the reign of the Emperor would become absolutely impartial and beneficial to the nation."

This sounded very specious, but I could not refrain from putting the question, "But why, then, should you wish to retain the Autocracy? Would it not be much quieter and safer for the Czar himself if he left political parties to struggle with each other as they do in England or in France? It seems to me that if your theory is right a constitutional *régime* would be much more practical." "Oh, yes, yes," answered Zubatoff; "that's the very thing towards which I am striving. I am a constitutionalist myself, but you see the thing cannot be done at once. Leo Tikhomirov, for instance, advocates the maintenance of Autocracy, and proves that it is much more beneficial to our cause for the time being than a constitutional *régime*, so that we have now to organize the workmen, and to do that without the interference of the intellectual classes, who frighten the Government. When that is done we can go on more logical lines," and saying this Zubatoff handed me the pamphlet which Tikhomirov published when he left the Revolutionary Movement, and in which he tried to explain "How I Ceased to be a Revolutionist."

I had made up my mind at the beginning to be cautious. Thinking that I had now perhaps gone too far, therefore, and that Zubatoff might have me arrested after I left his hospitable abode as a suspected person, I added, "Of course, I do not say myself that I am a constitutionalist at all, but I have tried to reason from your point of view, and I have been extremely interested in your ideas." "Yes, of course," he replied, "but I also am a constitutionalist. What I object to is the mixing up of the students and other intellectuals in the workmen's movements. I should much rather see a man like yourself help to organize it. The intellectual classes are only agitating for their own political purposes; all they want is to get political power for themselves, using the workmen merely as tools, and we must struggle against this selfishness and this duping of simple people."

Again I could not refrain from remarking, "But do not the doctors work in a self-denying manner among the people in the

* Tikhomirov was in the early eighties one of the members of the famous Executive Committee of the Narodnaya Volya, by which the assassination of Alexander II. was organized. In 1887 he suddenly turned renegade from the revolutionary party, and was then allowed by the Government to return to Moscow, where he became a contributor to the reactionary Press.

villages, and have not the intellectuals, the students, and Revolutionists often sacrificed their own lives for what they thought right?" "Yes," he answered, "they do sacrifice themselves, but what comes of it? They killed Alexander II. He was quite prepared to grant important reforms, but, of course, after such a deed the Government had to retrace its steps, and a long period of reaction began. It is due to these very Revolutionists that the development of the working class has been postponed so long."

I did not argue any more for fear of betraying my sympathy with the heroic figures of the Russian Revolutionary Movement, of whose deeds I had heard much from my own workmen.

At the end of our conversation Zubatoff asked me, "Well, what do you think? Will you join us and help us?" "I will think of it," I said; "I cannot decide at once. I am going to Moscow for my Christmas holidays, and there I will study the working of the association on the spot, and I shall see my way better."

One other little incident of this interview remains in my memory.

During our conversation an officer of the Political Police came into the room with an air of mystery and handed to Zubatoff a small cardboard of the kind used to carry papers safely through the post. He whispered a few words to Zubatoff, who with an eager look began hastily to tear the coverings off. At last he came to a thin sheet of paper. What it contained I do not know, but Zubatoff seemed highly pleased. Still he went on tearing off sheets from the roll; and finally there appeared—a copy of the clandestine journal of the Socialist Revolutionist Party, *Revolutionary Russia.*

The face of the great police agent positively beamed with delight. I understood that he had made a useful find, and I could not but contrast the benevolence with which he had been speaking of the cause of the people and the way in which he was gloating over the approaching fate of some unhappy fellow who had dared to introduce into Russia a publication certainly more truthful than those which pass the censorship.

"This is the poison they spread among the people," said Zubatoff, striking the paper with his hand; and he drew open a drawer to show me a pile of the same kind of poison.

I took out the first pamphlet I came to—if I am not mistaken it was by Prince Kropotkin—and asked innocently whether I might take it with me and look it through.

"Certainly," said my host. And so I spent a night of absorbed interest in company with Kropotkin.

ПАРТІЯ СОЦІАЛИСТОВЪ-РЕВОЛЮЦІОНЕРОВЪ

РЕВОЛЮЦІОННАЯ РОССІЯ

№ 59 10 Февраля 1905 г.

ОТКРЫТОЕ ПИСЬМО КЪ СОЦІАЛИСТИЧЕСКИМЪ ПАРТІЯМЪ РОССІИ

БОЕВОЙ МОМЕНТЪ

"REVOLUTIONARY RUSSIA," THE PAPER WHICH CIRCULATES IN RUSSIA IN SPITE OF THE CENSOR. THIS COPY SHOWS AN ARTICLE BY FATHER GAPON.

(To be continued.)

An Outbreak of Energy.

By Arthur H. Henderson.

ONE of the few countries still haunted by the manners of the Middle Ages is Sicily. Among the many advantages possessed by the islanders is that they are to this day hedged round by a screen which curtains their deeds from an outside alien world. If you go straight inland from the seaports, where the steamers load with wine or sulphur and the pleasure yachts call on their cruises, you will come by gritty lava roads to a land where men's actions are judged from a mediæval standpoint unknown to Murray or Baedeker. To a twentieth-century Europe Sicily has now presented a record of monotonous years broken only by the remembrance of the storms and outbreaks of the past. Some day Etna may waken the world again, and send its twisted lava streams boiling across its desolate uplands to contend at a hissing goal with the peaceful Mediterranean Sea. For Sicily is an ugly island with a few beautiful oases among its treacherous hills and crime-stained valleys. In its scattered villages there linger passions as primitive as the population that nurture them on their volcanic soil. Only when the whirl of civilization casts a stray-borne foreigner into the inland politics of the island are tales of seeming impossibility heard afar. This happens seldom; perhaps it is well.

It is a tradition of Etna that its circlet of snow is wide or narrow according as the time when the peoples of its lowlands go forth to battle or remain at home in peace. This is a matter of mythology, and as such can have no concern with the present year of grace. Otherwise the snowfields should have stretched forebodingly on a certain summer evening when the village of Campotello seethed with agitation at the news of the return to the island of an ancient foe, and a man and a maiden on a smart English yacht in Catania harbour lounged under the striped awning on the after-deck prior to dressing for dinner.

"You are the laziest person I have ever met," the girl's clear voice announced with emphasis; and the Hon. Clare Massie's frank eyes surveyed the man beside her with deep disapproval. She was slim, graceful, and daintily dressed, and she shrugged her shoulders disdainfully, conscious that it was a gesture which suited them to perfection.

"Is it your sense of superiority which gives such an upward tilt to your chin?" inquired the offender, in a tone of immense anxiety.

"No."

"You have the prettiest chin," continued Mr. Gerald Wynston, irrelevantly, "of any woman conceivable. It is adorable; but it is too fond of expressing decisions." And he settled his head dejectedly into a more comfortable pose against the cushion of the deck-chair.

The girl knit her brows with determination, and by an effort little short of heroic closed her lips upon her scorn. When she did open them again it was to remark, severely:—

"I detest gently passive men."

"That is what makes me so low-spirited," murmured the non-active individual, mournfully. "But you have never seen me roused."

"Never!" agreed Miss Massie, with asperity. "I don't believe it possible."

"Some people will believe nothing," he said, slowly, his eyes on her face. It was a very winsome face under a mass of soft brown hair that glinted gold in the southern sunshine, though at the moment a frown of exasperation was puckering the smooth, white forehead above the big, indignant eyes. "In peace I am a lamb; if roused, a lion. Now it is most blissful—peace."

"You must have been placed in the world for something," argued the girl, with the calm of the logical. "What do you suppose it was?"

He groaned. "A week ago I thought it was photography." He groaned again. "Then came—you will remember—that unfortunate incident at Palermo, when the camera underwent hydropathic treatment in that most picturesque of streams. It has never recovered from the immersion, despite at least two hours of tenderest care."

"I don't believe you have any conscience at all," said his companion, with a petulant pat to her hair. "It is such a mistake."

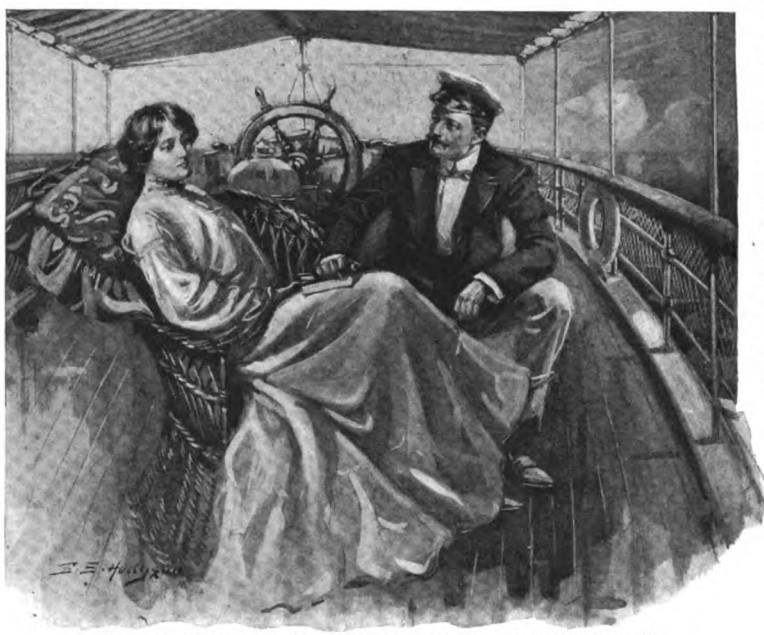
"Your discernment is, as usual, acute. There was a mistake; it occurred when I was born. And now at my age—and it is very serious to be thirty-six, Clare—the development of a conscience means the end of all pleasure in life. And since, for some inscrutable reason, I have been blessed with the encumbrance of the goods of this world, of which the *Osprey* is a witness, I do not need to labour. Besides, the afternoon is much too hot to moralize. Be not enticed into it, dear; it needs too much exertion of the brain."

"There is not much fear of yours being

injured in that way," said the girl, sharply. She opened a book in her lap and appeared to be deeply interested in it.

"Pretty people can be horribly selfish," murmured an entreating voice, as a firm hand stole down and closed the absorbing volume, which, as a matter of fact, was upside down. "Don't read; talk to me instead. It's so much nicer."

"Don't be a tease," said the lady, sedately. "This is a book by a very clever man."



"A FIRM HAND STOLE DOWN AND CLOSED THE ABSORBING VOLUME."

"I have such a reverence for clever people," he mused. "They make me shy."

"I've never noticed it," she retorted, pointedly.

"Yet I am awfully fascinated by them," he went on, with cordial interest. "I suppose it is a law of Nature that opposites attract each other, though the process of assimilation may be a painful one. That is why I struggle so painstakingly to raise myself in the airy fabric of your esteem, with so little success."

"Success is only to be won by effort," declared the feminine oracle at his side.

"As a general proposition you may be right, but please descend to details. I can grasp them so much more easily."

The girl made a little *moue* by way of reply.

"You might do anything in the world you liked with me," pursued the other, instructively. "There is nothing I would not do for you."

He spoke rather bitterly, and Clare Massie looked up.

"Isn't that a stock phrase that every man uses to every girl whom he fancies he likes, without in the least expecting to be taken at his word?"

"No," was the swift answer. "You are the only person to whom I should say it."

A flush stole into the girl's cheeks and her gaze roved from the yacht's trim deck to the shore of Catania's lava-built town. The evening sunlight gleamed over the white Sicilian houses with their background of black and green-ranged hill-slopes, while above all soared the great volcano's snow-covered summit against the blue of the Mediterranean sky. Small sailing-craft dotted the harbour, and a faint smudge of smoke from the crater of the mountain trailed mistily into the distance.

"Aren't you ever going to marry?" asked Wynston, suddenly.

"I don't see the necessity," she responded, with coldness.

"Dear," his tone sobered wistfully, "don't you think you can ever care for me at all? I have been waiting very humbly for you to feel the need of me. I dare say you could marry a much better fellow and a much abler one than I am, but you don't seem to be doing it. I should be"—again he smiled—"ever so much improved by marriage—with you."

"I like you very much, Jerry," said the girl, dispassionately, her eyes resting a moment on the long, lithe form beside her. "One can like a man very well, and yet not be certain of wanting to marry him. I don't think I love you, and I don't know how to tell whether I do or not."

"Shall you be very long before you determine?"

She flashed a glance half suspicious of sarcasm from below her eyelashes. Something in his expression nettled her.

"I'll wait till you develop some energy," she concluded, with an emphatic jerk of her pretty head. "Now, *I* am going up Etna to-morrow."

"Up Etna!" Her hearer's face flashed into sudden alertness.

The girl nodded nonchalantly. "Yes; with Aunt Jane and—and Count Louis."

Under his breath Wynston cursed the attractive foreigner, who, armed with an introduction from an acquaintance at the Embassy at Rome, had been making himself so completely at home on the yacht ever since they had left Naples.

"You see," continued Miss Massie, sweetly, "all the rest of the party are off to Taormina for the day, and I am simply longing to go up a real volcano. But it would be far too much exertion to ask of you, so I suggested to Count Louis that he should take us."

"Clare!"

"Well, there isn't room in the carriage now, and it's all arranged. I have been reading about Etna in Freeman's History," she chattered on hurriedly as she saw the sudden shadow in his face. "Interest in mountains, he says, depends on their association with humanity, and the whole air is redolent of mythology. Pindar and Æschylus both sang about Etna, and I have been most interested."

"Your appreciation is enough to make them squirm with gratification in their graves," interposed the yachtsman, parenthetically. "But——"

"So we start at six in the morning, sleep the night at the hut under the summit, and get to the crater next day in time to see the sun rise. Whatever are you grunting and looking gloomy about now?"

"I believe you were deliberately brought up to be disobedient. Your share of the proceedings will be confined to plodding along on a mule after a guide in a smother of lava dust, and to receiving fulsome compliments from that other fellow. How your aunt can ever have consented to go with you passes my comprehension."

"A good many very simple things do that!" cried the girl, curiously resentful of something in his attitude, and feeling inwardly a little uncertain about mules. "Aunt Jane does not mind and Count Louis was quite charmed; at least, he said so."

"So I suppose," agreed Wynston, tersely. "But you are not to go."

The girl stared at her companion as if he had suddenly lost his senses.

"What do you mean?" she demanded, sharply.

He should have quailed; instead he squared his shoulders with a characteristic little gesture of determination.

"It may not be safe."

"Nonsense!"

"Either you will stay here in Catania or you will let me be one of the party."

"I shall do neither," answered Clare Massie, with stubbornness. She rose from her chair and faced him doggedly. "Count Louis is quite capable of taking care of me. Besides, he is not nearly so rude as you are. I hope that your temper is better when you are roused than when you are at peace," she concluded, with stinging acumen in a tone that implied expectation of the very reverse. And forthwith the speaker departed with dignity to her cabin, and carefully avoided the owner of the *Osprey* for the rest of the evening.

"THE SPEAKER DEPARTED WITH DIGNITY TO HER CABIN."

For Gerald Wynston had yet to learn, as others have learnt before him, that there is no greater error for a man who loves than to attempt to exert authority over the maiden of his desire before she has turned her wayward woman's heart responsively to his. Which is always wisdom too deep for the unmarried to comprehend.

It was a suspiciously red morning when the climbers started for Etna. Wynston did not know it because he did not get up early enough. When he did go on deck, after breakfasting under a cloud of preoccupation, he was in rather a sombre mood. Scraps of Clare's conversation, phrases she had used to him, kept recurring to his memory. He did not believe in a girl's heart being so uncontrollable by its owner as many a woman would have many a man believe. He sniffed critically as he thought of that most Christian spirit of unselfishness which had induced a very indolent member of an impoverished Sicilian house to undertake an exertion to which he was certainly not inclined. He detested Count Louis; therefore he also distrusted him. He had watched him carefully when the details of the expedition were being discussed the previous evening at dinner, and he was quite sure that the Count was not at all anxious to go. In fact, he was undoubtedly reluctant. A look almost of fear had flitted across his face when someone jokingly alluded to the perils of brigands as a thing now of the past. But once the Hon. Clare Massie had set her mind on anything it was a difficult matter for a mere man to divert it, as Wynston knew to his cost, and the Count, having been unguardedly betrayed into promising to take her up Etna, would have had to produce some very good excuse indeed before being allowed to back out of it. Wherefore Wynston, as he pondered, could only give himself up unreservedly to tobacco, and assist the skipper of the *Osprey* to look wisely at the weather. This grew more and more threatening.

The rest of the party on the yacht had departed noisily for a long day's excursion along the coast. A vague thrill of apprehension, for which he could not account, haunted him incessantly. The dome of St. Agatha's Cathedral seemed to beckon him imperiously ashore. The skipper amused himself by scanning every visible slope of Etna through a telescope the value of which appeared to its owner to be immensely enhanced by the inability of anyone else to see anything through it. This inherent quality on its part, however, failed to produce serenity on the part of his young master.

Wynston's uneasiness increased as the storm-clouds gathered menacingly. It led to his taking a sudden decision to follow the others up Etna. Once this was resolved on he was not to be deterred by a thunderstorm which echoed deeply among the hills and turned the slippery slopes into a thousand rills of violent, tropical rain-water. The carriage drive from Catania to Nicolosi seemed to take hours, owing to the animal between the shafts resenting the downpour and developing a marvellously acute instinct in detecting the slightest upward incline. The lightning blazed with a vivid steely glare, and the thunder cracked and roared with stunning reports. It was surely impossible that Clare should ever have left the village from which the real ascent begins. But she had had five hours' start of him.

Everybody who has been up Etna knows the village of Nicolosi. There the carriage road ends, and there the innkeeper shows you, if you are English, the revered name of Gladstone in the visitors' book of 1839. There all attempts to hurry anyone are utterly vain. With diligent deliberation and leisured length of speech the *Capo delle Guide* will, when unearthed, provide mules, while martyred chickens are cut off in the flower of their old age to provide repasts for those who travel hungrily upon the mountain. Notwithstanding the evidence of countless flies the inn is not an attractive resting-place. And there in the doorway Wynston ran straight into the arms of Miss Jane Lowther.

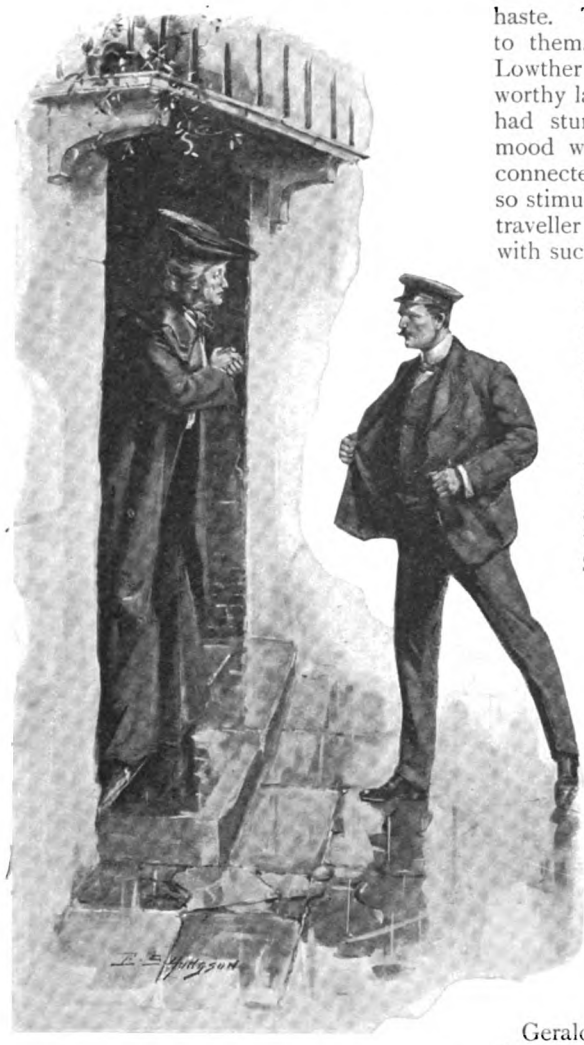
She was a pale, angular person, gaunt and weird, with a high-pitched voice and a look of mild, eternal Sabbaths—one of those dear, middle-aged ladies who carry all possible possessions about with them, in case thieves should take advantage of their temporary absence from home. She wore a large brown hat which looked as if it had been ironed, and which was crowned by a melancholy red feather. In other respects she was not decorative to gaze upon, and further description of her appearance would be uninteresting. Wynston shook the rain from his streaming coat and spoke with scant ceremony.

"Where are the others?"

"Gone on three hours ago," said Aunt Jane, dismally.

"Gone on alone!" he cried, in unassumed stupefaction. "And without you!"

"It was the mule," confessed the poor lady, shamefacedly. "He was so thin and mangy,



"IN THE DOORWAY WYNSTON RAN STRAIGHT INTO THE ARMS OF MISS JANE LOWTHER."

and his coat was all in faded patches. He cocked his ears at me dreadfully when I tried to mount, and he had a horrible cold. He sneezed at me when I gave him lumps of sugar, and spat them all out again, and he kept starting forward before I was ready. At last Clare said she would go on with Count Louis and the muleteer, while I was to wait here till they returned. I know it was wrong of me to let her go, but she is so obstinate sometimes. Then the storm came on. Oh, I am so glad to see you, Mr. Wynston. No one here can speak any language that I can understand at all."

Wynston infused into certain natives of Nicolosi some sorrow and much amazing haste. This latter in particular was strange to them. His few remarks to Miss Jane Lowther were not friendly towards that worthy lady. Perhaps it was the rain which had stung him into that savage, reckless mood which queer, nondescript individuals connected with the necessary mules found so stimulating to their energies. Never had traveller clattered through Nicolosi street with such expedition as Gerald Wynston did that afternoon, accompanied by a sulky muleteer and two bedraggled and still sulkier mules. A whole arsenal of objections had been ruthlessly thrust aside by this imperious Englishman with the stern-set face, who prodded and poked about in stables and back-yards, tying up defective saddlery with cords and abusing the laggards with an emphasis which conveyed meaning even to a Sicilian. Rain might change to sleet, clouds enfold the black, threatening ridges of the mountain, mist enshroud the dead, bare lava fields, but he was going on—at once. There was a ring in his voice as of one able to command men which Clare Massie would never have recognised as that of the critically lazy lover who generally lolled so indolently about his yacht. But then it is rare for Fate to permit emergencies to arise in which a man can show his mettle when the girl who might be attracted by it is present at the same time.

Gerald Wynston will not easily forget those next few hours on Etna. The rain had nearly ceased, but a keen, cold wind whistled mercilessly over the crusted lava streams, driving the black dust and loose, fine ashes in persistent clouds across the wild, desolate uplands. Trees gave place to bushes, bushes to stunted shrubs, shrubs in their turn to the spreading plains of that strange, undulating, volcanic country, dotted with numerous small craters. Over some of these green verdure grows and the spurge springs in patches, making the contrast but more blackening between them and other sheer, red-lined gulfs into the terrible earth beneath, hot with its internal fires. Over the mountain hangs a deep silence; no Alpine murmur of ice-born streamlets, fed from glacier worlds above, is wafted on the wind. No soft haze tinges its outlines with softening

colour. Only sometimes little flowering plants nestle in the fissures of the lava, and the grim, forbidding snowfield grows larger as you climb.

Suddenly the muleteer, who was leading, gave a sharp startled cry. He pointed out a curiously still object lying prone upon the lava sand. It was a dead mule.

There were tracks in the surrounding ashes of various feet. The blood had oozed from the bullet wound in the head and had stained with dulness a little yellow blossom close at hand. A sinister quiet reigned over the whole scene. Mechanically Wynston walked a few paces farther on, as if with a fatal certainty that more was to be found. Huddled in a ghastly mass under a grim, contorted lava rock lay Count Louis, shot through the heart.

Only by those who have never known what love is can it be doubted that there can come a subtle consciousness which is able to ignore the barrier of distance, and tell to one who loves when the loved one is in danger far away. Wynston had felt it that morning in Catania harbour. Now, as the shadows of the afternoon were gathering, he sprang to his feet from beside the dead and his steady eyes blazed into fierce excitement. He turned to the scared Sicilian beside him, who promptly found the muzzle of his employer's pocket revolver most conducive to an explanation as to what had probably occurred.

"Yes—by the truth of the Holy Mother—it must be the deed of the vendetta of Campotello. There they have none of the patience and good conduct of the sweet saints, but they dishonour themselves and insult the pious memory of their fathers by their evil. Between them and the people of Nicolosi who obey the Government and fear the gendarmes great is the contrast. The signor would know the reason of the vendetta? Of a surety it was concerned with the taking of the land, and with the taxes on the grapes and olives which he who was dead had demanded even unto the uttermost soldi, extorting payment from their poverty so that the very ornaments of the women were seized. Naught else could it be."

"And the English lady—where will they take her?"

The Sicilian cowered deprecatingly, and threw out his hands with a despairing gesture of ignorance. But again a vicious prod from the revolver stimulated suggestion.

"THE SICILIAN THREW OUT HIS HANDS WITH A DESPAIRING GESTURE."

"Signor, they will almost of a certainty make first for the shepherd's hut on the other side of the mountain. It is half-way from here to Campotello."

"Come on," said Wynston, laconically. "Look lively and show me the way."

The muleteer flung himself on the ground and babbled incoherently. He was a native of Nicolosi. For him to show his face on the other slopes of Etna was death. It was the vendetta. He was too poor to die.

Threats and promises of reward alike proved unavailing. The man's terror was real. Yet this was the twentieth century under the enlightened rule of one of the Great

Powers of Europe, and within fifteen miles of a seaport of civilization. Nevertheless, it so fell out that when Wynston approached the hut with wariness after nightfall he had to approach it alone.

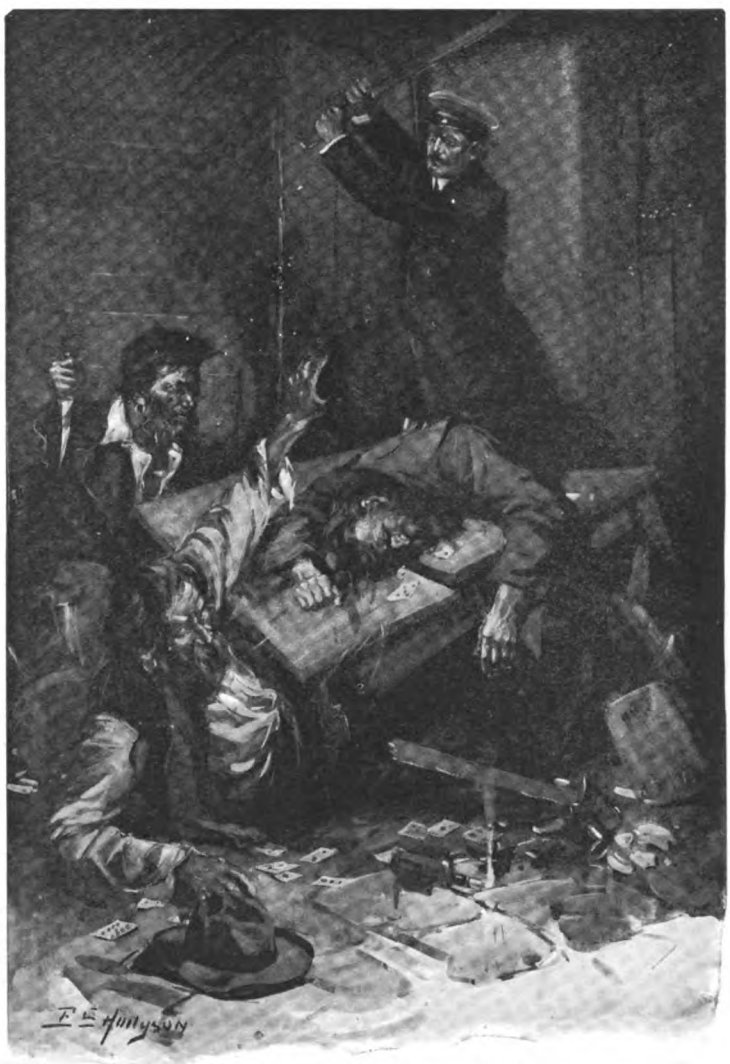
In a small clearing enclosed by a dense patch of scrubby trees stood the dilapidated little building. He reined in his weary mule, dismounted, and tied it securely to a branch. The noise of the wind and rain muffled all sound of hoof or footstep. Very circumspectly indeed Wynston peered through the darkness. For some long minutes he stood by the animal considering.

A faint shaft of light flickered out through a dingy window, telling that the hut was tenanted. The Englishman stole up to it cautiously with quick, silent steps. It took a little time for his eyes to grow accustomed to the scene within, dim and indistinct through the smoke-begrimed panes. Then his hand tightened savagely on his revolver-handle and his teeth set hard.

In the far corner of the little interior Clare Massie crouched on a heap of rugs. He could not see her face, but her attitude of despair was enough to bring the hot blood surging furiously into his own. Seated at a rickety table three Sicilians played with greasy cards by candle-light.

Gerald Wynston drew back into the darkness and stumbled over a long, rough wooden pole. He pounced on it with quiet exultation; it would be handier than shooting. He had sometimes wondered idly how he would act if called upon to face a sudden emergency. Now it had actually arrived he never hesitated. He walked softly up to the door and put his hand on the wooden latch.

Unruffled peace is not invariably present among those who play at cards for soldi, which are scarcer than is merited among deserving Sicilians. An angry chatter had broken out volubly between the players. In the midst of this most animated discussion there burst upon them the avenging Englishman with the rush of a cyclone and a most demoralizing yell. His big bludgeon descended on the back of the nearest native with a thwack that stretched him senseless and bleeding over the table. That unstable article of furniture promptly collapsed, so that, with an ear-splitting crash, boards and

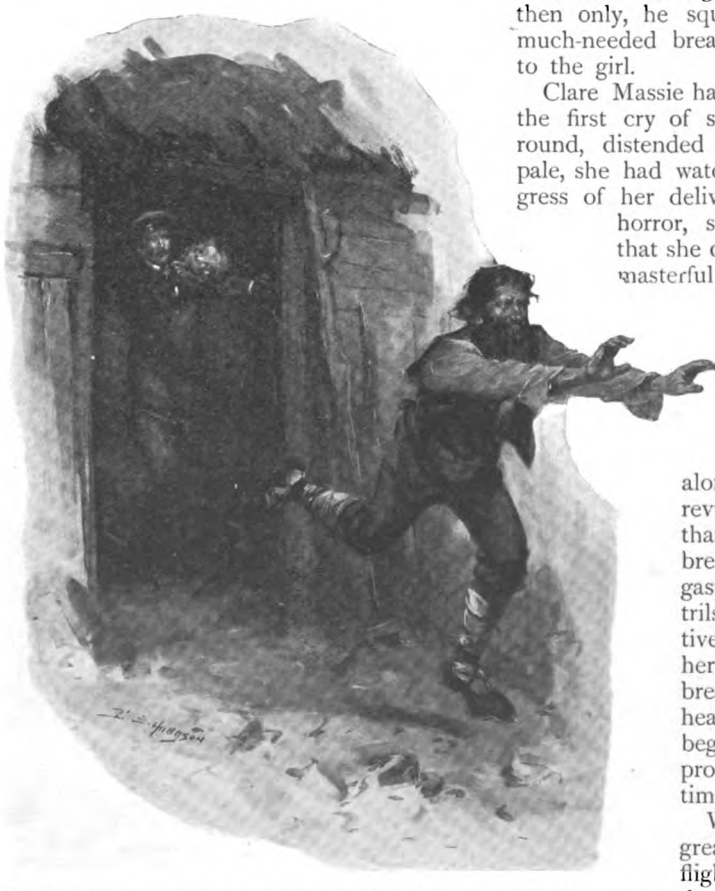


"THERE WAS A PRETTY FAIR MIX-UP."

dishes, candles, cards, and Sicilians, carried away with precipitate violence on to the floor of the hut. As Wynston afterwards laconically described it, "there was a pretty fair mix-up." The surprise was complete.

Two of the enemy were for the moment buried among the *débris*. But the third—a man with the ugliest face Wynston had ever seen—turned on him with a snarl of rage, knife in hand. Fortunately, the Englishman was between his foe and the guns resting in the corner; but, on the other hand, he, on his part, did not dare use his revolver for fear of killing the girl. He dodged a savage stab and hit out vigorously with his own weapon. The other man sprang aside nimbly and flung his keen-bladed knife with deadly aim full at his opponent's face. Mercifully, Wynston swerved in time, so that it just missed him, and only sagged sharply into the wooden wall beyond. Next moment there came the slapping thud of a heavily-landed blow on the top of a head, and Sicilian number three sprawled into an ungainly heap beside the first victim of the fray.

As for the second member of the vendetta party, he disengaged himself from the tangle, howled shrilly, and made for the door in the biggest hurry he had ever known in his life. Wynston further expedited his movements by two shaky revolver shots, which greatly assisted the fugitive to make a bee-line through the darkness. Apparently this was a painful process from the manner in which he tripped and slid over obtrusive tree-roots and protruding pieces of the mountain itself. Next the two inanimate heaps were pulled clear of their surroundings and lashed up securely with pieces of rope. One of them groaned a little, and the other kicked in a vaguely fitful fashion. They were not prepossessing individuals—dirty and stunted, with gnarled features and unkempt, bristly hair. They were more stunned than seriously damaged, and Wynston had no compunction in dragging them into the adjoining mule-shed and leaving them there. Then, and then only, he squared his shoulders for a much-needed breathing space and returned to the girl.



"WYNSTON FURTHE EXPEDITED HIS MOVEMENTS BY TWO SHAKY REVOLVER SHOTS."

Clare Massie had not spoken a word after the first cry of surprise. Fascinated, with round, distended eyes and cheeks deadly pale, she had watched the devastating progress of her deliverer. As in a dream of horror, she was saying to herself that she did not recognise this new, masterful man, who flung his foes before him in the scrimmage with a gleam on his face such as, mercifully, few women ever see, since it is ordained that to the battles of life men usually go alone. Then, with a mad revulsion of feeling, she knew that she was safe, and her breath quickened in little gasps through the small nostrils. With a sudden instinctive gesture she stretched out her arms and clung to him breathlessly. She hid her head on his shoulder and began to cry. Tears are the product of happiness sometimes.

Wynston's heart gave a great bound. In his wildest flights of fancy he had scarcely dared to imagine such a

Heaven-sent moment. That the soul-provoking, dignified Clare should actually be in his arms of her own accord—willingly, responsively—was as bewildering as it was blissful. A great wave of tenderness swept over him.

"My poor little lady—my dearie! cry it all out, then." He drew her more closely to him and kissed her wet cheek with daring, trying to comfort her as he would have comforted a small child whose heart was sore.

"Oh, Jerry," she sobbed, stormily, with strange little breaks in her voice, "can—can you ever forgive me?"

"What for?" he smiled, in swift response to the tear-stained eyes shyly seeking his. "Does a fellow talk of forgiveness to the girl he loves when he gets her out of a tight hole? Besides, look how energetic I've become—quite unexpectedly, too."

She nestled her head more cosily against the hollow of his shoulder. A gleam of candle-light fell strangely upon her delicate features shaded by her fair hair. He realized more than he had ever done before how beautiful she was. True, the said hair was badly ruffled, and became still more so as he patted it with clumsy affection. Her dress was damp and mud-stained, and her skirts were soaked by the rain. Yet never had she presented to his eyes so attractive a picture, he considered. Suddenly she broke away from him, and spoke with a return of her old manner so complete as almost to startle.

"Wouldn't you like to shake me?"

"Immensely."

"And say something harsh?"

"One can't be harsh to a truant angel," he returned, with mock regret.

"Does your energy always take the form of knocking people down?" she demanded, demurely. "What a poor look-out for me!"

"You are just a big baby," interposed Wynston, promptly.

"Because I cannot bear being bullied."

"Don't tell me what you dislike; tell me of something—or somebody—you like," he suggested, beseechingly, watching the glow come back into the girl's cheeks, and the eyes which seemed half inclined to confess much that he had never read in them before.

Clare Massie gave a little sigh eloquent of her new happiness. "Haven't I told you quite enough for the moment?" she murmured, sedately. "Now, how do we return to Catania? I can't walk; my shoes are cut to pieces by the lava."

And she backed, limping exaggeratingly, away from his expectant attitude.

Wynston restrained himself with a huge effort. "There are the mules, and the moon is rising. We had better get away at once."

"What awful objects we must look!" said the girl, trying to push stray locks back into their place, and surveying her own attire and that of her companion. "You have rumpled my hair dreadfully."

"Do you mind—so very much?"

"Perhaps not this once, since—oh, well! since it was you that did it. Now, do be careful with these wretched mules. The big one is docile, but the little one is crafty and wants humouring."

"They are a perfect allegory," declared Wynston. And Clare's eyelashes drooped suddenly over a flushed face as he helped her to mount.

"We'll hope for the best," she murmured, a little unsteadily. "Jerry——"

"Yes."

But they rode on for a while in silence before she continued. The stillness and weird moonlight shadows were all around them.

"Jerry," she said, in a voice so soft it was almost a whisper, "do you really care for—for me?"

"Clare!"

"Because sometimes when I didn't think you quite so nice it was my fault. I made you be it."

He wheeled his mule nearer to hers.

"I'll give you a wee bit of advice," added the girl, in sage inconsequence. "Never take a woman too literally at her word."

"But it is just one little literal word I want," he begged.

"Am I always to do as you order me—now?"

"Always," laughed the man, with great conviction.

"I believe I have loved you for a long time," she confided, very low. "But I meant to worry you for months before I let you find it out."

At this confession the crafty mule stumbled unexpectedly over a rock and required assiduous attention.

"It was the outbreak of energy that did it," someone declared later to the far-away lights of Nicolosi, as the dawn paled across the eastern sky.

And the conclusion of the whole matter was summed up caustically by Miss Jane Lowther that next morning, after the gendarmes had departed for the hut above Campotello with haste and surgical bandages:—

"You cannot be too careful what you do on a volcano."

MRS. CRAIGIE—PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Ages—New Series.

No. IV.—MRS. CRAIGIE.

MRS. CRAIGIE, *née* Pearl Mary Teresa Richards, novelist and dramatist, whose magnetic personality long since broke through the thin disguise of "John Oliver Hobbes," was born in Boston, U.S.A., on the 3rd of November, 1867. To the influence of four generations of Puritan divines on her father's side may be attributed that note of seriousness underlying even the most brilliant and sparkling of her books, the tendency to point a moral and the fondness for depicting the struggles of the soul.

From a Photo. by] AGE 5. *[E. Bieber, Hamburg.*

Her education was a very cosmopolitan one. She started to travel when only three years old, making the usual European tour with her parents, and studying—as soon as she was of an age to do so—in Rome, Paris, and London. In particular, she devoted herself with much enthusiasm to music, studying first at the Paris Conservatoire and afterwards at the Royal Academy under Macfarren. She also read for the London B.A. under the late Professor Goodwin, of University College, and he it was who, struck by her undoubted gifts of literary expression and pen portraiture, advised her to take up literature as a profession. He read "Some Emotions and a Moral" in MS., and passed on it a verdict which not long after was endorsed by the world at large.

Two or three years, however, before the book was written, in 1887, Miss Richards married Mr. Reginald Walpole Craigie, from whom she subsequently obtained a divorce, with the custody and sole guardianship of her little son, John Churchill Craigie.

The first publisher to whom "Some Emotions and a Moral" was submitted offered to undertake its publication provided the name and the end were altered. This Mrs. Craigie refused to do, and she next sent it to Mr. Fisher Unwin, who was just starting his Pseudonym Library. It was accepted, and proved a great and immediate success, over eighty thousand copies being sold in a very short space of time. That was in 1891, and in the course of the succeeding ten or eleven years the following novels from the same pen appeared: "The Sinner's Comedy," "A Study in Temptations," "A Bundle of Life," "The

From a Photo. by] AGE 22. *[Porter (now J. M. Allen), Ventnor*

Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham," "The Herb Moon," "School for Saints," "Robert Orange," "The Serious Wooing," "Love and the Soul-Hunters," and "Tales about Temperaments." In addition, Mrs. Craigie wrote the successful play, "The Ambassador," which was produced at the St. James's Theatre in 1898. On the first night of the piece the calls for "Author! Author!" were very insistent, and when in response to them a slim lady of youthful appearance and considerable personal attraction appeared before the footlights it took the audience a moment or two to realize the fact that this really was the author. Needless to say, when they did, their enthusiasm redoubled.

From a Photo. by] AGE 30. *[Lafayette.*

The year 1900 saw the production of another successful piece of Mrs. Craigie's, again at the St. James's, "The Wisdom of the Wise," and she also collaborated in "The Bishop's Move," produced at the Garrick in 1902. Her last dramatic venture, "The Flute of Pan," was less successful. Besides the work already mentioned she has contributed to the *Times*, *Fortnightly Review*, *North American Review*, and the "Encyclopædia Britannica," from which it may be gathered that her pen is as prolific as it is brilliant.

Mrs. Craigie spends a good deal of her time in the Isle of Wight, but when in London lives with her father, Mr. John Morgan Richards, in Lancaster Gate, and here, in a large study at the top of the house, she does a great part of her writing. Round the room are ranged quaint and beautiful bookcases, executed from her own designs. Book-collecting is, in fact, a hobby with her, and she owns some three thousand volumes, many of them rare editions. She generally starts work about eight in the morning, but only a few hours in each day are given up to original composition. The rest of her time she devotes to reading and study, and in particular makes a point of reading something in a foreign tongue every day. She is a Greek and Latin scholar of no mean ability, speaks French as well as English, and has some knowledge of Italian and Spanish.

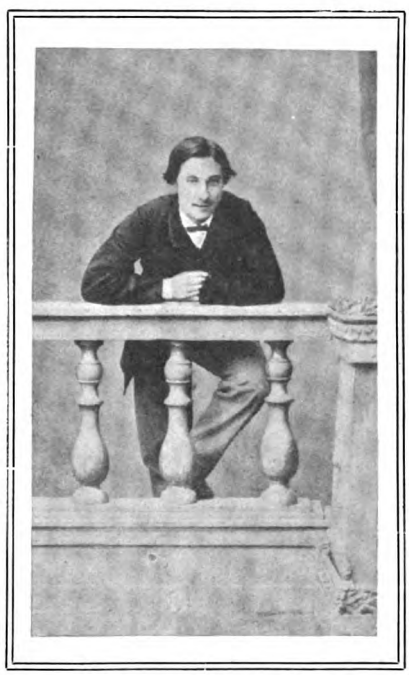
As to her manner of labour, she may be described as a long thinker and a quick writer. She likes to thresh out every little detail of her work before putting pen to paper, but when once she starts she progresses with wonderful rapidity. Her turn for epigram, her crisp dialogues, and the essentially human element running through them all are known in every household of literary taste.

As to the name John Oliver Hobbes, there lives not the interviewer whose pleasant paths led him at one time or another to the big house in Lancaster Gate who has not asked Mrs. Craigie why she chose it.

"To curb my natural sentimentality, which is extreme," she replied. "I purposely chose the name of the great philosopher in order to remind me to control the tendency, and always be calm and reasonable."

No. V.—LORD LANSDOWNE.

HENRY CHARLES KEITH PETTY-FITZMAURICE, fifth Marquis of Lansdowne, who owns estates in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and has, in addition to his marquisate, three earldoms, three viscounties, and five baronies, was born on the 14th of January, 1845, and educated at Eton and Balliol. He comes of a long line of soldiers and statesmen. His father held office under the Crown during the Crimean War, and his maternal grandfather, the Comte de Flahault, was a French General and diplomatist, who married the Baroness Keith and Nairne. From his mother's side of the family, therefore, he probably inherited that colouring which caused him to be described in his schoolboy days as a "dark-haired, French-looking boy," as well as the exquisite purity of his French accent. It is said that when he was at Oxford he was often laughingly referred to as "the future diplomat" on account of his grave and preoccupied demeanour. The prophecy seems modest enough in the light of later days, when we reflect that Lord Lansdowne has in turn been appointed to four of the highest offices to which the ambition of statesman or diplomat can aspire. He succeeded his father in 1866, and reversing the usual order of things—*i.e.*, first making a career and then marrying—he married first, at the early age of twenty-four, and entered upon his career afterwards. Lady Lansdowne, *née* the Lady Maud Evelyn Hamilton, daughter of the first Duke of Abercorn, is an ideal representative of the fast decaying race of *grandes dames*, and has been a distinguished leader of society for years. Two sons and two daughters were born of the marriage: the Earl of Kerry, who served in South Africa and was married last year to Miss Elsie Hope; Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, of the 1st Dragoons; Lady Evelyn Cavendish, wife of the heir-presumptive to the Duchy of Devonshire; and the Marchioness of Waterford.



AGE 17.
From a Photo. by W. Runicles, Windsor.

Lord Lansdowne joined Mr. Gladstone's Government as a Junior Lord of the Treasury in 1869. In 1872 he became Under-Secretary for War, and in 1880 Under-Secretary for India. This latter post he resigned on the introduction of a somewhat revolutionary measure connected with Irish administration. That his party did not take his independence in ill part may be gathered from the fact that in 1883 he was appointed to succeed the present Duke of Argyll, then Marquis of Lorne, as Governor-General of Canada.

This was the first of the four great positions he has been called upon to occupy. His tenure of office at Ottawa was rendered memorable from an historic point of view by the suppression of the Riel Rebellion in the North-West, the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the satisfactory settlement of certain difficulties in connection with the North American fisheries. Socially, both he and his wife were extremely popular, and in particular the French Canadians were utterly subjugated by the polished charm of one who spoke their mother tongue with the pure accent of the eighteenth century. Lord Lansdowne was the first Governor-General who ventured to address them in French, and it is said that a certain amount of trepidation was felt when his intention became known. But no sooner had he uttered

the word "Messieurs" than the whole audience burst into cheers. They recognised at once the accent of the true French tongue, possible only to a man with French blood in his veins.

While he was thus laying up a store of pleasant memories in Canadian hearts, the Home Rule scheme was introduced into Parliament over in England. From the very first Lord Lansdowne dissociated himself from the movement, and in 1888 finally separated himself from his old chief, returning to England at the expiration of his term of office as a Liberal Unionist.

On December 10th of the same year the late Lord Salisbury appointed him Viceroy and Governor-General of India. We have to thank him for the inauguration of a policy of closer relations with the frontier tribes, which has since borne good fruit, and for the important work of reorganizing and overhauling the military system there, a work in which he had the co operation and advice of Lord Roberts.

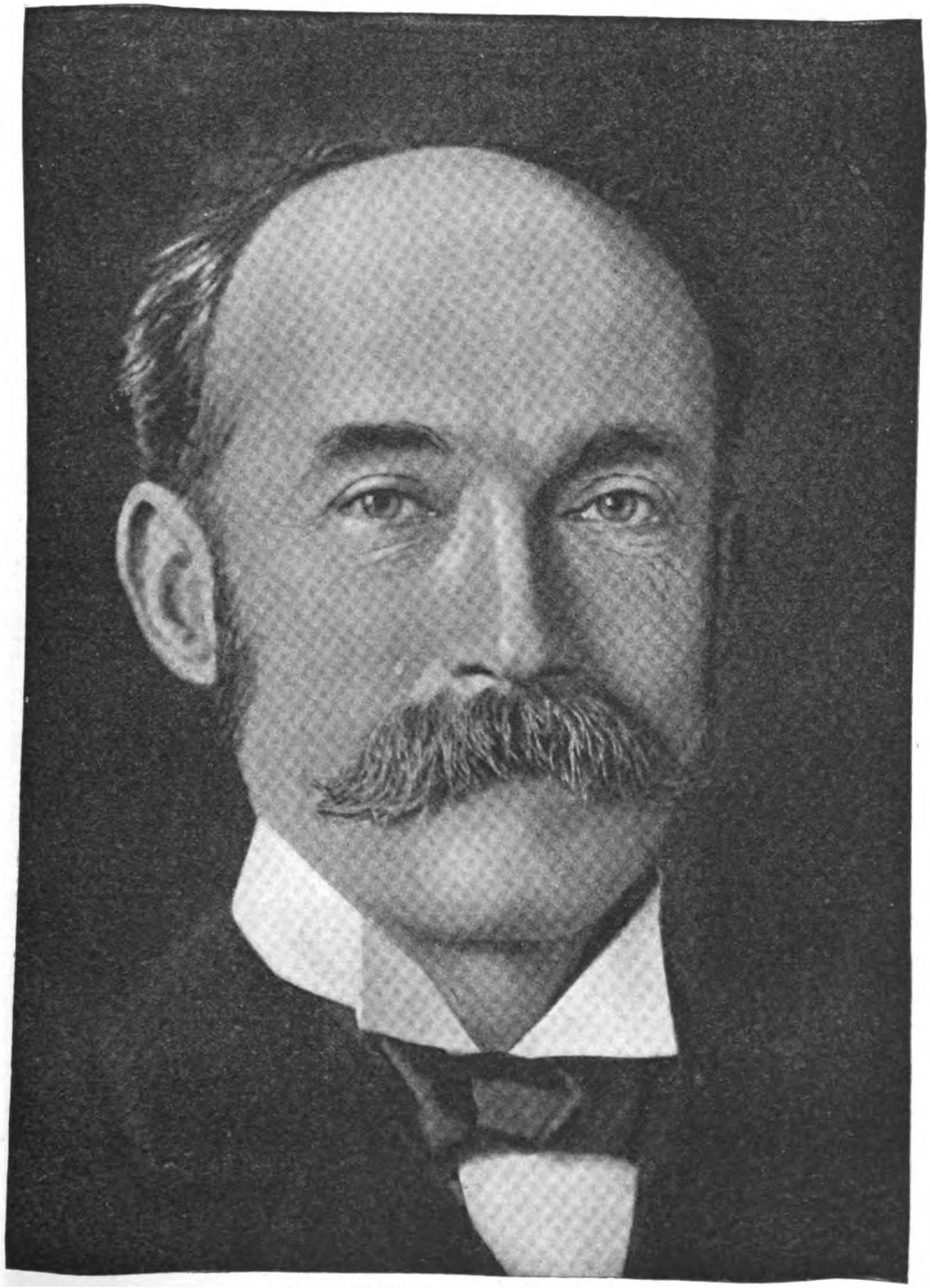
AGE 23.
From a Photo. by A. Crowe.

His five years of office over, Lord Lansdowne returned home, and for the space of about two years took a well-earned repose.

It was in July, 1895, that he was appointed Secretary of State for War, and became vested with a cloak of responsibility which, during the dark days of the Boer War, would have hung heavy on less powerful shoulders than his. But from time immemorial, whatever his shortcomings as a class or as an individual may be, the aristocrat has been his own justification; and through all that bitter period, when every man in street or suburb commanded by turns at the War Office and on the veldt, and included Ministers at home and generals abroad in one sweeping condemnation; when to the cares of office were added the domestic anxieties common to most fathers of sons in those days—through it all he remained calm and self-possessed, bearing the brunt of indiscriminate blame without complaint or justification, courteous even to those who heaped most obloquy upon him.

AGE 35.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

It is pleasant to turn from the Minister of War to the Foreign Secretary, who has done so much towards the establishment of good relations between us and the other Powers of Europe. As a diplomatist Lord Lansdowne is in his element. Years ago a member of the Gladstonian Government spoke of him thus: "He has all the qualities, a tact that never fails, a memory that never slips, a temper which the man is not yet born who can ruffle." Add to this his linguistic gifts, his charming and urbane manners, and it is not difficult to understand his success as Foreign Minister, even though it was his lot to succeed in office so great a statesman as the late Lord Salisbury. History will remember the celebrated Treaty of Alliance with Japan, which so startled the world when signed, long after this and succeeding generations have ceased to be. That treaty bears the signature of Lord Lansdowne.



LORD LANSDOWNE—PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

MISS ANNIE HUGHES—PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Ellis & Walery.

No. VI.—MISS ANNIE HUGHES.

MISS ANNIE HUGHES, one of the most delicious comedy actresses on the modern stage, was born in Southampton on the 10th of October, 1869. She was educated at Queen's College and Miss Buss's School for Girls in North London, and made her first professional appearance at a *matinée* at the Gaiety while in her early teens, when she had to borrow a long dress from Mrs. Beerbohm Tree.

AGE 6.
From a Photo. by J. Hubbard.

It would be difficult to enumerate the various *rôles* with which she has since that day delighted the British public, but among her own special favourites may be mentioned Susan McReary in "Held by the Enemy," Nancy in "Sweet Nancy," Saucers in "A Bit of Old Chelsea," and Little Lord Fauntleroy, of which she was the original exponent.

No list of Miss Hughes's parts would be complete without mentioning that of Lucy White in "The Professor's Love Story," which she filled when Mr. Willard revived it at the Garrick in 1896. Miss Hughes's enactment of the *rôle* of the "simple little Lucy thing" was one of the most delicious bits of comedy imaginable, and a touch of pathos in the last act completed a charming character-sketch in a charming play.

An interviewer recently saw Miss Hughes at the close of a *matinée* performance of "Mr. Hopkinson," and asked her for some of her views anent the drama and the dramatic profession generally.

"Am I fond of the stage?" she repeated, rather meditatively. "Well, I don't think anyone who wasn't would remain on it. The life is too full of vicissitudes and, to those who are ambitious, disappointments. But as for actors and actresses who say they don't like it, I find it difficult to believe them, and am inclined rather to attribute it to chagrin caused by—what shall I say?—unrealized hopes. In any case it seems to me that anyone who dislikes or despises the stage as a profession ought to give it up. To remain in it under those conditions is fair neither to the profession nor to the public.

"Naturally things have changed a good deal since the commencement of my career. There was a much wider field in those days both for players and play-houses. Now the supply of artists is so enormous in proportion to the demand, and the theatres of to-day have to compete with so many counter attractions.

"Outdoor amusements, the exhibitions at Earl's Court and elsewhere, and, above all, bridge, have done much to reduce theatrical audiences. A few years ago one was always sure of a large Saturday night house. But

From a Photo. by AGE 8. [*David Hains.*

AGE 13.
From a Photo. by Lambery, Boulogne.

Saturday night, from being one of the best in the week, has of late years become the worst.

"The theatrical seasons have changed, too. Formerly one could count on an excellent season from Easter up to the end of July. Now there is practically no summer season for the theatres, the stalls alone being its patrons. But the autumn and two or three months in the early part of the year are excellent months for theatrical business.

"As to drama, the abnormal success of musical comedy may be put down to the great difficulty of managers to get good plays."

Miss Annie Hughes is the wife of Mr. Edmund Fitzmaurice Lenon, professionally known as Mr. Edmund Maurice, the creator of the part of Taffy of the Piccadilly weepers.

Besides her dramatic talent, Miss Hughes has a decided turn for literature, and some charming stories and poems of hers have appeared in different magazines. One poem in particular, "Pussy's Better Nature," has been much recited by Mrs. Kendal in America. Miss Hughes has also done a good deal in the way of dramatic adaptation, and a costume play from her pen, entitled "His First Love," was produced at the Haymarket Theatre for the Conway benefit. She is also engaged upon a novel which will deal with various episodes in the life of an actress.

Amongst her other recreations are tennis, cycling, and swimming. About a year ago, when in Dieppe, she had a narrow escape from drowning, having dived from the wrong side of the pier, and was rescued by M. Armond, the celebrated duellist, for which he received the gold medal of the Humane Society.

Miss Hughes is not a very great reader; indeed, what between professional duties and the exactions of an eighteen months' old baby and a son of ten, to whom she is devoted, she finds her time pretty well taken up. She has, however, a weakness for books of travel. She speaks French, of course, and has travelled in Holland, Friesland, and Belgium, and been a successful salmon-fisher in Norway. She does not "bridge," but hopes one day to be able to afford a motor. "I don't care about being photographed in someone else's and pretending it's my own," she remarked, roguishly, when questioned on the subject, "as I should not like the public to be deceived into thinking I was able to indulge in such luxuries."

Miss Hughes enjoys the distinction of being the only actress who is a member of the Lyceum Club.

AGE 17.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

LAFAYETTE.

AND THE STORY OF THE MAN WHO WAS HIS FRIEND.

By Max Pemberton.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHITE WINGS.

IT would have been in the month of May, I think, nearly a year after my life had been so miraculously preserved in Barham village, that I went down one afternoon from my house in Sandwich town and gazed over the still bay for the ship that was to bring General Lafayette to me. Alone and full of my thoughts, both sweet and sad, I seated myself upon a little hillock of the sand and dwelt upon that sunny picture which can have no fellow in all the world. The noble ships of England lay anchored in the Downs before me, and the white sails of others were as great birds upon that far horizon, beyond which lay France and the land that henceforth should be my home.

Eleven months since I had met Pauline Beauvallet upon the road to Dover town; eleven months since the merriest rogue of a parson that ever stood upon two legs (and there be some that rightly should go on four) saved me from Armand de Sevigny's blade and my own rash act. Shall it be a wonder to me if people ask what kept me in England when my life's work lay across the ocean; or how I come to speak of a house in Sandwich and wherefore I looked for General Lafayette in a ship upon the seas? Not so, and a word shall answer them.

Now, it was all the rascal of a parson's doing. How the fellow would listen to my stories of the war! What a very army of honest bottles we sent empty away while the tales were told! Press me further and I will declare that the parson stood not alone in it. For had not he a little arbour in his garden, and did not honeysuckle and wild roses grow thereon; and what should such an arbour be for if not to catch the whispers of a young girl's voice and to give them back, in words the years should remember, to the man who had learned to believe them the sweetest music in all the world? Aye, call it the parson's doing, and a fig for the fate or destiny or any name by which men excuse their fortunes. I rested awhile at Barham Vicarage because the parson would have it that I should. I bought me a house at Sandwich because I had no mind to return to France. And that's the whole truth of it and shall stand without excuse. So find me at the water's edge looking wistfully at the little packet boat which a mocking wind left drifting in the bay, while I could have cried out with impatience to see and hear my friend.

"THE NOBLE SHIPS OF ENGLAND LAY ANCHORED IN THE DOWNS BEFORE ME."

Now the little ship came drifting into the river at last, and I ran to the water's edge and espied General Lafayette heavily wrapped

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in a military cloak and standing alone by the helmsman. Always a man who learned to govern his emotions, he did but smile at me kindly from the ship's deck; but no sooner was he ashore than we embraced most cordially in the French fashion, and he began at once to speak of all those things of which my letters had made mention.

"So this is my old friend Zaida Kay, and a woman has trapped him at last! And she is a Frenchwoman! And oh, my friend," he cried, "but I told them all the while that it would be Honor Grimshaw, and you have shamed me sorely, and what shall I say when they charge me with it?"

His words cut me not a little, but I had reckoned up all that in the secret chamber of my heart; and to him I could speak intimately of it as to a dear friend who had learned to love me.

"The name of Honor Grimshaw is sacred to me as that of my own sister," said I. "I will not deny that circumstance at one time promised to make us man and wife. General, a great wrong would have been done had that been so. I loved her, but not with the love a man should have for but one woman in all the world. Consider how it has been with me. For eleven months now this love for Pauline has been growing in my heart. I wake in the morning rejoicing that I shall hear her voice again; I sleep at night fearful lest the shadows shall creep upon her happiness. She is all that I can believe the truest woman to be. Sir, I love her as I do not believe that any man has loved a woman before, or will love after me."

He smiled, but not unkindly, at my warmth.

"I do perceive that Honor Grimshaw has no part in this," he rejoined, "and, my dear friend, who am I to dispute with a lover—at least until he be married a year?" he added, slyly. "Mlle. Pauline is well born; I owe her much; your country, perhaps, owes her something in that she helped me to get to America. And, dear Zaida," he exclaimed, with sudden warmth, "am I so little your friend that I, too, cannot rejoice at this and creep into your home for a little share of all this kindly love you do so well to speak of?"

I said no more upon it except to wring his hand and remind him that someone awaited us impatiently at home, and that we must hasten. My little house with the red roses creeping upon its porch and the tangle of wild flowers in its ample garden had been sufficiently described to him in my letters; but he would have discovered it had it not been so, for who should stand in the roadway as we came up but good Parson Ingolsby, and the business which he did there was one no other man could have done so well.

"Yonder's the parson of Barham village," cried I, pointing him out with my cane; "those fellows about him have handled a keg of Schnapps before, as you may readily perceive, General. I doubt not that it is the good man's present to us against to-morrow—and if it has paid a shilling of duty I'm a Dutchman. For that matter, 'tis little enough that any house hereabouts knows of King George's taxes."

The idea of this shocked the Marquis not a little. A punctilious, methodical, law-abiding man himself, he could not understand with what levity the coastwise people of Kent broke the King's law and boasted of the misdemeanour. Nor did I, upon that occasion, seek to justify the matter, for the parson's merry face was justification enough, and the good fellows who helped him to carry honest kegs to our cellar had honesty too broadly written upon their sunburnt cheeks for any man to quarrel with them on that score.

"Good luck to you, parson," said I; "and surely the King's dragoons will be riding this way if all that liquor must be drunk up between now and Christmas. Let me present you to General Lafayette. You'll need no introduction to each other, I make sure."

I had but to mention the name to bring a shout to the parson's lips like that of a man halloaing after a fox.

"What!" cried he; "General Lafayette, who fought at Barren Hill?"

"There would not be two of them, parson."

"General Lafayette, who is thrashing the rogues in Paris?"

"Ask him and he'll tell you."

"Then bless the eyes and limbs of him, but I mean to shake him by the hand. Your servant, sir. I think little of you that you beat us at Baren Hill, but much that you come to my friend's wedding. And, indeed, you have not the build of a fighting man at all," he added, with a candour which amused General Lafayette very much.

"'Tis with the head the General fights and not with the cudgel," said I; and we were still laughing upon it when someone spoke to us from a window above, and looking up we espied the prettiest pair of black eyes in all England that day. It was a lesson in gallantry to see General Lafayette doff his cornered cap and the parson go bowing

until a man might have thought his back would break.

"Mademoiselle," cries the Marquis de Lafayette, in the foolish French fashion, "they did not tell me that stars shone by day in England."

"Observe," says the parson, "the very roses are put to shame."

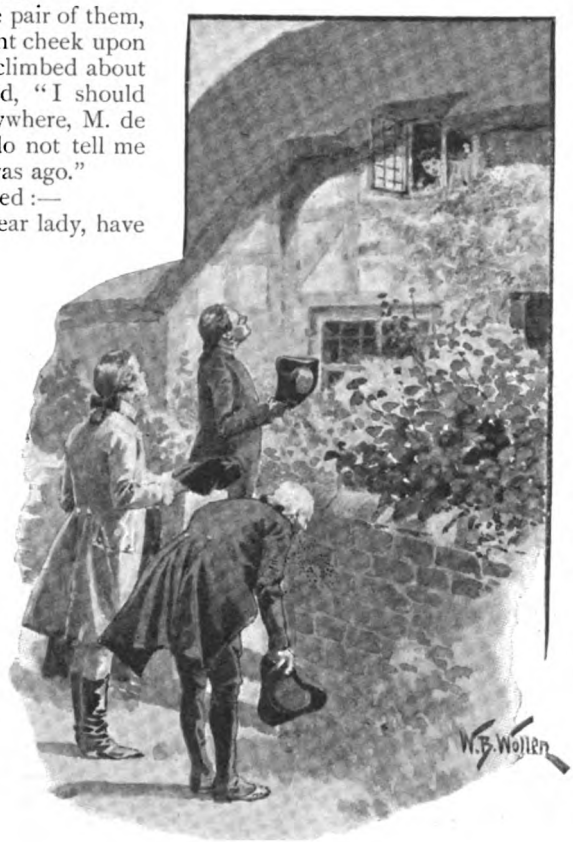
She laughed at the pair of them, and, laying a sunburnt cheek upon a crimson bud that climbed about her window, she said, "I should have known you anywhere, M. de Lafayette. Please do not tell me how many years it was ago."

To which he replied:—

"Centuries, my dear lady, have I been waiting for this opportunity to thank you for that which you did at St. Jean de Luz."

"Aye," chimed in the parson, "so she whipped a noose about the soldier-man's neck; and here's another ready to-morrow for my friend Zaida Kay. It's pretty plain why she kept him out of a French prison."

"I doubt not," rejoined the Marquis, "that it was very indiscreet of her."



"A LESSON IN GALLANTRY."

And so they plagued me as folks ever will when a man must wear his heart upon his sleeve for all the world to peck at. Laughing and jesting as lads in the sunshine, we went into my pleasure-garden and there found mademoiselle at the tea-table, and poor Le Brun, still stretched upon a couch, in earnest talk beside her (for he had never yet been able to stand upon his feet since Armand de Sevigny's rabble fell upon him in the woods near Canterbury).

"Now," cried I, leading the Marquis up to Pauline, "here are two that do love me truly, and I would have more than a word of jest pass between them. Tell General Lafayette that none more honoured than he will ever cross our threshold"—this I said to her—"and you, General, there is no day in all your life that you remember better than the one which saved you from the dragoons at St. Jean de Luz. Tell so much to Pauline Beauvallet, who to-morrow will be Pauline, but Beauvallet no more."

My little girl turned rosy red at the words, but she advanced with both hands outstretched to greet our friend, and never has an English house shown a man a picture so winsome. This I thought it, be sure, and I will still hold to it that Pauline Beauvallet's beauty had no match in all the country, nor could the kingdom of France better it. For there was that about her face which spake at once of Italy and of England, of the clear, precious, dazzling skin of the northern women and the richer colouring of the south. Grown a woman in development, her hands and feet were the smallest imaginable; and she had such a wealth of raven-black hair that I have never seen its match in any country. But perhaps the vitality of her manner, the animation and quick expression of pleasure or of pain in her round black eyes, attracted men more surely than merely physical gifts. What lay beyond in those vivacious depths whence the child's very soul appeared to shine forth? Who could understand her truly, her courage, the past sorrow of her life, and the ardour of her friendship for those who had taken pity upon her? This mystery of a clever mind, I say, alike charmed and baffled all those who had discovered it. I could speak of it with no more certainty than any other, though to-morrow would

make her my wife. The future, perchance, would lay it bare to me. Heaven knows how little I foresaw the terrible future it must be.

So we drank a dish of tea about the little table in my garden, and were merry enough as men should be at such a time, with talk of France and all that passed there, of America and its great free people, and upon that of wedding-bells and much that these good people of Sandwich had prepared for our delight. When dusk fell and we had carried poor Le Brun to the parlour and little Pauline ran off to her room to be busy with her needle once more, I led the Marquis abroad to show him all that the little town of Sandwich had to boast of, and to speak more intimately of my own plans and of his. That great events were brewing in Paris across the sea his letters told me; but his own share in them, the work he had undertaken and must undertake, interested me greatly, and I heard him speak of it with much gratification.

"France is winning liberty, but must pay the price of it," he said; "I trust the people, though I am well aware that dangerous men would contrive their undoing. In time we shall arrive at such free institutions as you enjoy in this country; but we have much to do before that will be possible. You must come and see me in Paris, Zaida; must come and stay at my house and hear and see these things for yourself."

I told him that I would gladly go, but that I feared upon Pauline's account, lest memory would play havoc with her.

"I have written to America for some new place of credit here in England," I said; "bread and cheese go well enough with kisses, but a good round of beef is convenient sometimes. You know that I am not a rich man, General. What I did in America brought me no gain—I am content that it should not have done so. If I contemplate a residence in this country it is that I may live so near to France that my wife shall visit her old home sometimes. I would not have it be an exile's marriage that she is making; and from England we may readily step over to France and inquire for one by the name of Lafayette."

He shook his head a little slyly at this, and then told me that which he had been itching to say, I make sure, ever since he came off the ship. "Has Mlle. Pauline no fortune, then?" he first asked

I answered him that her dead father had spent the last penny of it.

"But what of his estates in Touraine?" he exclaimed, turning upon me suddenly.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Let us speak first of his castles in Spain, General."

"Ho, ho!" cried he; "here's a man that takes a little orphan girl to wife and would let ten thousand gold pieces go begging because his back is too stiff to pick them up."

I still believed him to be jesting, and my pride was hurt that he should persist in it.

"Her dead father spent every penny that he could handle and pledged himself for that which he could not," I said. "If he had any estate in Touraine, 'twas thrown on the green cloth long ago. Let's speak of what is, General, and not of what has never been."

"Miracle of incredulity," cried he, still smiling slyly; "and the Château d'Aulay, wherein her old uncle lived, and the spacious lands thereabouts, and all that fine estate—but I do perceive most plainly that all this talk is nothing to you, and we'll have no more of it. Come, come, old friend, let us discourse upon love and marriage, for such befits the occasion more properly."

He turned about and began to walk down toward the sea-shore rapidly; but he had whetted my curiosity, and half believing, half doubting, but mighty eager to learn the truth, I ran after him, imploring him to take pity upon me.

"I never knew that she had an uncle at all," I remarked, at his heels.

"Oh," says he, still walking fast, "if you pressed her hard enough—and I doubt not you have done that, Zaida—she will make admission of it."

"You deal hardly with me. Is this your love?"

"Nay, how should it be? I am not for the altar to-morrow."

"You speak of ten thousand crowns. How should such a sum be known to you?"

"Perchance I counted them, my Zaida!"

"I'll have no more of it; ten thousand or five, they may go hang for me."

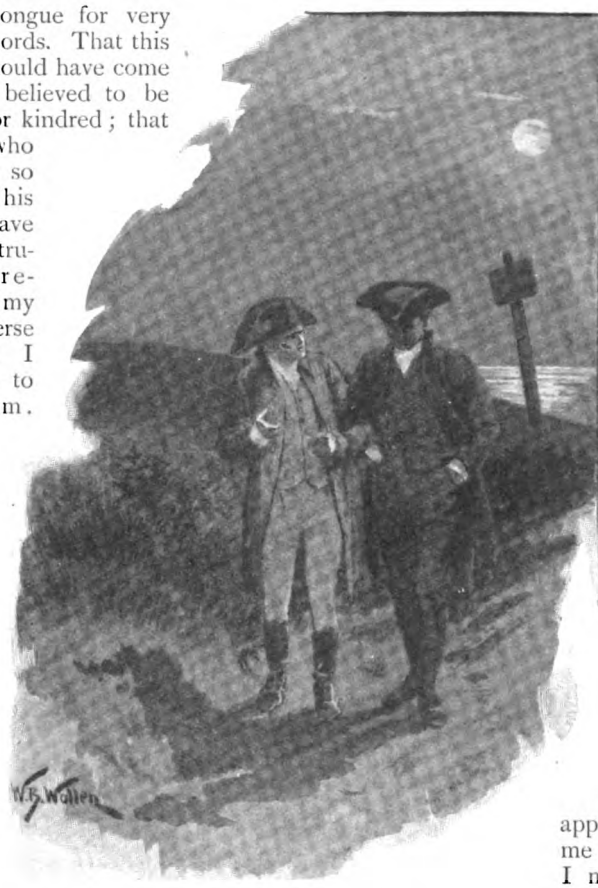
In truth he had angered me overmuch, and I had all the mind to leave him there and then and return to the house; but no sooner did he observe my state than, drawing my arm through his own, he fell to a slower pace and told me the whole truth of as great and astounding a piece of news as ever I heard fall from his lips.

"Pauline's uncle was the old Chevalier St. Aulay," he said, "a rich man, though prodigiously mean and niggardly. When his sister married that rascal, the Count of Beauvallet, the Chevalier went in mortal fear for his own fortune, and would as soon have had

a regiment of dragoons in his house as that fine rake of a Count. Two years ago this sour old man died at Rome, friendless and alone. When you told me how things were going here, I remembered the circumstance and used such influence as I have at Court for the right administration of the estate and the protection of your interests. This is no jest, my Zaida, but the simple truth, that your wife is the mistress of the Château d'Aulay, and that to-morrow will make you its master."

I held my tongue for very wonder of his words. That this good fortune should have come to one I had believed to be without home or kindred; that my dear friend, who had given me so many tokens of his love, should have been the instrument of its recovery, awoke in my heart such diverse emotions that I had no words to express them. He, however, understood my silence, and pressing my hand he reminded me where my duty lay.

"Let us go and tell Mlle. Pauline," he said; "we have no right to this secret, for it is more properly hers. Let us carry it to her as our wedding gift, Zaida; I am sure we could bring no better."



"'PAULINE'S UNCLE WAS THE OLD CHEVALIER ST. AULAY,' HE SAID."

I went with him readily enough. Darkness had now come down upon the town, and as we walked back we met a little company of seamen who were going to our house to serenade us with a crackle of burning tar-barrels and some very ordinary vocal music, which had reference chiefly to their liking for ale. These good fellows I rewarded with a gift of money; and then, taking Pauline aside, I walked with her a full hour in the moonlight and spoke earnestly of this great future which M. de Lafayette's news had promised us.

"We shall go to France, sweetheart," I said; "there can be no reason now why we should not. This cottage may still be dear to us; and we will visit it sometimes when the sun is shining. But I would not have you an exile from your own country. In Touraine you must live again as you lived when a child. There can be no happiness for me such as would wait upon your content, little Pauline. Are you not all that I have in the world, and is not your love the richest treasure I possess? And who knows," I added, as the thought came to me, "we may even buy back the old house near St. Jean de Luz and ride upon that road together as we did so many years ago."

I spoke with much feeling, believing that the news would move her greatly, and especially win her gratitude toward General Lafayette. Herein I was disappointed, for she heard me in silence; and when I made mention of St. Jean de Luz she shivered in my arms as though old remembrance must be associated with pain.

"I fear to go to France, Zaida," she exclaimed, with that impulsive honesty inseparable from her character; "something has always told me that I should do well not to go. Say it is a foolish dream of unhappiness, and forgive me. I do not think that I am afraid in a way that you would understand. If the dead can speak to us—and I believe that they can—then I know that my

father's voice has a message for me sometimes. He would not wish me to go to my old home, dear Zaida. I have known that always. Of course, it would be different in Touraine, but what friends should we have there, and what could life give us that we have not here? Dear heart, we will thank M. de Lafayette; but you will not take me to France if you love me, Zaida."

This response came as a great surprise to me. I had expected something so different: delight at the prospect of being among her own people again, a recognition of my own aim and intent, and a speedy assent to the proposition. None the less, I think that I understood the nature of the fears which animated her, and that sense of unseen things and voices which had afflicted her so often since her father's death. A foolish fancy, if you will, which she would be talked out of presently; but to-night a real premonition, and one I must remember to the last hour of my life.

"It shall be as you will, little Pauline," I said; "neither place nor fortune has a meaning for me any longer. I will own no country but that which shelters the woman I love. Let us speak of it in the days to come. To-night I would remember nothing but your love."

And so I took her close in my arms, and to-morrow night, I said, she should sleep upon my heart.

CHAPTER XX.

THE THIRTEENTH DAY OF JULY.

I PASSED the month of June following upon my wedding in a visit to London with my dear wife. We were lodged conveniently and well in St. James's Street, but a little distance from the place where poor Le Brun had previously opened his Salle d'Armes. A necessary payment of money falling to me from the American Agency enabled me to show Pauline many of those wonders of the town which poverty had denied to her while she was there with Le Brun. I had influential friends, who readily welcomed me to their homes and introduced me to the houses of others. So the weeks passed pleasantly enough, and nothing astonished me so, when our visit drew toward its conclusion, as my wife's sudden determination to go into France, in flat contradiction to that which she had asked of me at Sandwich.

A woman's caprice, you would say! It was more than that, I think. Such beauty as Nature had bestowed upon this pretty child of France could not fail to win homage wherever it was seen. In London she had a score of beaux about her at once—all paying her their well-turned compliments and trying to flatter one whom flattery had never yet cajoled nor humbug deceived. Pauline listened to them as one may listen to a player upon the stage, laughing with him, crying with him, but naming him a mummer always.

If London taught her any lesson it was that of her own birthright, of the proud name to which she had been born and the place her forefathers had held at the Court of France. Suddenly, as an idea reborn, there came to her knowledge of that which place and power may signify. She mixed with great folk, visited their houses, heard them in talk. Perchance to herself she said, "These are names of yesterday; mine is a name of five hundred years ago." And what more natural upon this than a recollection of the great tidings General Lafayette had crossed the seas to bring us? A château in France awaiting its mistress, a fine dower to be claimed when she presented herself in Paris for that purpose. This, I say, may have been her reasoning. If it were so she confessed nothing of it to me; but without warning at all, as we returned one night in a coach from the gardens at Ranelagh, she asked me in her own pretty way if I had any recent tidings of General Lafayette and if he still wished us to go to Paris.

"Why, yes," said I, "there have been two couriers with letters from him, and Le Brun has some tidings by a packet boat that came over on Sunday last. He makes much complaint that we leave him alone, but I would not have it otherwise for thrice the sum he has spoken of. So do not let us speak of it any more."

She laughed and laid her soft cheek against my own.

"Not to St. Jean de Luz, but to Paris whenever you like, Zaida. I have been thinking it over, and I was wrong to be afraid to go. There is no one who will remember me in Paris, but my dear father's house would terrify me. Shall we go soon, Zaida? I long sometimes to see my own country again; these English people mean so well, but they are not clever enough to be kind. Did you hear old Lord Walton telling me to-night that the Prince wished us to go to St. James's? He looked just like some horrid wild animal. I wonder if he has eaten his wife, Zaida?"

"By the looks of her," said I, "he'd have to be a hungry man before that morsel could tempt him. As to our going to France, my dear wife, what I said at Sandwich upon

the eve of our marriage I say again to-night. If you fear to go, let your apprehension end the matter for all time. Think how I must reproach myself if any harm befall you because of my persuasion. General Lafayette fears the times, and does not hesitate to say so. We shall do very well in England a year or two, and I doubt not our friend has safeguarded my little girl's interests and will continue in his friendship as long as we choose to command it."

She heard me indifferently, as women ever will who are set upon a purpose. In some measure I think she had become a little ashamed of her previous readiness to be guided by imaginary signs and warnings, which quickly gave place to the impulse of pride which bade her return to France and claim her heritage. However it may have been, we took ship at Margate three days afterwards (Le Brun being now sufficiently well to accompany us), and within a week we drove up to the northern gate of Paris and entered in an instant upon those momentous years of our lives of which it is now my sad task to write.

Now, I have told you that General Lafayette sent me news from time to time of strange events happening in France—of unrest and discontent and hunger and poverty; but that which I beheld with my own eyes as we drove through that stricken land surpassed by far anything which the letters had led me to expect. There was hardly a town or village by the way that did not bring us face to face with ragged bands of hungry people—gaunt fellows, wan women, sickly children crying piteously for bread. As for the countryside, it proved a very wilderness: farms deserted, châteaux pillaged and burned, robbers everywhere, unburied dead by the very highway, gibbets as plentiful as apple trees—such sights as these led a man to ask himself if he were living in a Christian country or a land of assassins and madmen. Had I known but a tenth part of it, I would not have brought my wife from England for all the gold in the King's palace at Versailles.

We entered Paris upon an unlucky day, the thirteenth of July, which neither history nor the French people may ever forget. Faithful to my promise to General Lafayette, I would have driven straight to his house, the Hôtel de Noailles; but scarcely had we reached the more open part of the city when we discovered ourselves in a twinkling amid as fearful a concourse of people as ever I beheld; and from the darkness of ill-lit streets passed at once to a glare as of noonday. Here a thousand torches were held up by a raving, roaring, leaping mob, which brandished every shape and kind of weapon, grasped in fingers made terrible by famine.

"FACE TO FACE WITH RAGGED BANDS OF HUNGRY PEOPLE."

To this cataract of human voices, the thunder of drums, the blare of trumpets, the rolling echoes of a war-chant were to be added. What it meant, how such a concourse had been permitted in one of the greatest cities of the world, I knew no more than the dead. Our carriage could not turn aside nor would these frenzied monsters permit it to proceed. To have drawn sword upon such people would have been to invite death from a thousand blades. To sit still might have been no less dangerous. I looked at my dear wife and wondered no longer that she had feared to come to France.

"What shall I do? What shall we say to them?" I asked Le Brun as we sat there, impotent and amazed.

This foolish question Pauline herself answered. Her courage was wonderful to see, and in my heart I reverenced it as a thing most precious.

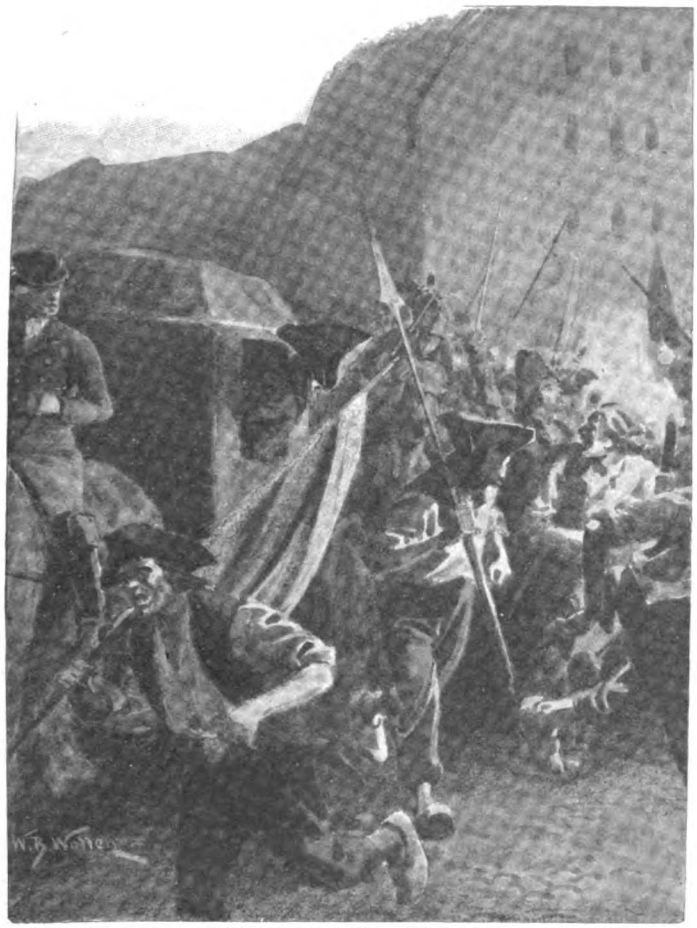
"Tell them that you are an American citizen," she exclaimed; "they will not harm an American. Say that you are M. de Lafayette's friend."

I obeyed her without question. Standing up in the carriage, I spoke to those near about and told them that I had come to Paris to visit General Lafayette. But I might just as well have addressed a word to a raging sea. Yells of savage triumph were the madmen's response; the human tide ebbed and flowed about the carriage like tumbling waves upon a beach. And yet these monsters made no attempt to attack us, nor did their anger appear directed against our party.

I perceived, upon this, that their fury was engaged elsewhere and that their eyes were turned upward to a roof of a neighbouring house, to the very highest pinnacle of which an old priest clung desperately, while twenty cat-like arms were stretched out to drag him down. What the old man had done, how he had invited the fury of the mob, I could not so much as imagine. The fanatic frenzy of these Parisian people was then too young a thing that a stranger among them should pretend to understand it. If I believed for an instant that the outstretched arms were seeking to drag the abbé back to a place of safety, the more humane supposition was natural enough. Unhappily, it lay as far from the truth as any guess could have been. Fascinated, unable to turn my eyes away, I stood there and watched that savage murder, the third, as it would appear, in the story of the Revolution. For now a brutal hand had caught the priest's black coat and pulled upon it so tenaciously that the poor fellow released his hold of the pinnacle and slithered down the sloping roof until his head hung over the parapet, and we could see his agonized face looking wildly down, as though to judge where his body would fall and what must be the manner of his death. But the people had no mind to kill him that way.

Little by little they drew him up toward the flat place upon the roof where his exultant executioners had congregated. I saw them pass up a rope through an open window and bend a noose in it swiftly. An agile villain, wearing a red bonnet and the trousers of the common people, sprang lightly to the pinnacle and fixed the cord firmly about the rounded spike of stone above. Far below as we stood, distant from this horrid scene, none the less could I plainly distinguish the doomed man's fearful effort to grip the slippery tiles and keep his hold upon the house; but they thrust their pikes down at him, and, with fiendish malice, lightly, that they might maim but not kill him. In no other land, even the most barbarous, among no other people, however uncivilized, could such a spectacle be found as that I then witnessed with rage almost uncontrollable and a thousand reproaches upon my impotence. Let me say, in my own defence, that no rash act, however quick and daring, could have saved the wretched man from his infuriated executioners. Slate by slate the pikes drove him down toward the parapet. If he clung desperately to the gully at the very edge of the abyss, the respite was but for an instant. Again the pikes were thrust down toward him—I heard one fearful cry, averted my eyes, and, looking up again, perceived a body swinging convulsively at the rope's end and knew that the deed was done. "And God be their judge for this night's work," I said.

Women are very quick to guess that a man has something to hide from them. I had shut this dreadful spectacle from my dear wife's eyes, but my agitation I could not hide from her. Seating myself again in the carriage, I told her simply that the people had murdered a priest, and begged her not to look from the window. Happily, when she would have questioned me upon it, a new movement upon the rabble's part distracted her attention; and, listening together, we heard one mighty shout, "Lafayette! Lafayette!" Instantly now this seething mob of people began to scatter, helter skelter—to the right, to the left, headlong as though



"THIS SEETHING MOB OF PEOPLE BEGAN TO SCATTER, HELTER-SKELTER—TO THE RIGHT, TO THE LEFT, HEADLONG AS THOUGH PURSUED."

pursued. No longer was there any glare of torches or cry of "A mort!" A thunder of cavalry at the gallop drowned the people's voices and hushed the more dreadful sounds. I looked from the carriage once more and, to my joy unspeakable, beheld General Lafayette himself at the head of a great body of horsemen, and knew that our own peril existed no more.

"Pauline," said I, turning to her, "now you know what this dear friendship means to us."

She answered me by indicating Le Brun's empty seat and asking why he had left the carriage.

But that I could not tell her; nor did I know until the morrow that Le Brun had gone out among the people to save the wretched abbé from the noose, if life yet lingered in that quivering body.

CHAPTER XXI.

PAULINE DECIDES.

I HAD gone into Paris believing that I should spend quiet weeks with General Lafayette and enjoy a precious opportunity of participating in the kindly home life of a man I had learned to love so greatly during his excursions abroad. There was never a greater deception.

It is true that Mme. de Lafayette welcomed us with that gentle courtesy for which the French aristocracy are famed. We were presented to the Marquis's pretty children, and permitted a brief acquaintance with all the transient hopes which animated this truly loyal family. In particular, I remember that stately lady, Mme. de Lafayette's grandmother, the Maréchale de Noailles; her mother, the Duchesse d'Ayen; and her sister, the Vicomtesse de Noailles—three charming and accomplished women who sat at the Marquis's table the first night we arrived, and who were all to perish under the knife of the guillotine when a few short years had run. How little did I foresee this, listening to the fine wit of their talk, their lofty sentiments, and devotion to all that is best in our ideals of womanhood.

Such an introduction to my dear friend's house promised well enough, but the subsequent days belied it quickly. As all the world now knows, I had ridden into Paris on the day that the old prison of the Bastile fell into the hands of the rabble and was by them utterly destroyed from being a prison any more. The same week found M. de Lafayette called to a formation of a Garde Française, a kind of National Guard in the city for the preservation of order and the King's peace—Heaven save the mark!

From morn to night this indefatigable man was now to and fro betwixt his own house and the great Hôtel de Ville, where the youth of the city enrolled themselves. If I thought him foolish to embark upon such

an undertaking I held my tongue about it. There is no dishonour in protesting that General Lafayette did not stand high above other men in those personal weaknesses which vanity puts upon us. I believe that the applause of crowds was dear to him. He liked riding about the city on his splendid horse and hearing the multitude cry, "Vive Lafayette!" This National Guard of his was to save the King and the democracy at a stroke. Vain delusion—it brought both to the block.

So there he was galloping about the city like a wild dragoon, with a King's writ in his pocket. Left alone with my dear wife, we often walked abroad together and saw some of those strange sights concerning which Europe had had so much to say these later years. Had I given it a name, I would have called Paris at that date a City of Surprises. In many ways the people's life was just what it had been twenty years ago—great folk abundant, their coaches adorning the finer streets, their houses as distinguished as ever they had been. I saw no shutters in the better quarters closed because of the riots. The churches had good congregations; there were children romping and playing in the public gardens, nursemaids with their white bonnets before the King's palace as ever, theatres by night, and good hospitalities by day.

And yet, alas! what turbulent scenes went cheek by jowl with these pictures of a city's daily life! Never for an hour did I feel secure as I walked in the greater *faubourgs* with my little wife by my side. We were abroad the day they killed the statesman Foulon. We saw the mangled remains of his poor son-in-law, Berthier, dragged about the city at a rope's end; and seeing these things the General's platitudes fell oddly upon our ears. Whither was his faith in these monsters leading him? Time alone could declare.

"They have the sword of freedom in their hands, but they do not yet know how to use it," he said, upon the evening of the third day I stayed with him. I answered that it was an oddly-shaped sword, and a two-edged one to boot.

"This afternoon, a little before sundown," said I, "your liberty-loving folk hacked a fine young fellow to pieces with their pikes, and then dragged what was left of his body about the city at a rope's end. They had previously tied old Foulon up to the lamp-post for the third time."

"Foulon was a madman," he replied; "he told the hungry people to eat hay. I did my best to save him, but a hundred years of hunger and suffering dragged him to the scaffold."

"General," said I, "you fought for liberty in my country, and we can never repay our debt to you. It is my love for you which speaks of prudence here in Paris. There are some nations that wear freedom as a birthright; some that never find it but an ill-fitting garment. You are dealing with passionate men. Here's a tide of anger that may sweep aside all your barriers and flood your city if the wind blows strong enough. Think twice before you embark your boat upon such a river. It may carry you no man can say whither."

"If it carry us to a higher understanding of human needs," he rejoined, "a greater sympathy with those who suffer, and a better knowledge of justice, I am all for the voyage. Little is accomplished without sacrifice. These men who died——"

"And the one that did not die, the poor old Abbé Gregoire, whom Le Brun got down from the house-top at the last gasp, was he necessary to your altar?" I asked him.

But at this he could only shrug his shoulders.

"He led them to believe him hostile to their principles. Discretion is very necessary before an angry people. When you go into Touraine you will remember that. But I would not have you go—not yet," he said, somewhat earnestly.

I did not respond to him immediately, for my dear wife came into the room at that moment; and who should follow upon her heels but Le Brun, and with him the very priest he had so miraculously snatched from death. Be sure it was a cordial greeting that passed between us. I discovered the abbé to be a man of some fifty years of age, learned, accomplished, and exceedingly kindly. So much, however, had his nerve been shattered by his dreadful experience and the torture he had undergone that even a little sound in the room, a step behind him, or the jarring of a door sent all the blood rushing to his face and his hands trembling.

"I have come to thank you, sir," he said, speaking the English tongue.

I told him he had no more need to thank me than any gaping idler in the crowd who had not lifted a hand to rescue him from death. This, he protested, could not be, since it was from my coach Le Brun had gone up to his assistance—and, changing the subject immediately, he spoke of Touraine

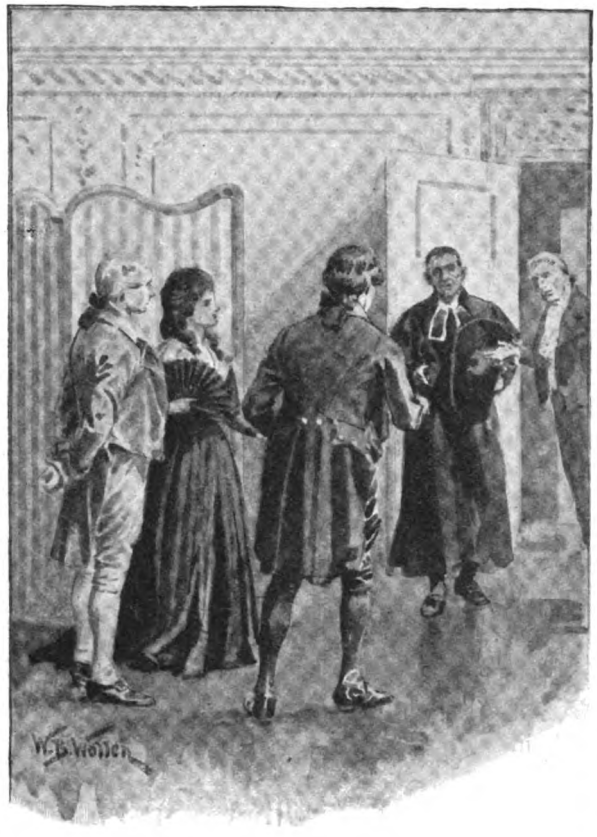
and the Château d'Aulay, to which Pauline and I must journey presently.

"You will be very unwise to go down into those parts," he said. "The old Chevalier persecuted the people to the last day of his life, and it is a wonder to me that his house is still standing. I would have you wait awhile, some months at least, until you find the peasants in a better mood. I am the curé of a neighbouring parish, and what I can do shall be done. But, sir, I would never think of taking madame there if I were you."

I was not altogether surprised at this, and, speaking with emphasis, I told him that for my part I would as lief have a cottage in the English county of Kent as all the châteaux and palaces in France.

"When folks welcome you with a naked pike and your gaieties go dancing at the end of a string, those who have coaches do wisely to turn back," said I. "As for going into Touraine under the circumstances you mention, abbé, we would be mad to contemplate it. It has long been in my mind to pay a visit to America, and that I would do but for the foolish notion that I may yet be of service to our good friend the General. He won't hear of it, of course; but the fable says that the mouse sharpened his teeth for the lion's sake, and the time may yet be when our friendship shall be more than words. So for the moment I bide in Paris. But yours shall be the first house in Touraine that I visit if ever I go there; so much I promise you with gratitude, abbé."

I turned to Pauline to confirm my resolution, and caught a look upon her young face which could not but astonish me exceedingly. That childish prettiness I had loved so well appeared there no longer. Her lips were close shut; her dark eyes shone with that which might have been scorn of the words I had just spoken.



"'I HAVE COME TO THANK YOU, SIR,' HE SAID."

"Zaida," she said, "my father would have gone to the château, would he not?"

"Is it to say that you would go, Pauline?"

"Oh, come," cries General Lafayette, "we'll have no lovers' quarrel under my roof. The abbé speaks wisdom. Wait until the people are grown accustomed to change. Surely there is gaiety enough in Paris, that you should not be thinking of Touraine already?"

She would not answer us. In our own room that night, when the great house slept and silence had fallen upon that city, she put her white arms about my neck and bade me take her to the château. "My father would wish it," she whispered; "dear Zaida, he spoke to me in the dream. Take me to the château. I am not afraid."

And what could a man who loved her answer to that? Confess that his own cowardice held him back? Nay, not for a hundred lives. Say again it was fear for her? How could he look into those brave eyes and say it? In truth, I promised her as she wished; and yet foreboding lay so heavily upon me that I numbered the watches of the night as one sick unto death, and holding her close in my trembling arms I prayed for safety from the shadows which crept so swiftly about her young and troubled life.

(To be continued.)

The Chronicles of the Strand Club.—No. II.

BY one of the rules of the Strand Club—which is, by the way, mainly composed of the literary and artistic contributors to THE STRAND—each member must furnish either a story or a picture for the edification of the monthly gatherings. Although commonly the story precedes the picture, yet sometimes, as will be seen, the process is reversed, and the picture precedes the story.

THE thirty odd members of the Strand Club all felt morally convinced, when Emberton entered the precincts where the Club has been wont to hold its meetings, that he had a story on his mind. It turned out he had several. But he was permitted to relate only one. He had been travelling down to the Strand on an omnibus, seated behind a young man and his sweetheart, a very pretty girl, evidently fresh from the country. He was explaining the lions of the town to her and incidentally pointing out its celebrities.

"'That,' said he, pointing to an old gentleman coming out of a chop-house in Cheapside, 'is Lord Rothschild. That tall young man in the pink tie—see, over there—that is Rudyard Kipling.'

"'But I thought he was a short, dark man?'

"'Perhaps he is. I made a mistake. That was Huntley Wright.'

"'And what church is that?' she asked, indicating Bow Church.

"'That,' he replied, in a low tone, so that the driver would not overhear—'that's St. Mary-at-Hill. That's the War Office up that street.'

"'Really?'

"'Oh, yes. And there's St. Paul's Cathedral—that large building—see, dear? There's the dome.'

"They feasted their eyes for several minutes. Soon they came to the statue of Queen Anne.

"'Oh, who is that?' she cried. He pretended not to see, and when she pointed straight at it he hummed and hawed and finally said he was afraid he didn't know. At this the 'bus-driver turned round and murmured, with a joyous chuckle, jerking his whip over towards the effigy, 'Don't give it up, governor. Mah-rie Lloyd.'"

There was considerable applause at this recital, but as no one offered to produce a drawing to illustrate it that popular member and talented artist, A. D. McCormick, strode to the easel and, handling his piece of charcoal dexterously, produced a 'bus, a driver, and a navvy in the foreground slowly disappearing into the bowels of the earth.

MR. A. D. MC CORMICK'S ILLUSTRATION OF HIS OWN STORY OF THE 'BUSMAN AND THE EXCAVATOR.

The President: In accordance with the rules of the Club, I hereby call upon any member to supply a story to fit this work of art. (There ensued a period of complete silence. At the expiration of two minutes the artist explained.) Very well, I will tell you that the drawing illustrates a little remark I heard the other day in Oxford Street. Talking of 'bus-drivers reminded me. We were passing an excavator in a deep hole. A very small part of his anatomy was visible. I knew our driver was dying to say something. Sure enough, when we got opposite he put his hand to his mouth and called out, "Go it, Bill! W'en yer gets froo gi' my respecks to the Hemperor o' China!"

Boyle: Speaking of 'bus-drivers——

The Chairman: The closure is now applied to the theme of 'bus-drivers, also 'bus-conductors. I call upon Mr. Millar to

draw a picture and Mr. Bolman to furnish the Club with the necessary corollary.

As Bolman has just come back from a trip to the South Seas nothing was more natural than that the artist should seize the opportunity and—as we thought—execute a representation of savages inviting Bolman to join their feast—in fact, to be himself the feast. But Bolman, after a brief delay, delivered himself of a different explanation as follows.

Bolman: I dare say, gentlemen, you know how apt savages are to emulate the manners and customs of Europeans. A friend of mine, a sea-captain, who has just come back from the Barakos Islands, reports that the fiscal question is raging there.

Lorrison: The fiscal question? Why, I didn't know they had any Government there, or any currency.

Bolman: Nor I. Anyhow, there was a deficit in the Budget, and the party leaders met to discuss the matter. At last the Chancellor of the Exchequer arose and said that he was "a convinced Free Trader" and totally opposed to taxing food. He therefore proposed to lay a tax of twenty per cent. on imports. At this there were loud cries of "Traitor!" "Scoundrel!" "Put him out!" "He has sold our country to Fiji!" and in the scrimmage that ensued the Chancellor of the Exchequer was killed. My friend who was there, carrying two Colt's revolvers, was curious to know the cause of this violence. "Why," said he, "should they raise this cry of 'Your food will cost you more'? The poor fellow only proposed a tax on imports." "That is true," retorted the intelligent native, "but apparently you don't know our chief imports here are missionaries."

Emberton: Speaking of the Income Tax——

Wornung: Nobody is speaking of the Income Tax. Nobody has mentioned Income Tax.

MR. H. R. MILLAR'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE STORY OF THE CANNIBALS AND THE MISSIONARIES.

Brichard: Emberton evidently has an adventurous narrative of how he evaded the collector. Let us hear it.

Emberton: Not at all. I do not at all object to the tax. After all, the Chancellor must raise the wind. By the way, I saw the Prime Minister's hat blown off the other day.

Brichard: Emberton is always seeing the Prime Minister's hat being blown off. He has related the incident to me privately three times. I never see anything especially humorous in a gentleman's hat being blown off, even if the gentleman does happen to be Prime Minister.

Johns: Sometimes it is rather comic. I

MR. J. CLARK'S ILLUSTRATION OF HIS STORY OF THE PLUCKY BRITON AND HIS UMBRELLA.

saw a middle-aged party once rushing to catch a train at Waterloo during a storm, when a violent gust of wind nearly carried him off his feet. He struggled for a few moments, and at the end of his struggle he was a somewhat pitiable object. Although his umbrella had turned inside out it still showed signs of intractability. But its owner showed true British pluck, as he clung to the fragments of his only remaining chattel. "I've lost my hat, I've lost my spectacles, and I've lost my wife's parcel," he roared; "but I'm hanged if I'll lose *you!*"

Mr. J. Clark then produced the above sketch, after which it became Mr. Charles Pears's turn, and he let Billson down lightly by sketching out hurriedly the next picture.

"There is nothing," he remarked, "so easy as the boarding-house joke. Surely you can give us a yarn to fit the dissatisfied boarder?"

Billson had a new version, of which the following is a faithful transcript:—

"Is this the four-pound joint I had yesterday?" asked the lodger.

"Yes, sir," replied the landlady.

"Do you mean to tell me that I ate two pounds of it at a sitting?"

"Well, I'm sure, sir," exclaimed the landlady, indignantly, "there's none who'd touch it."

"But it's gone."

"Oh, now I come to think of it, there's the cat, sir. Pussy is very mischievous, sir, and fond o' beef."

The lodger smiled grimly. "Very well, say no more about it."

In the following week the joint again came up sadly reduced.

"Cat again, I suppose, Mrs. Binks?"

"Oh, sir, I'm so sorry."

"Oh, it's all right. Just give that animal my compliments and tell her I've no objection to sharing my joint with her as long as she uses her teeth, like other cats."

"Her teeth?"

"Exactly. I strongly object to her employing a knife and fork. I must draw the line somewhere." (Loud and prolonged laughter, during which that famous humorist, Mr. Johns, arose.)

Johns: Gentlemen, here is my contribution:—

During a cyclone in Kansas a man was blown through the roof of a settler's house while the settler and his family were at dinner. The father looked up undisturbed, and saw the hole blocked up by the person of the victim.

MR. CHARLES PEARS'S DRAWING WHICH GAVE RISE TO THE STORY OF THE CARVING CAT.

MR. FRANK REYNOLDS'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE STORY OF THE CYCLONE AND THE SETTLER.

"Halloa, Maria," he said, calmly, "there's that Englishman in trouble, judgin' by the pattern of them trousers."

"Good Lord, Jake, run and help him off the roof."

"What for? Don't you hear it peltin' down rain? Wait till it stops or you'll have the whole shebang soakin' wet." And they went on and finished the meal tranquilly.

Mr. Frank Reynolds approached the drawing-board, and amidst applause knocked off the above design.

Then came a strange unparliamentary scene. Lorrison began it by infringing one of the rules of the Club and telling an epitaph story. He was repeatedly interrupted, and only on his strict word of honour that it was brand-new and had actually occurred in his own family was he permitted to finish it.

Lorrison: We live near a small cemetery, which is now used as a recreation-ground. My two little girls play there. They are fond of reading the inscriptions on the tombstones. Yesterday was my birthday, and I was the recipient of a pretty little book, with the following inscribed on the fly-leaf. It had been composed with great pains—"In Loving Memory. Maud and Emily. Aged forty-one years."

No artist was, however, allowed to illustrate this irregularity, and this gave Mr. Baniel the opportunity for which he had long waited—to step into the breach and perpetrate the following:—

The keeper of a fruit-stall found a decayed apple and tossed it carelessly into the street. It hit an old woman in the eye, and she made such a row that he compromised the matter

MR. TOM BROWNE'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE STORY OF THE BOY AND THE FRUIT DEALER.

by making her a present of five pounds of good apples.

As soon as she had departed, much mollified, a small boy edged up to the dealer and said, "Please, sir, are you going to hit any more old women to-day?"

"I hope not. Not if I can help it."

"Well, if you are, give me a chance. I'll bring my mother down here."

"What for?"

"Oh, you can hit her in both eyes for half the apples you gave that other woman. If that ain't fair, you can 'ave a shot at auntie."

The Chairman: I call upon the talented Mr. Tom Browne to supply the pictorial key to Mr. Baniel's narrative. (The product of Mr. Browne's pencil is shown on the preceding page.)

MR. SIME'S ILLUSTRATION TO HIS OWN STORY OF THE PAINTED DOG.

Muttle: I bought a dog the other day——

Sime (interrupting): Wait a moment. What kind of a dog?

Muttle: Just a plain yellow dog. I bought it of a dealer who——

Sime: One moment. Allow me to depict the scene. (Muttle protested, but in six minutes by the clock Sime had produced the above.)

Muttle: Not a bit like it. It was nothing like that at all. I will tell another story.

Sime: Very well. I will tell the tale myself. A gentleman went into a shop in Birmingham and said he wanted to buy a Dalmatian dog to take abroad with him.

"Certainly, sir," said the assistant. "I've got the very thing."

In a quarter of an hour he brought out the animal; the customer paid the money and departed. Before his train time, however, a shower arose. The rain came down in torrents. The gentleman returned with the dog in a state of great indignation.

"Look at him!" he cried. "You told me he was a Dalmatian. Give me my money back. All his spots are washed off in the rain."

The proprietor apologized.

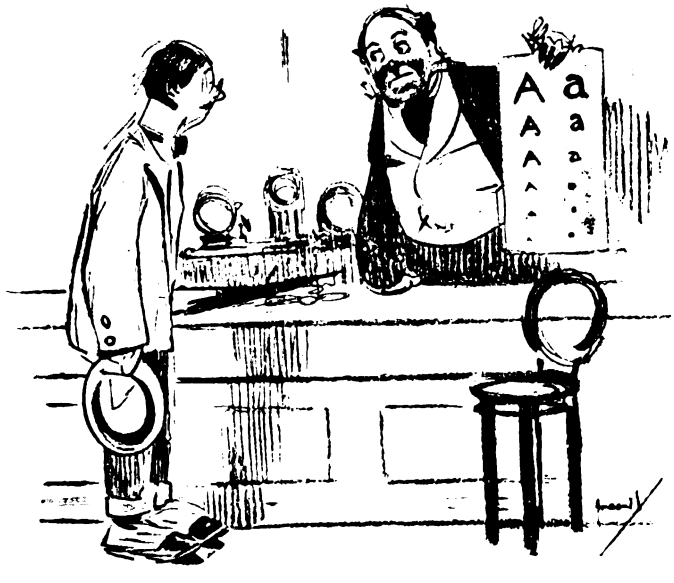
"It's all that stupid fool's mistake. James" (he called to his assistant), "did you sell this dog to this gentleman?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Don't you know an umbrella goes with that dog?"

Darter: A man went into an oculist's the other day and, complaining of failing sight, got fitted with a pair of pince-nez.

"Is this the weakest glass for my eye?" he asked.



MR. HASSALL'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE STORY OF THE INTELLIGENT OCULIST.

"Yes," replied the oculist.

"Supposing I can't see with it after a few months?"

"Get a stronger then."

"And if I still can't see?"

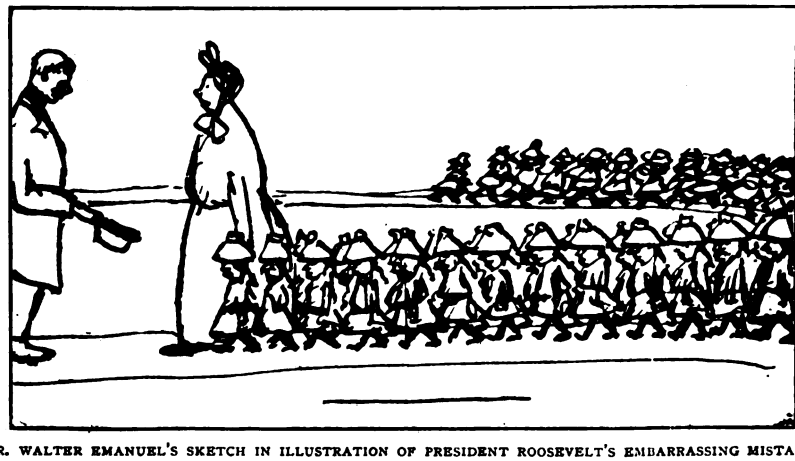
"Get a still stronger."

"And if the strongest glass fails?"

"In that case I think, if I were you, I should buy a small, intelligent dog and a couple of yards of string."

Mr. Hassall proceeded to the black-board and produced the accompanying drawing in illustration of the story.

Before the meeting broke up there was a vociferous call for "Emanuel!" "Emanuel!" and Mr. Walter Emanuel, of *Punch* fame, bowed his blushing acknowledgments. "The Strenuous Life——" he began, and then stopped. He recommenced. "Mr. Roosevelt's doctrine——" He hesitated. "I don't think I can go on," he explained. "I am no artist; but if you could spare me any time from ten minutes to a couple of hours I think——" He was duly escorted to the sketch-board, and before the Club dispersed for the evening produced the following illustration of an awkward mistake alleged to have been perpetrated by the President of the United States in his enthusiasm for large families.



MR. WALTER EMANUEL'S SKETCH IN ILLUSTRATION OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S EMBARRASSING MISTAKE.

How Dark Patrick Saved the Honour of Ireland.

By Seumas MacManus.

Author of "Donegal Fairy Stories," "A Lad of the O'Freils," "The Leadin' Road to Donegal," etc.

AT that time Ireland was known and noted far and near, through the length and the depth of the known and the unknown world, as the sait of l'arnin'. It would take a man a June day to count the colleges of it, and the common schools were as plentiful as blackberry bushes. The greatest school, and the grandest of them all then, and the far-famedest, was the Great High School of Munster, which was heard about and envied everywhere the wind blew. To the High School of Munster princes and potentates from all countries of the world flocked in flights like starlings, fetching to it heads as empty as milk-crocks in March, and bringin' them away again as full of l'arnin' as an egg's full of mait.

For centuries, and long, and hundreds of years besides, this was the way; and the High School of Munster was cock of the walk, holdin' for Ireland the honours of the world. But after it had populated the English nation with l'arned scholars, the English King, beginning for to get covetious of the honours that had for hundreds of years been going to Ireland, built a Great High School for England in the heart of London, and he stocked it with the primest scholars that could be coaxed or co-arced, brought, bought, or bribed, from any of the world's countries, not by no means forgettin' Ireland—from where he drew the bulk of the best of them. And at long last there is no denying but that he had reared up a staff of professors who certainly banged, every man in his own branch of knowledge, anything to be found in the High School of Munster. Sore this put upon Munster and Ireland when they come to admit it to themselves, and sorest of all on the King of Munster, the apple of whose eye was the High School.

Now the King of England, he come over to tour in Ireland, an' travelling to all arts and parts in the country, he come to Munster. Of course, he was lodged with the King there, and great festivities entirely was given for him, and there was kings and chieftains, bishops, doctors, and scholars, sat down to the table in his honour.

And when they had the wine in, the King of England and the King of Munster went to variance as regards which of their schools was the greatest. And he dared the King of England to contest the matter afore the world. The King of England jumped at the challenge, said it was a bargain, an' there an' then clinched it afore the King of Munster would get time to rue. There was a day and a date fixed for the great argument atween the scholars. And then the King of England went home with happiness in his heart to prepare his men for the contest.

To make the disgrace of Ireland all the deeper, too, he advartised the thing over all the known and unknown world. And all the world was on its toes to see if the wonderful High School of Munster was at last to go under.

In Ireland they lost heart of hope, for they knew there was no denying the superiority of the High School of England; and every man blamed everyone else, and all men blamed the King of Munster. And the professors of the High School of Munster had to be tied down in their beds, or they'd go stark, staring mad through woods at thought of the terrible exposure that was going to come upon their famous school. The nearer, too, it came to the awful day, the worse became the state of the country, and the trouble and grief that was weighing down the people's hearts was deplorable to witness.

It was now that a stout little black-haired, black-whiskered man, and poor man, who went by the name of Dark Patrick at home in Donegal, and was known and noted among the neighbours a long way round for his wisdom and for his wonderful clever intelligence—it was now, I say, that this little dark man suddenly put in his appearance in Munster, headin' for the High School, for which he had pushed out from his home a week afore when he heard how bad things had got an' how black things were looking—with a red bundle on the stick over his shoulder. On this dark little man no one passed any remark—only diracted him the way he inquired for; and he, for his part, had nothing to say either about himself or the arrand he was on, and had no boast or no brag with him—for Dark Patrick's good word upon himself never during a long lifetime had parted his lips. On the very evenin' before the great day of the contest the little man, weary-worn and travel-stained, reached the

High School at last—just when it was in the deepest depths of despair and there was nothing but woe and wailing within it and without. He pushed his way in through the gatherings of people that blocked the way, crying for company in crowds, an' he asked for to see the head man of all the college. When he come into his presence he said to Dark Patrick :—

"Who are you, me good man? or where are you from? or what can I do for you? Hurry yourself up," says he, purty curt that way, "for I have little time to waste on you."

Says Dark Patrick, says he, "Who I am doesn't matter much, nor where I come from—though I am not ashamed to own that it is Donegal. I don't think," says he, "sir, that you can do much for me, though I thank you all the same. I have come," says he, "hearin' of the great trouble that you and your college and all the people are in—come to see if I can find a way out of it for ye."

The professor looked at Dark Patrick, and looked at the little red bundle on the stick which he had placed on the ground beside him, an' he put out of him a guffaw that was both long and loud—the first laugh that he had given for thirteen weeks. And when the people heard the head man laughing like this they crowded into the great hall where he was with Patrick to find what was the matter, anyway ; and when they saw the little man and heard the arrand he had come upon, they opened their throats and laughed ten times louder again. And their laugh reached the ears of the King of Munster, who come running in then to find if a miracle had happened. Patrick, he sat upon his chair as cool as a trout in a pool, lookin' modestly upon the ground and saying never a word. The great professors pointed out Patrick to the King of Munster, telling him the arrand he was come upon—to save the name and fame of their college and the honour of Ireland. And then they roared with laughin' again until they thought their sides would split. But the King of Munster he never laughed at all, at all, as they expected he would, but he listened to them awhile in astonishment, and he told them that for so far he saw no reason for laughter whatsomever. And said that, though they did not think it, he could assure them that men who had never entered a college sometimes had brains too, an' sometimes could raison out things, and do things, that would surprise ye.

"THEY CROWDED INTO THE GREAT HALL TO FIND OUT WHAT WAS THE MATTER."

And then he turned to Patrick, an' he questioned him, very gentlemanly, and with a deal of respect, that made the ignorant professors gape in their wonder, an' he asked him what plan he proposed to save the name and the fame of the High School of Munster and the honour of Ireland. Patrick in reply asked how and when the seven English professors was expected ; and the King he told him that they were due at the High School on the stroke of twelve

o'clock the next day. And Dark Patrick then requested to know if he could have three picked professors of the High School of Munster at his disposal two hours afore that time. And the King of Munster said he surely could—thirty-three if he wished. That satisfied Patrick, and he sayed, "We'll see what we'll see in the mornin'." He was the only man who slept in Ireland that night.

And in the mornin' all the professors were gathered by command of the King of Munster, and Patrick was brought in and told for to take his pick and choice. And Patrick requested for their first Latin scholar, and their first Greek scholar, and their first Hebrew scholar to step out. And this was done. And then he requested three suits of very ragged labourers' clothes, an' three nappin' hammers for breakin' stones. These things was soon all produced. Then Patrick gave to each of the three great professors one of the ragged suits, and he told them to step into a private room and peel off them their professors' dresses, an' get themselves into the labourers' clothes without no waste of time. The three professors, when they heerd this, got the colour of a crow in the countenance, and instead of obeying would have given Patrick the worst word in their jaw, only that they found the King of Munster looking hard at them. And he said to them sharp and short, "Get off with yous, sirs, and do as the gentleman bids yous." So they went off, dogged enough, into a private room, and changed their clothes, an' come out again, looking spectacles for all the world. And only no man dared laugh for feard of the King of Munster, all the other professors would have laughed the roof off the house with the roar that they were now doing their best to try to smother inside of them. Then Patrick, taking the three stone-br'akers' hammers in his hand, said to the three lads :—

"Now, plaise, come with me."

Then, with the three great scholars decorated as I'm tellin' ye, Patrick set out along the road that the London professors was very soon expected to come. They journeyed only a mile from the college, when they come to a cross-roads, and at this cross-roads there was as usual an old man sittin' on a heap of stones br'akin' them, and Patrick put this ould man off the heap, an' he beckoned the Hebrew scholar, an' he put a hammer into his fist, an' mounted him upon the heap in the old man's place, and told him to bang away as if he was breakin' for a wager. And then he whispered into his ear some private directions that scattered the doggedness from the Hebrew scholar's countenance in a jiffy and made him smile to the back of his neck. And then he went forward with the other two professors. And at the next cross-roads he met, which was three miles from the college, he put a hammer into the fist of the Greek scholar an' put him on top of the heap of stones that was there, chasin' away the ould fellow that was on it, an' he told the Greek scholar to bang away at the stones hard. And he whispered something private into his ear likewise, that made him laugh with wonder. And then with the third man he went forward till he met the third cross-roads, which was six miles from the college. And into this man's hand, which was the Latin scholar, he put the last hammer he had, and placed him on the heap of stones there, and told him to bang away also ; and whispered to him his private diractions likewise, making him

"HE WHISPERED INTO HIS EAR SOME PRIVATE DIRECTIONS."

roar till he rolled off the heap with laughter. And Patrick, who was as grave now as he had been every minute of his life, picked him up and set him on top again.

Lo and behold ye! the last man wasn't long banging at his heap of stones, till along the road comes tearin' the coach with the seven picked scholars from London, the greatest and most renowned scholars in the world. And when they come as far as the cross-roads, not knowing which road to take, they made the coachman haul up, and they looked about them, an' they, of course, obsarved the lad banging at the heap of stones, and says they, "Here's an ould stone-br'aker on this heap of stones will direct us on the right way." So they put time o' day on the ould stone-br'aker, an' they axed him if he would please direct them on the right road to the High School of Munster. Back again to them the ould stone-br'aker gave time of day, and likewise directions concerning the right way to the High School of Munster, *all in Latin!*

"ONE OF THEM CALLED OUT TO HIM GIVIN' HIM TIME O' DAY."

When they heerd this the seven lads in the coach gasped for breath, an' fell back dumfoundered for five minutes. They had come all the way from London in the heighth of high spirits at the prospect of overcomin' the High School of Munster and winning in the world's eyes first fame for their own school for all time. But now for the first time since the challenge had been taken up their courage begun for to give way.

They were brave, detarmined fellows, though, that the divil couldn't daunt. So they called on their coachman to go ahead on the right diraction for the High School of Munster; an' they pulled out their note-books, in which they were keeping a record of all the happenings of their journey, and the seven of them wrote down in these: "Six mile from the gates of the High School of Munster the stone-br'akers on the roadsides spaiks Latin only in ordinary conversation."

An' they lay back in their seats, thinkin', till they came to the next cross-roads. And here they were in a quandary again regarding which was the right road to take. And they looked out of the window, and they saw an ould stone-br'aker banging away at a heap of stones. An' one of them called out to him givin' him time o' day, an' asked if he would please put them on the corract road to the High School of Munster. The ould stone-br'aker looked up from his work an' gave them time of day back again an' the proper directions on the road that led to the High School of Munster, *all in Greek!*

When they heerd this the seven poor men groaned as one and turned white in the countenance; an' they didn't let the coachman move a step now until they first consulted amongst themselves what was best to do, or whether it was wiser to go ahead towards the High School, or turn an' make a clean run for the Port of Dublin and home. They disputed on it—some of them for still going ahead an' some of them for turning the coach an' hurrying back with all haste to where they come from. And they put it to the vote. And there was three for goin'

ahead, an' three for goin' back, an' one man was in swithers; but being an extra brave fellow he couldn't anyhow be daunted or dared; so he at last threw in his vote for goin' ahead likewise. And, after, they wrote down in their note-books: "Three mile from the gates of the Great High School of Munster the stone-br'akers on the roadsides spaiks Greek only in ordinary conversation."

And then they directed their driver to drive ahead. The hearts of the poor men were near a'most as low as their heels, goin' forward; and they wished to Heaven it was the seven men they hated most in the High School of London that had been sent on this arrand instead of themselves.

But, behold ye! within a mile of the High School of Munster they come upon another cross-roads, an' the coach was dhrawn up here too, for there was no tellin' which was the corract way to take. One of them looked out, an' beheld an ould stone-br'aker on a heap here, breakin' away at stones for the dear life. He put time of day on him, and asked him if he would please diract them upon the proper road to the High School of Munster. And the ould stone-br'aker lifted his head from his work, and made his bow back to him, an' give him time of day an' all directions for reachin' the High School of Munster, *completely in Haybrew.*

"DARK PATRICK MOUNTED HIS BUNDLE ON HIS STICK AND STARTED OFF FOR HOME AGAIN."

The seven l'arned professors shoved their heads all together out of the coach windows 'and roared at the dhriver to dhrive like the divil for Dublin. Then they fell back and fainted in one another's arms. And when they found themselves rolling along far away from Munster, and safe again, an' got command enough of their narves, they drew out their note-books an' wrote down in them:—

"One mile from the gates of the Wonderful High School of Munster the very stone-br'akers on the roadsides scorn to spaik anything but Haybrew in their ordinary conversation. By a clean race we saved from everlasting disgrace the name and the fame of the High School of London."

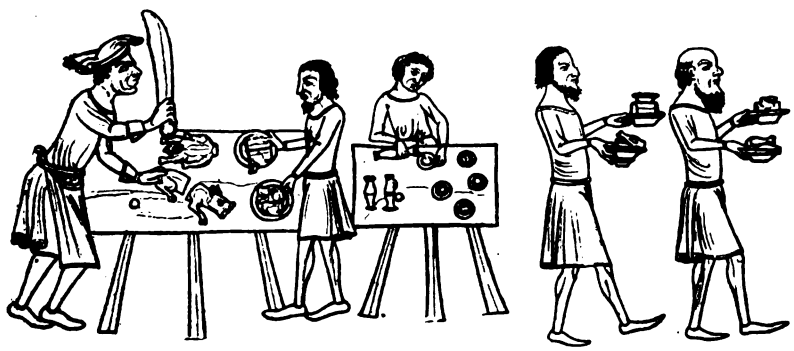
The roars of joy that went up from the High School of Munster when they heerd of the flight of the Englishmen is past my poor powers for to describe. And the joy of Munster's King—and of all of the people, too, within bounds of Ireland—surpasses anything that ever was known afore or since, for that the name of their High School was saved, and likewise the honour of their country.

Under cover of all the noise Dark Patrick mounted his bundle on his stick and started off for home again. And when the King of Munster come to himself, and asked to have the little dark man brought into his presence, and l'arned that he was departed, he sent after him eminent gentlemen of his Court on horseback, an' a gilt coach along with them, to overtake him an' command him to come back in triumph, that he might bestow on him the honours, and the rank, and the wealth, that he 'arned so richly and so well desarved. And when these men overtook Patrick while he was tramping along a bare road far north, and told him the grand news they had for him, Patrick paused, and advanced modestly an' humbly, an' told them to go back and thank their King for him for his kind intentions, and to tell him that he neither 'arned nor desired honours, rank, nor riches; that he had only done what was any plain man's duty to do, and that the only one request in the world he had to ask of kings was to leave him to peace and content—both which were his in his little cabin, on his little hillside, in Donegal. Then he bid the gentlemen God-speed, and bent his face north again.

Great-Grandmother's Cookery Books.

By A. Drysdale-Davies.

MODERN cookery spells decadence. To the English housewife—to say nothing of her husband—struggling thrice daily with the banalities and ineptitudes of our half-trained twentieth-century kitchen mechanics, the culinary variety and excellence of our ancestors come as a revelation. Think of sucking-pig, salmon pie, and dormouse sausages for breakfast! How stale and unprofitable is the eternal dish of eggs and bacon compared with the glories of "pyke amlet" and hedgehog cream! No; we do not breakfast nowadays, any more than we dine or sup. The marvels of mediæval or even of eighteenth-century cookery are not for us. We do not deserve them, and, it may be added, Nature, with her wonderful system of compensations and balances, would not permit us to digest them.



"PIGGE IN SAUGE"—FROM THE HARLEIAN MSS.—ABOUT 1430.

To go back to the earliest of all the old cookery books which were wont to guide our English forbears in the preparation of their soups, meats, and pastries is to consult the "Forme of Cury" compiled by the chief master cooks of Richard II. and containing one hundred and ninety-six recipes. The first English cookery book was that of Neckham, in the twelfth century, although all such manuals until the fifteenth century are quite unintelligible to the modern reader. Indeed, the earliest books that may be called English only date from the latter half of the seventeenth century. Most of the scientific cookery was French, as a matter of course, and, as will be seen, the French titles became much perverted and hard to recognise, as let for lait, fryit for froide, sauke for sauce, and so on.

The cookery book of great interest which we will choose for our first illustration dates from about 1430, and is to be seen amongst the Harleian MSS. It is divided into three parts, the first, headed "Kalendare de Potages Dyuers," containing one hundred and fifty-three recipes; the second part, "Kalendare de Leche Metys," has sixty-four recipes; and the third part, "Dyuerse Bake Metis," forty-one recipes. It may truly be said that the bulk of the recipes would astonish a modern cook.

Our forefathers liked their dishes strongly seasoned, and so pepper, cinnamon, ginger, cloves, garlic, galingale, vinegar, verjuice, and bitters appear constantly and in the most unlikely places. Naturally, pig was held in high esteem in the fifteenth century. In the accompanying illustrations we behold a rough and ready method of carving and

"HOWE TO ROST YE FOWLE AND YE SUCKLING-PIGGE"—FROM THE HARLEIAN MSS.

serving a roast specimen of the porcine tribe. Here is a recipe :—

"PIGGE IN SAUGE.—Take a pigge, drawe him, smyte off his hede, kutte him in iiij quarters, boyle him till he be enough, take him up and let cool. Smite him in pieces. Take a haundful of sauge, grinde it in a mortar with hard yolkes of egges ; draw it up with good vinegar, then season it with powder of peper, ginger, and salt. Then couch the pigge in dishes and cast the syrup thereupon and serve it forth."

Here is a dainty dish :—

"GARBAGE.—Take faire garbage, chikens' hedes, feet, livers, and gysers, and wash hem clene. Cast hem into a faire potte and caste fresh broth of beef, powder of peper, canell, cloves, maces, parsley, and sauge minced small. Then take bread, steep it in the same brothe, let boyle enowe, caste thereto powder ginger, verjuice, salt, and a little saffron, and serve it forth."

THE TITLE-PAGE OF A COOKERY BOOK OF ABOUT 1500.

Meats little eaten at the present day are commonly mentioned in this book, such as whale, porpoise, seal, swan, crane, heron, peacock, and gulls. There is a touch of bloodthirstiness in most of the directions relating to the treatment of living articles of food, which would not commend them to a vegetarian.

"CRANE ROSTE.—Take a crane and cutt him in the roof of the mouth and let him blede to deth, and then scalde him and smyte his wings off and fold up his legges at the knee," etc.

"EGRET ROSTE.—Breake an egret's neck or cut the roof of his mouth," etc. Even fish do not escape without being hacked and smitten and slitted and flayed somewhat out of all reason and humanity.

One more recipe :—

"PODDYNG OF CAPON NECKE. — Take perceley, gizzard, lever, and harte and perboyle in fayre water. Take maces and cloves and saffron and pouder peper and salt and fill him up and sew him and lay him along on the capon backe and pricke him and roste and serve him."

In the "Fowle Coke," of which the title-page is here reproduced, of a somewhat later day we have a hundred and one recipes for the boiling, roasting, stewing, and general preparation of all kinds of feathered bipeds. This dish you will seek in vain at the Carlton or Claridge's :—

"COKYNTRYCE.—Take a capoun, slay him and skald him, and smyte him to the waist. Also take a pigge and scald him, and draw him. Take a needle and thread and sew the before part of the capon to the hinder part of the pigge, and then stuffe him as thou stuffest a pigge ; putte him on a spette and roste him. Serve him forth with eggs and ginger and saffron."

But it must not be supposed there is any lack of entremets and sweet things in these fifteenth-century manuals. Here is a recipe for fritters :—

"FRETOURE.—Take flowre, milke, and egges and grind peper and saffron and make thereof a bature. Pare apples and ster hem and frye hem uppe. Then take a little soft porke or vele choppit and spred on toppe and serve hem forthe for soperys in somere" (supper in summer).

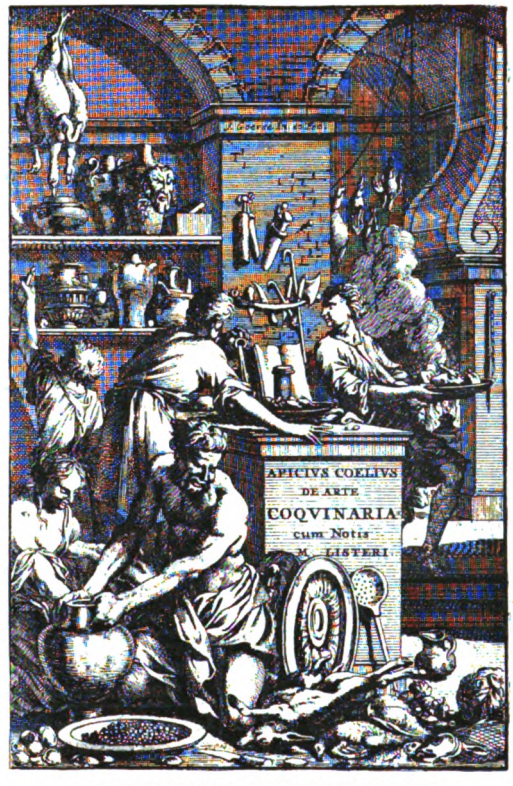
A truly light and delicious hot weather sweet! Here are directions for a custard :—

"CUSTARDE. —Take vele and smyte him in litell pieces and wash and putt hit into a faire potte with fayre water and let boyle. Then take parsley, sauge, hyssop, and cast hem into flesh when it boyleth ; then take peper, canel, cloves, maces, saffron, salt, and a good deal of wine and let boyle. When it is cold streyne yolkes and whites of egges and put into the brothe, so many that the broth be stiff enowe. And make fayre coffins, and couch iii or iiij pieces of flesh in the coffins. Then take dates, prunes, and kutte hem ; caste thereto ginger and verjuice and salt, poure into coffins, and bake till they be enowe."

Here is a tasty fruit tart :—

"Take figges and set hem in wyne and grind hem small, with powder peper, canell, cloves, maces, powder ginger, raisins fried in oyle, currants, saffron, and salte, and cast thereto. Then make faire lowe coffins and cast this stuffe therein. And plante pynes above. And cutte dates and fresh salmon

in faire pieces, or else fresh eels, [ar-boyled in wine and couch thereon. And couche the coffins faire with the same paste, and sprinkle with saffron and almonde milke, and set hem in the oven and let bake."



A SIXTEENTH CENTURY LATIN COOKERY BOOK.

In the sixteenth century there was a classical revival, and there came various editions and adaptations of the work of the renowned Apicius Coelius, "De Arte Coquinaria," of which we herewith give the frontispiece. One of these bears the date 1541, and amongst the dishes herein enumerated we may find hot-pots of cow-heel, pickled broom buds, and Tetrap-harmacon, of which latter delicacy we are told that it was made of pheasant, peacock, a wild sow's hock and udder, with a bread pudding over it.

The work is divided into ten books, beginning with soups, pickles, and sauces, and proceeding through the whole art of cookery, with hundreds of recipes, the very reading of which makes one's mouth water. For instance, who could resist "virgin sow drest with broth made of pepper, wine, honey, oyl, and stew'd damsons"? Or dormouse sausages? Of dormice we are told that in ancient times people made it their business to fatten them. "Aristotle rightly observes that sleep fattened them, and Martial from thence infers that sleep was their only nourishment. Though very costly they became a common dish at great entertainments. Petronius delivers us a recipe for dressing them with poppies and honey." It appears that scales were brought to table in ancient times to weigh fishes, birds, and dormice to see whether they were of the standard of excellence and perfection. "If twelve larks should weigh below twelve ounces they would be very lean and scarce tolerable; if twelve and down weight they would be very well, but if thirteen they would be fat to perfection." There are many recipes in the book to dress "cramp-fish, that numb the hands of those that touch them; the cuttle-fish, whose blood is like ink; the pour-contrel, or many feet, the sea-urchin or hedgehog." Hard eggs should, declares Apicius, be minced over sprats. The ancients were very fantastical in making one thing pass for another, so at Petronius's supper the cook sent up a fat goose, fish, and wild-fowl of all sorts to appearance, but still were all made out of the several parts of a single porker. "To boil fish exactly, it is necessary that they should be cast alive into the water." "Sucking pig should be boyl'd in paper." "Young foxes are in season in autumn" are amongst the instructions contained in this curious work.

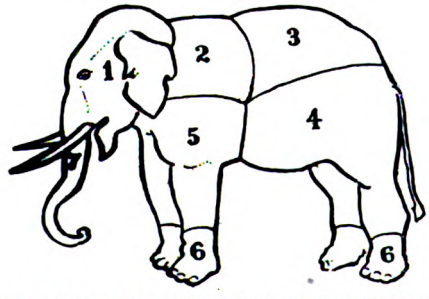
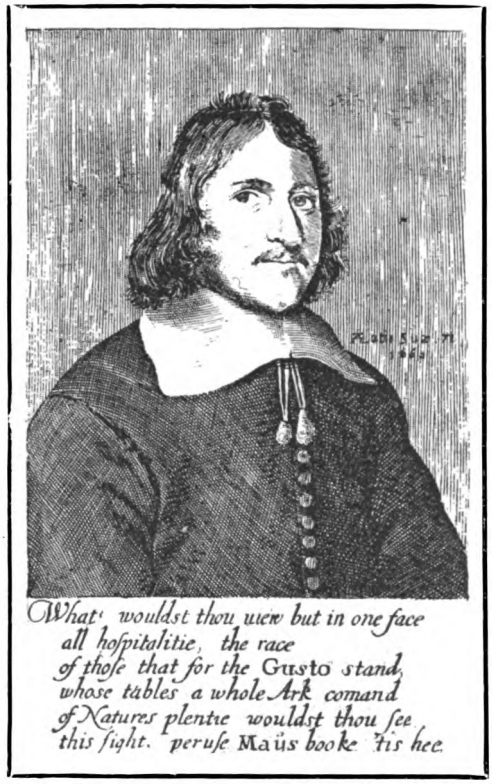


DIAGRAM FROM THE ABOVE, SHOWING THE CORRECT METHOD OF CARVING AN ELEPHANT.

Then, again, we are given minute instructions for the carving of beasts whose flesh was esteemed by the ancients. "In partes of Asia and Africa," we are told, "the oliphant is eaten, not as the Romans and Egyptians were wont to do, sparingly and only as pertain'd to his feete, trunk, and tayle, all of which were great delicacies, but his entire carcase is carved



THE
Accomplisht Cook,
OR THE
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OF
COOKERY.

Wherein the whole ART is revealed in a more easie and perfect Method, than hath been publisht in any language.

Expert and ready Ways for the Dressing of all Sorts of FLESH, FOWL, and FISH, with variety of SAUCES proper for each of them; and how to raise all manner of *Pastes*; the best Directions for all sorts of *Kickshaws*, also the *Terms* of CARVING and SEWING.

An exact account of all *Dishes* for all *Seasons* of the Year, with other *A-la-mode Curiosities*

The Fifth Edition, with large Additions throughout the whole work: besides two hundred Figures of several Forms for all manner of bak'd Meats, (either Flesh, or Fish) as, Pyes Tarts, Custards, Cheesecakes, and Florentines, placed in Tables, and directed to the Pages they appertain to.

Approved by the fifty five Years Experience and Industry of *ROBERT MAY*, in his Attendance on several Persons of great Honour.

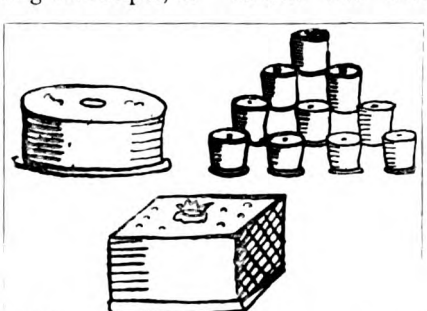
London, Printed for *Obadiah Blagrave* at the *Bear* and *Star* in St. *Pauls Church-Yard*, 1685.

FRONTISPIECE AND TITLE-PAGE OF A COOKERY BOOK OF 1685.

and consumed." For the benefit of those who might happen to possess an elephant and be tempted to eat him a chart of carving instructions accompanies the text.

The great era of good living and good cookery dates from the Restoration, when a whole race of English master cooks arose and published their manuals. Amongst the earliest was Joseph Cooper, and after him came Robert May, whose "The Accomplisht Cook" first saw the light in 1671 and was constantly reprinted during the century. It contains a large number of original recipes, as well as numerous illustrations drawn by the author, some of which are herewith reproduced. Here is a simple recipe for a rice pudding:—

"Steep your rice in milk overnight and next morning drain it and boil it with cream; season it with sugar, being cold, and eggs, beef-suet, salt, nutmegs, cloves, dates, etc."



AN ILLUSTRATED RECIPE FROM THE ABOVE BOOK.

The simplicity of this recipe is not obvious to us of to-day. But nothing better evinces how much the arts of the table have been neglected than the disuse of the terms of carving which old May sets forth in his book. Here are the "Exact Terms of Carving": Break that deer, leach that brawn, rear that goose, lift that swan, sauce that capon, spoil that hen, frust that chicken, unbrace that mallard, unlace that coney, dismember that hern, display that crane, disfigure that peacocke, unjoint that bittern, untach that curlew, allay that pheasant, wing that partridge, thigh that pidgeon, border that pasty, thigh all manner of small birds. Then follows a similar set of directions: Splaying bream, chining salmon, and culponing trout.

Here is a way "To make Minced Pyes of Salmoun":—

"Mince a rand of fresh salmoun, very small, with a good fresh-

water eel, being flayed and boned; then mince some violet leaves, sorrel, strawberry leaves, parsley, sage, savoury, marjoram, and time; mingle all together with the meat, currans, cinnamon, nutmeg, pepper, salt, sugar, carraways, rose-water, white wine, and some minced orangado, put some butter in the bottom of the pyes, fill them, and, being baked, ice them and scrape on sugar. Make them according to these forms."

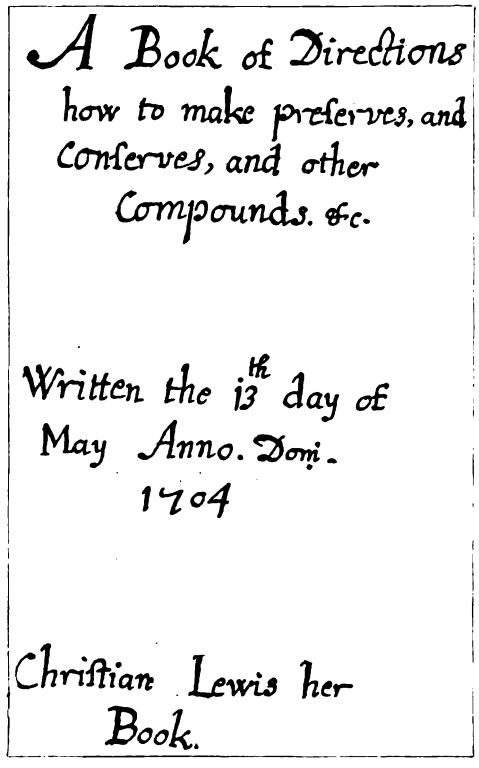
In Giles Roses's book, "Officers of the Mouth," are some amusing passages and woodcuts. Not least entertaining are the titles to the sub-sections, as, for instance: "The Dissection of a Hen in the High Dutch Fashion," "How to Dissect a Thrush," "How to Fold a Napkin like a Cocke and Hen," "How to Fold a Napkin like a Dogge with a Choller about His Neck."

"THE DISSECTION OF A GOOSE AFTER THE ITALIAN FASHION.—You may cut your goose after the Italians into a great many pieces, as well as that of the High Dutch, and follow the same order of serving it; but if you will, you may begin at the stomach and follow with the thigh, and the rest at your discretion."

Here is a pleasing little essay whose title suggests a Cockney's dissertation on Shakespeare's masterpiece:—

"THE AMLET.—The amlet is only egges broken and beaten together and fryed in a frying-pan with a piece of sweet butter."

Here, too, is a nice summer dish:—



TITLE-PAGE OF A QUAINT OLD MANUSCRIPT COOKERY BOOK.

"Take the best almonds and boil them with crums and verjuice. Then set a hen in the midst, or a piece of veal. Garnish with plumbs and serve."

Or this:—

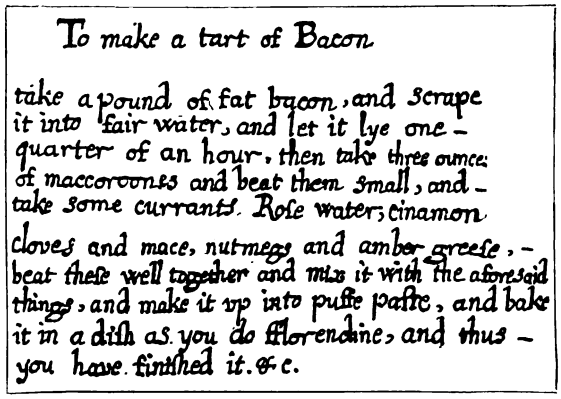
"Take an eel and flea him. Open his bellie and cut him to pieces; put him into a dish with some butter, verjuice, broth, and hartichokes, and make all this boil over a chaffing-dish of coals. Season with spice."

Henry Howard was the champion pye-master of the first George's reign, and his manual, "England's Newest Way in all Sorts of Cookery," enjoyed great popularity. We have recipes for cabbage pudding, and giblet tart, and hedge-hog cream, amongst other delicacies.

We have before us a neat little chap-book compiled by a careful young eighteenth-century housewife, Mistress Christian Lewis, which is full of quaint recipes inscribed by her own hand. How neatly it is done, let the accompanying excerpts show. We very much doubt if so much trouble would be taken nowadays.

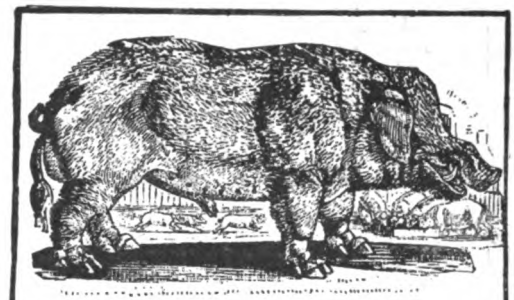
It is much to be feared that the modern wine and spirit bibber would not think very highly of some of the drinks of a century and a half ago. They seem to err overmuch on the side of economy. Thus, in "Mrs. Harrison's Cookery Book" (1760) we have the following recipe for orange wine:—

"To five-and-twenty gallons of water take fifty-six pounds of sugar, fine and powder'd,



A RECIPE FROM THE ABOVE BOOK.

and twelve whites of eggs beaten; stir the water, sugar, and eggs well together in your boiler cold, and when it is ready to boil skim it and let it boil an hour; when cold stir into it a pint of ale-baum and cover it; let it stand four days, and stir it three or four times a day, then take two small oranges and pare them nicely, with as little rind as possible."



How to make a BOAR PUDDING.

Two small oranges to five-and-twenty gallons of water seem to promise a brew that would be spurned even by a teetotaler. But here is another:—

"To Make Cowslip Wine.—First take three gallons of spring water and put in six pounds of sixpenny sugar and make it just boil up, and so skim it clean and let it stand till it is almost cold, and take a handful of the fairest blossoms of cowslips and the juice of two lemons, and three or four spoonfuls of yeast and stir all together."

When we encounter in Mrs. Hannah Wolley's "Cook's Guide" (1664) this ominous phrase: "Take twenty good wardens and slice them," we are oppressed with visions of cannibalism—of orthodox Church officials being led passively to slaughter. But we are later relieved to discover that the wardens are only a species of fruit of the pear tribe. Why is it we do not nowadays stew soles like this?

"To Stew Soales.—Take a pair of large soales, flay them, wash them, and dry them in a cloth; flower them and fry them with beef-suet, then lay them in a dish and take some anchovies well washed in white wine; open your soales and put the anchovies into the middle of your soales; then put in some white wine or claret, with a good piece of butter, set it upon coales, and when they have stewed a while thicken the liquor with grated bread, and grate in a little nutmeg and a little salt, and so serve them in."

Recipes for boar in puddings and pigpies occur in all the books.

Here is one calculated to make the mouth of a confirmed dyspeptic water:—

"To Make a Pigg Pye.—Take a pigg and scalld it and slit in the middle and take out the bones, season it with pepper, salt, cloves, and mace and nutmegs. Chop sweet herbs fine with the yolks of two or three eggs and some plump'd currants. Then lay the one half of the pigg into your pye and the herbs and currants and salt over it and some butter. Then lay the other half of the pigg on top of that, and the rest of the herbs and currants on the top with some butter and so bake it; you may eat it hot or cold."

We venture to think there are few housewives who, if suddenly called upon, would know how to "fearce a carp." Yet it is simple enough, as we here perceive:—

"To Fearce a Carp.—Take a carp, flea off his skin, take out his bones, and hash his flesh very small; then make an amlet of three or four eggs and hash this with the carp; season with spice and pine seeds and a little thyme; put it into the skin of your carp. Then sew up with a needle and thread, and boil him with butter, verjuice, and broth. Or you may put a few pistaches in his bellie."

AN ILLUSTRATION FROM BRILLAT-SAVARIN'S WORK—THE MOST CELEBRATED COOKERY BOOK IN THE WORLD.

Coming down to a later day, we have only room to mention the exhaustive culinary treatises of Alexander Soyer and Brillat-Savarin, the latter of which is embellished with woodcuts exhibiting dinners and diners after the most approved French fashion at that epoch; but some of which would hardly commend themselves.

A Story for Children. By E. Nesbit.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WAY TO BABYLON.

"HOW many miles to Babylon?"

"Three score and ten!"

"Can I get there by candle-light?"

"Yes—and back again!"

Jane was singing to her doll, rocking it to and fro, in the house which she had made for herself and it. The roof of the house was the dining-table, and the walls were table-cloths and antimacassars hanging all round and kept in their places by books laid on their top ends at the table edge.

The others were tasting the fearful joys of domestic tobogganing. You know how it is done—with the largest and best tea-tray and the surface of the stair carpet. It is best to do it on the days when the stair-rods are being cleaned and the carpet is only held by the nails at the top. Of course, it is one of the five or six thoroughly tip-top games that grown-up people are so unjust to—and old nurse, though a brick in many respects, was quite enough of a standard grown-up to put her foot down on the tobogganing long before any of the performers had had half enough of it. The tea-tray was taken away, and the baffled party entered the sitting-room in exactly the mood not to be pleased if they could help it.

So Cyril said, "What a beastly mess!"

And Robert added, "Do shut up, Jane."

Even Anthea, who was almost always kind, advised Jane to try another song. "I'm sick to death of that," said she.

It was a wet day, so none of the plans for seeing all the sights of London that can be seen for nothing could be carried out. Everyone had been thinking all the morning about the wonderful adventures of the day before, when Jane had held up the charm and it had turned into an arch, through which they had walked straight out of the present time and the Regent's Park into the land of Egypt eight thousand years ago. The memory of yesterday's happenings was still extremely fresh and frightening, so that everyone hoped that no one would suggest another excursion into the Past—for it seemed to all that yesterday's adventures were quite enough to last for at least a week. Yet each felt a little anxious that the others should not think it was afraid—and presently Cyril, who really was not a coward, began to see that it would not be at all nice if he should have to think himself one. So he said:—

"I say—about that charm—Jane—come out. We ought to talk about it—anyhow."

"Oh, if that's all——" said Robert.

Jane obediently wriggled to the front of her house and sat there. She felt for the charm, to make sure that it was still round her neck.

"It *isn't* all," said Cyril, saying much more than he meant because he thought Robert's tone had been rude—as indeed it had. "We ought to go and look for that amulet. What's the good of having a first-class charm and keeping it idle, just eating its head off in the stable?"

"*I'm* game for anything, of course," said Robert; but he added, with a fine air of

chivalry, "only I don't think the girls are keen to-day, somehow."

"Oh, yes, I am," said Anthea, hurriedly. "If you think I'm afraid I'm not."

"I am, though," said Jane, heavily; "I didn't like it; and I won't go there again not for anything, I won't."

"We shouldn't go *there* again, silly," said Cyril; "it would be some other place."

"I dare say; a place with lions and tigers in it as likely as not."

Seeing Jane so frightened made the others feel quite brave. They said they were certain they ought to go.

"It's so ungrateful to the psammead not to," Anthea added, a little primly.

Jane stood up. She was desperate.

"I won't," she cried; "I won't, I won't, I won't! If you make me I'll scream, and I'll tell old nurse, and I'll get her to burn the charm in the kitchen fire. So now, then!"

You can imagine how furious everyone was with Jane for feeling what each of them had felt all the morning. In each breast the same thought arose, "No one can say it's *our* fault." And they at once began to show Jane how angry they felt that all the fault was hers. This made them feel quite brave.

Tell-tale tit, its tongue shall be split,
And all the dogs in our town shall have a little bit,

sang Robert.

"It's always the way if you have girls in anything." Cyril spoke in a cold displeasure that was worse than Robert's cruel quotation; and even Anthea said, "Well, *I'm* not afraid if I *am* a girl," which, of course, was the most cutting thing of all.

Jane picked up her doll and faced the others with what is sometimes called the courage of despair.

"I don't care," she said; "I *won't*—so there! It's just silly going to places when you don't know what they're going to be like! You can laugh at me as much as you like. You're beasts—and I hate you all!"

With these awful words she went out and banged the door.

Then the others would not look at each other and they did not feel so brave as they had done.

Cyril took up a book, but it was not interesting to read. Robert kicked a chair-leg absently. His feet were always eloquent in moments of emotion. Anthea stood pleating the end of the table-cloth into folds—she seemed earnestly anxious to get all the pleats the same size. The sound of Jane's sobs had died away.

Suddenly Anthea said, "Oh, let it be Pax—poor little Pussy—you know she's the youngest."

"She called us beasts," said Robert, kicking the chair suddenly.

"Well," said Cyril, who was subject to passing fits of justice, "we began, you know. At least, you did." Cyril's justice was always uncompromising.

"I'm not going to say I'm sorry, if you mean that," said Robert, and the chair-leg cracked to the kick he gave as he said it.

"Oh, do let's," said Anthea—"we're three to one—and mother does so hate it if we row. Come on. I'll say I'm sorry first, though I didn't say anything hardly."

"All right; let's get it over," said Cyril, opening the door. "Hi—you—Pussy!"

Far away up the stairs a voice could be heard singing, brokenly, but still defiantly:—

"How many miles (sniff) to Babylon?"
"Three score and ten (sniff)!"
"Can I get there by candle-light?"
"Yes (sniff)—and back again!"

It was trying—for this was plainly meant to annoy. But Anthea would not give herself time to think this. She led the way up the stairs, taking three at a time, and bounded to the level of Jane, who sat on the top step of all thumping her doll to the tune of the song she was trying to sing.

"I say, Pussy—let it be Pax! We're sorry, if you are——"

It was enough. The kiss of peace was given by all; Jane, being the youngest, was entitled to this ceremonial.

At this moment the door of the learned gentleman's room opened and he looked out.

"Excuse me," he said, in that gentle, polite, weary voice of his, "but was I mistaken in thinking that I caught a familiar word just now? Were you not singing some old ballad of Babylon?"

"No," said Robert; "at least, Jane was singing how many miles, but I shouldn't have thought you could have heard the words for——"

He would have said "for the sniffing," but Anthea pinched him just in time.

"I did not hear *all* the words," said the learned gentleman. "I wonder would you recite them to me?"

So they all said together:—

"How many miles to Babylon?"
"Three score and ten!"
"Can I get there by candle-light?"
"Yes—and back again!"

"I wish one could," the learned gentleman said, with a sigh.

"Can't you?" asked Jane.

"Babylon has fallen," he answered, with a sigh; "you know it was once a great and beautiful city and the centre of learning and art, and now it is only ruins, and so covered up with sand that people are not even agreed as to where it once stood."

He was leaning on the banisters, and his eyes had a far-away look in them, as though he could see through the staircase window the splendour and glory of ancient Babylon.

"I say," Cyril remarked, abruptly. "You know that charm we showed you, and you told us how to say the name that's on it?"

"Yes."

"Well, do you think that charm was ever in Babylon?"

"It's quite possible," the learned gentleman replied.

The others looked at each other; but it was Jane who spoke.

"Were the Babylon people savages? Were they always fighting and throwing things about?" For she had read the thoughts of the others by the unerring light of her own fears.

"The Babylonians were certainly more gentle than the Assyrians," said the learned gentleman. "And they were not savages by any means. A very high level of culture"—he looked doubtfully at his audience, and went on—"I mean that they made beautiful statues and jewellery and built splendid palaces. And they were very learned—they had glorious libraries and high towers for the purpose of astrological and astronomical observation."

"Er?" said Robert.

"I mean for—star-gazing and fortune-telling," said the learned gentleman; "and there were temples and beautiful hanging gardens——"

"'BABYLON HAS FALLEN,' HE ANSWERED."

"I'll go to Babylon, if you like," said Jane, abruptly, and the others hastened to say "Done!" before she should have time to change her mind.

"Ah," said the learned gentleman, smiling rather sadly, "one can go so far in dreams when one is young." He sighed again, and then adding, with a laboured briskness, "I hope you'll have a—a—jolly game," he went into his room and shut the door.

"He said 'jolly' as if it was a foreign language," said Cyril. "Come on—let's get the psammead and go now. I think Babylon seems a most frightfully jolly place to go to."

So they woke the psammead and put it in its bass-bag with the waterproof sheet in case of inclement weather in Babylon. It was very cross, but it said it would as soon go to Babylon as anywhere else. "The sand is good thereabouts," it added.

Then Jane held up the charm and Cyril said:—

"We want to go to Babylon to look for the part of you that was lost. Will you please let us go there through you?"

"Please put us down just outside," said Jane, hastily, "and then if we don't like it we needn't go inside!"

"Don't be all day," said the psammead.

So Anthea hastily uttered the word of power without which the charm could do nothing.

"Ur—hekan—selcheh!" she said, softly; and as she spoke the charm grew into an arch so tall that the top of it was close against the bedroom ceiling. Outside the arch was the bedroom painted chest of drawers and the Kidderminster carpet, and the washhand-stand with the riveted willow-pattern jug, and the faded window curtains, and the dull light of indoors on a wet day. Through the arch showed the gleam of soft green leaves and white blossoms. They stepped forward quite happily. Even Jane

felt that this did not look like lions, and her hand hardly trembled at all as she held the charm for the others to go through and, last, slipped through herself, and hung the charm, now grown small again, once more round her neck.

The children found themselves under a white-blossomed, green-leafed fruit tree, in what seemed to be an orchard of such trees, all white-flowered and green-foliaged. Among the long green grass under their feet grew crocuses and lilies and strange blue flowers. In the branches overhead thrushes and blackbirds were singing, and the coo of a pigeon came softly to them in the green quietness of the orchard.

"Oh, how quite too perfectly lovely!" cried Anthea. "Why, it's like home—exactly—I mean England—only everything's bluer, and whiter, and greener, and the flowers are bigger."

The boys owned that it certainly was fairly decent, and even Jane admitted that it was all very pretty.

"I'm certain there's nothing to be frightened of here," said Anthea.

"I don't know," said Jane. "I suppose the fruit trees go on just the same even when people are killing each other. I didn't half like what the learned gentleman said about the hanging gardens. I suppose they have gardens on purpose to hang people in. I do hope this isn't one."

"Of course it isn't," said Cyril; "the hanging gardens are just gardens hung up, *I* think, on chains between houses, don't you know, like trays. Come on—let's get somewhere."

They began to walk through the cool grass; as far as they could see was nothing but trees and trees and more trees. At the end of their orchard was another one, only separated from theirs by a little, still stream of clear water. They jumped this and went on. Cyril, who was fond of gardening—which meant that he liked to watch the gardener at work—was able to command the respect of the others by telling them the names of a good many trees. There were nut trees and almond trees, and apricots, and fig trees with their big, five-fingered leaves. And every now and then the children had to cross another brook.

"It's like between the squares in 'Through the Looking Glass,'" said Anthea.

At last they came to an orchard which was quite different from the others. It had a low building in one corner.

"These are vines," said Cyril, superiorly, "and I know this is a vineyard. I shouldn't wonder if there was a wine-press inside that place over there."

At last they got out of the orchards and on to a sort of road—very rough, and not at all like the roads you are used to. It had cypress trees and acacia trees along it, and a sort of hedge of tamarisks, like those you see on the road between Nice and Cannes, or near Littlehampton, if you've only been as far as that.

And now in front of them they could see a great mass of buildings. There were scattered houses of wood and stone here and there among green orchards, and beyond these a great wall that shone red in the early morning sun. The wall was enormously high—more than half the height of St. Paul's, and in the wall were set enormous gates that shone like gold as the rising sun beat on them. Each gate had a solid square tower on each side of it that stood out from the wall and rose above it. Beyond the wall were more towers and houses—gleaming with gold and bright colours. Away to the left ran the steel-blue swirl of a great river. And the children could see, through a gap in the trees, that the river flowed out from the town under a great arch in the wall.

"Those feathery things along by the water are palms," said Cyril.

"Oh, yes—you know everything," Robert replied. "What's all that grey-green stuff you see away over there where it's all flat and sandy?"

"All right," said Cyril, loftily; "*I* don't want to tell you anything. I only thought you'd like to know a palm tree when you saw it again."

"Look!" cried Anthea, "they're opening the gates." And indeed the great gates swung back with a brazen clang, and instantly a little crowd of a dozen or more people came out and along the road towards them.

The children with one accord crouched behind the tamarisk hedge.

"I don't like the sound of those gates," said Jane. "Fancy being inside when they shut! You'd never get out."

"You've got an arch of your own to get out by," the psammead put its head out of the basket to remind her. "Don't behave so like a girl. If I were you I should just march right into the town and ask to see the King."

There was something at once simple and grand about this idea, and it pleased everyone.

So when the workpeople had passed (they *were* workpeople, the children felt sure,

because they were dressed so plainly —just one long, blue shirt-thing, of blue or yellow) the four children marched boldly up to the brazen gate between the towers. The arch above the gate was quite a tunnel, the walls were so thick.

"Courage," said Cyril. "Step out. It's no use trying to sneak past. Be bold."

Robert answered this appeal by unexpectedly bursting into "The British Grenadiers," and to its quick step they approached the gates of Babylon.

Some talk of Alexander
And some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander,
And such great names as these.
But of all the gallant heroes——

This brought them to the threshold of the gate, and two men in bright armour suddenly barred their way with crossed spears.

"Who goes there?" they said.

(I think I must have explained to you before how it was that the children were always able to understand the language of any place they might happen to be in, and to be themselves understood. If not, I have no time to explain it now.)

"We come from very far," said Cyril, mechanically; "from the empire where the sun never sets, and we want to see your King."

"If it's quite convenient," amended Anthea.

"The King—may he live for ever!"—said the gatekeeper, "is away at the wars. Where on earth have you come from not to know that?"

"The Queen, then," said Anthea, hurriedly, and not taking any notice of the question as to where they had come from.

"The Queen," said the gatekeeper—"may she live for ever!—gives audience to-day three hours after sun-rising."

"IN FRONT OF THEM THEY COULD SEE A GREAT MASS OF BUILDINGS."

"But what are we to do till the end of the three hours?" asked Cyril.

The gatekeeper seemed neither to know nor care. He appeared less interested in them than they could have thought possible. But the man who had crossed spears with him to bar the children's way was more human.

"Let them go in and look about them," he said. "I'll wager my best sword they've never seen anything to come near our little —village." He said it in the tone people use when they call the Atlantic Ocean the herring-pond.

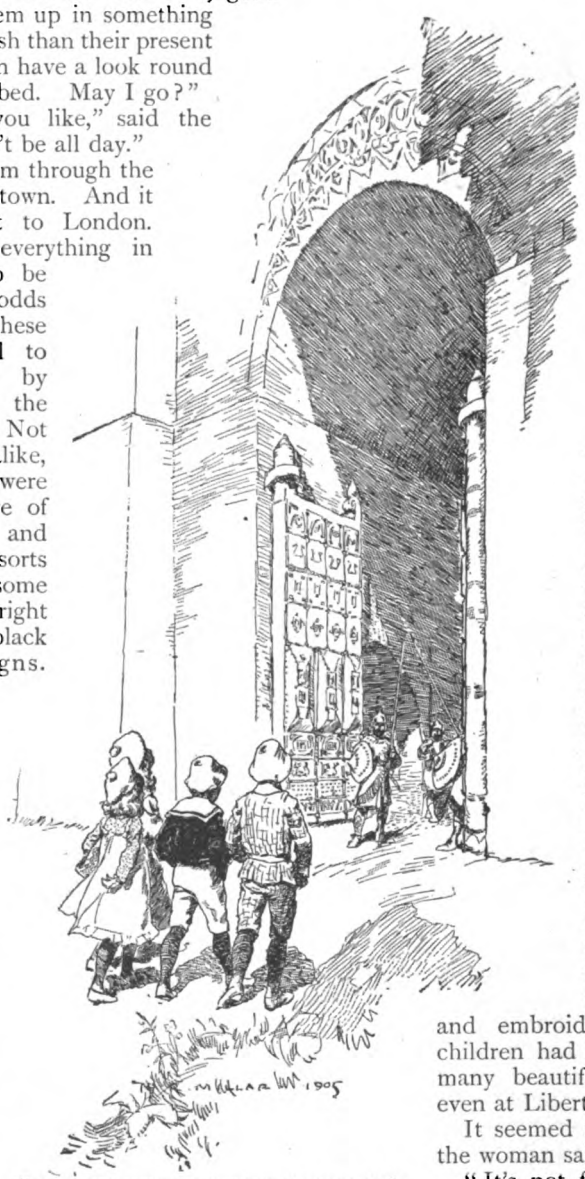
The gatekeeper hesitated.

"They're only children, after all," said the other, who had children of his own. "Let me off for a few minutes, captain, and I'll take them to my place and see if my good woman can't fit them up in something a little less outlandish than their present rig. Then they can have a look round without being mobbed. May I go?"

"Oh, yes, if you like," said the captain; "but don't be all day."

The man led them through the dark arch into the town. And it was very different to London. For one thing, everything in London seems to be patched up out of odds and ends, but these houses seemed all to have been built by people who liked the same sort of things. Not that they were all alike, for though all were squarish they were of different sizes and decorated in all sorts of different ways—some with paintings in bright colours, some with black and silver designs. There were terraces and gardens and balconies, and open spaces with trees. Their guide took them to a little house in a back street, where a kind-faced woman sat spinning at the door of a very dark room.

"Here," he said, "just lend these children a mantle each, so that they can go about and see the place till the Queen's audience begins. You leave that wool for a bit and show them round if you like; I must be off now." The woman did as she was told, and the four children wrapped in fringed mantles went with her all about the town, and oh, how I wish I had time to tell you all that they saw! It was all so different from anything you have ever seen. For one thing all the houses were dazzlingly bright, and many of them covered with pictures. Some had great creatures carved in stone at each side of the door. Then the people—there were no black frock-coats and tall hats, no dingy coats and shirts of good, useful, ugly stuffs warranted to wear. Everyone's clothes were bright and beautiful with blue and scarlet and green and gold.



"THEY APPROACHED THE GATES OF BABYLON."

The market was brighter than you would think anything could be. There were stalls for everything you could possibly want, and for a great many things that, if you wanted here and now, want would be your master. There were pineapples and peaches in heaps, and stalls of glass things and crockery, beautiful shapes and glorious colours; there were stalls for necklaces and clasps and bracelets and brooches, for woven stuffs and furs and embroidered linen. The children had never seen half so many beautiful things together even at Liberty's.

It seemed no time at all before the woman said:—

"It's not far from noon now. We ought to be getting on towards the palace. It's as well to be early."

So they went to the palace, and when they got there it was more splendid than anything they had seen yet.

For it was glowing with colours, and with gold and silver and black and white, like some magnificent embroidery. Flight after

flight of broad marble steps led up to it, and at the edges of the stairs stood great images, twenty times as big as a man—images of men with wings like chain armour and hawks' heads, and winged men with the heads of dogs, and there were the statues of great kings.

Between the flights of steps were terraces where fountains played; and the Queen's guard in white and scarlet, and armour that shone like gold, stood by twos lining the way up the stairs, and a great body of them was massed by the vast door of the palace itself, where it stood glittering like an impossibly radiant peacock in the noonday sun.

All sorts of people were passing up the steps to seek audience of the Queen: ladies in richly-embroidered dresses with fringy flounces, poor folks in plain and simple clothes, dandies with beards oiled and curled.

And Cyril, Robert, Anthea, and Jane went with the crowd.

At the gate of the palace the psammead put one eye cautiously out of the basket and whispered:—

"I can't be bothered with queens. I'll go home with this good lady. I'm sure she'll get me some sand if you ask her to."

"Oh, don't leave us!" said Jane. The woman was giving some last instructions in Court etiquette to Anthea and did not hear Jane.

"Don't be a little muff," said the psammead, quite fiercely. "It's not a bit of good your having a charm. You never use it. If you want me you've only got to say the name of power and ask the charm to bring me to you."

"I'd rather go with you," said Jane, and it was the most surprising thing she had ever said in her life. Everyone opened its mouth without thinking of manners, and Anthea, who was peeping into the psammead's basket, saw that its mouth opened wider than anybody's.

"You needn't garp like that," Jane went on. "I'm not going to be bothered with queens any more than *it* is. And I know, wherever it is, it'll take jolly good care that it's safe."

"She's right there," said everyone, for they had observed that the psammead had a way of knowing which side its bread was buttered.

Jane turned to the woman and said, "You'll take me home with you, won't you? And let me play with your little girls till the others have done with the Queen?"

"Surely I will, little heart!" said the woman. And then Anthea hurriedly stroked the psammead and embraced Jane, who took the woman's hand and trotted contentedly away with the sand-fairy's bag under the other arm.

The others stood looking after her till she, the woman, and the basket were lost in the many-coloured crowd. Then Anthea turned once more to the palace's magnificent doorway and said:—

"Let's ask the porter to take care of our Babylonian overcoats."

So they took off the garments that the woman had lent them and stood amid the jostling petitioners of the Queen—in their

"THE OTHERS STOOD LOOKING AFTER HER."

own English frocks and coats and hats and boots.

"We want to see the Queen," said Cyril; "we come from the far empire where the sun never sets!"

A murmur of surprise and a thrill of excitement ran through the crowd. The door-porter spoke to a black man—he spoke to someone else. There was a whispering, waiting pause. Then a big man with a cleanly-shaven face beckoned them from the top of a flight of red marble steps.

"THREE CHILDREN FROM THE LAND WHERE THE SUN NEVER SETS."

They went up, the boots of Robert clattering more than usual because he was so nervous. A door swung open, a curtain was drawn back. A double line of bowing forms in gorgeous raiment formed a lane that led to the steps of the throne—and as the children advanced hurriedly there came from the throne a voice very sweet and very kind:—

"Three children—from the land where the sun never sets! Let them draw hither without fear."

In another moment they were kneeling at the throne's foot, saying, "Oh, Queen, live for ever!" exactly as the woman had taught them. And a splendid dream-lady, all gold and silver and jewels and snowy drift of veils, was raising Anthea and saying:—

"Don't be frightened. I really am *so* glad you came! The land where the sun never sets! I am delighted to see you. I was getting quite too dreadfully bored for anything!"

And behind Anthea the kneeling Cyril whispered in the ear of the respectful Robert:—

"Bobs—don't say anything to Panther. It's no use upsetting her—but we didn't ask for Jane's address—and the psammead's with her."

"Well," whispered Robert, "the charm can bring them to us at any moment. *It* said so."

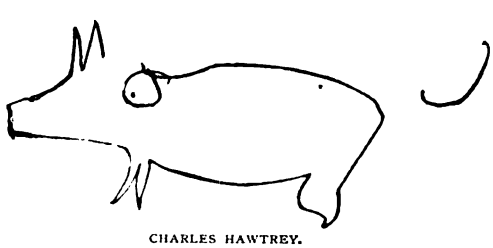
"Oh, yes," whispered Cyril, in miserable derision, "we're all right, of course. So we are! Oh, yes; if we'd only *got* the charm."

Then Robert saw, and he murmured, "Crikey!" at the foot of the throne of Babylon, while Cyril hoarsely whispered the plain English fact:—

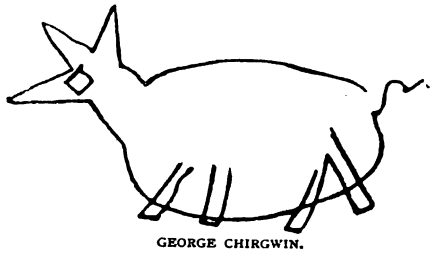
"Jane's got the charm round her neck, you silly cuckoo!"

"Crikey!" repeated Robert.

(To be continued.)



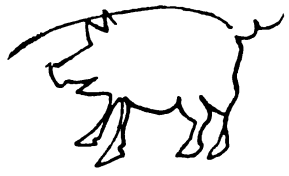
CHARLES HAWTREY.



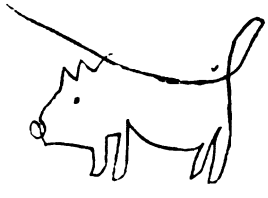
GEORGE CHIRGWIN.

MARIE LLOYD.

CATON WOODVILLE.

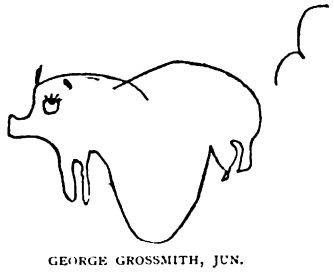


DAN LENO.



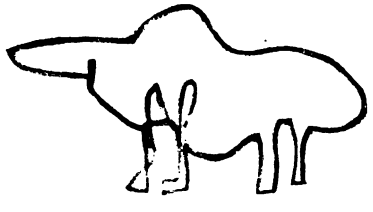
MARIE STUDHOLME.

MADGE LESSING.

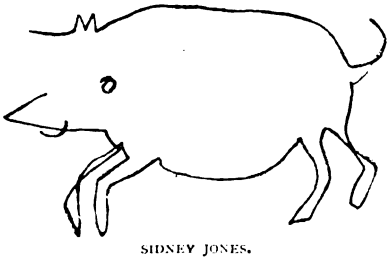


GEORGE GROSSMITH, JUN.

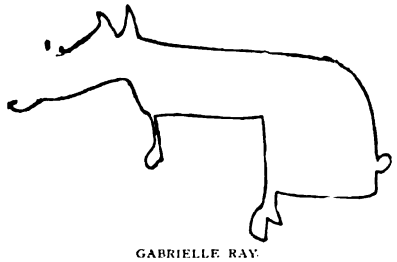
BEN DAVIES.



CONNIE EDISS.



SIDNEY JONES.



GABRIELLE RAY.

"BLINDFOLD PIGS."

OUR readers will remember a previous article on "Blindfold Pigs"—*i.e.*, pigs drawn while the eyes of the artists are blindfolded—to which many of the best-known people of the day contributed their attempts. The above are reproduced from a private album, and represent the achievements of some very well-known people, mostly stage favourites.

Curiosities.

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[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

NATURE'S HOUSE.

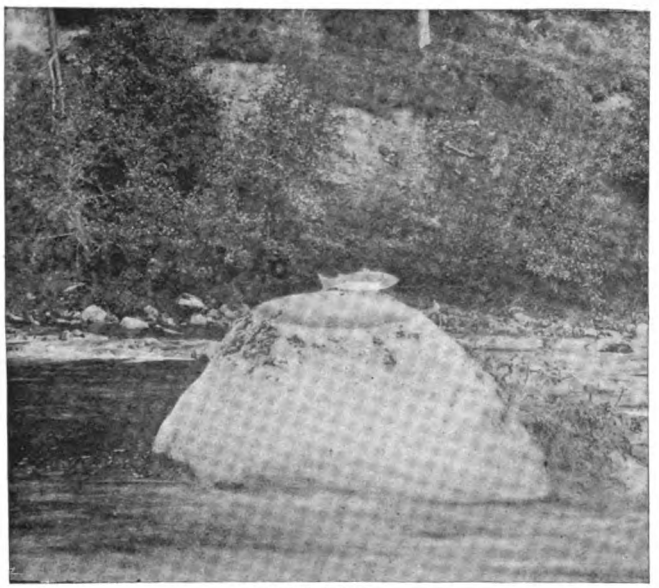
"Situated in the grounds adjacent to the United States Department of Agriculture may be seen the section of a Californian redwood tree which has been converted into a house. This curious dwelling is provided with windows, a stairway, and, of course, a door, and is an object of much interest to visitors."—Mr. A. M. Stephen, 132, Sabine Road, Lavender Hill, S.W.

THE SNORING DORMOUSE.

"My illustration shows a dormouse which I found in my garden last winter, coiled up inside a nest which it had constructed for itself in the interior of a large heap of straw. Emulating the example of its more formidable cousin, the bear, this quaint little animal spends some six months of the year wrapped in a profound sleep. Motionless- save for the rhythmical heaving of the furry body as it draws its deep, long breaths—the sleeper is by no means silent, inasmuch as its wee nostrils emit a terrific snoring, which can even be heard across a fair-sized room. The specimen here depicted included a small but shrill note in its somnolent wheeze, and the noise which it produced by this means was really tremendous, considering the diminutive size of the animal. Cold to the touch, and apparently lifeless, the little yellow body might, to all intents and purposes, be that of a cold-blooded animal; and it has even been rolled about the room without attempting to uncurl its tightly-folded form or evincing the faintest signs of returning animation. Naught but the voice of summer—barring such artificial methods as exposure to a hot fire—will open again the great, pathetic eyes, for all the world like a couple of black boot-buttons, or rouse into being the active life which lies dormant within the sluggish limbs."—Mr. H. W. Shepheard-Walwyn, F.Z.S., F.E.S., etc., Dalwhinnie, Kenley.

BROBDINGNAGIAN TROUSERS.

"You will see from my photograph that two young men can easily wear this extraordinarily large pair of trousers, which a Newbury tradesman made for a customer in South Africa."—Mr. H. R. Small, 4, Salisbury Terrace, Craven Road, Newbury.



AN IRON FISH.

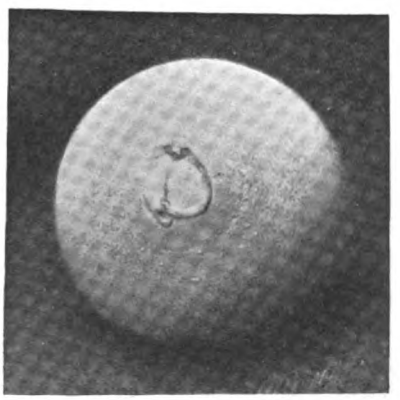
"One of the most important tributaries of the River Spey is the Dulnain, a stream which rises in the Monadhliaths (grey, misty mountains), and after a brawling course of rather less than fifty miles falls into it about half a mile below the hamlet of Dulnain Bridge, near Grantown. A short distance above the village, where the river runs below high, wooded banks, the eye is attracted by a life-sized iron fish apparently in the act of jumping over the biggest boulder in the stream. This, it appears, was placed in its present position by a villager about six years ago, and though now and again buried in the turmoil of the waters when the river is in flood it has hitherto kept its position, and every year is treated to a fresh coat of paint by its maker, who lives in a cottage hard by, and whose only reason for placing it there is that 'he always liked looking at fish.'"—A Contributor.

THE CENTRE OF POPULATION OF THE U.S.A.

"I send you a photograph of the exact centre of population of the United States, as determined by the U.S. census of 1900. Starting at the beginning of the last century a few miles from the city of Baltimore, Maryland, it has travelled steadily westward until it was about eighteen miles from this city in 1890, and is now located about five miles south-east of this place. Of course, in late years, as the country has become more settled, the population centre does not journey westward at the rate it did thirty or forty years ago; but as there is a continual increase of population in every American State, with the exception of Nevada alone, it is still going towards the Pacific Ocean. The photograph was taken by a friend of mine some time since, the exact spot having been located by the Government about November, 1901. As you will notice, the very aged and decrepit white mule is contentedly licking salt off the wooden block which marks the exact centre at present. It is the intention of the town of Columbus, however, to erect a suitable monument on the spot as soon as possible." — Mr. B. E. Johnson, Columbus, Indiana.

AN AUTOGRAPH EGG.

"I send you the photograph of an extraordinary egg. Upon examination it will be found that the letter 'D' appears in relief on the shell. The most curious thing about it, however, is that the hen that laid the egg is the property of a Mr. E. T. Dunn. I venture to say that there is probably no other man in the whole wide world who possesses an egg with the initial of his name thus marvellously impressed upon it."—Mr. G. M. Borg, Photographer, Warren, Pa.



A TRAM-TICKET PICTURE.

"I send you a photograph, taken by Charles T. Knapp, Bristol, of a plate covered with Bristol tram tickets. The picture in the centre is a view of the famous Clifton Bridge in four colours."— Mr. A. J. Southcott, 149, Fishponds Road, Eastville.

THE PRINTERS' ROBIN.

"A pair of robins built their nest among some monotype spools on a shelf in the stereotype foundry at the Phonetic Institute, Bath. The shelf was only four feet above a work-bench, and here they hatched out their young, taking advantage of the windows, which were opened for them by the compositors. About three days after hatching the dead body of the hen was found in the room, presumably killed by a cat, since when the male bird, aided by the friendly compositors, who provided tit-bits, has been most assiduous in bringing up the six young ones, which, when the photograph was taken, were about ten days old. The old bird is exceedingly tame, frequently perching on the tables and frames in the composing-room in close proximity to the men. When requested to, it most obligingly returned to the nest to pose for its photograph."—Mr. Chas. Darby, 18, Coronation Avenue, South Twerton, Bath.

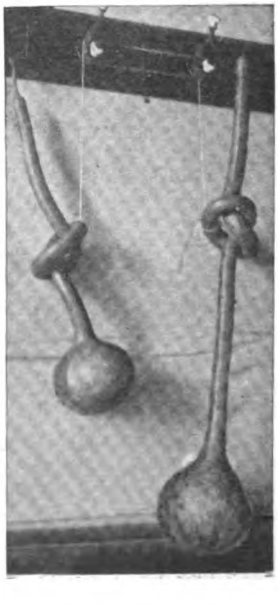
PIKE-FISHING EXTRAORDINARY.

"Herewith is a photo. of a pike, weighing two pounds nine ounces, which I caught on the end of a punt-pole. I was punting the other day when I felt my pole go into something soft. I took no notice, however, thinking it was mud, but immediately I came to draw the pole through the water I felt some-

thing wriggling on the end. I then saw the fish and landed him safely in the punt, keeping the pole tight down on his head until he finished kicking and died. I suppose he had been asleep at the bottom of the river. The iron fork at the end of the pole struck him on the top of his head in a dead line between his eyes and went through almost into his mouth." — Mr. A. Gyde-Smith, Oak Croft, Boyne Hill, Maidenhead.

GORDIAN KNOTS.

"This is a photograph of two gourds that I successfully tied, to the wonder of all beholders. Everyone who has seen them has pronounced them quite a curiosity, as the gourd is very brittle and easily broken. If the largest gourd could be untied and straightened out it would be fifty-two inches long."—Mr. Thos. Bell, Tellico, Tenn.



Take care to see!

In the shokurwai genelal powder medicine to sell off, choose pure quality and is do up eneugh attention in manufacture law, and is rull do not seal, that unless are examine by officer, it is clear how is their temper best and finely made, as everybody know, if doubt it is not good, take some to try, but subtilty seller common article opten sell, hope will not think is pure as os as our shokuwai sell off, in the here everybody want genelal medicine of our shokurwai we made actlve and shoicest articles has to sell at very law price, hope our shokuwai everybody, beware in the trade mark and seal of our shokurwai and will buy more than fist.

Yashishi, & Shokuwai T. Yoshida.
3 nd street awazi, Osaka Japan.

矢獅子商會

大阪市淡路町三丁目

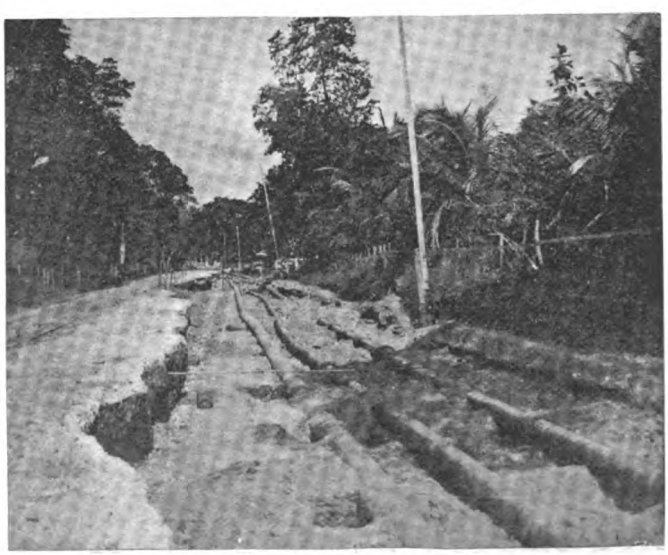
購ビス愈福ノ増品レ戴尋ニノクトレ盡擢ノ抑
求ル以光ノ御加ノヨノ常奸熊ルスバシ撰諸モ
ア票顧テ高ス需玆念品商ト知丁之織調シ藥幣
ラニ諸純過庇ル用ニ有ト等セ明ニ票査製品會
ン刮君良ギニモヲ於之同往ラ白依貼師造ノニ
丁目ヨ品ス因全蒙テア視ヤルニリ用檢方儀於
ヲア幣ヲ尚レクル幣ラス販ヽシテセ査ニハテ
リ會摩一リ御丁會バル賣處テ精ザノ充原發
テノ價幣愛日精試勿ナスナ四製ル上分賃賣
倍商ニ勉會顧ニ製檢レルリ方純ヲニ注ノス
舊標販勵ノ諸月諸セ尚處然各良定非意純ル
御及賣シ幸彦ニ藥ラ疑ノル位品則ザヲ良處

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS ——."

"I send you the label taken from a bottle of borax purchased in Japan. It is a curious example of English as she is Japanesed."—Britisher.

JUPITER PLUVIUS AT PLAY.

"The Island of Jamaica just now is attracting considerable attention in the United States by reason of the enormous quantities of oranges, bananas, pineapples, and other fruit with which Uncle Sam is being bombarded, to the dismay of the Californian fruit-growers. Lying, as the island does, considerably to the westward of the path of the ordinary West Indian hurricanes, which periodically devastate many of the less favoured members of the Caribbean group, it escapes the brunt of these gales, but occasionally comes in for the tail-end of a blow. The results of such may be seen in the accompanying photograph, which graphically portrays the havoc wrought by some ten inches of rain which fell in twenty-four hours on one of the main roads near Kingston, the capital of Jamaica, on the 28th of October last, one inch falling in five minutes. The road in question is one of the many very fine roads for which the island is justly famed, and which are the admiration of American tourists, who find their way thither in considerable numbers during the winter months."—Mr. E. Nuttall, Kingston, Jamaica.



PRESS-GANG DAYS.

"Here is a photograph which I took of an old custom that is kept up in Totnes (Devon). You will notice the wooden model of a hand with a white glove drawn over it. Twice a year it is strapped to the lamp-post on the eve of the horse-fair day, which occurs once in May and once in October. In days gone by it meant to show that the press-gang did not have any power that day, so that the townspeople should be able to attend the fair without the fear of the press-gang presenting

itself and pressing a number of them into the Navy."—Mr. Reginald P. Boughey, Daréna, Bellevue Road, Ventnor.

SHEFFIELD, HULL, LONDON, EDINBURGH,

&c. &c.

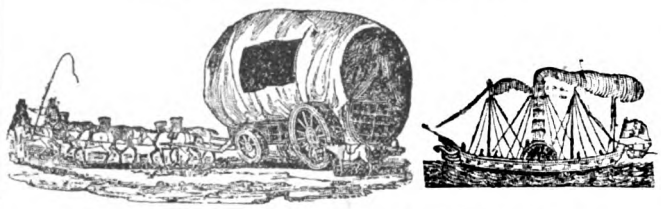
BY WAGGON & STEAM PACKET,

TO HULL IN 24 HOURS AND LESS,

And to London in Three or Four Days,

AND VICE VERSA,

AT VERY REDUCED RATES.



MARY JACKSON,

CARRIER,

Takes this opportunity of returning her sincere thanks for the liberal encouragement she has received in the Business, and begs to inform the Shippers, Senders, and Receivers of Goods, that her WAGGONS leave her WAREHOUSE, FURNIVAL-STREET, Sheffield, EVERY AFTERNOON, to meet the Thorne and Goole Steam Packets, by which Packets Goods are immediately forwarded to Hull. The Waggons wait the return of the above Packets, and Goods forwarded by them are delivered in Sheffield the next Morning, certain

LOCOMOTION IN THE OLD DAYS.

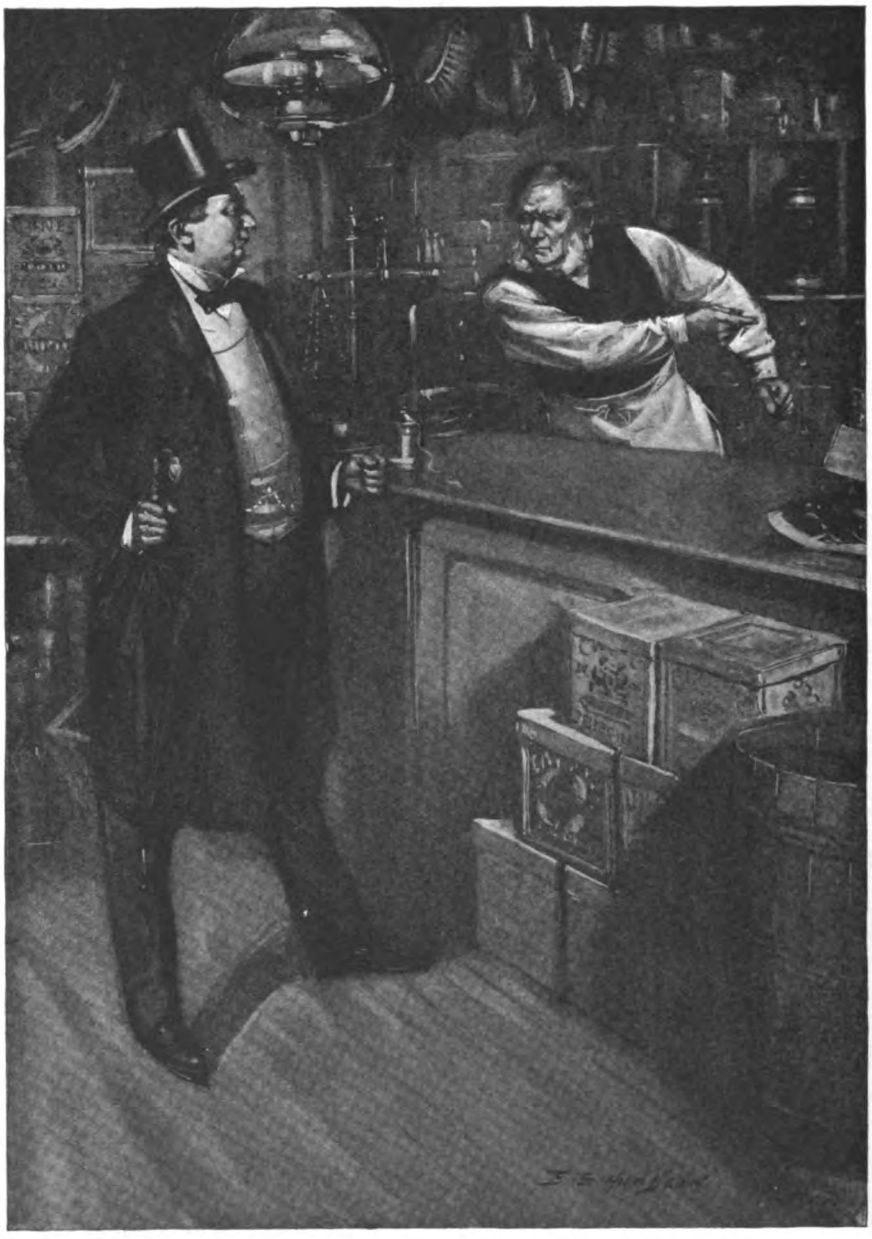
"Here is a page advertisement from the 'History, Gazetteer, and Directory of the West Riding of Yorkshire,' published August 14th, 1837. Notice the pride with which it is announced: 'To Hull in 24 hours and less,' *i.e.* from Sheffield—now the journey can be accomplished in two hours and less—'and to London in three *or* four days.' I wonder how much and what depended on that little word 'or'? The 10.35 out of Sheffield does the journey now in three hours and twenty-five minutes, and I should think does not vary more than three or four minutes a week. The team and cover of the waggon with the supplementary 'pack-horse' are alike worthy of notice, as is also the funnel of the steam packet."—Mr. Alfred Scott, 53, Fulham Park Gardens, S.W.

A HINT FOR HARVESTERS.

"My photograph is that of a field of Norwegian corn that has just been cut, the corn being ingeniously fastened to posts five or six feet high, where it remains until dry."—Mr. A. Goodman, 79, Cambridge Road, Hammersmith, W.

AN INGENIOUS MOUSE-TRAP.

"I send you a photograph of a novel mouse-trap used by us here in camp, where we have had a plague of mice. The camp is out in the bush and the mice are swarming through the whole district. The trap consists of an ordinary vinegar-bottle rolled in a piece of sacking. The bait is tied to the end of the bottle, and the mice crawl down the neck and push each other off into the water below. The corpses on the newspaper represent the catch of one night (three hundred and twenty-seven). The trap has been set (up to the time of writing) twenty-five nights, and the total number of mice caught is six thousand one hundred and seventy-eight."—Mr. Kenneth J. Young, Assistant Surveyor, Survey Camp, Mayall Creek.



"'GET OOT MA SHOP!' ROARED PETER BROWN."

(*See page* 248.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxx. SEPTEMBER, 1905 No. 177.

"It Was a Famous Victory."

By J. J. Bell.

Author of "Wee MacGreegor."

I.

A SNOW-LADEN gale blew down the loch, but the sound of it merely served to make the little parlour above the shop seem cosier and brighter. Mr. Brown, who had just come up from closing his place of business for the night, grunted with satisfaction as he inserted his grey-stockinged feet into well-toasted carpet slippers, and Mrs. Brown, watching him over her spectacles, smiled in her gratification. His grunt was more to her than a thousand politely expressed thanks.

"Ye're early feenished the nicht, Peter," she remarked, settling herself a thought more comfortably in her chair, and dropping the lace she was crocheting upon her lap.

"Oh, there's naebody aboot on a nicht like this," he returned, taking his pipe from the mantelpiece. "But if ye think I'm up ower shin, I'll gang doon again."

Mrs. Brown laughed at the ancient irony. "Ye ken fine I hate to see ye takin' yer ease," she retorted. "But I'll let ye aff this time."

"Thenk ye. I'm shair I'm greatly obleeged to ye," said Mr. Brown, as he filled his pipe in a methodical manner.

His wife resumed her work, but laid it down almost immediately.

"Is that somebody at the door?" she asked, looking inquiringly at her man.

"It'll be Joseph Ridhorn," said Mr. Brown, as a tapping was heard. "He said he had something o' great importance to tell me. He was in the shop the day, but I was busy, so he said he wud come up at nicht."

"Och!" cried Mrs. Brown, in a tone of disgust; "I canna pit up wi' Joseph Ridhorn. He aye looks as if he thocht something was gaun to fa' on him. What has he got to tell ye the nicht?"

"I dinna ken. But I suppose I'd better let him in, Jean."

"I suppose he'll chap at the door till ye dae. Let him in, an' I'll get oot ma wee bag o' lavender, for I canna endure the smell o' pent——"

"He canna help the smell o' pent, him bein' a penter," said Mr. Brown, soothingly.

"Aweel," she returned, in a tone of resignation, "awa' an' let the greetin' buddy in, an' I'll bring ben a bottle o' ginger wine an' some snaps."

"Hoots, Jean! Ye're ower severe on the dacent man," said her husband, with a laugh, as he hastened away to admit the visitor, who had now commenced a third series of slow and solemn taps.

Mr. Joseph Redhorn, the village painter, paperhanger, and decorator, was a bachelor, but he certainly had not the appearance of finding his single condition one of bliss. His age was about fifty, and, although his business yielded him rather more than he absolutely required, he was given to complaining of the harshness of existence as well as of the state of his health. He was tall, thin, and loosely built; his somewhat pallid countenance was cast in a melancholy mould; he wore a straggling moustache, while his scanty hair, allowed to grow as long as it would, was economically plastered across the top of his head; his eyes, pale blue and watery, seemed generally to be fixed on the future with a painful foreboding. His voice was high-pitched, but not aggressive, and he had an annoying habit of breathing loudly through his nose.

"Come in, Joseph, come in," said Mr. Brown, hospitably, holding the door with one hand and a lamp in the other. "It's a coorse nicht."

"Ay," said Mr. Redhorn, "it's a nicht o' meesery." He stepped indoors and continued: "I chappit three times, an' was comin' to the conclusion that I wasna wantit."

"Man, man, ye ken fine ye're aye welcome in this hoose. Come awa'! Ye're jist blae wi' the cauld. Yer nose is like a——"

"'COME IN, JOSEPH, COME IN,' SAID MR. BROWN, HOSPITABLY."

"That's ma defective circulation, the doctor says," remarked the painter, allowing himself to be pushed into the cosy sitting-room. "Ye think ma nose is cauld, but if I was lettin' ye feel ma feet the noo, ye wud——"

"Pit yer feet to the fire. Tak' this chair, Joseph," said Mr. Brown.

"Na! I daurna dae that. Cauld feet is meeserable, but chilblains is excruciatin'! Did ye ever ha'e chilblains?"

"Never. But can the doctor no' dae onything for ye?"

"Oh, he's gi'ed me bottles an' bottles, an' I've tried dizzens o' patent meddicines, but wi'oot relief. I'm on ma road to the tomb." And Mr. Redhorn sank upon a chair at a safe distance from the fire.

Before Mr. Brown could reply his wife entered, bearing the ginger wine and snaps. She set them on the table and shook hands in a friendly enough fashion with the visitor.

"Weel, Maister Ridhorn," she said, pleasantly, "an' hoo are ye keepin' this bad weather?"

The painter presented and withdrew a limp hand. "I was jist tellin' yer man I was on ma road to the tomb," he said, dolefully.

"Mercy me!" she cried, cheerfully. "I thocht ye was gaun to spend the evenin' wi' Peter an' me."

Mr. Redhorn essayed to speak, but she went on, briskly:—

"Ye'll ha'e a gless o' wine to warm ye up, Maister Ridhorn. Eh? That's richt! An' try a snap. They gang weel thegither. There ye are! Keep the bottle aside ye an' help yersel'. Peter an' me'll maybe jine ye later on."

"Thenk ye, Mistress Broon, thenk ye," said the visitor, brightening a little. "This is an exceedingly revivin' drink," he added, after several sips; and presently, "The snaps, as ye say, gangs weel wi' it; I maun confess to a cravin' for onything wi' ginger in it. It's ma system, ye ken."

"Ginger's fine for the digeestion, I've heard," Mrs. Brown remarked, taking a surreptitious sniff at her little lavender bag.

"That's true; but I doot ma digeestion's ower delapidated to get muckle benefit," said Mr. Redhorn, relapsing into his previous gloom. "Did ye ever try charcoal biscuits?"

"I yinst had some in the shop," the grocer replied; "but there was nae demand, an' I gi'ed the boax to yin o' the laddies at Hallow-e'en. He thocht they wud dae for blackin' his face, but they wasna a great success."

"I read in a paper that charcoal biscuits was guid for an indiveedual in ma state. It's a peety ye wastit the boax," said the painter, regretfully, finishing his wine.

"I'll order a boax for ye, if ye like," said Mr. Brown. "But they lookit fearsome things for a human bein' to eat. The wife wudna let me gi'e them to the hens. Wull I order a boax for ye?"

"Aw, I'll conseeder the matter," hurriedly returned Mr. Redhorn. "I'm no' jist shair if ma organs——"

"Fill up yer gless, Maister Ridhorn," interposed the hostess. "Fill up yer gless, an' try anither snap."

"Thenk ye," replied the guest, doing as he was told, and once more brightening. "The wine is baith soothin' an' warmin'. It's like gettin' close to the biler o' a steamboat on a cauld day."

Conversation lapsed awhile, Mr. Redhorn sipping his wine and breathing sibilantly, the host smoking contemplatively, and the hostess busily plying her fingers, pausing only for an occasional inhalation of lavender.

"Ha'e ye catched the cauld in yer heid?" the visitor suddenly asked her.

"A—a wee bit, maybe," she replied, in some confusion.

"Dinna neglect it, Mistress Broon," he said, solemnly. "Caulds in the heid ha'e proved fatal afore this."

After which silence fell again, and lasted until Mr. Brown mildly reminded his guest that the latter had promised a communication of great importance.

Mr. Redhorn took an extra large sup of his wine, as if to invigorate him for an effort.

Mr. Brown continued placidly to smoke his pipe, but Mrs. Brown halted in her work and looked inquiringly at the speaker.

"McKay's auld shop is let!" announced the painter, abruptly, with somewhat of the air of one casting a bombshell.

"Och," said Mr. Brown, calmly, "that's piper's news, Joseph."

"But it's let to a grocer!" cried the other.

"So's that. Me an' the wife heard a' aboot it a month back. But we're obleeged to ye for thinkin' o' warnin' us."

Mr. Redhorn gaped at the undisturbed elderly couple. He had looked for a panic. But he had still another shock to administer.

"It's no' an ordinary grocer," he said, gravely.

"It wud need to be an *extra*ordinary grocer, if he's gaun to mak' a livin' in Fairport," said Mr. Brown, with a laugh which his wife echoed. "Ye ken as weel as I dae, Joseph," he went on, "that there's no' room for twa grocers in Fairport. I've been here over thirty years, an' the trade's jist the same as it was when I startit. Fairport hasna increased, an' if onything the simmer trade's getting less than it used to be. I'm no' complainin', mind ye, but I'm pretty shair there's no' room for anither man here."

The guest shook his head and applied himself to his glass.

"Anither thing," Mr. Brown continued. "That auld shop o' McKay's has aye been unlucky. It's never prospered in ma time. It maun be five years since puir McKay failed at the greengrocery business, an' the shop's been shut since then. Afore that it was shut mair years nor it was open. I mind a fishmonger tried it an' cam' to a sad end; an' then a butcher tried it, but he stopped in time; an' then the post-office had it for a wee while, but it was ower big for their purpose; an' then——"

"IT'S LIKE GETTIN' CLOSE TO THE BILER O' A STEAMBOAT ON A CAULD DAY."

"But never a grocer!" put in the painter, in a voice of dismal triumph.

"Man, Joseph," said Mr. Brown, with a wink at his wife, "d'ye no' ken that o' a' the men that keep shops grocers ha'e the finest brains?" He chuckled, adding, teasingly, "Maybe penters come next to grocers."

But Mr. Redhorn did not understand banter.

"Weel, I'm shair I'm gled ye can joke aboot it," said the painter, "but I canna help seein' the serious side. I'm tellin' ye it's no' an ordinary grocer that's gaun to set up in opposeetion to ye. It's a *comp'ny*—The New Century Stores, Leemited—an' their shop here'll jist be like a shop in the toon, everything in gran' style. They've been settin' up shops a' ower the country, an' mony a country grocer has regretted it. Ay!"

"Och, they'll shin get tired o' wastin' their money," said Mr. Brown, carelessly. "The Fairport folk are no' gaun to be dazzled wi' a fancy shop efter dealin' wi' me for thirty years. I'll maybe lose a few o' ma simmer customers, but that'll no' ruin me, an' it'll no' pey the comp'ny. I'll bet ye a boax o' charcoal biscuits, Joseph, agin a coat o' pent for the hen-hoose that the comp'ny'll no bide in Fairport mair nor a year."

"If ye mak' it a bottle o' ginger wine," the painter returned, seriously, "I'll tak' on the bet—no' that I'm wantin' to win it. But ye sudna depend ower muckle on auld customers. Folk change awfu' quick an' awfu' easy nooadays."

"No' the Fairport folk," Mr. Brown replied. "Has the comp'ny gi'ed ye the job o' pentin' the shop, Joseph?" he asked, presently.

"Na, na. They've got their contractors for everything. They'll no' pit ony money into Fairport. I jist hope they'll no' tak' ower muckle oot the place."

Mr. Redhorn relapsed once more into gloomy silence till pressed to refill his glass. The remainder of his visit was passed in a discussion on the war, the host and hostess being determined to keep him off the subject of the New Century Stores, Limited.

When he had departed, Mrs. Brown gave a long sigh of relief.

Her husband laughed, and remarked, "Ye're gled he's awa', Jean."

"'Deed, ay, Peter! He a'maist maks ye believe ye're on the road to ruin. Does he no'?"

"He's no' what ye wud ca' a cheery chap, but we mauna be ower hard on him. He means weel. We maun jist thole him. He never gangs to see onybody but us, ye ken. Ye're no' vexed at me lettin' him come the nicht, are ye?"

"Na, na," she answered, kindly. "But I doot he'll be nane the better o' a' that ginger wine. He took a terrible dose."

A little later she asked the question which she was unable to get out of her mind.

"D'ye think we'll ha'e trouble wi' the opposeetion, Peter?"

"Weel," he replied, cheerfully, "if we ha'e trouble wi' the opposeetion, it'll be naethin' to the trouble the opposeetion'll ha'e wi' us!"

And ere long they were both sleeping peacefully.

II.

THE NEW CENTURY STORES, LIMITED, opened the Fairport branch in May with a flourish of advertising. In the opinion of the managing director, who was present at the opening, the new premises were "magnificent"; in that of a poor strolling artist they were "infernally vulgar, an unpardonable insult to the village." Mr. Redhorn considered them, from a painter's point of view, a conglomeration of inappropriate colours applied in thoroughly unworkmanlike fashion; but the majority of his neighbours, while suspicious, allowed them to be "gey braw." Mr. Brown expressed no definite opinion on the premises, but thought the company was "daft."

The company, however, knew very well what it was about. In a few years the managing director had become an old campaigner in country districts. He knew his business, as did also his Fairport lieutenants. Nothing could exceed the urbanity of these two sleek-headed, carefully-shaven young men who stood behind the counters, covered from neck to ankle in stainless white, and whose tongues were as pleasant as their hands were deft. They were models of attention and smartness; no trouble was too great, no trifle too unimportant for them to undertake, if by any chance they could oblige a customer, or even a possible customer.

To Mr. and Mrs. Brown they were invariably respectful and courteous, never showing the pity which, as decent-hearted fellows, they felt for the elderly couple.

Fairport people began to drop into the Stores for fancy goods which Mr. Brown did not stock. Sometimes it was difficult to pass the Stores, the windows were so temptingly dressed, and fresh attractions appeared every Wednesday and Saturday. And then the prices were surprisingly low. Within the shop the display was positively appetizing,

from the splendid marble-topped counter bearing provisions pure and simple to the shelves containing the stock of fruits and vegetables preserved in shining glasses. Moreover, one could purchase, in addition to food, any household implement at the same price as one would pay in the city.

"They're creatin' a big splash, but they canna keep it up," remarked Mr. Brown to his wife one evening towards the end of May. "I noticed three kegs o' butter on the pier this mornin' gaun back to heid-quarters. They maun be makin' a heavy loss on things that dinna keep."

"But the comp'ny's sellin' proveesions chaper nor us, Peter."

"Second quality!"

"But—but what if the folk dinna ken the difference?"

Mr. Brown laughed confidently. "'Deed, auld wife, ye're like Martha, troubled aboot mony things!"

"I canna help it, Peter," she replied, with a sigh.

He regarded her tenderly. Then suddenly his face grew stern.

"If necessary," he said, slowly, "we can sell as chape as the comp'ny. I've been established here three-an'-thirty years this month, an' I'm no' gaun to be pit oot by ony fancy concern like the New Century Stores, Leemited!"

She made no response, and he continued:—

"Wud ye like to see me knucklin' doon to the comp'ny? Wud ye like to see them get the better o' me, jist because I was feart to lose a bit siller? Wud ye, Jean?"

"Na; I wudna, ye ken I wudna," she answered, promptly.

"I was gaun to see Ridhorn aboot pentin' the ootside o' the shop, but I dinna see the use o' pittin' pent on the inside for you to scrub aff," he said, later. "Ye're a terrible scrubber, Jean!" he added, smiling.

"I wud rather see the shop clean nor gorgeous," she remarked, modestly. "Dinna let Joseph Ridhorn ha'e his ain wey wi' the pentin'. He doesna like to mak' a plain job; the mair curly-wurlies he gets pentin' the better he's pleased."

"Ay; he likes bein' a decorator as weel as penter, does Joseph. But I'll see that he doesna play ony tricks wi' the shop."

Mr. Redhorn was forthwith commissioned to renovate the old shop, so far as paint could do so, and after sulking for nearly a week because his own schemes of decoration were firmly rejected he got to work and did as he was ordered, with a good deal of contemptuous muttering.

June came, and with it a number of people from town. It was not till July, however, that the majority of visitors occupied their summer quarters; and not till then did the struggle between the man and the company fairly begin.

But disappointments met the former almost at the start. Fairport folk began to complain that his reduced prices were still high, and in many cases drifted gradually into purchasing at the Stores. Others continued to deal with him when they desired credit, but passed his door when they had a little cash in hand. His summer customers began to ask for all manner of goods which they had never before mentioned at his counter, and by the time he had stocked such goods the customers had

"'IF NECESSARY,' HE SAID, SLOWLY, 'WE CAN SELL AS CHAPE AS THE COMP'NY.'"

already found them at the Stores and had, in too many instances, placed their entire patronage there.

"Old Brown isn't half up-to-date," said the summer people. "He never has the things you want. It's a pity; but, of course, he can't expect to compete with a modern place like the Stores."

The natives of Fairport doubtless thought the same, but seldom said it. For a while they could not enter or leave the Stores without some unnecessary and rather foolish explanations to any of their neighbours who happened to be near.

Mr. Brown was disappointed, but not cast down. To Mrs. Brown, who kept her doubts to herself, he said on more than one occasion, "If we're makin' a loss the comp'ny maun be makin' fifty times as big a yin. A' that's needit is patience."

About the middle of July he copied the Stores in a moderate reduction all round on the prices of provisions, but with momentary success only, for the Stores, having communicated with head-quarters, followed suit in a couple of days. A fortnight later he made a further, and rather a reckless, reduction, which Mrs. Brown found difficulty in approving of, and which Mr. Redhorn characterized in his excitement as "insanitary."

One afternoon early in August a large gentleman, with a shaven countenance the colour of lard, entered the shop and presented a card, upon which was inscribed:—

MR. FREDERICK F. GOODMAN,
MANAGING DIRECTOR.
THE NEW CENTURY STORES, LTD.

Mr. Brown looked calmly at the visitor, whom he had seen arrive by the steamer and enter the Stores an hour earlier.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Brown," said the managing director, with a cold smile. "My card has informed you who I am, and perhaps you have guessed the reason of this call."

The grocer shook his head. "I presume ye get yer groceries an' nick-nacks frae the Stores," he said, quietly, "but if ye want ony proveesions *o' the best quality* I daursay I can supply ye—for cash."

"Thank you," Mr. Goodman returned, endeavouring to conceal his annoyance; "but that is hardly my reason for coming to see you to-day."

"Weel, I'm afraid I canna guess ony ither reason for ye comin' to see me the day."

"I thought one might have occurred to you, Mr. Brown," said the other. He cleared his throat, and remarked that business with Mr. Brown appeared to be dull.

"Ay," returned the grocer. "But I'm no' complainin'."

The visitor frowned impatiently, and abruptly put the question:—

"Have you never considered the advisability of disposing of your business, Mr. Brown?"

"Never."

"Ahem! Er—don't you think it might be advisable to do so soon?"

Mr. Brown swallowed something, and replied: "Is that *your* opeenion, sir?"

"Well, since you ask me, I may say it *is* my opinion, Mr. Brown."

"Then, sir, ye're vera welcome to it. Is there onything else the day?"

Mr. Goodman was quite unused to chaff in any form, and his countenance grew pink.

"You don't appear to realize your position," he said, angrily.

The grocer gripped the edge of the counter and held his peace.

"My company," continued Mr. Goodman, recovering himself, "is anxious to deal fairly with you, Mr. Brown. We are willing—er—to purchase your stock at a valuation, though I fear——"

"Get oot ma shop!" roared Peter Brown, white with fury.

Mr. Goodman stepped back hastily, but did not depart; and just then Mrs. Brown entered.

"Peter!" she exclaimed, at the sight of his face. "What's wrang?"

Her husband pulled himself together. "I lost ma temper," he replied, trembling.

"Mr. Brown was a little annoyed, ma'am," put in the managing director, with a bland smile, "but I fancy, now that he realizes the advantages of the offer I have just made him, he will——"

"Jean," cried the grocer, turning to his wondering wife, "this gentleman is the heid o' the comp'ny, an' he comes here to offer to buy ma stock, an' to pit us oot o' wur business. He says his comp'ny wants to deal *fair* wi' us!"

"Come, come, Mr. Brown," murmured Mr. Goodman. "In the interests of our shareholders we are naturally anxious to put an end to the present cutting of prices in the most amicable way we can think of. Of course, if you prefer to let things remain as they are—*well!*" He paused impressively, and spread his hands in front of him.

"He means to say," said the grocer to his wife, "that if we dinna gang oot o' business at his biddin' an' at his price, he'll pit us oot wi'oot ony price whatever!"

"Shairly he wudna dae that?" cried Mrs. Brown, distressed.

The managing director wriggled.

"He'll jist ha'e to try it," went on the grocer. "He'll jist ha'e to try it! For I'm no' gaun to step oot the business I've been in for three-an'-thirty year—the business I made masel' wi' fair tradin', an' no' through starvin' an' bullyin' puirer men nor masel' oot o' their wee businesses. I say I'm no' gaun to step oot ma business for ony man's pleesure, nor for ony comp'ny's dirty charity. An' that's ma answer to yer fair-dealin' comp'ny, sir, an' the quicker ye tak' it hame to them, the better I'll be pleased."

"You will regret your foolish insolence," cried Mr. Goodman, bouncing out of the shop.

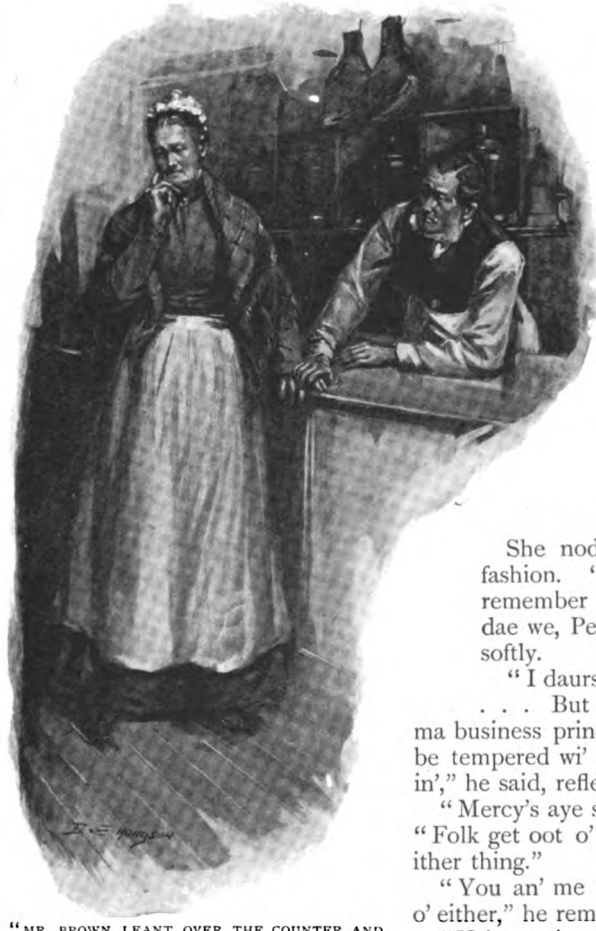
Mr. Brown, still pale, wagged his head knowingly at his wife.

"That was yin to him!" he said, with an excited chuckle. "Was it no', Jean?"

"Oh, Peter!" she sighed. "I doot there's trouble comin' to us. I — I wish John had leeved to help us."

Their only son had died in childhood, but year by year the mother seemed to see him as she felt he would have been had he lived.

Mr. Brown leant over the counter and patted his wife's hand for quite a long time.



"MR. BROWN LEANT OVER THE COUNTER AND PATTED HIS WIFE'S HAND."

III.

OLD MRS. MURDOCH, one of the poorer villagers, stood at the counter weeping nervously. "I'm ashamed! I'm ashamed!" she repeated, miserably, again and again.

Mr. Brown scrawled the words "Received payment" and his signature across the long-standing account which she was utterly unable to pay and handed it to her.

Incoherently she poured forth her thanks.

"Ye—ye kent a' the time that I was spendin' ma ready money at the Stores, an' yet—an' yet——"

The grocer gave a queer laugh. "Never heed aboot that. I'll be gaun to the Stores masel' some o' these days," he said, as he lowered the lamp.

He came round from behind the counter and pushed her gently from the shop. Presently he reached his parlour.

"Ye wasna ower hard on the auld buddy, was ye?" asked Mrs. Brown, anxiously.

"I managed to keep ma temper," he replied, sitting down and beginning to clear the ashes from his pipe. "I did what ye asked, though it gaed agin the grain."

She nodded in a pleased fashion. "We dinna want to remember hurtin' onybody, dae we, Peter?" she inquired, softly.

"I daursay ye're richt, Jean. . . . But I doot I'm losin' ma business principles. Mercy sud be tempered wi' justice, I'm thinkin'," he said, reflectively.

"Mercy's aye safe," she returned. "Folk get oot o' their depth wi' the ither thing."

"You an' me ha'e received little o' either," he remarked, bitterly.

"Ye're no' to be sayin' that, Peter," she said, quickly. "An' ye're no' to be thinkin' it."

"Did ye no' say an' think it yersel' a wee while back?" he asked as quickly.

"I did, Peter, I did," she replied, softly. "But noo I ken I was wrang. It wasna helpin' me, an' it wasna helpin' *you*, to say or think it."

The man's face grew tender.

"Ye was aye a help to yer man," he murmured, and fell silent, gazing into the fire, his pipe forgotten.

More than two years had passed since the advent of the New Century Stores, Limited. The Fairport folk were beginning to remark that the Browns were ageing "wonderfu' quick." Mr. Brown had lost a deal of his briskness and simple bumptiousness, and did not hold his head so high on Sundays as he used to do. Mrs. Brown had given up going out to tea-parties, although she still entertained old friends occasionally in her parlour. The gossips had grown tired of discussing the probable condition of Mr. Brown's finances. Several times it had been rumoured that he was going to give up business, but nothing definite followed, and some people asserted that he was still making a profit, even at Store prices—which, of course, proved how he must have bled his customers in days gone by. A few individuals had stuck to him throughout the period of opposition; a few others had tried the Stores and returned to him with the admission that outward appearances were too often deceptive.

Peter roused himself from gazing at the fire, recollected that he had been going to have a smoke, and proceeded to fill his pipe.

"Joseph Ridhorn sud be here in twa-three meenits," he remarked.

"Ay, Peter. Ye—ye're gaun to tell him?"

Mr. Brown nodded.

"I think it's best to tell him, Jean. He can keep his ain coonsel. Eh—dae ye want to see him yersel'?" The question was asked hesitatingly.

"Oh, it wudna be nice to keep awa'," she replied. "We'll no' let him say muckle aboot it. We'll jist tell him, an' then change the subject. Eh?"

"Vera weel. Did ye tie up the three bottles o' ginger wine?"

"I did that. I hope he'll no' kill hissel'," she said, with a little smile. "I wonder whaur I pit ma lavender bag? I'd better get it ready."

Ten minutes later Mr. Redhorn arrived, and at his own request was accommodated with a chair as near the fire as possible.

"It's no' worth while thinkin' aboot chilblains when the tomb's waitin' for ye," he explained. "I dinna expect to see the New Year," he went on, mournfully, "an' this is the third o' December. It's fine for you that ha'e health."

"Oh, ye're no' lookin' that bad, Maister Ridhorn," said Mrs. Brown, encouragingly. "I think ye're lookin' a deal better nor ye was a fortnicht back."

Mr. Redhorn shook his head gloomily. "It'll be a surprise to me if I'm spared to the New Year. Ma nervous functions is entirely disarranged, apart frae the fact that ma digeestive organs is——"

"Tits, Joseph," interposed Mr. Brown; "ye've been readin' ower mony advertizments. Ye mauna be sae eager for yer tomb, for the wife an' me'll be expectin' a veesit frae ye on Ne'erday. So ye maun——"

He stopped abruptly and put his hand to his head. "What am I sayin'?" he muttered, helplessly.

But his wife understood, and seized the opportunity which she had feared might be very long in coming. Her voice shook a little, but her face was brave, as she said, quietly:—

"'Deed, ay. Maybe Maister Ridhorn'll tak' a trip to Glesca on Ne'erday, an' see us in wur new hoose. We'll be in order by that time, an' we'll be rale gled to see ye, Maister Ridhorn."

The painter sat bolt upright in his chair, staring at her.

"Glesca? Yer new hoose?" he gasped.

"Jist that. . . . Peter'll tell ye aboot it," she said, her voice breaking. She rose and hurried from the room.

Mr. Redhorn turned his watery blue eyes upon Mr. Brown.

"What did she mean?" he exclaimed.

"Every word that she said, Joseph," came the somewhat unsteady reply. "I'm bate, Joseph, I'm bate—clean bate."

There was silence in the parlour, save for the heavy breathing of the guest and the wind in the chimney. The guest's lips and fingers twitched curiously. The temptation to say "I told ye so" was very great.

"Ay," resumed Mr. Brown at last, "the comp'ny was ower strong for me. Ye was richt, Joseph, ye was richt."

Mr. Redhorn raised his right hand above his head, and solemnly said, "May I be drawn and quartered if I ever pey a penny o' mine to the Stores. If I've to tramp the fower miles to Kinlochan for every bite I eat I'll dae it gledly."

"Ye're a guid freen', Joseph," said the grocer, sadly. "But efter I'm awa' there's nae reason for gaun by the Stores. I'm no' sayin' I like the comp'ny. In fac', the wife has often checkit me for sayin' things that werena exactly blessin's. But noo, ye see, her an' me ha'e realized the warst, as it were, an' we're jist gaun to try an' mak' the best

o' things. We're gettin' auld, an' it's no worth while cursin' folk. We've jist made a' wur arrangements in secret, an' we're gaun to slip awa' this day week. I ken ye'll no' speak aboot it to onybody."

"IF I'VE TO TRAMP THE FOWER MILES TO KINLOCHAN FOR EVERY BITE I EAT I'LL DAE IT GLEDLY."

"This day week!" groaned the painter. "Ye micht ha'e gi'ed me langer warnin'."

"Oh, man! Her an' me couldna speak aboot it to onybody. . . . Naebody kens but yersel'; an' dacent Wullie MacDonald, the pierman, wha's gaun to get wur bits o' furniture removed wi'oot gi'ein' the wife trouble; an' the lawyer in Glesca that's gaun to wind up what's left o' the business efter we're awa'."

"Is the comp'ny no' takin' ower yer business?"

"Na, na; I tried them. I pit by ma pride, Joseph," said Peter, his voice shaking, his fingers gripping the arms of his chair. "I pit by ma pride, for the wife's sake—for I kent it wud mean an' awfu' loss to remove everything to the toon to sell it there—an' I wrote to the comp'ny, offerin' everything at their ain valuation."

"An' what did the comp'ny say?"

"They regretted they couldna mak' ony offer. Ye see, Joseph, a comp'ny has neither hert nor soul. It has jist a greedy brain an' graspin' fingers."

"Ye dinna mean to tell me ye're bankrupt, shairly?"

Mr. Brown smiled feebly. "No' jist as bad as that, Joseph. Everybody'll be peyed, an' the wife has her savin's. I'm gled I wasna mad enough to touch them. I doot I've been stupit a' the time. I sud never ha'e tried to bate the comp'ny. . . . But, ye see, I didna want to be pit oot ma auld business. I didna want to leave ma auld hame. It—it's like uprootin' twa auld trees, me an' the wife leavin' Fairport. Sometimes I think I canna thole it; but when I look at *her*, Joseph, I'm ashamed o' masel'. Ye'll maybe no' understaun what I mean, you bein' a single man, but I've learned that it's the wife that has the pluck when the pluck's maist needit."

"An' what are ye gaun to dae in Glesca?" inquired Mr. Redhorn, after a pause.

"Merry an' Fairley are gi'ein' me a—a poseetion in their warehoose," replied Mr. Brown, not mentioning that the salary was to be a modest twenty-two shillings a week. "I've bocht frae them since I startit business, but, a' the same, it was guid o' them to mak' room for an auld man. Noo, I'll tell ye the rest o' wur plans, Joseph, an' efter that we'll no' refer to the matter again."

A little later Mr. Brown rose, opened the door, and called:—

"Are ye comin', Jean?"

Almost immediately Mrs. Brown appeared, bearing a tray containing the painter's favourite refreshments. Her eyes were red, but she smiled hospitably as she set the tray on the table.

"Help yersel', Maister Ridhorn, help yersel'," she said, kindly.

"Ye've got to tak' wur remainin' stock o' three bottles hame wi' ye the nicht, Joseph," said the host. "Ye can drink wur healths in wur absence."

"I—I'll drink yer healths noo," Mr. Redhorn replied, filling his glass and raising

it to his lips. "Yer vera guid healths," he tried to say, and added, apologetically, "It's no' jist the thocht o' yer handsome present that's affectin' me. It's—it's—oh, ye've aye been that kind to me."

He took his leave earlier than usual, but he had not been long gone when Mr. Brown was summoned again to the door to find him returned.

"Come ootside for a meenit," whispered Mr. Redhorn.

"What is it, Joseph?"

"I — I've got three hunner pound in the bank. Wull ye tak' it an' start a new business?" stammered the painter. "I wudna be sair on ye for the interest."

The grocer could not reply at once. When he managed to speak he said, quietly:—

"Ye're a kind man, Joseph Ridhorn, but — but we're ower auld to begin again in a strange place, an' ower auld to borrow money. The Lord bless ye."

"A' the same, it's there if ye ever want it," said the painter, as he turned away. "Mind that." And he went home to his lonely lodging, muttering ugly, dreadful curses on the company, from the managing director to the humblest shareholder.

"THE LORD BLESS YE."

On the morning of the day previous to that fixed for their departure Mr. Brown sought his wife in the midst of her packing.

"Jean," he said, "dae ye think ye could be ready to leave the nicht instead o' the morn's mornin'?"

She understood what he felt.

"'Deed, ay, Peter, I'll be ready," she replied.

And so it came to pass that, a few minutes before the steamer was due, they tore themselves away from the old home and the old place of business, and went down to the almost deserted pier in the early darkness of the winter evening. Peter managed to hold up his head and pass a jocular remark to the pierman in whose charge he left the keys, but his wife was bowed and speechless.

About six weeks later was held the annual general meeting of the New Century Stores, Limited, and the chairman's remarks contained the following:—

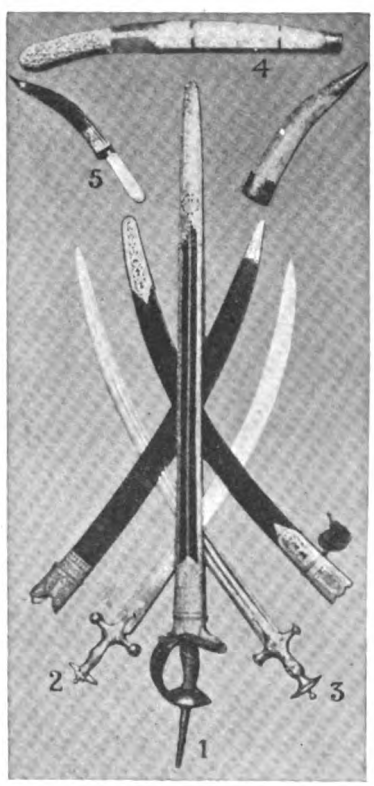
"Ladies and gentlemen, last year at this time some of you expressed yourselves dissatisfied — and quite reasonably so — with the progress of the branch at Fairport, the severe opposition unexpectedly encountered there being responsible for a considerable loss. I have now, however, the honour to inform you that the victory has been ours, that the opposition has entirely disappeared" —(applause)—"and that you may, in future, look for a fair profit instead of an irritating loss." (Renewed applause.)

The Romance of King Edward's Swords.

By W. B. Hartrick.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE is a great treasure-house of costly, beautiful, and interesting objects. Many of them have histories, many are souvenirs of events in the lives of the Sovereign and his predecessors. But perhaps none, or all together, possess one-half the history or the romantic human interest that the little armoury of swords and daggers can boast—gifts to King Edward from one hundred of the princes and nobles of India.

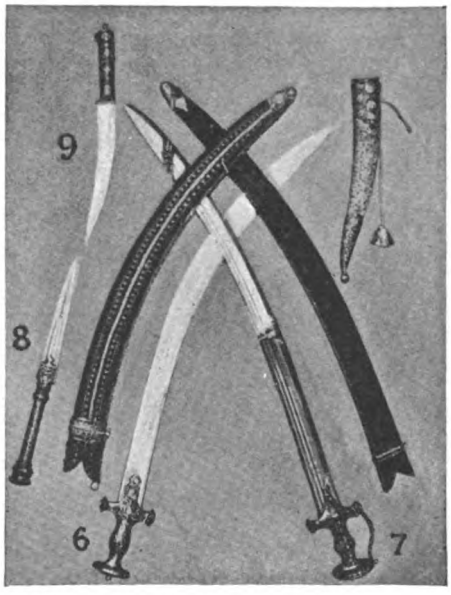
These gifts are valuable in themselves—some are worth thousands of pounds—but not less thickly than the jewels encrusting their hilts and scabbards are the tales and legends with which the blades are invested. Some of them had been in their owners' families for centuries. Others had passed by conquest in the Mahratta wars and even in the minor struggles of the last century. It was the Maharajah of Mysore who accompanied his gift with this message: "I send your Majesty this, my most precious blade, as a tribute to the great lesson we have learnt from English civilization — namely, that 'the pen is mightier than the sword.'" Could anything be more graceful? Another Rajah wrote: "This blade is a token of an era which has for ever passed away in India, thanks to British rule—the era of bloodshed and rapine. The scroll declares it has been wielded in two hundred battles since the time of Akbar the Great. It will, please Allah, be wielded in strife no more."



It is difficult to separate truth from legend in describing the blades in this collection, but of the great antiquity of most there can be no manner of doubt. Here is a little story which will illustrate this fact. Prior to the then Prince of Wales's visit to India a sword in the collection of the Maharajah of Jaipur was sold to an English nobleman, together with the scroll setting forth its history: "This blade was a talisman in the family of Sadat Chandra Khan, descending from father to son for eighteen generations until the coming of Nadir Shah, who slew Sadat Chandra Khan and gave this sword to his Vizier, who sold it at Benares." The Englishman on his return was one day showing his prize to a visitor, who, after scrutinizing the blade under a powerful magnifying glass, began to laugh. "I think someone has been drawing a long bow as well as handling a sharp blade," he said. "There is the maker's name here —'John Smith, York.'" It seemed an awkward revelation, but there was a good deal more to be revealed. "Johan Smith" was, indeed, the maker, but he lived and flourished in the thirteenth century, and made this particular sword — and perhaps one or two others in the present collection — for some Crusading knight who, falling in the Holy Land, left his weapon to be handed on to the infidels in the Far East.

Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke lays it down as a rule that most, if not all, of the flexible sabres in the collection are of European origin — the native weapons being rigid and tempered only at the edge. The native Indian princes from time immemorial knew how to value these European blades, so that many that were of old wielded by doughty Crusading knights were eagerly purchased by the followers of Tamerlane. In after-times how closely the English, French, and Spanish blades were imitated may be seen (3) in the first case shown in the foregoing photograph. This is apparently a European blade, grooved and

polished, formerly worn by the Maharajah Holkar of Indore, having a guarded hilt with flat, circular pommel of gold. But a glance shows that the European inscription is only an imitation—sheer nonsense, indeed—like the "Rjpsdlfol" of another sword. But No. 1 is a fine Solingen blade—a straight sabre presented to Jehangir by the Englishman, Sir Thomas Roe. These seventeenth-century swords, by the way, are much prized, and even to-day in the arms bazaar of Hyderabad most of the dealers and connoisseurs can tell at sight a Genoese, Toledo, or Solingen blade. This one is inscribed "Abraham Stamm — Solingen," and has had a stormy Indian history during the past three centuries.



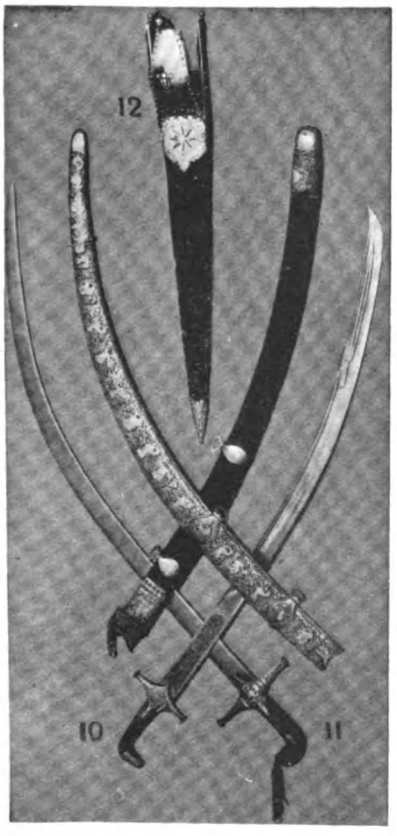
Nevertheless, Indian steel enjoys a fame of its own from the earliest antiquity, and the blades of Damascus maintained their popularity with warriors even after the blades of Toledo became celebrated. Such old examples as that of Kirman (2) were eagerly sought after in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries by the Turks, who gave great prices for them.

No. 4 is a Burmese knife which, according to Ramchander Ghose, once played the leading part in a midnight assassination, while No. 5 was worn by the reigning family of Burma for four centuries.

In the next case is a tulwar (6), a heavy, falchion-curved, fluted Indian blade of Damascus water. The enamelled gold hilt is inlaid with diamonds and rubies, gold and pearls. According to the armourer of the Maharajah of Benares this sword came into the possession of the grandfather of the late Maharajah, to whom it was presented by the Marquis Wellesley. This is probably one of the two swords of great value which Wellesley took from Tippoo Sahib after the capture of Seringapatam in 1799, and which Tippoo invariably carried into battle. If so, as this is of seventeenth-century workmanship, there is no doubt that it had formerly belonged to one of the great rulers, Tippoo's victims. The scabbard is of wood, covered with green velvet and embroidered with gold thread and pearls, while the enamelled gold mounts are enriched with rubies.

The weapon crossing it (7) is said to have been worn by Mahmoud Nazif, a knight of Damascus, and was carried in the Battle of Plassey and the last Mysore War before it came into the possession of the uncle of the Maharajah of Kishangarh, who gave it to our King. The hilt, the knuckle-guard, and the flat, circular pommel are of gold, enamelled and inlaid with rubies and diamonds. The gorgeous dagger on the left (8) is said to be the weapon with which Farokshir, a great-grandson of the celebrated Aurangzebe, put to death Jehundar Shah, the bloodstains remaining on it till forty or fifty years ago a careless armourer erased them. Later on we shall have occasion to notice the very dagger with which the cruel Farokshir was himself slain. The other dagger (9) was once worn by the famous Hyder Ali, and a story told in connection with it is that that Mussulman adventurer plunged it into the breast of a courier who "brought him the tidings that the Mahrattas had joined forces with the English." Those were bloodthirsty times, and, as one Indian historian remarks, "scarcely a day passed at Court without a murder and an assassination, of a helot or of a prince."

The Hussaini scimitar (10) belongs to a class of weapon first introduced into India by Mahmoud of Ghoznee. Over them was an incantation or holy rite frequently performed, and this one bears a symbolical grooving which announces this fact. It was wielded at the capture of Delhi by a Persian, who, according to his own statement, slew four hundred men, women, and children. As one hundred thousand of the inhabitants perished during the massacre in 1738, the assertion is by no means improbable. A splendid curved Persian blade (11) was given by the Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior. Its history also is connected with the



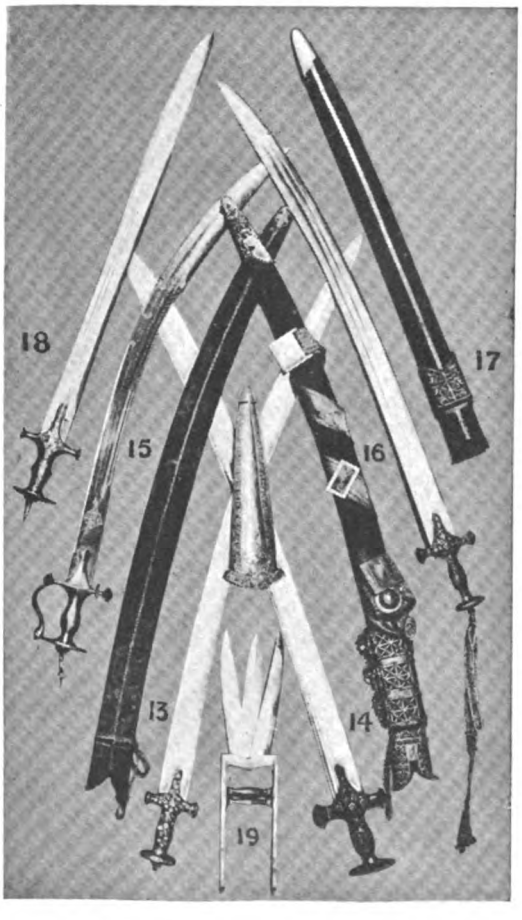
Persian invasion. It is distinguished by what is known as "Mohammed's ladder" watering; the guarded hilt is of gold, enamelled and richly inlaid with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. These water-marks are evidence of perfect manipulation in forging, being produced by the weaving of iron and steel bands and wire before the blade is hammered into finished shape. The beautiful scabbard (12) enclosing a falchion is notable as having been carried by Ranjit Singh, the founder of the Punjab.

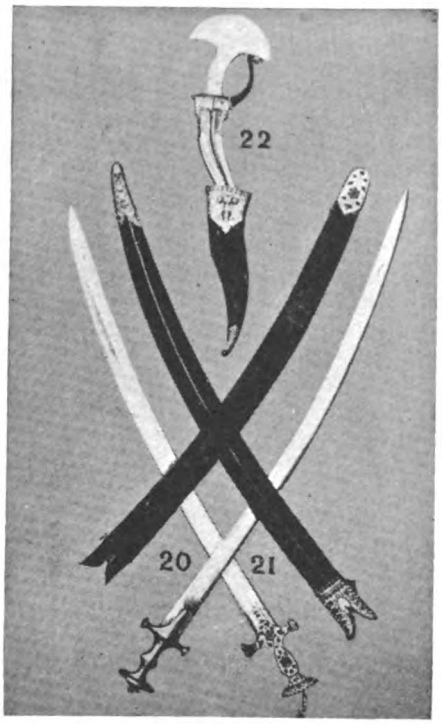
In the following case are a number of swords of great interest. In No. 18 we see a fine old Crusader's blade, bearing traces of a Gothic inscription—

pro nobi—ntra nos—inter arma—selent leges.

The scabbard opposite (17) has only belonged to it for a trifle of two hundred and fifty years, and once belonged to the famous Shah Alum.

Near to it (15) is a superb example of Damascus watering, damascened with escutcheons and inscriptions in Persian. At the back is inscribed the maker's name—Mohammed Ibrahim. The hilt is damascened in gold with the Shiah inscription, "La fatta Ma Aly, la saif Ma Zulfica" ("There is no saint but Ali, no sword but Zulficar"). The history of this blade goes back five hundred years, and to recount all the notable and blood-curdling deeds of Zulficar would require a ponderous volume. Histories of swords exist in many parts of the East. In the Royal library at Teheran there is a manuscript of two hundred pages recounting the exploits of a Damascus blade, probably far inferior in prowess to the one just mentioned. Everywhere we come across fine European sabres fixed in Indian handles. After a time the deep grooves were made deeper and utilized in strange fashion, being filled with loose pearls which ran to and fro when waved. These were called "the tears of the enemy." No. 13 is grooved in this manner. Its fellow (14) has a romantic pedigree, being the sword of one Bahadur Siraj, a seventeenth-century chief of

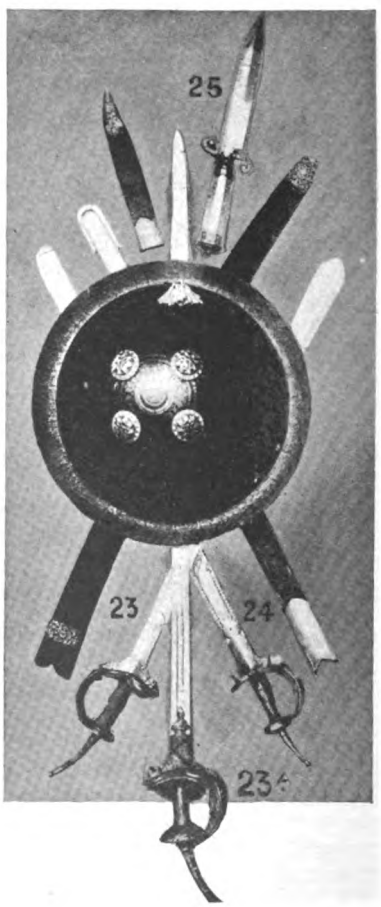




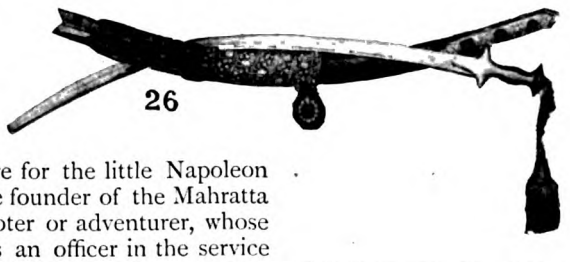
Indore, who, being surrounded by his enemies on the field of battle, slew himself by falling on the blade. It is now enshrined in an exquisitely beautiful scabbard, perhaps the most beautiful of all. It is of purple velvet decorated with rich perforated gold mounts inlaid with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. A belt with chased gold clasps is attached. The heavy, curved falchion blade (13) is mentioned as once having slain an elephant which had gone mad in battle and was nearly the death of its chief burden, a great Rajah. No. 16 was the gift of the Maharajah Holkar of Indore, whose forbears carried it in fifty battles, while in that marked 19 we see an example of a strange and savage weapon never used outside of India—the katar. No other nations ever copied this form of dagger, whose three blades spring open on the handle being gripped.

What Paynim knight was Alima, whom an inscription declares to have wielded this curved and fluted blade (21) against the invading Franks? The steel has since been subjected to treatment, and by its polish one would think it almost new, instead of dating back to the time of the Crusades. The blade it crosses (20) is another memento of the Persian invasion of 1738, and belonged to a noble who fought a hand-to-hand conflict with one of the defenders of Delhi, who afterwards concealed himself from the enemy. A curious dagger (22) belonged to the old Maharajahs of Vizianagram. Its hilt is of ivory, and it has a large lunette-shaped pommel studded with diamonds. It was capable, no doubt, of serviceable work when required in a critical emergency.

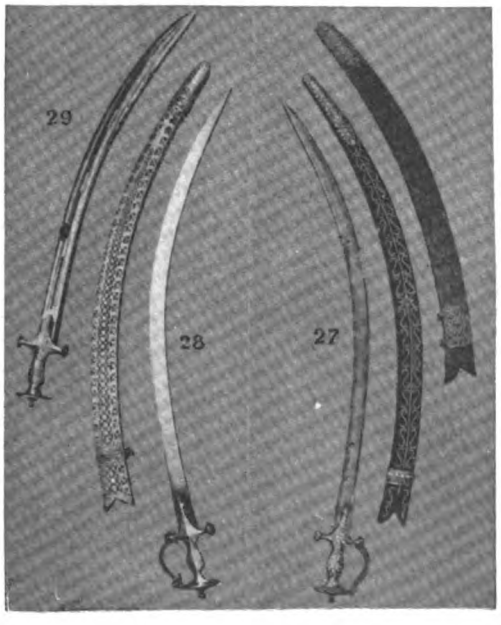
Perhaps most fascinating of all in the collection is the sword (23A) of the renowned Sivaji, founder of the Mahratta dominion in India, which we see here upright in the middle of the case. Several native pens have attempted to write the history of this wonderful blade, but it is doubtful if any could relate a tithe of its adventures. It, like many others, was borne in the Crusades by an English knight, and may perhaps be of English make. It is a straight, one-edged blade with two grooves on either side, in one of which the holy letters "I.H.S." are stamped thrice. The raised steel supports



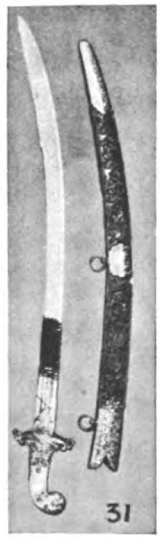
at the hilt are damascened with gold in floral designs. The guarded hilt is of iron, with a broad knuckle-guard and a circular pommel, ending in a spike and encrusted with heavy open-work golden floral decoration, thickly set with diamonds and rubies. It is said that Sivaji claimed it to have been the sword of the renowned Godfrey de Bouillon himself, and direct tradition certainly ascribes its possession to a redoubtable chief amongst the Franks. But it is enough that this cold, grey blade should have carved out an empire for the little Napoleon of Hindustan. The founder of the Mahratta power was a freebooter or adventurer, whose father, Bhonsla, was an officer in the service of the last King of Bijapur. He succeeded in compelling the several independent chiefs to acknowledge him as their leader, and with the large army then at his command overran and subdued a large part of the Emperor of Delhi's territory. This was about the middle of the seventeenth century, and Sivaji came frequently in contact with the English, who were then trying to gain a foothold in the country around Bombay. Sivaji was a man of almost fabulous prowess in battle, as well as one of the greatest experts in the not very difficult art of assassination that India has ever seen. In gazing upon this sword it is impressive to think how many human lives have been sacrificed to its slaying power, first in the hands of a Christian warrior battling for the possession of Christ's sepulchre, and three or four centuries later the weapon of an ambitious Hindu freebooter "wading through slaughter to a throne." The political value of the gift, as Sir George Birdwood remarks, is simply incalculable. Since Sivaji's death in 1680 it had always been sacredly guarded at Kolapur, where it had given rise to a sect of sword-worshippers. "It was a family and national heirloom which nothing but a sentiment of the profoundest loyalty could have moved the descendants of Sivaji to give up." These descendants were a junior branch of the Bhonsla family. A curious example of a blade which found its way with others to India is 23, apparently a native weapon, but taken to India by Sir Nicholas Waite two centuries ago, and treated by the native armourer so as to match the one crossing it (24). The hunting-knife (25) was used by a legendary Rajah of Jhind to cut the throat of a mighty tiger which had long terrorized the community, and of whom tales are still told in India.

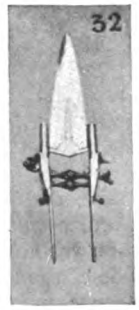


In No. 29 we see a curious sabre worn by successive Rajahs of Mandi. It is of Indian make, and in the middle of the blade are circular apertures containing small leaden shot, visible through six narrow slits on either side of the blade. This shot is said to have been extracted from the heart of a foe, and Ramchander Ghose relates many instances of swords manufactured especially to contain such fatal leaden pellets. The guarded steel hilt of this one has a flat, circular pommel and is damascened with a diaper pattern in gold. The scabbard is inlaid with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. A famous blade with a history we see close at hand (27). It dates from the late sixteenth or early seventeenth century, and belonged to Abdul Ghuffoor Khan, the founder of the Jowra dynasty, and was presented by his descendant to the Emperor Edward I. of India. In No. 26 we notice a superb Persian blade with a shallow groove running nearly its whole



length. Besides this there is a deep groove on either side broken at four points, thereby giving the effect of five deep furrows. Near the guard is a sunken panel containing a conventional floral emblem in relief, and on either side Persian



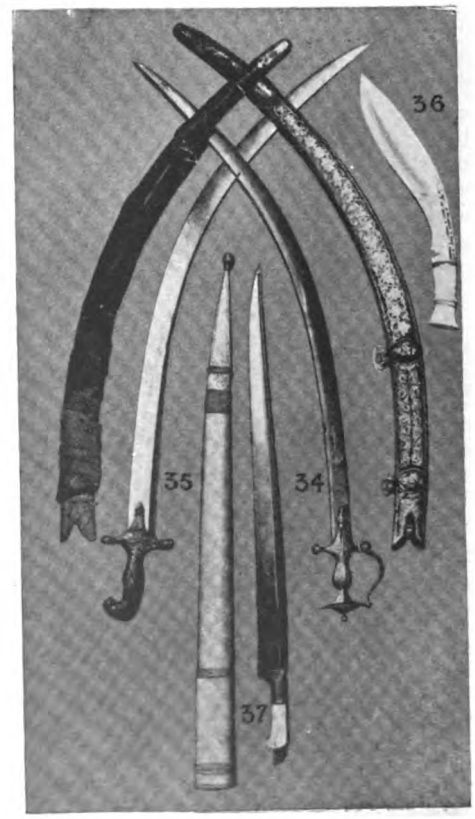


inscriptions. This celebrated sword was borne to battle by the Khans of Kairpur. The scabbard is inlaid with large "cabochon" rubies and emeralds. The other sword (28) is a relic of the Battle of Ormuz, where it was captured by an Englishman and presented to a Rajah.

No. 30 is another wonderful Persian sword, formerly worn by the Rao of Cutch. Partially hidden by the guard is an ancient inscription: "I was born to slay, but in me is mercy." The hilt is of gold enriched with diamonds, and the scabbard is of gold. The next blade (31) passed into the hands of the Maharajah of Indore from a Mahratta chieftain, who took it from the body of his enemy on the battlefield. No. 32 is a terrible weapon said to have been invented by Tippoo Sahib. It is a combination of katar and pistol, so that the wielder could stab and shoot his victim at the same moment. The dangerous-looking dagger (33) is said to have been the weapon which slew, or assisted to slay, Farokshir, the Royal assassin, for he fell "pierced by forty wounds administered by his courtiers."

The romantic story attaching to the sword shown on the right of the next case (34) well deserves to be narrated in full, as given by Ramchander Ghose. It is well known throughout India, and is entitled "The Romance of Mir Nureef."

One of the handsomest youths at the Court of Akbar was Mir Nureef. The Emperor himself selected his bride, but no sooner were the pair married than Mir Nureef was dispatched with his company of cavalry to fight in the Deccan. Before he left he entrusted his bride to his brother Ali, to watch over her and guard her, saying to him, "Ali, if I am slain or if I do not return in a year's time you will know I am slain. My widow will then follow me, but if there is a child you will take care of it, will you not?" And Ali before all the Court held up his palm and swore to do as his brother wished. But even then he was in love with the beautiful Sula, and he dispatched a secret agent to slay his brother, and when the miscreant returned he spread a report that Mir Nureef had fled to Persia and had taken another wife. He now prepared to marry Sula himself, but just before the nuptials his brother returned, having been miraculously healed of the wound inflicted by the assassin. Ali was seized and bound in chains, after having had



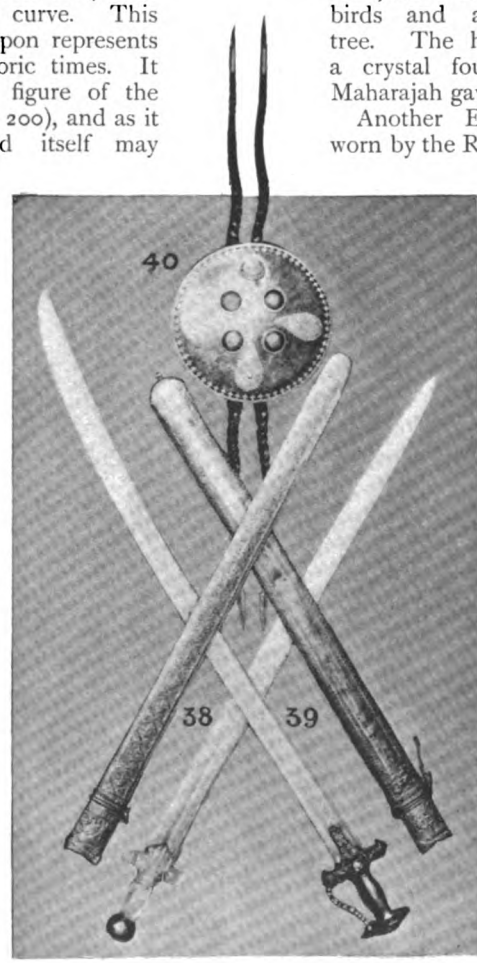
his right hand struck off, amidst the applause of the Court, by Mir Nureef himself. The sword with which this was done was a new one, probably one of those presented to Akbar by the Ambassador, Sir Thomas Roe, and bore only the inscription, "O God," in Arabic. Mir Nureef now had it engraved with the figures of a tiger attacking a crocodile, besides his crested escutcheon and an inscription, "This sword struck off the hand of the faithless Ali in the reign of Akbar." On the other side of the sword was a design wrought of an "aalm" or open hand. For more than a century this weapon continued in the possession of Mir Nureef's descendants, when, together with the armoury and all the possessions of its owner, it was taken by the Nizam, from whom it passed in the last century to the Raja of Mandi.

Above the scabbard is a truculent Ghoorka knife (36), a curved blade chased with a double line of grooves and dots, with an edge on the inner curve. This formidable-looking weapon represents a survival from prehistoric times. It is seen in the Greek figure of the "Listening Slave" (B.C. 200), and as it is many centuries old itself may have existed long before the Franks had touched any part of the East. It was given by the Maharajah of Nepaul. A striking specimen of the Salwar yataghan or Khyber knife is also here (37). It is a Damascus blade, partially decorated with chased floral designs, with a broad, straight back and a hilt of ivory and gold. A curious circumstance in connection with the other sword (35) is that a portion of the maker's name, "Ferara," occurs in six places, thus "erar."

The swords in the next case are historical, and their hilts and scabbards are studded with diamonds and rubies. The shields were in India important weapons, sometimes not merely for defence, but, when spiked, of offence as well. Perhaps the deepest interest centres in the shield which once belonged to the ill-fated Shah Alum. This is of translucent rhinoceros hide, and could not be penetrated by a bullet. Others are of silver studded with diamonds. This one (40) is of steel, damascened with gold and armed with spikes. It came originally from the armoury of the Nabob of Arcot.

An old family sword with a history, worn by successive chiefs for eight generations, is herewith shown (38) crossing from left to right. It was made in Europe in the thirteenth century, and doubtless found its way to India after the Crusades. The guarded hilt is of rock crystal, having a gold ball terminating with a diamond star. The scabbard is of silver-parcel-gilt, lined with wood, chased and embossed with a broad band of floral decoration down each side; near the hilt it is chased with birds and a conventional cypress tree. The handle was made from a crystal found in Rewah, whose Maharajah gave it to King Edward.

Another European blade is that worn by the Rajah of Jhind (39). It is a heavy European falchion blade; the hilt, together with the knuckle-guard and the broad circular pommel, is of gold inlaid with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. The scabbard is of gold, richly chased with a design of birds and flowers; near the upper end are two panels, one on either side, depicting a combat between a tiger and a crocodile, and also between a tiger and an elephant.



We have given but a few from this wonderful collection of weapons at Buckingham Palace, which, as has truly been said, for variety, extent, gorgeousness, and romantic interest is unparalleled in the world.

LAFAYETTE.

AND THE STORY OF THE MAN WHO WAS HIS FRIEND.

By Max Pemberton.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE HERITAGE.

I SAY that the shadows appeared to creep upon her young life; but what man would have guessed as much when we rode out of the old city of Tours, two short months after I had spoken the word which pledged us to the journey?

For in truth we were a merry party. A stranger passing us by might have said, "There goes a couple to the altar, and yonder pleasant abbé will have the taste of good liquor upon his tongue to-morrow." The novelty of her situation, the new condition in which we must live henceforth, banished the gloom from my dear wife's face and set her laughing at every little jest. I came as near to living a life beyond my own in happiness and content as ever a man did in all this world. Le Brun alone held his tongue and answered us but wistfully.

"We were safer in Paris," said he.

I had but one rejoinder to this, and it was to remind him what our friend the abbé had suffered in that same city of his desires.

"They put a rope about his neck and tipped him off a roof. That's a pretty road to safety if a man's vertebra be stout enough. We'll fall upon good grass at the château, Le Brun, and roll where we please afterwards. Let those live in Paris who wear iron collars."

"I speak but for madame's sake," he retorted. "These people have long memories. They are likely to keep a place in their recollection for the Chevalier's niece. That is why I say that we shall do well to go in among them with our hands upon our swords and our friends at our heels. You are a stranger to Frenchmen, Mr. Kay, and some of them do not desire your good opinion of the race. I have taken it upon me to act in your name, and yonder stand those who will bear witness to my prudence. If you quarrel with me, let them return. But I would speak to madame first and let the last word be with her."

I looked up and made out, at a turn in the road where it began to climb a considerable range of hills, some fifteen or sixteen horsemen, well mounted and armed abundantly, who appeared to wait for our coming; and, when we came, greeted Le Brun very cordially and immediately added themselves to our little company. He told me without loss of words that they had been among the number of his *maitres d'armes* both in Paris and London. Some of them, I observed, were well known to Pauline, who gave them an affectionate welcome; though she laughed at poor Le Brun's timidity and declared his prudence untimely. I could see, none the less, that she was not displeased to have so many fine fellows about her; and we rode on afterwards with a feeling of security I had not enjoyed since we quitted England.

So here, then, was the end of the good abbé's warning and of my friend Lafayette's solicitude for us. Seventeen masterly swords upon a narrow, winding road, the château itself but five miles distant, what had we to fear, or why should we hesitate? Twenty times I congratulated myself both upon my dear wife's courage and her persistency in this matter. Life at the château might well be a man's life for me, and for her a reward for those long years of poverty and exile she had suffered in France and England. So much I had just said, and was reflecting further upon all the possibilities that fortune might have in store for us, when a loud shout from the servants ahead arrested my attention, and, looking up to the hills above us, I discerned the first omen of that long night, and stood aghast at the dreadful spectacle my eyes revealed to me.

A horseman pursued by bloodhounds galloped down a tortuous, narrow road which cut its way between two of the greater hills and thence, winding about above a tremendous chasm, descended to the valley almost as it were by a series of sloping terraces hewn out of the solid rock. Guarded only by a low wall, built of loose stones piled one upon the other, it was plainly to be seen that the horseman had but to draw a rein over tight at any one of those treacherous corners to be down in an instant, three or four hundred feet, to the very depths of the stony chasm through which we rode.

And from this dreadful fate, apparently, there was no escape to be thought of. The savage hounds, baying angrily, followed upon the trail with foam-flecked jaws and mouths agape to fetch the rider down. To them the treacherous winding road was a sure path enough; but the stranger, driven by fear and being compelled to pull his horse back

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upon his haunches at every corner, lost ground so plainly that his fate must be now but a matter of moments. On our part, we could but gaze awestruck upon the swiftly changing scene. To help the man was impossible. That which overtook him came and went like a flash. One minute reining back where the road turned sharply, the next I saw a hound leap up at his horse's throat and, fixing his dripping fangs therein, drive the

"I SAW A HOUND LEAP UP AT HIS HORSE'S THROAT."

maddened brute toward the parapet, which crumbled at his touch like a very house of cards. Now they were over for a truth—horse and hound together to the very depths, striking the earth with a blow that froze the blood in the veins of every man that heard it. But the rider remained on the brink of the precipice above. We could see him after a spell, his back against the rock, cutting and slashing at the remaining hound, which now attacked him savagely. And then, for the first time, there came to us the hope that we might save him.

"Forward!" cried Le Brun, at the moment putting spurs to his horse and galloping wildly up the hillside. "Fifty crowns to the man who is first up!"

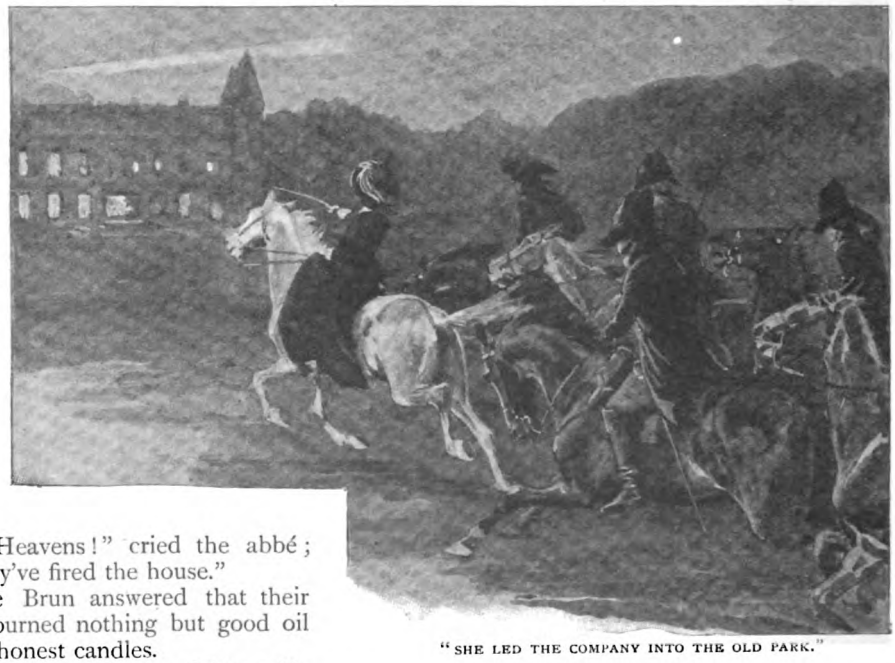
"I make it a hundred!" cried I; and following after him, Pauline at my side, the whole company swept up the hill like a squadron of cavalry that has the order to charge.

That was a wild, mad race, to be sure, horse pressing upon horse, man crying to man, the sheer precipice upon our right hands, the vast abyss upon our left. None thought of danger to himself, none reined back where a false step would have sent him down headlong to the black rocks below. My little wife, her eyes blazing, her face hard set, showed the pace to the best of them, and but for Le Brun, who rode a fine English horse, would have been up before them all. Well that such was not to be. For the man was dead when Le Brun found him; and the hound which had torn his throat slunk back to those human hounds above who had dispatched him to this awful work.

We hid the spectacle from my wife's eyes as well as we could; and, grouped upon the narrow road about the body, asked who the unhappy man might be and under what circumstances this brutal vengeance had been taken upon him. When the Abbé Gregoire rode up (and he had lagged far behind us during the gallop) he cried out at once that the poor fellow was his own steward, Andrew Moriot—"and, gentlemen," says he, "if this be not a warning from the Almighty, then have all signs and omens ceased upon earth." To which, I fear me, the rough troopers had but a very worldly answer; and one of them rejoined that if he could meet any of those signs and omens in the flesh he would carve his name upon him in a way he would not soon forget. It was scarcely said when Pauline herself called our attention to a little group of men gathered upon the very summit of the nearest hill; and though they stood, it might be, a hundred feet above us, one of our company fired a musket at them regardless of all consequences, and at this they scattered like a herd of deer and were instantly lost to our sight.

I should have told you that it had been our intention to approach the château as late in the afternoon of the day as reasonably might be, both to avoid the observation of the curious and to be the better able to enter the house secretly, as the abbé desired. So

darkness came down upon us as we climbed the hillside, and presently a heavy storm of thunder and lightning added to the difficulties of our road. Through this we rode on eagerly, the lightning showing us the depths of the chasms and the thunder frightening our horses to such an extent that we were often within an ace of destruction upon those very rocks to which horse and hound had fallen but a few short minutes before. And not this alone, but the sudden appearance, amid the lightning's glare, of uncouth figures upon outstanding crags, some mounted, some but ragged peasants, threatening us with wild gestures, could not fail to inspire apprehension if, indeed, it did not move the weaker among the servants to something akin to terror. These, however, pushed along as rapidly as the others, being in mortal terror of solitude upon the hillside; and when the storm had a little abated and we had climbed to the height of the pass, the Château d'Aulay came instantly to our view, and we observed, to our complete amazement, that it blazed with lights from end to end.



"SHE LED THE COMPANY INTO THE OLD PARK."

"Heavens!" cried the abbé; "they've fired the house."

Le Brun answered that their fire burned nothing but good oil and honest candles.

"It's Jourdain's band," he said; "they have sacked half the houses between here and Poictiers these last five weeks. I heard of them at Tours, and sent for what help I could. If we are to save the château, gentlemen, it must be done this instant."

They replied with one voice that they were ready, and instantly fell to priming their pistols and gathering up their bridle-reins. I looked at little Pauline, an unspoken request upon my tongue that she would stay behind with the abbé and the servants; but there was that in her eyes I had already seen both in Paris and in London; and once having seen could never mistake.

"You wish to go, sweetheart?" I asked her.

"Was there need to ask me that, Zaida?" she exclaimed; and spurring her horse forward she led the company into the old park, and we raced across it at a gallop, like jockeys who would win a cup.

Every furlong now showed us the old house more clearly, its wonderful towers and turrets, and its oddly-shaped gables jutting out on every side and often spanning the swift river which cut it in twain. Even from afar it became evident that a considerable number of men ravaged those famous rooms. Many windows took shape of fire as those within roamed from floor to floor, and raised their torches aloft to guide them as they went. Nearer still and we heard their angry voices, roaring defiance and exhorting each other to pillage. In the gardens we encountered the outposts of the horde; timid children watching the lights and fearful to approach; women who had the desire, but not the courage, to plunder. These cursed

us as we went by; but we heard them with indifference and no man drew rein until he was at the very door of the château. Our impatience waxed greater than our prudence—and yet I doubt if prudence would have saved us that night.

My wife was the first up the steps to the château, but Le Brun and I stood at her side almost immediately. No one cared a fig what became of the good horses which had carried us from Tours. We left them in the courtyard, whence they scampered away to the park like a herd of startled deer racing from the voices of men. Not a hand could be spared to tether them, and the courage of the servants did not carry them so far as the gates we now passed. For that matter I blamed the fellows not at all. Here was a great house full of raging demons, of peasants drunk with wine and desire of revenge. We were but a handful against them, and our only hope lay in coming at them suddenly. If we had stopped to think upon it, I doubt that we had gone in at all. But the fever of the fight was already upon us and we raced up the steps all together, and were in the great hall amidst the ruffians before a man had time so much as to think of consequences.

And what a scene then came to our astonished eyes! Here, in a hall so vast that it seemed like a church, with stained-glass windows and galleries above and relics of the mediæval age upon the floor below—here, I say, there were some fifty peasants of Touraine shrieking, dancing, drinking; a fearful rabble, dishevelled, with blood-shot eyes; armed, men and women alike, with the oddest weapons that ever raiders carried, and so blind in fury against the house that they even fell upon one another in their efforts to destroy it. But it was not alone the aspect of this raving crew which fired our blood and sent our swords leaping from the scabbard—murder already had been done in the château. From the great gallery, which spanned the farther end of the hall, the bodies of three men hung head downwards and swayed horribly upon the ropes which held them. These poor creatures were hacked and cut by the wretches below in a way that no honest man could permit himself to speak of. So dreadful, indeed, was the sight that I would have given all the dead Chevalier's gold could I have dragged my wife from the scene; but just as she had been first upon the steps without, so now did she press on before us, her eyes flashing, her hands clenched as though she alone would bring these assassins to judgment. Had there been need to put heart into us, then this brave girl's courage assuredly had been an example which no man could resist. Of fear, I do believe that the dead Beauvallet's daughter knew nothing.

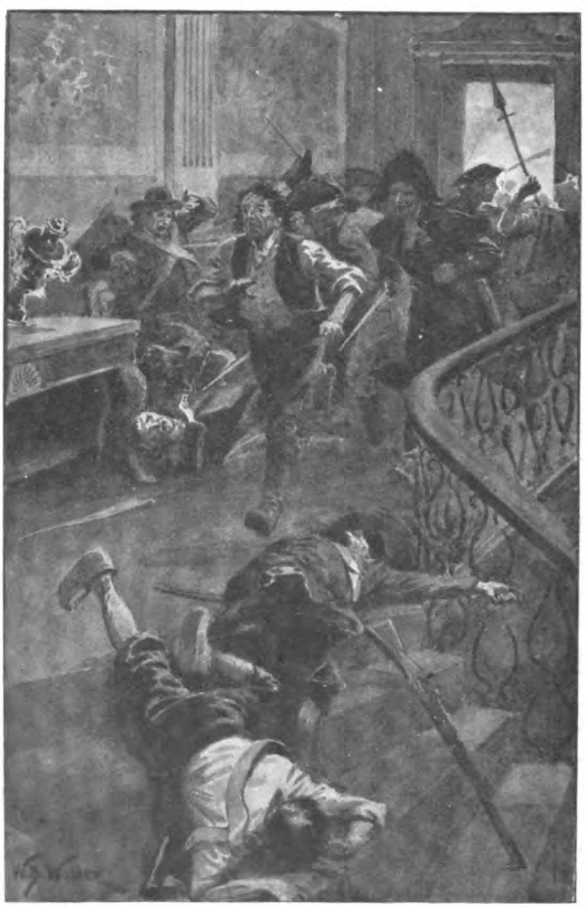
"Cowards!" she cried. "Assassins! You shall answer me for this." And then, turning to Le Brun, she exclaimed, "Kill them! kill them, Gaspard! Punish them! Make them answer to you!"

We had come into the hall with a rush, but now for the first time, when Pauline spoke, this rabble became aware of our presence. A hush fell upon the place—not the hush of coming storm, but that silence a man may feel in a wood where there are wild beasts about him. Desisting for an instant from its occupations, the rabble turned its blood-shot eyes upon us and stood aghast at our intrusion. Who were we? Whence had we come? I shall never forget the face of the ruffian who strode forward boldly and answered Pauline's accusation with a horrid threat and an appeal to those about him to fall upon us. So quick was he, so menacing, that the worst might have befallen but for Le Brun, who shot the man dead at the very instant of his attack, and bidding the others close about him formed a square of blades which twenty such hordes as this could not have withstood.

For remember that here were some of the finest swordsmen in France—men who had earned their bread, since they were little older than children, by teaching that art in which the French have ever excelled. Reflect what a figure these unhappy peasants must cut in such an affray as this. Gaunt wretches thrusting pikes unwieldily, aiming crazy blows at us with adzes or hatchets, many of them armed with nothing better than oaken cudgels—what skill had they to defend themselves or to cut a road to safety? In truth they went down before us like corn before a sickle; and even the brave girl in our midst they could not strike at. Had not Pauline learnt her lesson from honest Le Brun, who had been as a father to her? I declare there was no cleverer hand upon the sword that night than my wife's—and this is the odder thing, that until she stood beside me, her blade flashing in the garish light, I did not even know that she had ever used a sword at all.

We met them, I say, with a ring of steel, upon which they hurled themselves impotently, and from which they fled shrieking ere the first bout was over. No rats in a trap

could have raced helter-skelter as these wretches now ran for liberty. Hurled back from that rampart of swords they broke and fled, our men after them, from room to room to the very garrets of the house; their cries resounding through the château; their shrieks those of men to whom death was the supreme terror. If we showed them no mercy, spared none save the women, let the murdered men, hanging head downwards from the staircase of the hall, be our justification before those who judge us. The assassins had given no quarter and might hope for none. Up and down from gallery to gallery, here crouching in dark corners, there flinging themselves headlong from the windows to the moat below, I saw them crawling upon their hands and knees in abject fear, reeling, dying, thrust through like spitted fowls, their hearts laid bare, their limbs severed—a scene of carnage like to none which even a battlefield has shown me.



"THEY BROKE AND FLED, OUR MEN AFTER THEM."

Let me make no attempt to excuse or to explain away that which Gaspard Le Brun's veterans did at the Château d'Aulay that night. There is a heat of combat which no wisdom may temper. We rode to this house and found its servants butchered for no crime but that of their fidelity. If the sight moved us to a frenzy of anger, who shall accuse us? For my part, I went with the others to the very end of it. The same mad desire to slay that I had known at Barren Hill followed me to the Chevalier's house. When the fever passed and reason returned, the château was as silent as the grave, save for pattering footsteps in distant corridors, the moan of the night wind beneath the eaves, or the whispers of men afraid to speak aloud.

And this, I said, was Pauline's heritage—this house of blood and death which to-night we held so cheaply, but to-morrow might fail to hold at all.

For who could doubt that the rabble would return, a thousand added to its number, to wreak its vengeance upon those who had dared to decry assassination or refused to bow the knee before this god of rapine which France worshipped so ardently?

CHAPTER XXIII.

WE DRIVE OUT THE RED-CAPS.

We cleared the château of the raiders and closed every gate by which it might be approached. The morning showed us a glorious day of autumn, meadows upon which the sun shone with kindly warmth, and the mellow golden foliage of the splendid park. Not a living being, beyond the number of our own people, appeared in sight. The deer browsed almost at the parapets of the Italian gardens. We heard the music of distant village bells, and from the higher windows could trace the course of the river Loire with boats passing upon it.

I was early abroad with Le Brun, and when we had sent the servants out to catch the truant horses we walked beneath the trees of the great avenue by which the château is approached and asked ourselves,

"What next?" Should we remain in this house to make a fortress of it, or return to Paris to admit that we were vanquished? I gave my vote for the latter course unhesitatingly. Le Brun shook his head and reminded me whose daughter Pauline was.

"I feared it from the first," said he; "there is that in the race which nothing will change. Her father would ride twenty miles any day to seek out an enemy. There's the spirit which carried her into Touraine. She would die before she surrendered this house to a rabble. Had I known that we came to fight the countryside, a King's treasure would not have brought me here. As it is, we must remain, or return to Paris without her."

"An act that my good friend Gaspard Le Brun is very likely to be guilty of," said I, jestingly, for in truth his tribute to my little wife's courage could not but be welcome to my ears.

He laughed with me, and I could see that he had as little desire as Pauline herself to seek safety or to turn aside where peril threatened us.

"We can hold the house against them, I do not doubt it," said he; "but, Mr. Kay, there must be foraging for food without any loss of time, and, if we have an engineer among us, let his be the task to see that the wells be guarded and the water secured. I am general enough to provide against the worst. If worse become better, at least you will have no quarrel with my prudence."

"So far from it," said I, "that I was about to speak of those very measures. For the day at least it is truce. Let us make what use we can of our opportunities and lose none of the precious hours. Here is madame herself, come to tell us the same story, I'll be bound. Who would think, to look at her, that she carried herself last night like a *maître* in a *salle d'armes?* I' faith, she has learned her lesson well and is Beauvallet's daughter indeed."

Pauline still wore the green velvet habit in which she had ridden to the château, but she carried a whip in her hand in lieu of the rapier she had wielded so cleverly last night, and my first word to her was one upon that.

"We'll need nothing better than that, sweetheart, let's hope," said I, indicating her whip; "here's Gaspard meaning to run away to Paris and leave us alone. Two's company, they say—and one of them hides a rapier in her habit to correct her man when he has a mind to wander. Nay, dear heart, is it not that? Ye bought the rapier for Zaida against the day he would not do your will?"

She lifted her young lips to mine and told me the truth of it.

"I took it from the table in the hall, where it lay as we went through," said she. And then with much tenderness: "Dear Zaida, these things madden me, and I lose my true self in them. It has been so since I was but a child. You will not judge me for them, Zaida?"

I told her that I judged her not at all. If there were some hidden mystery of her life which even my love could not penetrate, I made no complaint of it.

"You do well to wish to be the mistress of your own house," said I; "such is owing to your father's name. Few would show like courage, Pauline; but be sure that the man who loves you will be the last to quarrel with it."

She kissed me for the words; and her vagrant habit of caution returning to her, she asked Le Brun immediately if anything further had been seen of the raiders. He repeated that not so much as a single Red-Cap had put in an appearance at the château during the morning; and he was going on to speak of the horses when, from a thicket of trees which bordered the Italian garden some furlong from us, a fearful cry, like that of a man in his death agony, burst suddenly upon our ears and held us spellbound. An instant later one of the servants, who had gone in quest of the horses, came staggering out of the copse and fell stark dead in the open, not fifty paces from where we stood.

"Great heavens!" cried Le Brun, "it's my man, Georges."

"They're in the wood," said I; and scarcely had I uttered the words when the report of a musket rang out and the ball cut the red leaves above us and brought down the broken twigs upon our faces. At this we hesitated no longer, but sheltering Pauline, one upon either side of her, we raced for the house and never checked our steps until we had crossed the moat and drawn the bridge behind us.

Our friends were already at the breakfast-table when we entered the château, but our news brought them quickly to their feet, and instantly there arose that babel of tongues which a scene of danger may inspire. Foremost among these old swordsmen whom Le Brun had gathered about him was the veteran Gervais of Blois— a fine, grey-haired figure of a man, who had killed as many in fair fight as he had years to his name. He was all for going headlong into the thicket and fetching the rogues out; others were

for surrounding it and using our muskets; I alone spoke of fire, and held to my opinion resolutely.

"America can teach you something in this," said I; "fire the copse and have done with it. The rats will run fast enough if you put blazing faggots to their heels. That's my word—clear ground and an open country. Let's see what we are fighting. This red man's game is none of my fancy."

Well, they jumped to the idea like dogs to a bone. An hour had not passed before a dozen blazing faggots were thrust into the coppice, and its undergrowth fired in as many places. Such a bonfire the Château d'Aulay had not seen before nor will see again while it stands. For here was wood as old as history, a tangle of grass all ready for the burning, a beacon piled up by the centuries. You had but to touch it with fire to send the flames leaping up above the very tree-tops, roaring and reddening as though the earth had vomited them forth. Even our own men drew back aghast before their handiwork—the frightened birds whirled high in the blue ether above, uttering piteous cries; the ground was alive with the brutes which raced across it.

And the Red-Caps for whom we waited, what of them? At the first we heard no sound which spoke of men. If they warned one another, the roar of the flames drowned their voices. In truth, the silence perplexed us—we knew not what to make of it. Bitter as we were toward them, we had no desire to punish them by fire, but only to drive them from the house and compel them to declare themselves.

"Let them keep ambush in that," cried old Gervais of Blois, as the wood glowed with the red-heat within it; "let them wash their dirty hands in golden water. It will be the first time they were clean for many a long year."

I told him that I had begun to doubt if there were any men in the thicket at all; but this was foolishly spoken, for even while I said it a great gaunt man came screaming out of the underwood, and in his blind fear of the flames ran a zig-zag toward the drawbridge of the house. Espying the water of the moat he leaped into it and stood there bellowing like a bull. Hardly had we done laughing at him—for the fellow had no greater harm than singed ankles—than other faces began to show themselves amid the trees, and some of these we plainly recognised to be those of the ruffians who had done murder in the château last night.

Now, indeed, were they between the devil and the deep sea. If they raced across the park there were musket-balls to follow them; if they tried to get away on the far side of the thicket, that was the place we had fired first and there the flames leaped highest. Driven to madness by their situation, many of them stood stock-still and yelled like frightened animals; others boldly ran for liberty, and we let them go with gun-shots high above their heads to scare them. A man does not kill his fellow-men in cold blood, and we had given punishment enough yesternight to teach the lesson which should save our own lives from the rabble. So we let them go, I say, and in sheer pity we ourselves beat into the thicket presently and dragged out those who were afraid to come, catching them by the neck and heels as though they had been rabbits squatting to a weasel.

What astonished us beyond everything was

"WE OURSELVES BEAT INTO THE THICKET AND DRAGGED OUT THOSE WHO WERE AFRAID TO COME."

the number of them. There must have been at least eighty men hidden in this wood since yesterday, and waiting there, I have no doubt, to give us a Red-Caps' welcome. Many of these we plumped headlong into the moat; others the servants drove out with whips; others, again, saved themselves by their heels and ran half-way to Tours, as the story goes, before the fright of the fire could be shaken from them. To say that we had no pity is to misunderstand the circumstance. These villains had been abroad for long weeks past, burning, slaughtering, ravishing in the homes of honest Frenchmen. The whip and the water were but a light punishment for their crimes. We did not spare them, and were not ashamed to answer those who charged us with the crime. It had been well for France if others had defended their homes as we defended ours. Too often did men bend the knee to these cowardly ruffians and crave mercy from them.

The great beacon burned through that autumn night and was still blazing when the dawn came. But we were the masters of the château, and, for all that we knew, there was not a Red-Cap within three leagues of it.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE GUILLOTINE.

WE had driven off the Red-Caps, I say, and long months were to pass before we saw them again. The meantime brought us letters from Paris and several to me from my friends in America, among which there was a note from my old comrade, Gad Grimshaw, of Philadelphia, which I read with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret. Of my marriage he said not a word. His sister Honor had gone down to Carolina, he told me, and was recently the guest of General Washington at Mount Vernon. As for himself, he had married a widow by the name of Andrews, and given up playing the fiddle. "To be sure," said he, "a married man may hear music enough in his own house and leave the tune to others." Remembering what little Honor had told me of the widow I could put two and two together quick enough, and, thought I, 'tis a lame duck step old Gad will dance nowadays, be sure of it.

That Honor had not written to me by her own hand I set down to the circumstance of my marriage. A man may be a very brother to his comrade's sister and find her none the less pouting on his wedding day and the last to wish him happiness. Whatever Honor's friendship had suffered by my love for Pauline, my own remained a precious thing to me—so precious that I feared to think upon it sometimes, lest the thought were false to one who had the greater claim upon me. For the same reason I no longer dared to contemplate a return to America. My home must be in France or England, by Pauline's side, sure of her love and fidelity however little I might understand her. Indeed, the mystic nature of that true child of the South perplexed me more every day that I lived. We Anglo-Saxons know little of the Celtic mind. Its vision-land is none of ours. We lack the imagination to understand it, and sometimes we are in plain hostility to it.

There could be none of this vexation in my love for Pauline. If I did not share her dreams, I lived brave days with her at the old Château d'Aulay; the braver because we seemed to be a little colony safe amidst widespread dangers; a band of comrades who might laugh at all this talk of liberty and equality, and the freedom which cut your neighbour's throat to keep him a law-abiding citizen. There we were in the old château, or out of it hunting and riding in the fine park; fishing in the river that cuts the old place in twain; having our cards and music at night; flying our flag fearlessly the while, and caring not at all what the Parliament did in Paris, or what Master Liberty preached with a red cap askew upon his head. Such news as General Lafayette could send us left us anxious chiefly for his safety. He spoke of mobs still abroad in the streets; of those who would dethrone the King; of his plans to save France and make her glorious among the nations. "And fine words butter no parsnips," said I to my comrades. "We shall have to ride to Paris yet and catch him by the heels as we took the fellows out of the burning bush yonder."

They agreed with me; but I could see how greatly my wife admired the General's courage and how often her heart was back in Paris where the danger lay. These pleasant months at the château had begun to pall upon her. Our little regiment became lazier every day. There was old Gervais of Blois, grown as fat as a Normandy butter-woman. His comrades spent half their days dicing by the fire in the great hall. Le Brun, who had lived a gipsy's life, suffered a kind of intoxication of leisure, basking in the sun when the sun shone and resting like a tired dog when the skies were dark. That Pauline wished to be quit of these good fellows I could well understand, but for my part I opposed their departure.

"The danger will return," said I. There was never a truer word spoken in the house.

I say that it was a true word; but many months had run out before I knew it to be true, and then the thing came upon us so suddenly that the whole peril stood revealed in the very same hour that we had warning of it. I had ridden with Pauline through the park that very morning and seen nothing beyond ordinary. Old Gervais had been abroad foraging in the villages, and he came in without any particular tale to tell. Just as we had done for long months, so this day we sat down a merry company to our noon repast, and were already cracking jokes over the good wine when, in a lull of our talk, I thought to hear a strange sound afar off in the park, not unlike the first rumble of a storm or the distant thunder of sea surf upon an angry shore. Alone in catching the sound, I said nothing of it for some minutes until, indeed, Le Brun's quick ear caught it with me and we exchanged a rapid glance as much as to say, "What now?" Making some good excuse to Pauline, we slipped from the room and ran out to the high terrace of the château, from which you can look over the river and the park; but hardly had I set foot upon this when I perceived some two or three hundred men entering our domain by the southern road and coming on apace toward the house, all capering and dancing, singing and shouting, like the people of a town gone mad over a victory.

That the rabble was armed the sunlight showed me plainly enough. Gleams of light flashed from their uplifted pikes; I could detect musket-barrels across the shoulders of the first comers; the bright rays danced upon the brass of the drums they rolled incessantly. More than this, many of them were mounted and a great press of horsemen surrounded a number of men upon foot, who, both by their situation and attitude, I judged to be prisoners taken upon the journey and brought to our park for a purpose I was unable to imagine.

"Jourdain's men—and five hundred at that——"

Old Gervais of Blois had now come to my side, and the others were already running out of the château, called by the incessant rolling of the drums. So much had the spectacle fascinated Le Brun and myself that we stood there, gazing upon it as children amazed and forgetful of the others. But now we awoke to our danger, and with a loud cry of "Guard!" we ran to our posts, some to draw the bridges, some to ring the alarm bell in the great tower, others to stack the arms upon the terrace and to stand by the cannon we had placed upon the ramparts against such an emergency as this.

Of our own people, many had been working in the park when the rabble entered. These, when they heard the bell, came flying over the grass toward us, pursued by outposts of the horsemen; and no sport in all the world did our younger men find so engaging as that of potting the rogues who followed our fellows and seeing them roll from the saddles they sat so ill. This, however, was but a beginning, for the Red-Caps quickly discovered their danger, and drawing off to a safe distance they yelled defiance, to which we answered with a ringing cheer, and the King's flag flying proudly from our loftiest turret.

"A GREAT PRESS OF HORSEMEN SURROUNDED A NUMBER OF MEN UPON FOOT."

"Give them the grape," cried old Gervais,

dancing like a lad in his excitement; "we'll roll their drums for them—the grape, my lads, and all together for God and the King."

A dozen voices took it up; but it seemed to me that this was not the moment to show our hands, and so I told them plainly.

"They have prisoners with them," said I; "keep your shot until it can serve them. We'll let them have it time enough. Patience is the word, old comrade."

He assented with a shrug of his broad shoulders.

"True enough," said he; "and yet a man's blood may boil to be at them. I have a score to settle with Master Jourdain there, and I'm no patient creditor."

"He's brought the money in a cart," chimed in another, pointing to a small farmer's waggon which accompanied the rabble.

I had not noticed this before; but looking at it closely now, I observed that the rogues crowded about it very eagerly, and that its burden afforded occupation to many hands.

"Good Lord!" I exclaimed, "they bring a guillotine."

Now, General Lafayette had written to us of this dreadful machine, then first beginning to be used in the name of liberty in Paris. We had heard of it also as being employed in the provincial cities; but that it should be carried and set up here in our own park at the Château d'Aulay spoke of a fiendish malice which nothing could better. No longer could we doubt what these villains intended to do. Our high place upon the ramparts showed us their occupation very clearly. We watched them carrying the boards and pillars of their ghastly implement to a little green mound where their vengeance should be done; we could plainly discern their wretched victims, men and women, too, helpless amidst them as sheep before a butcher's block. But we spoke no word upon it. In silence we stood while the first man was dragged to the machine, thrown upon his stomach, and instantly laid beneath the knife. Silent still, as though a spell were upon us, we saw that great axe rise and fall and heard five hundred yelling demons cry, "Liberty!" Again the sunlight glittered upon its broad blade; again it fell, and a human head rolled upon the sunburnt grass. Our tongues were still, our hearts burned, but our hands were idle.

"Zaida, do you still speak of patience?"

My dear wife asked the question, turning upon me eyes aflame with anger. The reproach of her words recalled us to ourselves as though by a blow upon the face. What cowardice was this? Were not the cannon charged and the torches ready?

"Have at them, old Gervais!" I cried; "have at them, in Heaven's name!"

He, too, leaped up as though a man had struck him with a whip, and, blowing a reddening torch into flame, he set it to the touch-hole of one of the brass guns upon the ramparts and a crashing report seemed to shake the very walls beneath us. Such a yell as followed it, when the rabble perceived what we were at, I have never heard in all my days.

"'HAVE AT THEM, OLD GERVAIS!' I CRIED."

For which of them had bethought him of cannon, or asked what stood upon the ramparts? And just as men who have pegged a tent upon an ant-hill will have it down with lightning fingers when they discover the truth, so did the villains begin to undo the work they had done and to carry it with all speed elsewhere.

We could see the horsemen using their whips upon the prisoners and driving them backwards to the gates. Racing, and running, and yelling, the cowards fell flat at every thunder of our guns; while in the intervals they spread abroad over the park and threatened us with horrid gestures. Nor did they at that moment seem to be idle threats. Our triumph must be brief enough. They were soon beyond the reach of such cannon as we possessed, and, thus defying us, they set up their guillotine anew.

I have been in many a dangerous enterprise in the course of my adventurous life, in many a situation of disadvantage and place of peril; but never, I think, have I known such minutes of distress as those which followed upon our discovery that cannon could no longer reach these miscreants and that the victims of their ferocity must die before our very eyes. To stand helpless, to gnash the teeth, to cry to Heaven for justice upon them—what alternative lay before us unless we took horse and rode out boldly among them to our own certain destruction? This latter course I believe we had followed there and then but for Le Brun, who reminded us that by so doing we should deliver up the house we had so long held, that we certainly should not save a single life among the prisoners, and should end our own ignominiously upon a venture that true courage could not require.

"You are a handful against an army," said he; "will you give them the satisfaction of dragging you to yonder machine, or will you keep your flag flying? If one poor wretch there could be saved by your arms, I would say, 'Go.' But you know that you cannot save them. This house is our heritage. Let us not destroy it vainly."

This was good sense enough, although the younger men murmured at it, and even some among their elders plainly showed their dissatisfaction. As for my dear wife, her manner of hearing it surprised me immeasurably; for she counselled neither our going nor staying; but silent at the very parapet of the ramparts she appeared to gaze intently across the park as though for some word or message which would answer the distress of her expectation and do that which our arms were impotent to do. So intent was she upon this that many of us ceased to press the question of a sally; and standing by her we, too, scanned the green park lying low between the hills and fell to wondering what new thought had come to a mind ever active and never so quick as in an hour of supreme emergency.

"What do the hills show you, old Gervais?" I asked the veteran, who stood near me throughout.

"I see the sun shining where darkness would be the better thing, Mr. Kay."

A little interval of waiting and again a question between him and me.

"They halt at the work, old friend. Does the wind carry a message of voices?"

He clutched me by the arm and pointed to the river, dividing the château in twain.

"The waters dry up in their bed," said he; and then, "Look closer; the river has ceased to run."

A chill of fear and awe fell upon me as though a cold wind had blown down suddenly from the hills above us.

"If they have opened the dam at Issé," said I, "yonder mob must learn to swim."

"Ask madame of that," said he; "her messenger rode out an hour ago."

I did not speak again. The scene alike inspired terror and a hope no words might express. Once before, I remembered, in the story of the Château d'Aulay, had a master of the house flooded the lowlands about it to drive an enemy out. And alone among us in this fateful hour had my little wife remembered that the lake of Issé could avenge where men were impotent.

"Do you hear aught now, old Gervais?"

"I hear a sound of voices," said he, "but they are not of men."

"The floods are out," said I, "and Heaven help those who lag."

He astounded me by a question I had not so much as thought of.

"And what of the prisoners, Mr. Kay?"

"Their wit will save them, and the boats are ready."

Pauline replied to him, and her answer made it plain that she had contemplated this and was prepared for it. The prisoners must escape by their own wit, or perish with the others. We ourselves were to remain spectators of that scene no longer. Such boats as the château possessed—great scows and flat-bottomed vessels—strong hands now dragged to the lower terrace beyond the gardens, and made ready to launch when the flood should burst upon the park. As for

the rabble, its dull ears had already caught the distant roar of rushing waters, and it stood terrified as though suddenly confronted by a judgment.

Many, be sure, among the number there had heard the tradition of the great reservoir at Issé; many had seen its lofty banks, and asked what would befall if the waters breached them. And now their dull understanding began to comprehend. There, yonder, at the valley's head, was the rolling crest of the great white wave which would engulf them. It needed no words to tell them that hostile hands had opened the sluice-gates of the lake which tradition said the Romans had built at Issé. They understood that just as the first master of the château had let the waters loose upon his enemies, so had they been let loose this day through flood-gates set up for that very purpose by old-time soldiers who held the house for good King Henry of Navarre. And who may describe the panic that fell upon them? Pell-mell, one upon the other, now up, now down, screaming, fighting, they raced for the highlands and shelter. Their prisoners, snatched from one peril to be confronted by another, found themselves deserted in a twinkling—a little island of men in an ocean of green grass. Our loud cries that they should run to us, the signals we fired to them, attracted their attention, but did not win an immediate response. The water appalled them. It was almost upon them before they moved.

I say that the flood came down the hill-side with a roar as of thunder. Let me now tell you (and this has been a good jest to me since the day I speak of) how it came about that we saved the prisoners and did not pay forfeit of a single life for that daring stroke a brave girl played so fearlessly. I had thought that every man, woman, and child (for there were children among the condemned) must perish in the flood; but I had forgotten alike the extent of the park of Aulay and the depth of the lake of which the sluice-gates were opened. A very torrent on the hill-side, the flood became but a gentle, rippling sheet of water when it flowed upon the park and covered the great grass lands. The depth of a man's knee; such it may have been, certainly no more. If the prisoners were scared to a point beyond reason, their joy when they discovered the truth, and we fetched them to the terrace of our house, can be understood by none but those who have stood sometime in the shadow of death. For Pauline, Beauvallet's daughter, had saved them indeed. And thus was her oath fulfilled—that she would be the mistress of her house though all France said her "nay."

That night we spread a feast in the hall of the château and held high carnival. For the morrow we cared nothing. That night we believed that our wit could hold the house against ten thousand.

And who shall say it was a vain boast? In truth, circumstance forbade us to put it to the test. For even as we held carnival in our citadel, there came a messenger from Paris, riding fearlessly through the spreading waters, and the letter that he carried was from General Lafayette, imploring us earnestly to return.

"THE LETTER WAS FROM GENERAL LAFAYETTE."

"I am in some danger," he said, "and you can be of service to me. Come, my friend, for old friendship's sake."

(*To be continued.*)

STRAND CLUB

III.

"THERE is nothing so fatal to wit as humour." "A little learning is a dangerous thing—to a humorist." "Longevity is the soul of wit."

No wonder that the forty odd members of the Strand Club, foregathered last month at the Sign of the Strand for the purposes of mutual entertainment, writhed when the above verbal tabloids—"the concentrated essence of flippancy," as Garry called them, or, as the vulgar term them, epigrams—were scattered over an innocent assembly. Of course, it was bound to come. The "it" in this case was the reading of a paper, a serious paper—a paper, said its talented author, "to make one think."

It was called "The Growth in and Taste for Humour as Exemplified in the National Literatures of Greece, Rome, France, Germany, and England, together with a Purview of the Practice and Tendency of the Art at the Present Day." The lecturer was a guest of the Club, and we had to treat him decently in consequence; although we were all grateful when Emberton (who is short-sighted) accidentally filled up his champagne glass from a bottle of Bass's ale, and Marvyn P. Marvyn (as he was named) left the premises suddenly and did not return. When he was gone the Chairman, Johns, observed that it was really an extraordinary thing how offensive epigrams were to him personally. Yet he used to think they were rather funny.

Wornung: It's fashion. A man in a hat of the vintage of '87 looks to me hideous. It's the same with perverted proverbs. I remember writing out such absurdities as "It's a long worm that has no turning," and grinning, as a costermonger would say, "from 'ere to there." Then look at the silly questions of five years ago. Don't you remember? "What made Charing Cross? Answer: Because the Strand ran into it." You know what I mean.

Boyle: What is the fashion of the moment, Wornung?

Wornung: I should say waiters' jokes. I've heard half-a-dozen in two days. I don't believe there are any new ones. Even if they have actually happened, I don't believe they are new. But they were all new to me.

Mullins: Now, I should have said Board-school and class-room jokes. You can't escape them.

The Chairman: As you are down first on the list this evening, Mullins, suppose you give us the latest juvenile quip, and I call upon our pictorial associate, Mr. E. J. Clarke, to execute the elucidating diagram.

Mullins: Very well. Scene—elementary

MR. E. J. CLARKE'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE GEOGRAPHY STORY.

class in geography. "Now, children," said the teacher, "can you tell me how the earth is divided?"

No answer.

"What, can none of you bright little boys and girls tell me how the great earth is divided? Come, you big boy there, surely you can tell me how the earth is divided?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, and how is the earth divided?"

"By earthquakes, mum!"

Trimlett: How is it the joke of the Scotsman in London dies so hard? You remember Dr. Johnson was very fond of it.

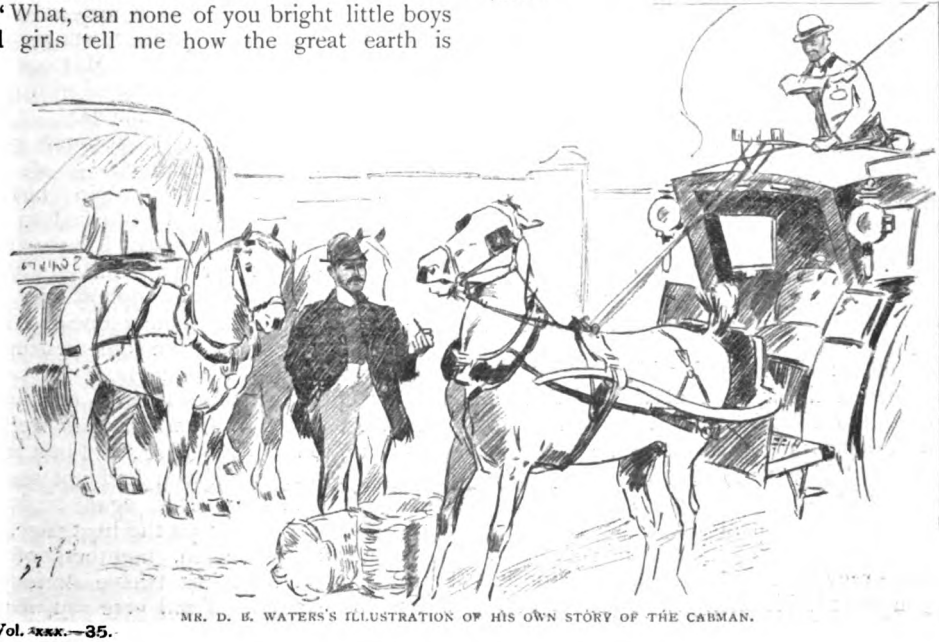
Waters: As a Scotchman myself, I suppose it's because the English show their economy only in their humour.

The Chairman: Order, order! If the honourable member intends that observation for an epigram——

Waters: Although I deplore it, I think I can illustrate the latest variation of the ancient Cockney gibe against our nation. I happened to witness the scene myself. It was something like this. The central figures—the *dramatis personæ*—are a cab, a cabman, a cab-horse, and a cab tout. There is an obstruction—further progress is impeded. The cabman lashes his steed; then he tries hauling at the reins.

"Back 'im; why don't you back 'im?" cries the tout.

"W'y don't I back 'im?" yells cabby; "'cause 'e's a Scotch 'orse. 'E won't go back!"



MR. D. H. WATERS'S ILLUSTRATION OF HIS OWN STORY OF THE CABMAN.

Broadfoot: You were speaking of children a moment ago. I heard a joke about one the other day. You know what pleasant creatures squalling infants can be. Little Augustus, aged four, had managed so far to conceal his disapproval of his three months' old brother, but his sentiments have finally leaked out. He stood watching the baby yell for five minutes, and then remarked to the nurse, "Baby came from Dr. Brown, didn't he, nurse?" "Yes, dear." Augustus deliberated. "Well, honestly, nurse, I can't blame Dr. Brown for giving him away."

Mr. Lewis Baumer's drawings of children are well known to the readers of *Punch* and the magazines, and in the sketch which he dashed off on the present occasion to accompany Mr. Broadfoot's dialogue there is the same familiar charm.

MR. LEWIS BAUMER'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE STORY OF THE BOY AND THE BABY.

Dolamore: I listened with interest to Wornung on the subject of waiters' stories. I know a few myself, but as it is my turn to assist in depressing the spirits of the company (cries of "No, no") I will tell you a little bit of repartee by a patron at a cheap house of entertainment down Stepney way. It was a cold night. "Take off your coat, guv'nor," remarked the attendant, solicitously, "or you won't feel it when you go out." "Yes," observed the patron, drily, "that's what I'm afraid of. The last time I came in here I took my overcoat off. I didn't feel it when I went out, and, what's more, I haven't felt it since."

The foregoing was still in process of

MR. H. R. MILLAR'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE STORY OF THE OVERCOAT.

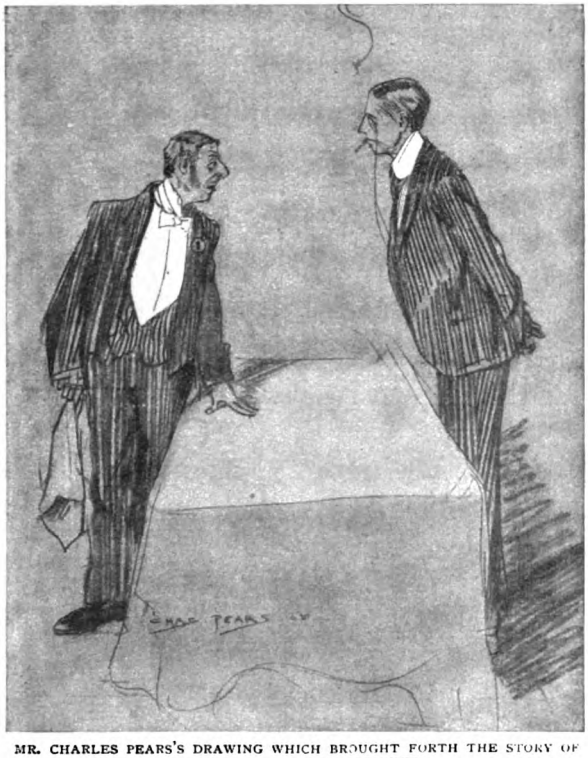
relation when Mr. Millar seized the crayon and went at the drawing, a reproduction of which appears above, as if his life and future happiness depended on executing it in five minutes by the clock. There is nothing like being versatile in art—and the verdict of the members was that even the late Phil May couldn't have hit off the types with more exactness and humour.

Hesketh: Is Wornung going to escape scot-free?

The Chairman: No; but this time an artist goes first to bat. It is Pears' Soap—I beg pardon—it is our hope that Mr. Pears will not let the opportunity pass without extracting one of these anecdotes from our pessimistic fellow-member, Mr. Wornung.

Whereupon, with no greater encouragement than this, Mr. Charles Pears stepped blithely up to the Club easel, and in a space of time "incredible if you had not seen it done with your own eyes, egad, sir," produced the sketch given on the next page.

Wornung: Gentlemen, members of the Strand Club, I have just twelve stories that will fit that picture. I will give you what in



MR. CHARLES PEARS'S DRAWING WHICH BROUGHT FORTH THE STORY OF THE WAITER AND THE EXECUTION.

my humble opinion is the best. If any member can produce a better one I will—I will—well, I'd like to hear it. A stranger entered the coffee-room of an inn. He noticed it was rather deserted, but he didn't pay much attention to that. A melancholy retainer approached. "Waiter," he said, briskly, "bring me a nice hot chop, some fried potatoes, and a pint of bitter."

"Very sorry, sir. But there ain't none in the 'ouse."

"What? Dear me, how disappointing! Well, well, make haste, I'm extremely hungry. Some cold meat will do."

"None in the 'ouse, sir."

"Hang it all! Well, I'll just have to put up with bread and cheese, then."

"Sorry, sir. There ain't any."

"Ain't any?" cried the customer, angrily. "Why, what in thunder is there in the house?"

"There's a hexecution, sir."

Hesketh (called upon by the Chairman): Will Mr. Tom Browne kindly delineate for me a rather stout lady of uncertain youth? (The clever draughtsman thus named obliged on the spot with the sketch reproduced below.) Ah, thank you. And now a somewhat caustic companion of the male gender engaged in conversation with the damsel. The lady remarks, "I've been invited to a fancy dress ball."

"Really?"

"Yes; and you are so full of ideas, Mr. Smirker, do tell me how I shall go."

"Why not go in the character of a captive balloon? They are all the rage just now."

"Splendid! But—how should I dress the part?"

"Oh," replied this infamous monster, "nothing easier. I should simply tie a string to my feet."

Garry: I wonder if any of you have heard the latest Colonial yarn? They were starting a new settlement in the wilds of Canada. The promoter of the scheme was explaining its good points to a tourist.

"You see," he said, "we only take useful people. We have no

MR. TOM BROWNE'S SKETCH FOR THE FANCY DRESS BALL STORY.

room for ne'er-do-weels and valetudinarians. Every member of our little community must have a duty and a function. For instance, that man yonder is our carpenter. There's our blacksmith. That little chap is the baker."

"But," said the visitor, "who's that very old man hobbling along over there? Surely he can't be of any use."

"Oh, yes," explained the settler, cheerily, "that's grandfather. We're going to open the new cemetery with him."

It may be remarked of Mr. Hassall's sketch that it derives additional interest from the fact that the artist himself lived for some years as a pioneer in the Canadian North-West, and once filled many note-books with random sketches of the farmers and ranchers rampant in that region.

The evening wound up with a contribution from Mr. Johns himself, assisted by Mr. McCormick, whose drawing is brimful of humour.

MR. A. D. MCCORMICK'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE STORY OF THE DRILL-SERGEANT.

MR. JOHN HASSALL'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE STORY OF "GRANDFATHER."

Johns: A certain drill-sergeant was putting his squad through the funeral service. It was hard work, and although he used strong language, the very strongest he was acquainted with, he met with doubtful success. At last an idea struck him.

"Look 'ere," he said; "just suppose I'm the corpse."

Whereupon he strode solemnly between the ranks of men bearing their arms reversed. When the quasi-corpse had reached the end of the line he turned and surveyed them critically. "Yes," he said, "your 'eads is right and your 'ands is right. But—you 'aven't that look o' regret you ought to 'ave!"

Expert Interference.

By W. Pett Ridge.

"KENNAWAY! You there?"

"I believe I am, sir."

The young station-master inside the booking-office bent over his abstract book and proved his columns. Opening his cash drawer, he pulled out the cash bowls, emptying the contents on the counter; wetted a forefinger, and started on the work of reckoning the coins and standing them in columns of one pound each.

"Kennaway!" A more insistent thumping on the floor.

"Oh, hang the man!" muttered the young station-master. He took his pen from his mouth, stuck it into his head of hair, and threw open the wooden window. "*Now*, what is it, sir?" he demanded, in a louder voice.

The face of an elderly man set in a frown and precise whiskers appeared. "I asked you, Kennaway, if you were here," he said, deliberately.

"I WISH, MR. ROSE, THAT YOU'D KINDLY CALL ME 'MISTER.'"

"And I answered. And I wish, Mr. Rose, that you'd kindly call me 'Mister.' Especially"—he peered through and saw one or two villagers waiting patiently for the next down train—"more especially when there are passengers about. When you were station superintendent up in London you liked being called 'Mister,' didn't you, now?"

"Nobody but the directors ever dared omit it. And, of course, the Prince. I remember the Prince saying to me on one occasion——"

"What was it you wanted, sir?"

"I wanted," said Mr. Rose, "to call your attention to two pieces of luggage standing out on the platform at the door which gives entrance to your rooms. Now, luggage should not be left unattended in this way. You know nearly as well as I do that the rules——"

"Them two packages," interrupted the young station-master, "belong to my old housekeeper, and I've given her the sack because she can't break herself of the habit of giving away rabbits and so forth that have been presented to me. They ain't luggage. They're waiting there until the carrier's cart comes round to call for her."

"The brass bell wants shining," said the retired station superintendent.

"I can lend you a piece of shammy leather."

"There's an auctioneer's poster pinned up over the fire-place nearly a week out of date."

"Pull it down."

"Your signalman has a friend in the box, and, so far as I can gather, they are talking about——"

"Never you mind, Mr. Rose, what they're talking about. You listen to what I'm talking about."

Young Kennaway, scarlet-faced, came out of the booking-office, slamming the door quickly behind him. "No, you don't. You've no right in there, and you're not going to go in there. That's private. You're only a civilian now, Mr. Rose, and the time's come when I've got to tell you so, plain. D'you hear me? *Plain!*"

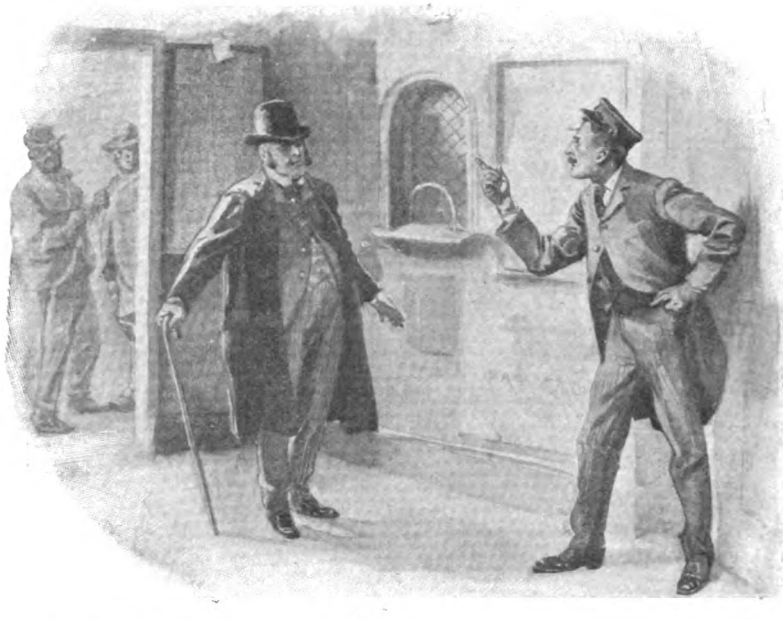
"My lad," said the other, trembling, with a glance around at the open-mouthed passengers, "be careful. You were a mere parcels clerk up in London when I was there, and I'm your senior in the service by about forty

years. Don't you dare speak to me in this way or I'll take a memorandum and report you to head-quarters. You won't be the first one, by a long shot, that I've sent in on the carpet. The Prince once asked me——"

"Mr. Rose!" Kennaway pointed a forefinger threateningly, and spoke with deliberation. "You were superannuated four months ago, and you came down here to live."

"With my daughter."

"I'm not forgetting her," he said, curtly. "What I want to point out to you is that you're only a ordinary person now. You



"WHAT I WANT TO POINT OUT TO YOU IS THAT YOU'RE ONLY A ORDINARY PERSON NOW."

can't take an official memorandum and report me; you can't put your hand on an official memorandum. You can't send me in on the carpet; you can't even go in on the carpet yourself. And if you come round here interfering and telling me how I ought to run my station I shall simply—— Well," he concluded, darkly, but rather lamely, "I shall take steps. Meanwhile, out you go."

The two passengers came forward in their anxiety to lose no word of the dispute, conscious that possession of exclusive information would later increase their importance in the village. The older man moved; his walking-stick trembled.

"One thing you forget, Kennaway."

"What's that?"

The other shook his head and closed his lips tightly.

"What do I forget?" demanded the young station-master, anxiously. "Come on, sir. Say what you've got to say and get it over."

"I'm still friendly with the Prince," said Mr. Rose. "One word from me and——"

"And he'd do as he liked."

"I'm on terms with the directors."

"Bah!"

"The general manager——"

"Mr. Rose," cried the young station-master, piteously, "you wouldn't go so far as that! You wouldn't carry a personal disagreement, sir, to that extent. Think again. You was a railway man once, I'm a railway man now. You know what we have to put up with from passengers. Talk it over with——"

Mr. Rose stamped his way out and down the platform. The young station-master, grievously hurt at being treated thus in the presence of an audience, ran out. The old gentleman was about to step down and cross the line; Kennaway shouted an order to go over by the wooden footbridge, and the other with a muttered protest found himself compelled to obey. The two passengers, anxious to make their stock of knowledge complete, condoled with the station-master, saying that his was indeed a trying job, that he must often get tired of being worried by customers, and he answered them so emphatically in the affirmative that, unable to escape the personal application intended by his reply, they accepted their tickets and went out to wait for the train, and to repeat mentally the conversation they had overheard.

The ex-station superintendent came the

next morning with his daughter to take the ten-twenty-five for town. Miss Rose stood back between two beds of wallflowers the while her father talked to a foreman platelayer, pointing out a weed growing in the six-foot between the two pairs of lines and suggesting, with a certain acidity of manner, an application for the supply of a lawn-mower. The office-boy sent by Kennaway came on the platform and rang the brass bell to announce the fact that the train had left the neighbouring station, and, acting under orders, demanded the tickets which he had just issued and clipped them with an acute Scotland Yard air. Still acting under orders he approached Mr. Rose, touching his cap to Mr. Rose's daughter, and blushing as men do who are deeply in love.

"What's that?" The boy repeated his request. "Service!" replied Mr. Rose, shortly. "What's that again? You know very well I've got a pass all over the line. Pass for two. You want to see it? Confound it all, can't you accept my word?"

"Rules is rules," said the office-boy, doggedly, "and regulations is regulations."

"Maggie," cried the old gentleman, searching his pockets, "where did I——"

"On your dressing-table, father. I reminded you, and you said you had never yet troubled to carry it, and it didn't matter."

"It's all right, my boy," said the ex-station superintendent, with an effort at geniality. "Very glad to see you so exact in the performance of your duties. If only your station-master——"

"Can't go by the train," retorted the office-boy, "if you ain't got your pass with you."

"I'll put in a good word for you, my lad, if I have the chance. I'm going up to see the general manager. Let me see; what are you getting now?"

"'RULES IS RULES,' SAID THE OFFICE-BOY."

"Not getting what I want. What I want is to see your pass, and if you ain't got it with you my orders are that you'd better bunk off 'ome jolly quick and get it. Onless you want to wait for the next train."

Young Kennaway came out whilst the old gentleman was pelting down by the side of the line to the house—they had taken one near to the railway that Mr. Rose might still have about him the atmosphere of railways and the sound of trains. Kennaway lifted his cap, spoke hurriedly to Miss Margaret, and, picking a wallflower, presented it to her. The train came round the corner into the straight as her father started on his desperate run back from the house. Passengers looked from windows to demand explanation of the delay as he hurried up the slope of the platform; he was half lifted, half thrown, by the entire staff into the first-class compartment where his daughter was calmly seated.

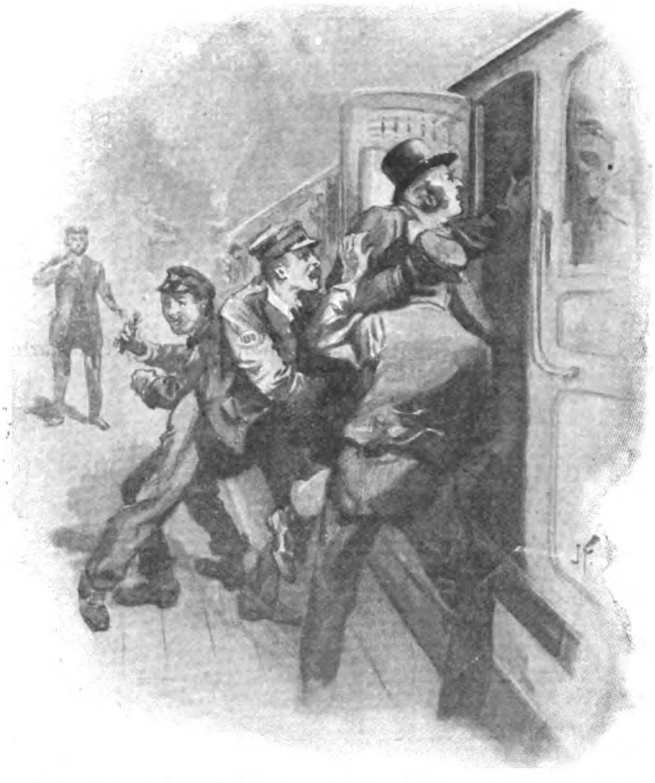
"You shall pay for this."

"Right away, guard," said young Kennaway. "Try not to book any time against us."

"You'll hear about this, sir," panted Mr. Rose, using the little stock of unexhausted breath as the train started. "This is the last straw."

"Father," said the girl, "sit down, or else your hat will blow off."

The rear-guard remarked to the station-master, as the train went out, that the last rose of summer appeared to be still blooming alone, that retirement had not altered his notorious spirit of proud command. Kennaway answered absently and watched the train as it went. Presently he turned with a sigh and, going into the booking-office, dispatched the boy with some parcels to the village. Taking one of the high, slippery-topped stools he sat and squared his elbows and wrote out rough drafts of answers to the expected reports.



"HE WAS HALF LIFTED, HALF THROWN, BY THE ENTIRE STAFF INTO THE FIRST-CLASS COMPARTMENT."

"DEAR SIR,—In reply to your letter of yesterday's date, I beg to inform you that Mr. Rose, almost ever since he took his superannuation and came here to live, has done his best to be a thorn in the side and to interfere with me and my men in the performance of our respective duties. At first he was friendly of manner and asked me to come up to his house of an evenings, but after awhile he stopped me when I started to sing, and commenced arguing about railway matters, so that after a while I found it was no use taking 'A Warrior Bold' folded up in the inside pocket of my overcoat.

"He then began to tell me how my duties as S.-M. should be performed, and, one word leading to another, I one night said I would never enter his house again and banged the door after me. Since that time he has always had his knife into me. As to what he has stated to the general manager I beg to deny it *per se*, and to inform you there is not a word of truth in it from beginning to end; but I should also like to say that if you can see your way to giving me a shift to some other station a little farther up the line, but not so far away but what I could run down here to visit friends now and again, I should feel very much obliged.

"In any case I make an appeal not to be reduced to inspector.

"Your obedient servant,
"WALTER R. KENNAWAY,
"Station-master."

Kennaway wrote several variants on this during the afternoon. His office-boy reminded him more than once of the claims of the garden, of the necessity for going upstairs and preparing a lonely meal—being, indeed, anxious to have the office to himself, where, with the aid of a three-penny packet labelled "Complete Theatrical Make-up," bought when last in Ashford, he could go through a scene from a stirring melodrama which he had seen there on a previous occasion. His station-master answered him shortly, and for midday meal sent over to the Railway Tavern. Kennaway expected Mr. Rose and Miss Rose down by the train arriving at four-twenty, and previous to that hour jumped towards the telegraph instrument whenever it ticked out a call for his station. The messages always proved to be in the form of some inquiry from a truck-seeker, and never the expected one from the general manager's office. Suspense found itself prolonged by the fact that the ex-superintendent and his daughter did not arrive by the four-twenty, and this appeared to Kennaway a serious incident, although he had feared their arrival. Mr. Rose was evidently staying in town in order to perfect plans.

"He's making it hot for me," sighed Kennaway. "Wish now I hadn't lost me temper with him. Means I shall get the sack or else reduced, and it means something—something more than that. This'll be a lesson to me all through my life. When I'm an old man in charge of a level crossing——"

The office-boy slipped off his wire beard

on finding the governor in a state of deep concern, but not quickly enough to escape observation. Young Kennaway, glad to find some object for reproach, demanded an explanation of what he termed monkey tricks. The office-boy replied in tones of aggrieved respect that he supposed he was entitled to the liberty of doing as he liked when away from the station. Kennaway said this was all very well, but supposing there had been passengers about? Supposing the district superintendent (an official with an awkward trick of alighting at a preceding station and walking on and surprising one)—supposing the district superintendent had happened to catch the lad in a bearded state on the platform? The boy said, proudly, in that case, not the district superintendent—not even the head of the detective department, would have succeeded in piercing the marvellous disguise. Kennaway scoffing at this assertion, the office-boy took up the challenge and offered, if the station-master would but turn his head and gaze out of the window, to give him an impersonation of a quarrelsome passenger, with which he had more than once livened dull hours between trains in the signal-box.

"Not bad," admitted the station-master, presently. "In the dusk it might deceive the short-sighted."

"Care to hear me sing a song?"

"Certainly not," said Kennaway. "A country booking-office isn't a London music-hall."

"Sometimes wish it was, sir."

"Tell you what!" cried Kennaway, after a moment's thought. "I've got a brilliant idea. I believe if you like you can help me."

Mr. Rose and his daughter Margaret arrived by the next train. The girl looked around eagerly for the young station-master; he was standing back in the dark near some churns of milk, and only the light of his hand-lamp could be seen. Old Mr. Rose produced his all-station pass for two, and the signalman, having inspected it, thanked him and bade them both good-night. Half-way up the stairs a short, bearded man caught them and tapped Mr. Rose on the shoulder.

"That's my name, sir."

"One word with you," said the short, bearded man. The signalman's boy came stamping across the footbridge, bringing his father's supper. "You're a new-comer to this village, I believe?"

"That is so," replied the old gentleman.

"I'm sure this young lady will excuse me," went on the other, in a deep voice, "if I speak plainly and distinctly and straightforrardly."

"Please go on," said Miss Rose.

"You've been making yourself, I'm give to understand, very unpleasant to our station-master. What I mean to say, interferin' in official matters that don't concern you in any way whatsoever."

"I'm an old railway man, sir, and if I see anything amiss——"

"You were an old railway man, but you ain't a railway man now. You're only an ordinary person. And I've been asked by the other residents in the village, Mr. Rose, to make you understand that by treating our respected station-master in the way you've been doing you've only succeeded in making your own self onpopular—highly onpopular, I may say."

"Father, I told you what would happen."

"My dear sir," said Mr. Rose, with great concern, "I don't know that I can do anything but express my deep and very sincere regret. I came down here to enjoy what I may fairly claim to be well-earned rest for the remainder of my life, and I can assure you that I have—really and positively—every desire to live at peace with my neighbours."

"Nice way you've had of showing it," said the bearded little man.

"If I have made mistakes," pleaded the old gentleman, with earnestness, "believe me that they shall not be made again. I've already decided that, you may take my word for it. Sha'n't occur any more. Please tell the village this, and say that I hope we shall all get to know each other and understand each other and"—his voice showed signs of breaking and his daughter took his arm affectionately—"and like each other." He held out his hand. The signalman's son, a youth unrestrained by rules of etiquette, had listened open-mouthed, disregarding an imperious jerk of the head on the part of the short, bearded man.

"I am sure," said Miss Rose, in her pleasant way, "that my father means what he says. Won't you give us your name and address, and won't you call upon us soon?"

The signalman's son gave the ecstatic shriek which he appeared to have been restraining with difficulty, and setting down the knotted red handkerchief containing a saucer made a movement. The wire beard came off, the bowler hat went down, taking two steps at a time.

"I knew it," said young Kennaway five minutes later. "I felt convinced in me own

"THE WIRE BEARD CAME OFF, THE BOWLER HAT WENT DOWN."

mind that I was wrong in falling in with your suggestion, my lad."

"It was yourn!"

"You've gone and made the crisis far worse than ever. All this, set down on paper and sent up by the old chap to the general manager, will make it look as though I've got no control over the staff and that the staff is up to every mad, silly trick that was ever thought of. Seems to me," he went on, disconsolately, "that I may just as well write out my resignation. Give me a memo."

"Must admit," agreed the office-boy, "that things are going a bit crooked. But don't do anything in a 'urry, sir. Let's see if we can't think of something else."

"We've thought of too much already. Hand over a memo."

"There's one chance left, sir." The boy withheld the sheet of paper. "Delicate matter to refer to, but I have reason to believe—don't know exactly how to phrase it—I think I have good grounds for the impression that Miss Rose looks on me with a kindly eye."

"You?"

"I judge by her manner," the lad declared. "Women have a way of showing when they're gone on a chap. And it strikes me that if I walked along the line and up to their house and saw her——"

"My lad," said Kennaway, "*I* spoke to her this morning and *I* begged her to interfere on my behalf."

"P'r'aps you haven't got any influence with her."

A tap came at the door as young Kennaway dipped his pen in the metal inkstand. The boy answered it and took a letter; the maid said she was instructed to inquire whether there was any answer. Kennaway opened it and read:—

"I did not see you this evening when we came back from town. On the way up I spoke to father, and told him that I was so fond of you that anything he did against you would be against me. He seemed much astonished, and said he had had no idea of this; I did not tell him that it was almost news to me. He did not call at the general manager's office; we went to a *matinée* instead. Shall I come down and see you between trains to-morrow morning? You must not think that what I told father was exactly true, but, of course, there is always the chance that it may come true one of these days."

"Been thinking it over," said the office-boy in the signal-box—"thinking it over very seriously, and I've virtually decided not to go on the stage. I see by the papers that the profession's very much overcrowded as it is!"

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Ages—New Series.

No. VII.—MR. MARTIN HARVEY.

JOHN MARTIN HARVEY may be ranked among those much-envied mortals who wake one morning and find themselves famous. That the morning in question is generally preceded by a good many years' hard work is a fact not always taken into consideration by the acclaiming public.

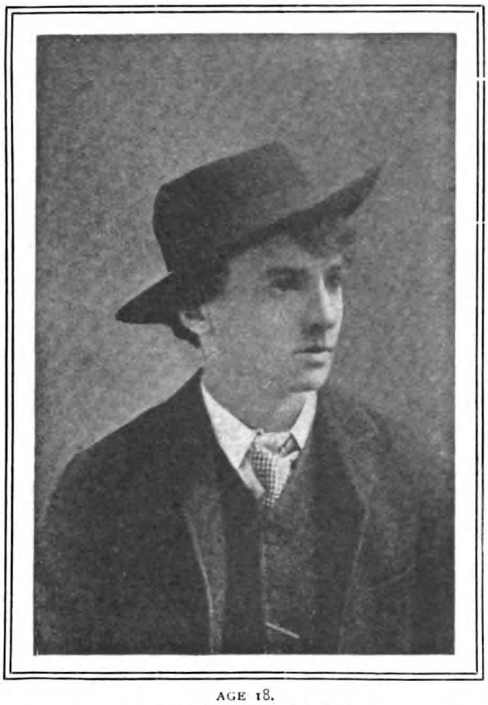
AGE 5.
From a Photo. by Bates.

Mr. Harvey was born at Wyvenhoe, in Essex, and his father, a member of the Institute of Naval Architects, was desirous that his son should follow the same profession, and sent him to study at the Slade Schools. He showed then, as indeed since, no inconsiderable aptitude with pencil and brush, though rather on the "impressionist" than the architectural side of art. But Fate had decreed a different outlet for his aspirations and emotions, and, acting upon the advice of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, he went to study elocution under the late John Ryder. He made his first appearance at the old Court Theatre under John Clayton, and afterwards joined one of Charles Wyndham's companies, which was touring the provinces with "Betsy." His next engagement was with Sir Henry Irving at the Lyceum. He joined as a supernumerary, varying his identity with changing scenes, and it was in "Much Ado About Nothing," as a gay young gallant in light-blue trunks and hose, that he met a certain little page in red, Angelita Helena Marguerita de Silva Ferro by name, who subsequently became his wife, and who has been associated with him in most of his dramatic successes.

AGE 14.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

Mr. Martin Harvey owes much to the training he received under the great actor-manager, and is not slow to acknowledge it. He refers to the old days at the Lyceum with an enthusiasm pleasant to meet with in days when gratitude is not a little out of fashion. "They have given me nearly all I have," he wrote some two or three years ago; "the little knowledge I have of my art and the great love for it, the ever-present example then, and now the remembrance of a great man's devotion to a great work; the inspiring spectacle of patience and endurance under every form of obstacle, difficulty, and annoyance, the fine influence which the lofty conception, the dignity in effort, must ever spread."

It was on one of the American tours with Sir Henry that the possibilities of a drama built round the character of Sydney Carton first suggested themselves to Mr. Harvey or to Mrs. Harvey, for he says that he owes the inspiration to his wife. The idea which germinated in the land of enterprise



AGE 18.
From a Photo. by Mora, New York.

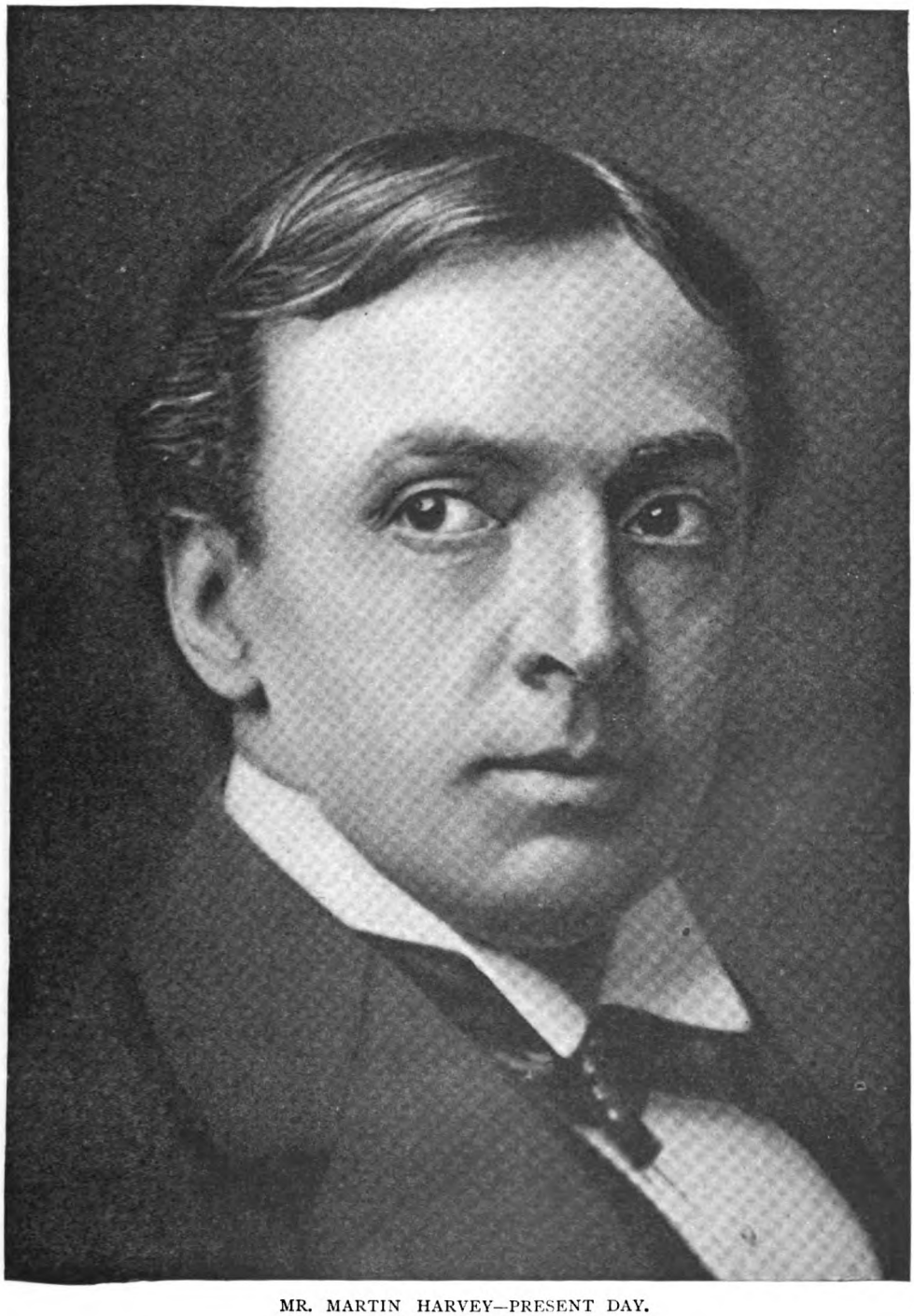
found translation and fulfilment one memorable evening at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, when the curtain rose for the first time on "The Only Way." Next day all the world was talking of Martin Harvey, and wondering why it had not known about him before.

The actor-artist who creates a great *rôle* has henceforward a very serious disadvantage to contend with. That most conservative institution, the public, ever after associates him with that particular part, looks upon him as its only possible exponent, and is inclined to doubt his ever being able to play any other part so well. Mr. Martin Harvey is no exception to this rule, and though he has given many charming and artistic interpretations since then, notably in "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance," "Don Juan's Last Wager," and "The Breed of the Treshams," they have never attained quite the same popularity as Sydney Carton. His Hamlet was marked both by poetry and pathos; his melancholy born of the spirit of romance rather than of bodily infirmity, which to the lay mind always seems the readiest explanation of the Prince's peculiarities. Be that as it may, Mr. Harvey's impersonation was an extremely interesting one, and he had able co-operation in the truly touching Ophelia of Mrs. Martin Harvey (Miss N. de Silva).

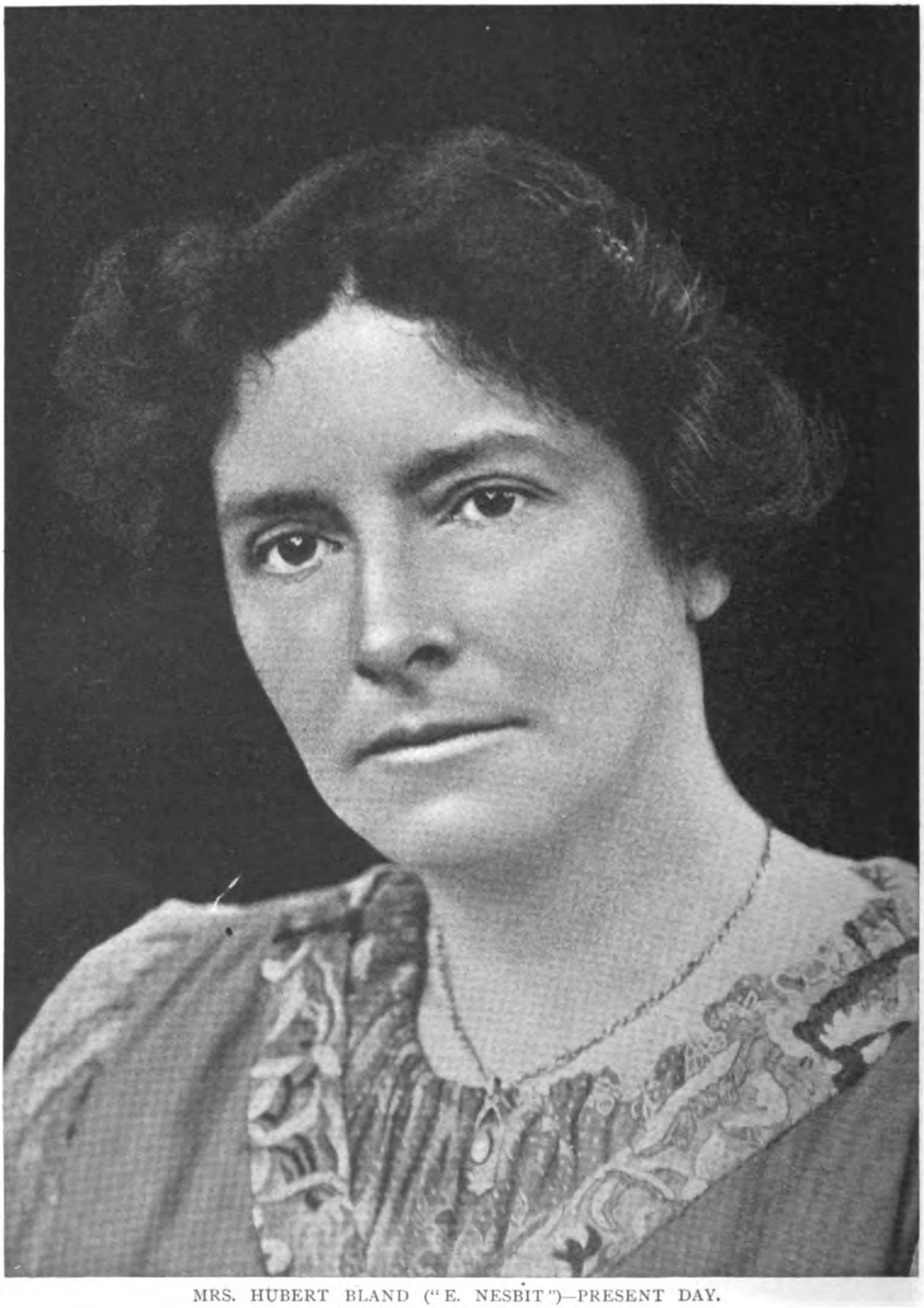
This devoted couple live very quietly in a charming little house in Avenue Road, Regent's Park. They have two children, a girl and a boy, and are never happier than when in the nursery having a good romping game or recounting a series of fascinating stories.

Mr. Harvey still does a good deal of painting in his spare time, and has executed, among other things, a very charming portrait of his wife. She in her turn, unlike most modern women, is wonderfully clever with her needle, and both designs and makes many of her stage costumes. A particularly gorgeous and shimmering garment worn by Mr. Harvey in "Pelleas and Melisande" was also due to her sartorial inspiration and carried out by her artistic hand.

AGE 22.
From a Photo. by Dabbs Studio, Pittsburg.



MR. MARTIN HARVEY—PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.



MRS. HUBERT BLAND ("E. NESBIT")—PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

No. VIII.—MRS. HUBERT BLAND ("E. NESBIT").

MISS E. NESBIT, whose stories for children, "The Psammead," "The Phœnix and the Carpet," "The Amulet," and others, are so familiar to readers of THE STRAND, was born at Kennington. She is the daughter of John Collis Nesbit, Principal of the first Agricultural College established in England, but her English blood is modified by a trace of Irish, to which those who are strong on racial influences may attribute something of the humour which can be found in her work. She spent a somewhat wandering childhood in Germany and Brittany as well as in various parts of England. But it is worth noting that she has generally lived in the country and

AGE 3.
From a Photo. by The London School of Photography.

AGE 4.
From a Photo. by Maull & Polyblank.

almost always in houses with large gardens, for among the influences that have moulded her none have probably been more potent than this constant contact with the earth. Thus you will always find in her an intense passion for Nature—not a love of "scenery" such as townsmen possess, but a love of the life and growth of things, of the processes of fruit and flower, which is only articulate in the country-dweller who is also a poet.

The second influence of E. Nesbit's early years has been the influence of poetry, which she has been reading and writing ever since she can remember. She read Scott and Longfellow at the age of five. She began to write verse as soon as she could write at all, and her first published poem appeared when she was only sixteen. When quite a young girl she was brought into touch with the brilliant circle that surrounded the Rossettis. In fact, she was born and bred to poetry, and in prose or verse she has always been in root and substance a poet. Her own emphatic view is that there is no better training for any kind of writing than the writing of verse, and her own prose style, so perfect that one hardly notices that it is a style at all, is certainly a strong confirmation of her doctrine.

In 1879 she married Mr. Hubert Bland, the well-known journalist and essayist, one of the brilliant band of propagandists who created and directed the Socialist movement

AGE 8.
From a Photo.

of the eighties. Into that movement E. Nesbit threw herself with all her energy and enthusiasm, and her earlier poems are full of the revolutionary ferment of that stormy decade. Time and circumstance have since given another direction to her talents, but they have neither modified her convictions nor mitigated their intensity. She and her husband are still active and prominent members of the Fabian Society, and it was only quite recently that she contributed to the *Daily Mail* a powerful plea for the underfed children in our elementary schools.

AGE 16.
From a Photo. by David Rees.

From a Photo. by Mayall. *From a Photo. by E. Wheeler, Brighton.* *From a Photo. by Lavender, Bromley.*

Those who know E. Nesbit's child-stories, with their almost uncanny insight into the psychology of childhood, must long ago have guessed (if they did not know) that they were not written without a good deal of personal experience. She is the mother of four children, to whom some of her most exquisite poems are addressed, and she lives with her family in an old house with a still older garden (both old enough to have attained to the honour of a ghost) a little way outside London. For she hates London with a deep and abiding hate, as she hates the interviewing, intellectualizing, hair-splitting literary world of London, which seems to her the most aimless of worlds.

From a Photo. by] AGE 39. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Two characteristics of E. Nesbit's work may be noted here—her astounding literary fecundity and her even more astounding versatility. No living writer has written so much and yet kept such a high level of excellence.

No. IX.—PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, President of the United States of America since 1901, was born in New York on October 27th, 1858. Coming of old Knickerbocker stock on his father's side, he can further lay claim to Scotch, Irish, and Huguenot ancestry, and it has been said of him that he unites in his person some of the best qualities of these different nationalities. He is, however, above all things distinctly American.

His life-story would make an excellent book of adventure, though perhaps there was little in his early years to foreshadow the strenuousness of those that followed. As a boy he was considered too delicate for school, and received his tuition at home; but, having come off second-best in an encounter with a boy of his own age and size, he promptly took his own physical development in hand and imposed on himself a rigorous course of training, with the result that when he went to Harvard a few years later he was able to present as sturdy a front as any undergraduate there.

From a] AGE 8. *[Photo.*

He graduated in 1880, and then, crossing the Atlantic, spent a short time at Dresden University, and also visited Switzerland, where he climbed the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn and was elected a member of the Alpine Club.

Returning to New York he went into politics, and became a member of the New York Legislature in 1882. In 1883 he was already at the head of the Republican minority. When in 1886 he stood for the Mayoralty of New York he was defeated, it is true, but he secured a larger number of votes than had ever before been given to a Republican candidate.

AGE 22.
From a Photo.

He is next to be found on the banks of the Little Missouri, in the Bad Lands of Northern Dakota. Here he built a log-house and lived the life of a cowboy, ranchman, and sportsman, gathering material, meanwhile, for his numerous books.

In 1889 politics claimed him once more. He became a Civil Service Commissioner, and started on a long and hard campaign against corruption. His endeavours were concentrated on the establishment of the merit system as opposed to the shameless traffic in votes and places that marked the Legislature of that period. Idlers and dishonest politicians soon learned to hate him.

When in 1895 he was called to the Presidentship of the New York Police Board a fresh field for reform awaited him. The police force had, under Tammany, become little better than an agency for blackmail and extortion. Mr. Roosevelt set to work to turn it into what it was originally intended for—an instrument for the preservation of public order and security. Herculean as the task was, he accomplished wonders during his tenure of office.

In 1897 he became Assistant-Secretary to the Navy, and to his foresight may be accredited the absolute preparedness of that service when war broke out between the United States and Spain. But he was not content with this. On the outbreak of hostilities he at once threw up his post, and raised, drilled,

and led a body of cavalry, famous ere long under the name of Roosevelt's Rough Riders.

He returned to New York the following year a national hero, and was elected Governor of the State.

The Colonel's nomination as Vice-President was due to his opponents, who hoped by this means to shelve him, having found his energy and popularity as Governor too great for their own personal convenience. To what extent they over-reached themselves the tragic happening of September, 1901, made manifest, when the man they hoped to have rendered innocuous stepped into the President's Chair. He was not formally elected until the expiration of his predecessor's term of office in 1904, when he was returned by a record plurality of votes.

AGE 26.
From a Photo.

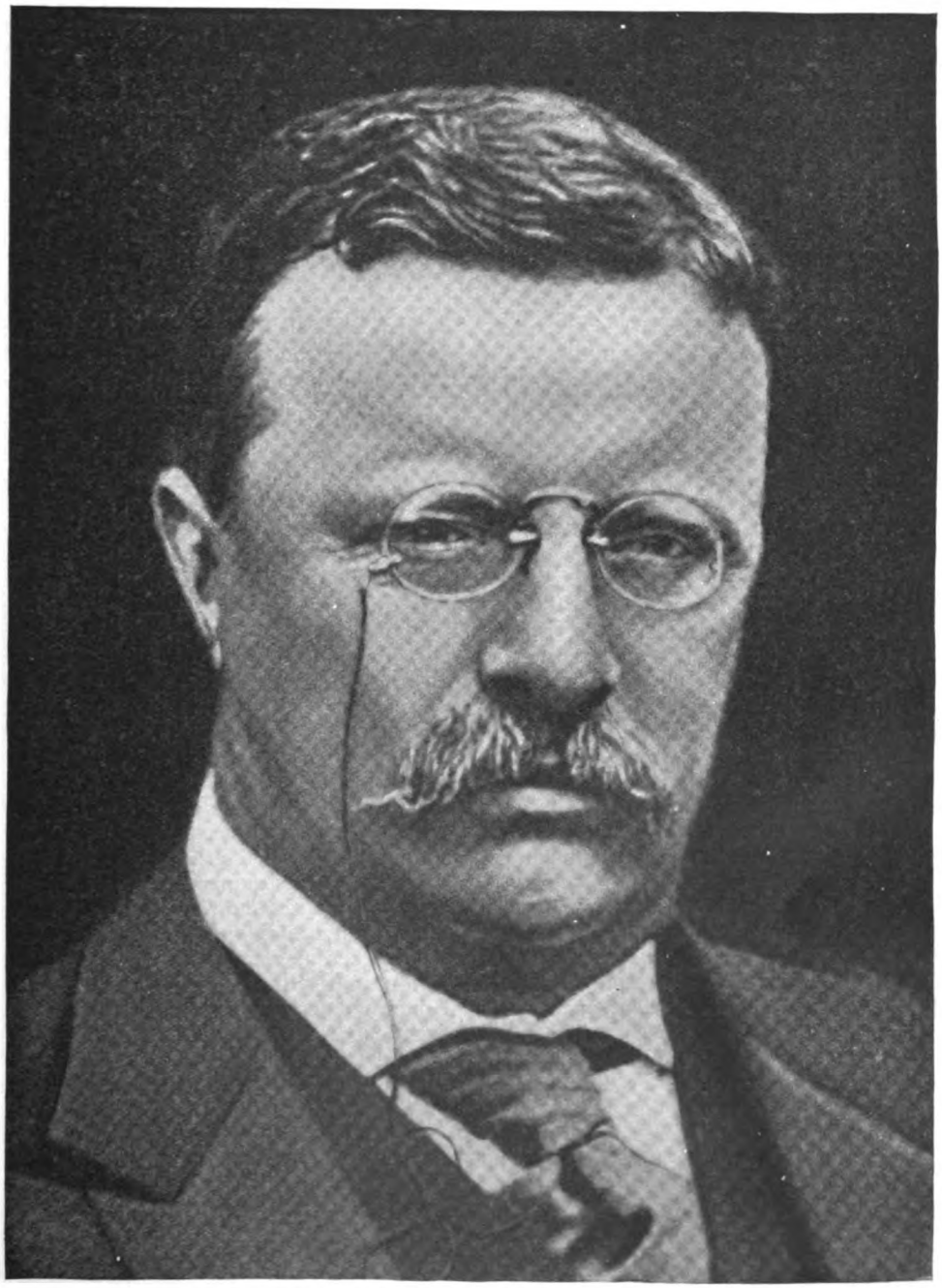
From a Photo. by] AGE 30. *[P. Mook.*

Mrs. Roosevelt, who is an ideal statesman's wife, was a Miss Edith Kermit Carow, and the marriage was celebrated in 1886 at St. George's, Hanover Square. They have four sons and a daughter. Miss Alice Roosevelt is the child of a former marriage.

President Roosevelt is the author of numerous books on historical and sporting subjects. They are distinguished by straightforwardness and simplicity of diction, and imbued with much of the writer's rugged strength.

He has been through innumerable hair-breadth escapes, and in particular an encounter he had with a grizzly bear in Idaho has become almost historic. Riding, boxing, and big-game hunting are his favourite recreations. Indeed, he is virile in all his tastes. His is the doctrine of the "strenuous life," and he lives up to it. "Do something," says an old proverb; "do good if you can, but do something." President Roosevelt has done a good deal, and he has done it for the good of his country.

From a] AGE 33. *[Photo.*



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—PRESENT DAY.
From a Stereograph by Underwood & Underwood.

The Eyes of Animals.

By C. J. Cornish.

THE eyes of the different races of mammals have been the subject of one of the most beautiful and novel series of observations lately made by any Englishman. The author is Mr. G. Lindsay Johnson, M.D., who for seven years devoted himself to examining the eyes of nearly all the classes and families of those creatures which have warm blood and produce living young. This was done in every case when the animals were alive and without injuring them in any way, though in order to see into the interior of their eyes the delicate instrument known as the ophthalmoscope was used, which often has to be placed very close to the eyeball, while the interior of the eye itself is illuminated by a beam of artificial light.

He examined no fewer than one hundred and eighty-two species, and out of the eleven orders from man downwards into which mammals are divided only two were omitted —the whales and the "sirenia," or manatees. Among them, besides the white and the black races of mankind, were the great apes, the smaller monkeys, the marmosets, the lemur, the seal, the small carnivora such as the genets and skunk (how the latter was accomplished we are not told), the black bear, the racoon, the lion, the lynx, the puma, many of the weasels, the hyena, wolves, many kinds of domestic dogs, bison, deer, gazelles, pigs wild and tame, beavers, squirrels, and mice, chinchillas, opossums, kangaroos, bats, and the egg-laying mammal, the echidna.

Some of the animals were fastened in nets while the examination was going on, and some were put under anæsthetics. But the majority were coaxed into keeping still, and allowing their eyelids to be kept open, while the ophthalmoscope was used. The pupil was widened as in any ordinary oculist's examination, by dropping in cocaine. It might have been expected that as they were all mammals, and the general appearance of their eye does not greatly differ from that of human eyes, their powers and structure would have been much alike. Instead they were extraordinarily different. Perhaps the most important part of eyes in general is the retina, or reflecting surface at the back, on which the images from the lens in front are thrown. Comparing the eye to a rounded acorn in its cup, the front, which we see, *i.e.*, the "white of the eye," with the pupil and the iris, containing the arrangement of lenses and the liquid parts, may be considered as the acorn; while the back of the eye, or retina, is the cup. The stalk by which the cup is fastened to the branch would represent the optic nerve, which takes the picture to the brain. The inner part of this cup is the part which receives the picture.

It was to the comparison of this retina in the different mammals that most attention was paid. The ophthalmoscope shows that it is coloured in a most extraordinary way, with the widest possible differences in different animals, but with strong likenesses in animals that are related; so that if any *one* organ could safely be taken as showing their connection and degrees in the scale of life, possibly this might. The retina of a white man's eye is scarlet, orange, or vermilion; the back of a Nubian's eye is chocolate brown, but both are marked by a number of lines or blood-vessels which correspond strictly in both. The retina of the eye of a chimpanzee is almost exactly like that of a Nubian negro, the colouring being the same, and this holds good of all the anthropoid apes. There is a further very interesting correspondence between the eyes of men and of the anthropoid apes and the monkeys. On the back of the human eye is one well-marked circular spot darker in colour than the rest. In a European it is like a scarlet wafer on a rather lighter red ground, and in a Nubian like a dark chocolate wafer on a rather lighter ground. The surface of this small disc is the only part of the eye which gives absolutely *true* pictures.

Strange to say, among the mammals only man and the apes and monkeys possess it.

COW. ANTELOPE. CHIMPANZEE. CAT. DOG.

A COMPARISON OF EYES.

It may well be that other mammals than man need it not, for they have not to use their eyes for minute examination and discovery. But the fact remains that the eye of man, and of those feeble imitations the apes, alone has the possibility of seeing and recording with absolute visual truth.

How very different some animals' eyes which look very like human eyes are from those of man was shown by further examinations. The retina of the eye of an Australian fruit bat, for instance, is uniform yellowish pink, merely dotted over with dark marks, and is about as unlike the corresponding part of a white man's eye as a pattern made by a charge of shot on pink paper is from a dark-veined piece of red agate. The back of a seal's eye is pale yellow, that of a hyena emerald green veined with red, while that of the African elephant is like a plate of boiled brownish rice. In a Canadian beaver it is like scarlet and brown moss-agate.

THE HEAD OF A GIRAFFE, SHOWING THE PROTRUDING EYE.

Speaking generally, the results seem to show that man has far the best sight among mammals, and the apes and monkeys the next best, but that neither the power of sight nor the mechanical means for using it are as a rule anything like so good as man's in most others of the class, though the seals have a most effective mechanism for adapting their eyes for sight either in the air or under the water, which works instantaneously. For instance, very few except man and the monkey *move their eyes* when they want to see something fresh or something in motion. They swing their heads round instead. Sometimes, as in the case of the giraffe, the eyes protrude so far that the animal can take in a wonderful extent of vision, while the skull is provided with grooves at the back so as to let them see *behind* them. If the eyes do not move in the sockets they cannot bring both eyes to focus on the same object, and their judgment of distance must be poor. Many of their eyes in what is to them their proper condition contain what in man would be at once pronounced by an oculist to be defects at birth, rendering the eye imperfect. One curious defect which often appears in the eyes of twins, but is lost almost a week after their birth, is regularly seen in the eyes of *all* hoofed animals and several of the larger rodents. Many of the nocturnal animals also go blind when exposed to the light by day, the blindness being caused by a gradual darkening of the retina until sight is lost.

It is a most extraordinary fact that while some animals in their progress upwards from the egg and embryo to the perfect form develop eyes, or show them in successive stages of improvement, some others *lose their eyes*, because they reverse the process and degenerate, the full-grown creature being very much lower in the scale than in the earlier stages of its life. The best examples of this are some common sea creatures called "ascidians," more familiarly "sea-squirts." They are very little better than living sacks, which suck in sea water and squirt it out, and so lead a very "low" life indeed.

But these creatures began life as *tadpoles*, with apparently all the glorious possibilities before them which a frog-tadpole enjoys. In other words, they would be expected to change from gill-breathing tadpoles with tails into frogs with no tails and lungs. The ascidian tadpole's story "contains all the morals that ever were taught and points an example as well." It gives up movement and sticks to a rock, instead of swimming about, and, therefore, gradually ends in being a miserable sea-squirt. But the loss of its eyes and the history of its eyes generally are most curious. It starts in life as a "vertebrate," *i.e.*, an animal with a backbone. But the vertebrates, from men to tadpoles, originally had, some two eyes, some only one eye, but that eye *was in the brain.* All other animals but the vertebrates, as they progress from the original egg, develop their eyes outside, on the skin.

"It is easy to understand," says Professor Ray Lankester, in describing these ascidian tadpoles, "that an organ which is to be affected by the light should form on the surface of the body where the light falls. But it has long been known as a very puzzling and unaccountable peculiarity of the vertebrates that the retina, or sensitive part

of the eye, grows out in the embryo as a 'bud' of the brain, and thus forms deeply below the surface and away from the light. The ascidian (sea-squirt) tadpole helps us to understand this, for it is perfectly transparent, and has its eye actually *inside* its brain. We are thus led to the conclusion—and I believe this inference to be now for the first time put into words—that the original vertebrate must have been a transparent animal, and had an eye or a pair of eyes in its brain, like an ascidian tadpole. As the tissues of this ancestral vertebrate grew denser and more opaque, the eye-bearing part of the brain was forced to grow outwards towards the surface in order that it might still be in a position to receive the sun's rays."

AN ASCIDIAN TADPOLE AND A REAL TADPOLE.

The use of motor-cars has lately drawn attention to the absence in human eyes of contrivances which exist in great perfection in the eyes of many animals to protect them, and to cleanse the surface from dust and dirt, and especially to enable the birds to travel through the air at high rates of speed without feeling pain or discomfort from the pressure of the air on the eyeball. In our eyes there are several forms of cleansing apparatus. The eyelids sweep down over the eyeball, and being moistened keep it also moist, and brush away dust. Also, besides the protecting eyelashes, our eyes are furnished with a copious "eye-douche" of water which acts automatically and washes out objects which irritate it. But when there is continued pressure, as when the eye has to face the rush of wind in a motor-car, this eye-douche acts too well. The eyes are filled with water, and this is so inconvenient that, as we have had no time to "develop" natural eye protectors, everyone wears goggles.

The birds, which go as fast as a motor through the air, would be equally uncomfortable if they had an automatic eye-douche. Instead of it their eyes are fitted with a "spring shutter" of the finest skin, like gold-beater's skin, which they can "wink" across their eye, and cleanse it instantly, if any dust gets in. Their eyes work as "dry plates" instead of "wet plates." The skin shutter, which disappears in the corner of the eye when not wanted, is called the "nictitating membrane." Some birds have a lower eyelid which they draw up over the eye, from below, when asleep.

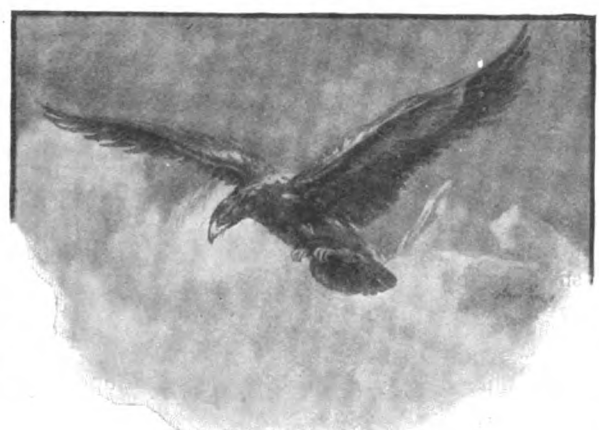
Until lately it was stated that below the apes and monkeys in the scale most mammalian animals have this "spring shutter" to cleanse their eyes, placed at the inner corner of the eyeball, and working horizontally across the eye. More recent and careful examination shows that the marine mammals do not possess it at all, *i.e.*, the seals, whales, and dolphins, and that in most of the land mammals it is not properly developed, or is not capable of movement. In other words, it is on its way to disappear, or to become useless except among the hoofed mammals. As these are constantly grazing, with their heads down among various spiky plants, or among the seeds of grasses which easily get into their eyes, the use of the extra eye cleaner and protector is obvious.

AN EAGLE'S EYE, SHOWING THE NICTITATING MEMBRANE.

The colour which gives such beauty to most eyes is confined to the iris, and when we speak of "black eyes or blue eyes, hazel or grey," it is the irises to which we really refer. It is a curious fact that birds and reptiles have irises of all kinds of colours, often very brilliant. But the mammals have invariably some shade of brown or orange,

with the exception of man, tame cats, a very few dogs (*i.e.*, when they have "wall eyes"), and albinos, which have ruby-pink irises. A jay, for instance, has light blue eyes, and some of the magnificent parrots which are emerald green have crimson eyes. Those of the crowned pigeon are dark carmine. The falcons and hawks are distinguished by having black irises and yellow irises respectively. Mammals such as deer, giraffes, and the beautiful Jersey cattle, which appear to have black eyes, really have dark brown irises, but with a very large black pupil.

Short sight, as a defect in the eye, is almost absent among wild animals. In examining the eyes of wild creatures by the score, Dr. Lindsay Johnson found very few cases indeed. But among domesticated dogs or horses, or even rabbits, short sight is very common. It is the same among men. No traveller has yet mentioned a case of a short-sighted savage who would benefit by using glasses. The Board schools, on the other hand, are full of short-sighted children.



AN EAGLE IN FLIGHT, WATCHING FOR PREY.

There is very good reason to think that birds are not only not short-sighted, but that many have very long sight, and a power of seeing minute objects as well.

Their eyes are, as a rule, enormously larger in proportion to the size of the head than are those of mammals. Only a part of the eye is visible to us. But the orbit in which it lies is enormous in comparison with the size of the bird's skull. That their eyes often have a power of discernment almost microscopic will, I think, be clear to anyone who has dissected the crops of some, or watched others feeding. The crop of a little partridge killed by a mowing machine was found by the writer to contain, among other things, what seemed grains of black dust. Examined with the microscope they turned out to be tiny seeds of some weed, every one of which had probably been picked up separately by the chick.

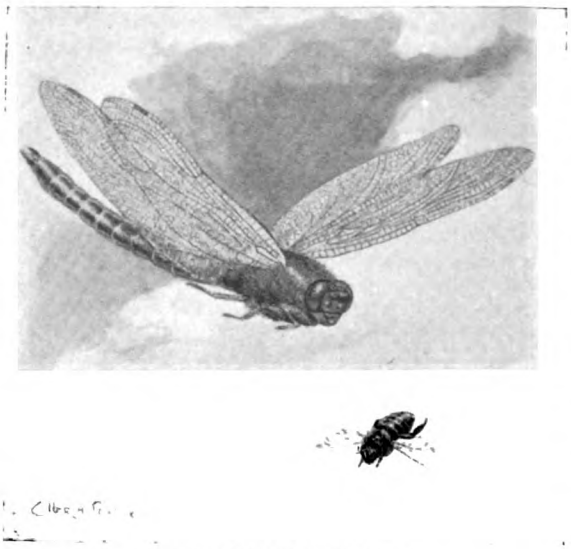
On the coast near Cley, in Norfolk, a northern finch called the "twite" may sometimes be seen feeding where apparently there is nothing but grains of fine sand and minute shingle. It picks up something every moment, evidently seeds of seaside plants scattered where it is pecking. If a few handfuls of the sand and gravel are picked up, or the place is examined by the eyes, no seeds are visible; yet the bird has found numbers.

Their long sight is proved by the use made for centuries of a particular kind of bird by the falconers of Brabant. It is the grey shrike or butcher-bird, *Lanius excubitor* (the sentinel). This shrike is the most important ally of the falcon-catcher. It has a peculiar fear of hawks and falcons, and its sight is so keen that it can detect one of these approaching in mid-air long before the bird is visible to the human eye. Its alarmed chattering at once warns the falconer to get ready to play his part. The soaring carrion hawks and vultures are now believed to find their food entirely by the eyes, though many spend the whole day at altitudes of from three to four thousand feet, and experiments made by Darwin and others show that they find their food by sight, not by smell.

We are so accustomed to rely on eyesight that we can scarcely realize how any creatures which move about and have to obtain food by active exertions can do so when *totally blind*. Yet we constantly find instances of animals which flourish exceedingly in the battle of life which are devoid of sight, while their near relatives, leading exactly the same kind of life, have and use fully-developed eyes. Perhaps the best-known instances are various kinds of ants. In the same community will be found the "workers" which are blind and the soldiers or others which have large eyes, which they doubtless make good use of. Yet the most important and complicated daily work of the nest is done by the blind ants. They have substitute senses,

probably, in their wonderfully sensitive antennæ with which they feel and smell and, perhaps, hear.

But the whole question of the eyes of insects is beyond knowledge at present. We know what they look like and how they are made; but not how they use them. In man and all the vertebrate animals the picture is carried to the brain by the optic nerve, and the brain discerns and learns what is present in the picture. It learns by practice to decipher these pictures more and more clearly, just as the brain learns to think in figures, or to disentangle problems, by practice. A watchmaker, for instance, who has been looking into the works of watches all his life with a small magnifier screwed into the orbit of his eye will see in an instant bits of dust or hair which an ordinary, untrained person's brain would never notice in the picture presented. But a spider or a dragon-fly has to comprehend what it sees by means of masses of nerves in its back or thorax, and the way in which the pictures are presented or acted upon is absolutely outside our present knowledge. Yet some insects, though not many, have very keen sight. Naturally those which pursue winged prey have most need of this, and if watched it will be seen that some, which live much as hawks live, have eyes as quick as hawks, making allowance for size.



A DRAGON-FLY PURSUING A BEE.

There is a pool in the lovely pine woods behind Claremont which is a noted haunt of dragon-flies, especially of the finest of all, the sapphire-blue *Anax imperator*. These fierce insects fly with wonderful swiftness over and round the pool, chasing and devouring insects on the wing. I once saw one of these large dragon-flies chase a bee. The bee dodged its onset twice, just as a bird does the stoop of a hawk, and began to fly in circles. The dragon darted off sideways, poised itself for a second, and then, judging its distance and timing its stroke to a meeting, it darted across and seized the bee. The noise, as the hard head struck the bee and the metallic wings shivered, was quite audible.

The construction of insects' eyes is, however, well known. It is of two kinds. Some have eyes built up in a great number of cells, each of which contains a microscopic eye. There may be any number of these facets, from two thousand five hundred in the eye of a house-fly to twelve thousand in that of a dragon-fly. Each of these microscopic eyes is believed to convey a part of what is visible to the retina, so by a system of mosaic the insect may receive, and in some cases does probably receive, a fairly good impression of the outside world. What the organ is which interprets the pictures we do not know; but the insect's eye has an optic nerve at

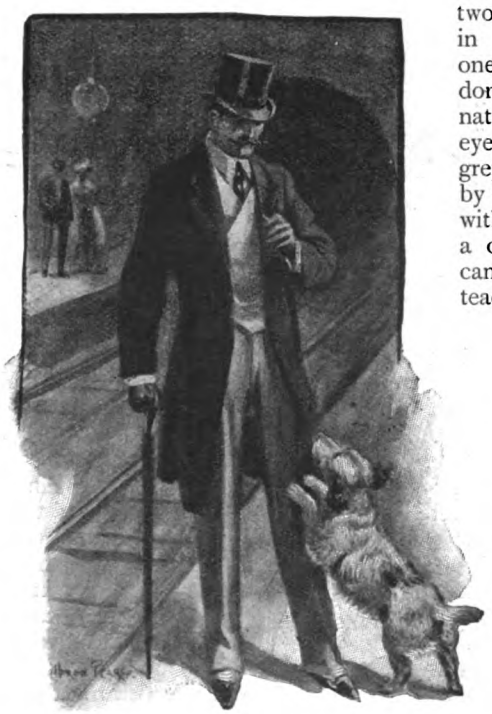
THE EYE OF A BEE. A BUTTERFLY'S HEAD. A PORTION OF A BEE'S EYE.

INSECTS' EYES (GREATLY ENLARGED).

the back, much like that of a mammal. The eye of the larva of a water-beetle, for instance, has a lens on the outer skin, various cells not unlike those in a mammal's eye, and an optic nerve transmitting the impression at the back. The "surface" eye of a sea-worm is quite regular in its construction.

Insects, besides those compound eyes, have usually from two to five "simple eyes," placed sometimes between the compound eyes and sometimes otherwise arranged. A locust, for instance, has two compound eyes and two simple eyes. Spiders, which are not "insects," but more allied to the crabs, have only "simple" eyes, but of these some spiders have as many as eight, of various sizes. The hunting spiders which stalk and seize their prey have evidently keen sight. On the other hand, the blindness of many of the beetles is proverbial. The large dytiscus water-beetles are given to leaving the ponds where they have spent the day, and flying thence by night on voyages of discovery. They frequently mistake the glass roof of a greenhouse for a pond, and descend on it with great force, smashing their wing-cases and stunning themselves. Those insects which have a common nest, such as wasps and bees, from which they go long distances to seek food, and often to bring back stores to the nest or hive, are credited with good sight. But no one who watches the way in which bees "fumble" round the hive if it has been moved a few feet will believe that their eyes serve them well, or that their sight approaches in the remotest degree that possessed by a bird.

"Finding the way" seems to be a separate sense possessed by animals, in which sight need not play a part at all. Dogs, for example, find their way home, or to the neighbourhood in which persons to whom they are attached are living or staying, entirely by *smell*. I will give an instance. A spaniel was brought up to London last year from the Isle of Wight. It only knew two men in London, its master and a friend, who lived also in the island, and who used to shoot with its master frequently when the dog was out, and was a visitor at the house. The dog was taken out in a motor-car to the Brompton Road, and there allowed to get out while some adjustment was made in the machinery. The car went on and the dog did not. It was lost all that day and the following night, though its master made every inquiry. Riding in a motor he left no human scent which the dog could pick up. But next morning the other Isle of Wight friend of the dog's was at the Mansion House station at 10.30, when he felt a dog jump up against him, and behold it was the lost dog! Of the only two people whom it knew in London it had found one. Clearly this was done by scent. A dog naturally hardly uses its eyes at all. Even the greyhound, which chases by the eye, is "unsighted" with ridiculous ease by a clever hare. But dogs can be taught or will teach themselves to use their eyes quickly enough. This is especially the case with mountain sheepdogs, which always have to work with "one eye" on the shepherd, and which when not "on duty" always sit on the top of a stone wall, or in the Highlands on the turf roof of the cottage, to obtain a good look-out.

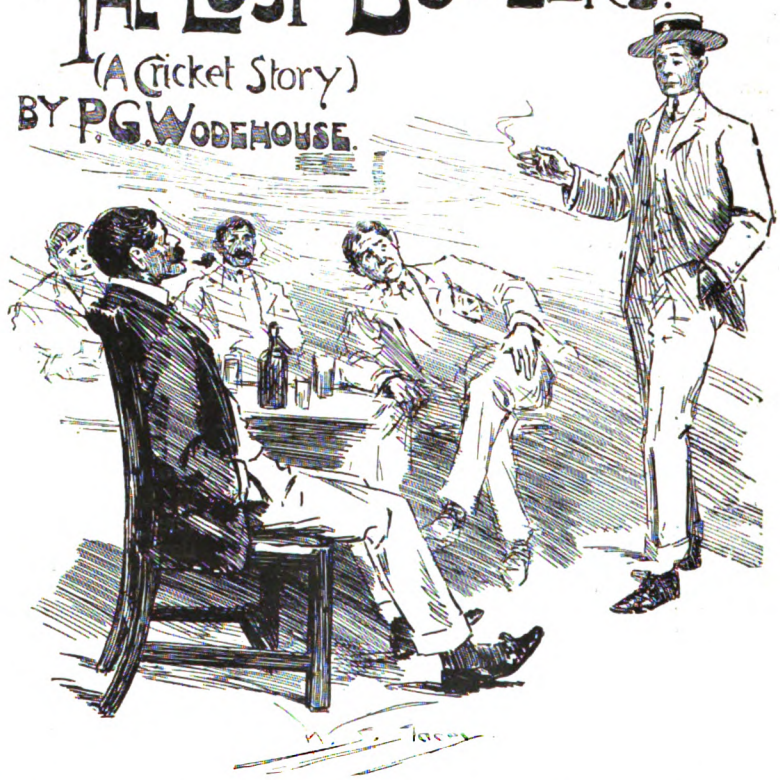


"HE FELT A DOG JUMP UP AGAINST HIM, AND BEHOLD IT WAS THE LOST DOG!"

THE LOST BOWLERS.

(A Cricket Story)

BY P. G. WODEHOUSE.



WE had arrived at Marvis Bay, and were to play the last match of our tour on the following morning. Marvis Bay is in Devonshire. We always take it last on our fixture-list, so as to end happily, as it were. Sidmouth may rout us, and Seaton may make us hunt leather till the soles of our boots wear through; but it is the boast of the Weary Willies that against Marvis Bay they never fail to get their own back. As a matter of fact, we hardly treat the thing as a match. We look on it as a picnic. We have a splendid time—the place is a paradise and the local curate a sportsman to his finger-tips—and the actual game is a treat after the stern struggles of the earlier part of the tour. It is in the Marvis Bay match that I take my annual wicket, usually through a catch in the deep; while Geake, our leg-break artist, generally seizes the opportunity of playing his great double-figure innings, and pulling his average for the season out of the realms of the minuses. Except for the curate, Dacre, who played for Cambridge in the nineties and is a sound and pretty bat of the Jimmy Douglas type, the local team is composed of unskilled labourers. They hit hard and high and in a semicircle. Geake has six men in the country, and invariably reaps a plenteous harvest of wickets. When we go in it is an understood thing among us that every possible risk must be taken, and if a batsman shows symptoms of sitting on the splice and playing himself in, his partner feels it a duty to run him out at the earliest possible moment. I remember one year Sharples, our fast bowler, said he had never made a century, and wanted to see what it felt like, so he was going to play himself in against

Marvis Bay, and take no risks. His statement was coldly received, and on the scoresheet of the match you will find these words are written :—

J. B. Sharples, run out 0

The wicked never prosper.

We were gathered together in the parlour of the only inn the village possesses on the night before the match, very sociable and comfortable and pleased with ourselves. We had come flushed with victory from Seaton, and everything pointed to a delightful game on the morrow. There were no signs of rain. It had been a beautiful evening, and the glass was going up. It was pretty to see the faith we had in that glass. On our last visit, a year back, the thing had prophesied much rain, and we had been unanimous in pointing out that of course no sane man ever thought of trusting a barometer.

Geake had just finished telling us, at considerable length, how he once made twenty-three not out in a house match at Malvern (which none of us believed) when Sharples strolled in.

He wore a cynical smile.

As a rule this smile of his is the forerunner of some bad news. He is apt to come up just before the Seaton match and tell me that he has strained his heart, or a lung, or something, and cannot possibly bowl a ball. But, as the match the next day was only against Marvis Bay, it seemed impossible that any bad news he might have could really matter. Even if he could not bowl for some reason it would not be particularly serious. Our changes were capable of getting Marvis Bay out.

However, I thought it was my duty, in my capacity of captain of the team, to hear all that was to be heard.

"What's the matter, Sharples?" I asked.

He shook his head pityingly.

"See," he said—"see how the little victims play, regardless of their fate."

One of the little victims, Gregory, our wicket-keeper, flung a bound volume of the *Farmers' Magazine* at him.

He caught it high up with one hand.

"I'm in rare form," he said, complacently. "I can see anything. Good job too. We shall need good fielding."

"Sharples," I said, "you've got something up your sleeve. Out with it, or get out. You're frightening Sanderson."

Sanderson, our nervous batsman, was already beginning to quake like a jelly caught in a storm.

"What's up, Sharples?" said several voices.

Our fast bowler condescended to explain.

"As I was coming up the street just now," he said, "I suddenly noticed a horse shy violently. And next minute I saw the reason. A little shrimp of a man with a face like a music-hall comedian was coming towards me. Do any of you know Wix? Apollo Wix?"

"Plays for Somerset," said Sanderson.

"He do," assented Sharples. "And likewise does he play—on occasion and by special request—for Marvis Bay."

"What?" I shouted.

Sharples's smile became a grin.

"James, my gallant skipper, I speak the truth. Wix, who, I may point out, is eighth in the first-class averages, has come down here all for love of us to play against the Weary Willies."

Our jaws fell. We had been looking forward to a gentle, go-as-you-please village game. With Wix against us we might have to go our hardest to win.

"Haven't Somerset a match?" asked Geake. "I thought they were playing Gloucestershire."

"Not till Monday, Gloucestershire. They are free till then. Hence," added Sharples, calmly, "we shall also have the pleasure of playing to-morrow against Jack Coggin and T. C. Smith."

A perfect howl of anguish rose from all corners of the room.

"Wha-a-at?"

"Jack Coggin!"

"What on earth——"

"Who——"

"T. C. Smith!"

"Wix, Smith, *and* Coggin! Good Lord!" There followed a lull, during which I heard Sanderson murmur, sadly, "And the last time I played against Jack Coggin he outed me in my first over!"

"Sharples," I said.

"Sir to you."

"Tell me you're lying and I'll forgive you."

"You pain me, James. I am a slave to truth. Haven't you ever heard that story of me when I was a boy? My father found me cutting down a cherry tree. 'Who is cutting down this tree?' he asked, sternly. 'Father,' I said, 'I cannot tell a lie. It is probably the cat.' You needn't believe what I say, of course. Wix is my authority. Oh, and, by the way——"

"Yes?"

"There is a party of public-school boys down here, reading with a coach. Winchester men. Mere lads, of course, mere lads—nothing more. Still, two of them were in the team this year, and one of the two—Shellick—knocked up seventy against Eton."

The concentrated gloom seemed to make the room quite dark; or it may have been the tobacco smoke.

"Let's scratch," suggested somebody, miserably.

"But look here, Sharples," I said, "I can't understand this. Dacre told me he hadn't got a very strong side."

"No, poor man, he's had disappointments. You see, the Australians have got a match, so he couldn't get Trumper and Noble."

"I believe there's something at the bottom of all this."

"There is," said Sharples, "if you want to know. I got it from Wix, who seemed to think it was so good that he couldn't keep it to himself."

"Well?"

"The man Dacre, who has got a sense of humour which strikes one as almost irreligious in a curate, is putting up a deep jest on the Weary Willies. He has collected all these celebrities, and—this is the point; you ought to laugh here—he is going to play them all under assumed names. You see the rollicking idea? The score of the match will be printed in all the sporting papers, and it will get about that an ordinary village team has beaten the club hollow. We shall never live it down."

"We can explain," said Geake, hopefully.

"Who would believe us?"

"Now, look here," I said, firmly; "this is absurd. We mustn't chuck up the sponge in this rotten way. There's no earthly sense in going into the field a beaten side. Just because they've got a county man or two——"

"Three," corrected Sharples.

"That doesn't necessarily mean that they will win. As a matter of fact, in this sort of game a good club bat is far more likely to make runs than a county man, who's used to billiard-table wickets. They may have a few cracks, but we're far stronger all through."

"I made twenty-three not out once," said Geake. "It was in a house match at Malvern."

"And, hang it all," I cried, warming to my work, "you and Geake, Sharples, are a good enough pair of bowlers to bother any batsman."

"My dear James," said Sharples, enthusiastically, "you make me blush. Your stately compliments embarrass me."

"It isn't only their batsmen," said Sanderson, despondently. "Look at their bowlers. Jack Coggin."

"And Smith," said Gregory.

"Who's Smith?" I said, scornfully. "A man who goes on second change——"

"First change," said Gregory. "And for a first-class county."

"Well, look at our batting," I urged. "There's Sanderson, for one——"

"And me," put in Geake. "I once made twenty-three not out. It was in a house match at Malvern."

"You never know what will happen at cricket," I said. "Buck up, and let's make these Somerset men so sick that they'll stay in their own county another year or hang themselves with the laces of their cricket boots."

"And, in passing," said Sharples, pouring out a measure of whisky and adding a dash of soda-water, "let's drink confusion to the man Dacre—the Rev. Dacre, curate and serpent. May his first ball hit him on the funny-bone, his second wind him, and his third get him l-b-w."

We drank the toast with considerable enthusiasm.

The inhabitants of Marvis Bay turned out in force to see us massacred. The curate's low plot had probably become public property, for there was an alert air about the crowd as of those who expect amusement in the near future.

"You've got some new men in your team, I see," I said to Dacre. I wondered whether Wix had told him that he had informed Sharples of the state of affairs.

Apparently he had not, for the serpentine curate made no confession. Instead, he waved his hand airily, as if to deprecate the attaching of any importance to the changes in his side.

"One or two," he said. "One or two; local celebrities, you know; very keen. You may teach them something of the game."

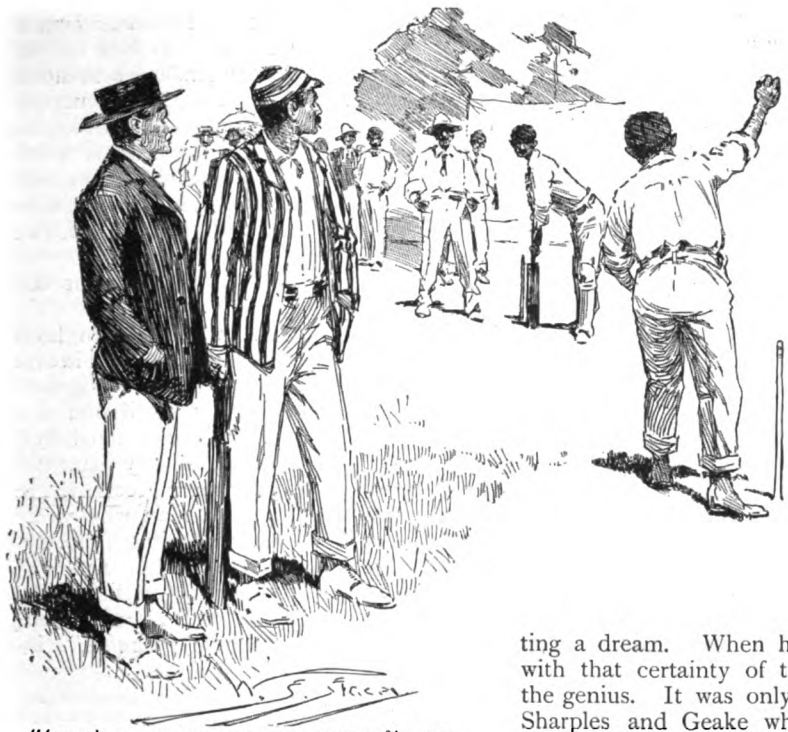
"Stranger things have happened."

I looked round me. To my left Jack Coggin was bowling his celebrated leg-theory balls to T. C. Smith.

"That's one of your new men, isn't it?" I said. "Looks a useful man."

"A very decent bowler on his day," said the curate.

I believed him. A week before Jack Coggin had taken five good Notts wickets for eighty-seven.



"'THAT'S ONE OF YOUR NEW MEN, ISN'T IT?' I SAID. 'LOOKS A USEFUL MAN.'"

"And the man batting? He any good?"

"A tolerable fast bowler. When in form quite useful."

T. C. Smith had been in form ten days ago. On that occasion he had bowled Fry and had Vine caught off him in the slips in one over.

"Ah!" I said. "We ought to have a good game, then."

"Oh, we shall do our best," said he, modestly.

"So," I said, with determination, "shall we."

Of the opening stages of that match I have no very pleasant recollections. They won the toss, and batted first on a wicket which had evidently been prepared more carefully than was generally the case at Marvis Bay. Wix, looking positively hideous, opened the innings with Shellick, the Wykehamist expert, who had that peculiarly competent look which characterizes the public-school man who is a certainty for his "blue" in his first year.

From the moment Wix took guard, and scraped the crease with one of the bails in his cool, unruffled way, our troubles began. Nothing could have been nobler than the struggles of Sharples and Geake. Over after over the former banged them down like a combination of Brearley and Prichard. Over after over the latter tried every trick in his repertory. But all in vain. Wix was superb. He took everything that came to him with the ease which belongs to a man who is morally certain of a place in the English team for the fifth Test Match. His driving was titanic, his cutting a dream. When he pulled, he did it with that certainty of touch which stamps the genius. It was only the fine bowling of Sharples and Geake which kept the score within anything like decent limits. After an hour's play eighty was on the board, and the pair were still together.

Then our luck turned. Geake, who had had a rest and was now bowling again, sent down a miserable long hop wide of the off stump. It was a ball that cried out to be hit. A novice could have dispatched it to the boundary. The vaulting ambition of the Wykehamist did not stop short at a mere four. He wanted six. He hit out much too wildly. There was a click, and Gregory had him behind the wickets.

Two minutes later, by that curious fatality which so often broods over the survivor of a long partnership, Wix, trying an almost identical stroke off Sharples, was caught at third man. Here, therefore, were their two best bats out, and the score under a hundred. We had still to deal with Smith, Coggin, the other Wykehamist, and the dastard parson, but, after all, these were but small fry in comparison. Smith and Coggin were first-class bowlers, but nobody had ever called them first-class bats.

However, they were far from being rabbits. They may have lacked style, but they certainly had vigour. Smith rattled up thirty-three, mainly by means of boundaries, and Coggin took forty. The other Wykehamist compiled a stylish twenty-five. Dacre, to

the joy of the Weary Willies, failed miserably. Sharples shattered him with his second ball, and then and there danced a cake-walk by the side of the pitch.

The rest of the team were our old friends the unskilled labourers. They did their best, and once or twice effected prodigious hits, but Geake got amongst them with slow yorkers, and the thing became a procession. The tenth Marvis Bay wicket fell five minutes before the luncheon interval. The scoring had been unusually rapid, even for that ground, which is small. The full total was two hundred and eleven.

"THEY DID THEIR BEST, AND ONCE OR TWICE EFFECTED PRODIGIOUS HITS."

Not a big score for a good wicket; but with Jack Coggin and T. C. Smith against us we were not riotously optimistic.

We had finished lunch, and I was trying to bring Sanderson to a frame of mind which would render him fit to come in first with me with any chance of surviving a couple of overs, when a motor-car puffed up to the entrance to the ground. It contained one man, who wore goggles and a cap with a peak that covered his nose.

There was a general move on the part of the two teams in his direction. A contemplative inspection of a motor-car is the very thing to round off a cricket lunch. I took Sanderson along with me to look at it, arguing as we went. Sanderson is a beautiful bat, but he has an impossible set of nerves. His flesh creeps when he goes to the wickets, but if he survives a few overs he is worth watching. I had almost succeeded in convincing him that Coggin and Smith were rather poor third-class bowlers when we joined the group round the car. Its owner had removed his goggles, but his face was strange to me.

Smith and Coggin, however, coming up arm-in-arm a moment later, recognised him and greeted him as a brother. He received their greetings calmly and replied to them precisely. He seemed a man who rarely permitted himself to become excited.

"Halloa, Charlie!" said Smith.

"How's things?" inquired Coggin.

"Middling," said the new-comer.

"Is that the motor?"

"That is the motor," replied he, with the precision of an Ollendorff.

Smith climbed into the vacated seat. Coggin was inspecting the rear of the machine. Its owner eyed them without emotion. The motor continued, as Sharples pathetically put it, to throb as though its little heart would break.

Coggin now proceeded to clamber carefully over the body of the car.

"Don't cut the leather with your spikes," said Charlie.

"Right ho," replied Coggin. "What's this thing for?" He touched a lever with his hand.

"That sets the thing going," said Charlie.

Instant attention on the part of T. C. Smith.

"What—this?" he said.

The owner nodded, and the next moment, without warning, the car bounded forward down the road. That same instinct which prompts a man to touch wet paint to see if it really *is* wet had induced T. C. Smith to pull the lever.

Our first impulse, on recovering from our surprise, was to laugh. The sight of Jack Coggin hanging on to the back of his seat was humorous.

Then the serious side of the thing struck

us. One or two of the group made a half-hearted dash down the road, but stopped on realizing the futility of giving chase. Assistance was out of the question.

"They're all right," said the owner of the car, without emotion, "if they know how to steer; and it's simple enough. Yes, there they go round the corner. They're all right."

A buzz of conversation began. We all discussed the incident at one and the same time. The only person who made no contribution to the discussion was Charlie. He lit a cigar.

Dacre pulled a watch out of the pocket of his blazer.

"We ought to be starting again soon," he said. "It's nearly three. When do you think those two men will be coming back?"

Charlie blew the ash off his cigar.

"That," he said, "I can't say. I doubt if either of them knows how to stop the car."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Dacre. "Then you mean to say they will go on——"

"Till the thing runs down, I suppose."

"And when will that be?" I asked.

"Why, I couldn't say exactly. They've got enough petrol to take them — oh, say fifty miles."

"Fifty — miles!" gasped Dacre.

"Call it forty-five," said Charlie, making a concession.

"Shall we start?" I asked, suavely. "Are your men ready?"

Dacre passed a handkerchief over his forehead. "But — but— but——" he said.

"You had better play two substitutes."

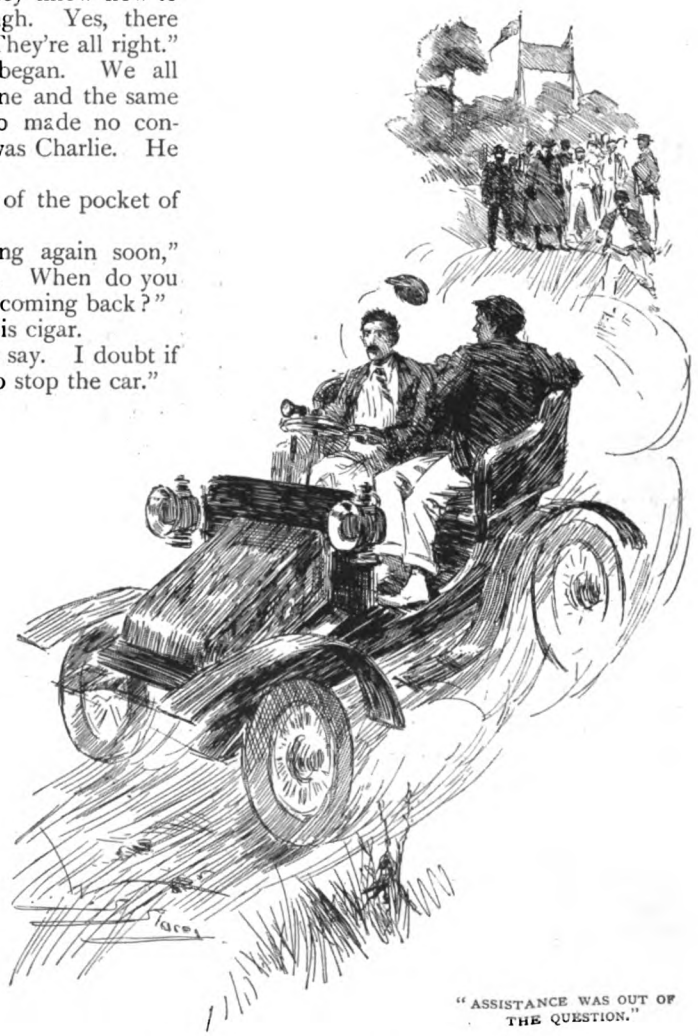
"But——"

"After all," I said, gently, "their absence cannot be so very important. As you said, they are merely local talent."

He looked at me with eyes that were full of expression.

"Merely local talent," I repeated.

It was shortly after the tea interval, when our score was a hundred and sixty for three wickets, that a small boy entered the field, bearing in his hand a telegram for the bereaved Charlie. It was signed "Smith," and had been dispatched apparently from somewhere in the middle of Cornwall.



"ASSISTANCE WAS OUT OF THE QUESTION."

"Motor safe," it read. "*Returning* by train. Tell Dacre not wait *dinner*."

It was at that moment, I fancy, that the Rev. Joseph Dacre experienced a fleeting regret that he had ever taken holy orders.

Clergymen have to be so guarded in their speech.

And when, an hour later, the Weary Willies won the match with five wickets in hand, this regret may possibly have become keener.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE.

By FATHER GAPON.

THE present instalment of Father Gapon's story narrates the rapid developments of last year down to the presentation of the famed petition to the Czar, which was followed by the massacre of January 22nd, 1905.

CHAPTER VIII.

I SUPPLANT ZUBATOFF.

A FEW days later I went to Moscow and began to make inquiries about Zubatoff's official labour organization. It soon became clear that it was only a clever trap, constructed by the police in order to separate the working classes from the "intellectuals," and in this way to kill the political movement.

I returned to St. Petersburg, sadder and wiser; and at once began to write a report about Zubatoff's plan. In this I tried to explain that his policy was ill-founded, that it could only demoralize those who took part in the movement, and that the only way in which the labouring classes could really better their condition was that which has been adopted in England—that is to say, their organization in perfectly free and independent unions. I sent this report to General Kleygells, and another report to the Metropolitan Antonius, explaining in the latter that the participation of the clergy in the movement could only bring discredit upon the Church. Kleygells, with whom I had an interview, and the Metropolitan Antonius both pronounced themselves against Zubatoff's policy, and Zubatoff probably learned this, for he became still more anxious to gain my co-operation. His lieutenant, Sokoloff, paid me frequent visits with the idea of converting me. Zubatoff arranged for another interview with me in the house of a friend of his, and there I met several persons who have played a prominent part in the political movement of the last two years. One of them was Miss Manya Vilbushevitch and another Dr. Shayevitch, who were then, under the patronage of Zubatoff, laying the foundation of a so-called Independent Labour Party in South Russia on the same lines as the Moscow association. Another was Dr. Shapiro, one of the leaders of the Zionist movement. Zubatoff apparently gave material help to all these persons, and I summarized his policy in the ancient formula, *Divide et impera*. He was evidently attempting to organize the Jewish workmen under the flag of Zionism, and trying to detach them from the Revolutionary Party, while he was enlisting the Christian workmen under the pretence of a struggle for economic concessions, in order to separate them also from political action. This showed, indeed, that he was a man of considerable intelligence; and, believing as I did that organization was the first essential for the future of the masses, I could not but admire the ingenuity and boldness with which he had gone to work.

Then, for the first time, there arose in my mind the question whether it might not be possible, by pretending adherence to Zubatoff's policy, to attain my own end of a genuine working-class organization. But I was very much afraid of besmearing myself; and, therefore, when they asked me for my formal adherence, I answered that I still wished to think the matter over.

At last the St. Petersburg Workmen's Association was formally established. I attended the inaugural meeting, but not in my priest's dress, so that I should not be formally associated with the service, which I had been pressed to do.

Shortly afterwards the work of lectures and meetings began in the suburb Viborgskaya Starona, one of the workmen's quarters. I took no active part in it, but I went twice to see what was going on. During these lectures the employers, and especially the Government, were put in the best light, and every effort was made to reconcile the workmen with the present order of things. I asked my friends of the Haven to attend and watch what was going on and to report to me.

The spring of 1903 came, and I was very busy with preparations for the coming examinations at the Academy. I worked hard and duly passed, and wrote the essay for the Theological degree, which I successfully took. Then the question arose—what next? The rector hinted that it would be good for me to enter a monastic order, which is the more important and favoured branch of the clergy in Russia, and holds all the highest positions. But I flatly refused, for reasons of which I have already spoken. During the summer I took a little room in the Vassili Ostroff—19, Church Street—for nine roubles

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(eighteen shillings) a month, and limited my expenses, apart from this rent, to ninepence or tenpence a day. I was very much inclined to abandon the priesthood altogether; but, as I thought it would give me easier access to the workmen, I decided not to do so until I had succeeded, and I began to look for a parish in St. Petersburg.

Gradually there was ripening in my mind a plan for influencing the Workmen's Association organized by Zubatoff in such a way as to completely paralyze the efforts of the Political Police to use it as a buttress of the Autocracy, and to direct it into altogether a different channel. If I had had any faith in the genuineness of Zubatoff's intentions, it had by this time absolutely disappeared. Once he invited me to his apartments, and during our conversation a telegram was brought in, describing the general strike in the South of Russia, which had then just broken out, and which in the beginning was actually organized by his agent, Dr. Shayevitch. As he read the telegram the benevolent face of Zubatoff suddenly changed its expression, and a savage fire flashed in his eyes as he hissed, "Shoot them down, the villains." The serpent showed at last, I thought.

FATHER GAPON AS A YOUNG MAN.
From a Photo.

My workmen friends also at this time reported to me that they had heard of three persons who had spoken at the meetings of the association being arrested. Still I decided to use Zubatoff for my own purposes. One day he invited me to come and see him, and again asked me whether I would not help him. In particular, he wished me to write a report to M. de Witte, who was then Finance Minister, about the meetings of the association, the idea being to impress him with the value of the movement. "The report," said Zubatoff, "must be written as though the men themselves had done it. De Witte may be of great help to us, and you might show him that a professional organization of the labouring classes would be consistent with his own ideas of the policy of the State."

I agreed to write a paper of the kind, not as a member of the association, but as a private observer, basing myself upon its minutes, which were given to me for the purpose. In the course of a long conversation Zubatoff made his own purposes quite clear. De Witte, who has been the great author of the Protectionist system in Russia, and the connected system of State regulation which has produced an enormous artificial growth of commerce and manufactures in the Empire in recent years, was entirely on the side of the employers; and Zubatoff wanted to secure his sympathy.

When our conversation ended Zubatoff took out of his desk two hundred roubles (twenty pounds) and offered them to me with a friendly smile as a fee for my work upon the report. I dared not refuse altogether to accept this money, lest I should make him suspicious; and so, saying that it was too much, I took only one hundred roubles.

The reader who is calmly considering this story in the light of the peaceful and law-abiding feelings of a citizen of a free land may wonder that I should have consented any longer to associate myself, even in so slight a way, with so dubious a venture as this, now that I began to see its real nature. But, filled as I was with disgust the more I saw of Zubatoff's movement, the peculiar and desperate character of the position of the mass of my poor countrymen still more painfully oppressed me. The very existence of this movement shows how little Russian conditions can be judged by Western standards. In no other civilized country, I suppose, would it be possible to conceive the heads of the police, with the patronage and authority of the most powerful Ministers of the Sovereign, deliberately undertaking to organize a labour movement, and even going so far as to organize great strikes, solely with the object of "dishing" the natural leaders of the working classes, and so keeping the industrial movement under their own control.

It was clear to me that my countrymen

would never be in better conditions of life until they were organized; and it appeared to me—and this belief has been confirmed by what has since happened—that, whoever commenced that organization, it would in the end become a genuine labour movement, because the intelligent members of the working classes who had been enlisted would ultimately get the upper hand. That is why, after much anxious thought, I decided that, distasteful as it might be, I ought to take part in this beginning, and to endeavour, using Zubatoff as a tool, gradually to get the control of the organization into my own hands. By affecting to help these servants of the Autocracy I should get complete freedom in my own relations with the working men, and I should not be under the perpetual necessity of hiding my movements from police spies. It was only too evident that the declared Revolutionists would have but little influence among the masses of the people, because they always had to work secretly in small circles of selected workmen, the body of the people remaining untouched. As a priest, on the other hand, I had a great advantage in coming closer into contact with the people. I believed that, by first organizing them for mutual help under the protection of the authorities, arranging at the same time secret societies of the best workmen, picked out for the purpose, whom I could educate and use as missionaries, I could, little by little, convert the whole organization to larger ends, until, my own men having replaced the officials of the association appointed by the police, and having won the respect and trust of the general body by their manifest honesty, I should have a group of assistants ready to lead the people when the critical moment came. I knew that, for the time being, I should be shunned by the small parties of political reformers, and should be suspected of all sorts of treachery; but my duty to the working men whom I loved overcame my hesitation.

Several representatives of the Workmen's Association took my report to M. de Witte, according to Zubatoff's desire. The Minister received them, read the report through, and then calmly asked:—

"Did you write this, gentlemen?"

"Yes," they answered.

"Then you ought to become journalists," M. de Witte replied; and with these words he dismissed them.

Zubatoff's plan of enlisting De Witte's help in this way failed; but, a little later on, M. de Plehve, by a series of intrigues, completely supplanted his rival in the Czar's favour, and became omnipotent. At this time—the spring of 1903—Zubatoff's organization in St. Petersburg had not been very successful, partly because some of the factory hands in Moscow came over and told their comrades that it was a police trap, partly because some professors who had at first promised to speak to the men now refused to do so, fearing public criticism, and partly because members of the Revolutionary Party came to the meetings and put annoying questions to the speakers. All this was very unpleasant for Zubatoff; and, besides, he had a number of enemies.

On the 8th of May, 1903, five artisans whom I knew to be honest and intelligent men came to me at the Academy. One of them, Vassilieff, marched beside me at the head of the procession on the fateful 22nd of January last, and was killed at my side; the others being still alive, I am unable to mention their names. They argued with me at length to show the necessity of joining Zubatoff's organization, in order to capture it for our own use. We met again at the lodging of one of them, and after a long discussion I yielded.

There and then we organized ourselves into a Secret Committee.

I afterwards went to see Zubatoff and told him that I was ready to help him actively, but he must promise me that absolutely no arrests would be made among the members of the association, as otherwise the work would be compromised and would fail, especially in view of rumours of arrests of members in Moscow.

Zubatoff gave me his word, and I hasten to add that so long as he was in power it was kept.

I then proceeded to organize a group of future leaders, consisting partly of Zubatoff's men and partly of members of my own committee, and prepared them for their future work by a series of private discussions.

I do not know how long I could have succeeded in soothing Zubatoff, though, in spite of all his detective capacities and his bold policy, he was in certain ways a simpleton. At this moment, however, Fate came to my aid and brought the reign of this great police agent to an abrupt end.

He invited me about this time to dinner at the house of a personal friend, his right-hand man in the hunting down of Revolutionists, one Melnikoff. There I was introduced to General Skandrakoff, and there

were also present a number of other agents of Zubatoff, including Dr. Gurovitch and Dr. Shayevitch. The latter, during our conversation, vigorously defended the policy of getting up local strikes as a means of keeping hold of the workmen. Zubatoff did not share this opinion, but I understood that he gave his agents a free hand in certain localities, and very soon afterwards some of them put their theories into practice and ruined their own careers, together with that of Zubatoff. One such strike was arranged in Minsk, but the police agents quickly lost control of it, and at last they were removed by the Ministry of the Interior, at the request of the local authorities and the local employers.

In Odessa things went much farther. Dr. Shayevitch, acting through the official Workmen's Association, started a small strike, but it spread like wildfire among the trades of the port, and in a few days scores of thousands of dockers and artisans had stopped work, and the city was in a condition verging on anarchy. Dr. Shayevitch lost his presence of mind completely, refused to lead the men, and hid himself. The authorities of the city and the employers, greatly alarmed and pressed on by Zubatoff's enemies, made a search at the house of Shayevitch, and arrested him. Zubatoff tried to disavow all responsibility for this proceeding, but, unfortunately for him, a letter was found which proved his sympathy with the scheme, and this brought about his fall. Shayevitch was exiled to the northern provinces of Vologda, and Zubatoff himself was deprived of all his posts and exiled to a small town in the central provinces. What became of him I do not know, except that, thanks to the protection of General Trepoff, the present Dictator of Russia, and the Grand Duke Sergius, Zubatoff received a rich pension.

FATHER GAPON'S WIFE (THE LEFT-HAND FIGURE) AND HER SISTER.
From a Photo.

With the disappearance of Zubatoff his St. Petersburg association remained, so to say, in the air. So when—in August, 1903—I was again approached by a deputation of five workmen, members of my Secret Committee, with the request to take the whole work into my own hands, I determined to do so, and at the end of August I proceeded to organize a workmen's society which would embody my own ideas as to the lines upon which real progress could be made toward an improvement in the condition of the masses of the people and the attainment of national freedom.

We had already a nucleus of intelligent workmen to begin with, partly members of my Secret Committee, partly other workmen whom I had picked out during our discussions, about seventeen altogether. We hired an apartment in the Viborgskaya Starona, and arranged it as tea-rooms. A manager, elected by the men themselves for three months, was installed. He continued to work at the factory during the day-time, as the restaurant was open only from 7 p.m. to midnight, and from 2 p.m. on Sundays, and more particularly because he did not receive any pay. Only tea and mineral waters were sold, alcoholic liquors being strictly forbidden. We had for this purpose several small rooms, and a hall for meetings, which were held three times a week. On Wednesdays and Sundays we used to read and discuss books or articles on the labour question; and sometimes I addressed the members on

social and economic questions. Every meeting was opened and closed with prayer. Workmen from outside were cordially invited, and they appointed one of the two men who controlled the restaurant. No doubt the strictness with which our accounts were kept helped in the rapid extension of the popularity of the society.

After a couple of months, when its soundness was proved, I decided to put it on a more solid ground, its existence not yet being sanctioned by the Government, and so being in danger of destruction at any moment. I wrote a report to the Minister of the Interior about the use and necessity of trade organizations among the workmen, and this was presented through the then Prefect, General Kleygells, as is required by the regulations. During an interview with Kleygells I discussed the matter at length. I was also requested to see Lopukhin, Director of the Department of Police, about it. This official, a tall, gentlemanly fellow, with an intelligent face, received me in a very friendly way, and, when I told him that we had no library and were very much in need of books and papers, astonished me by asking me how much money we wanted for this purpose. Afterwards, to my disgust, I received from the Ministry of the Interior a small sum of money, about six pounds, with a strong hint that I should only subscribe to Conservative papers.

IVAN VASSILIEFF, ONE OF GAPON'S LIEUTENANTS, WHO WAS KILLED AT HIS SIDE.
From a Photo.

CHAPTER IX.

FATHER JOHN, THE MIRACLE-WORKER.

IN the meantime I had taken my degree, had rented a small room, and was looking for some position as a priest by which I could earn my living. I had very scanty means, and spent them with the utmost care. I don't know how the Metropolitan Antonius heard about it, but on the eve of Christmas in that year a messenger brought me a little packet from him containing a hundred roubles (about ten pounds) as a Christmas present. The next day I went to thank him for his kindness, and he then offered me a vacant position as chaplain in the Central Prison (*Perisilnye Tiurma*). I sent in the necessary application, and a few days later was informed that, out of many candidates, I had been selected.

We called our society (avoiding that word lest it should excite suspicion) the Gathering (*Sobranye*) of Russian Factory Hands of St. Petersburg. Its stated aims were to strengthen in the Russian workman the national self-consciousness, and to develop his intelligence and his capacity for self-help. As means to these ends the association would organize tea clubs, educational circles, lectures on industrial and general subjects, and groups for co-operative production and distribution; sick, accident, and out-of-work benefit following as soon as possible.

At the beginning of November all the men who had been formerly employed by Zubatoff were unanimously excluded from the society and forbidden to enter the premises. On the 9th of that month, with seventeen members of the responsible circle, I went to General Kleygells to present the rules; and I afterwards often visited the Department of Police to help their passage through the interminable process of bureaucratic sanction. In ordinary cases this process often lasts a couple of years or more, but our constitution came out of the mill after only three months—alas! in a much mutilated condition. The form of our inaugural meeting was then considered, and an old man, whom we called Grandfather Jacob, proposed that Father John of Cronstadt should be invited to lead a solemn service. But this was strongly opposed by the great majority of members, who objected to Father John's miracle-working.

I may interject here a few words as to my several meetings with this remarkable priest. His habit of distributing large sums of money in the streets attracted to Cronstadt a whole population of beggars, who lived in complete laziness, looking only for charity, and losing more and more the habits of honest work. The first time I met him was at the blessing of the new Church of the Olga Refuge. Father John had been invited to lead the service, together with myself and another priest. I closely studied his face. He is a man of rather short stature, short grey beard, keen eyes, abrupt and nervous manners, and nonchalant to a degree. He

was dressed in most beautiful priest's garments. Before the opening of the service a general, covered with decorations, came into the church, and I observed that Father John was a very watchful and practical man.

Next time I met him at the house of a merchant, where a service was to be held. He was preceded by one of a band of twelve lady acolytes dressed in white, whose movements reminded me more of a clown than of a sincere worshipper. Afterwards we were invited to take refreshment, and Father John and I sat down at table, while a crowd of visitors kneeled around us. The priest ate and drank with great gusto, and without any ceremony. I was also hungry, but my attention was soon diverted to the fact that each time my colleague emptied the glass or plate he filled it again and passed it to the nearest person kneeling by him, who tasted devoutly and then passed it on. Thus Father John's plates and glasses made the round of the room. I could not but feel humiliated at this spectacle.

He used sometimes to visit the Academy, where the students simply adored him. I often spoke to persons from Cronstadt, well acquainted with his life; on the whole, their opinion was that his influence and his largesse were very demoralizing. His complete neglect of any radical proposals for the betterment of the condition of the suffering and toiling masses was especially striking. He was in close relation only with the powerful, the enemies and oppressors of the people. The influence upon his work of the twelve lady assistants to whom I have referred, who were generally the wives or unmarried daughters of rich merchants, was not a good one. Each of them had her special week, during which time she really managed Father John's public life, trying to get as many rich houses as possible to solicit his visits at very high fees.

In this way his prayers became a purely commercial business, and he rarely visited the poor. I do not think it was his own fault; I believe that he is a well-intentioned man, but, being very ignorant, he has become, in the political sense of the word, a mere tool of the ruling classes. He is very susceptible to the temptations of advertisement, and, although he distributes immense sums of money, is yet very rich. His subservience is shown in his behaviour after the Kishinieff massacres. It will be remembered that, upon the impulse of the moment, he sent an appeal to the Christian population of Kishinieff, in which he strongly condemned the murder of the Jews; but later on, after being spoken to by the authorities, he sent another letter, in which he excused himself for his former reproaches and accused the Jews of being themselves the cause and the instigators of the massacres.

On April 11th, 1904, the opening ceremony of the St. Petersburg Working Men's Association took place. About one hundred and fifty persons were present, and after various speeches by the workmen and myself there were music and dancing. I now looked with anxiety to the immediate future, but my fears were soon relieved. On the first evening seventy-three members joined and paid their subscriptions, and at the end of the first month there were three hundred members. In spite of repeated refusals, I was elected general director.

At last I had firm ground under my feet for the development of my plans. I gave myself wholly to the organization and extension of the society, being present at all its meetings and forming numerous circles of workmen for the study of history and industrial and political questions. A few University men helped me in this latter work. Great care was taken that the working of the restaurant and the management of the subscriptions should be efficient and above suspicion, while at the same time it should be in the hands of the men themselves.

I had often to go to the managers of the factories and workshops to ask for some improvement in the conditions of labour, to smooth over some undesirable conflict, to find work for unemployed hands, or to get some unfortunate man reinstated. More than once it happened to me to be treated very roughly by employers who did not like such intervention. My little rooms in Church Street were filled morning and night, and sometimes far past midnight, by workmen and their wives or relations, some of whom came to discuss our movement, others to obtain help in their difficulties, and yet others to bring complaints against their husbands or fathers, which I had to try to settle. There was hardly a moment of peace, and yet this was the happiest time of my life.

The best day of all was Saturday, when the members of my Secret Committee, together with some other trusted workmen, gathered in my tiny rooms to talk over our common business. The men threw off their coats and I took off my cassock, and at times the air became terribly stuffy. We talked till the small hours; sometimes, indeed, some of my friends went straight from my rooms

to their morning work. I felt now that life was not aimless or useless; but there was no time to think of myself. Though I received a salary of about two hundred guineas a year from the Central Prison, I spent everything on the society. My clothes were ragged, but what did that matter? The work was going on splendidly. I had given the men an assurance at the opening meeting that the foundation of our society would mark an epoch in the history of the working-class movement in Russia, that if they threw all their energies into it they would build up a great instrument for the salvation of themselves and their fellows. Sometimes I had to go to the new Prefect of the city, General Foulon, who had replaced General Kleygells, and solicit his influence to obtain some concession from the employers. Foulon at first looked askance at me and my society.

"It is all very well," he said, referring to the rules, "but the Revolutionists are sure to go to your meetings and speak there."

"Let them," I replied; "we have no fear of them. We are working in the broad daylight"; and I went on to say that we wanted more than the general sympathy of his Excellency. We wanted him to feel assured that if any men, formerly suspected by the police, were now found in our managing committee it would be because they understood at last that they had better rely on lawful action. Foulon was a simple-minded and kind-hearted man, but was not a policeman by nature or by his former career. He had served in a military post in Warsaw, and got on so well with the Poles there that—this is quite characteristic—he was promptly promoted to the capital. To clinch the matter, I asked General Skandrakoff to support me with Foulon, and the police agent, Gurovitch, also did so. Foulon gradually became more favourably disposed, and I at last obtained from him a promise that no workmen of my society should be arrested, since such arrests would have destroyed all faith in it, and so have forced me to abandon the whole work. How important Foulon's support was to me during the critical events of the next few months will presently be seen.

FATHER JOHN OF CRONSTADT, THE REPUTED MIRACLE-WORKER. [*From a*] [*Photo.*

All this time I was fulfilling my duties at the Central Prison, situated not far from the Cossacks' barracks. In this gaol the prisoners usually live in large common cells, not separately, as it serves as a halting-place for those condemned to exile in Siberia, or those expelled from the capital to their native or other places in Russia. Political prisoners were there rather an exception. The governor was an excellent and intelligent man of German origin. Thanks to his humane treatment of the prisoners perfect order was easily maintained. Organized trades were carried on, the prisoners having a certain percentage of their earnings kept for them till they left. The former chaplain of the prison had arranged meetings of the prisoners of a religious character, but without much success. I continued and extended this work, giving the prisoners an opportunity of discussing some of the questions raised, and introduced a magic lantern to give an added interest. Even among the rougher criminals, I found in nearly all some spark of goodness; for their crimes, the abnormal conditions of life were more responsible than their own wills.

CHAPTER X.

THE ASSASSINATION OF PLEHVE.

SATURDAYS, Sundays, and Mondays I passed partly in the prison and partly at my society, and the other days of each week I devoted entirely to the society. In May, 1904, I sent some of my most trusted workmen to the Putiloff Works, as I thought it was now time to attempt to organize the compact mass of its thirteen thousand hands. At the end of that month fifty men from these works came to our meeting and asked me to organize a similar society among them. This I did. It was the first branch of the mother society. I became chairman of it, giving up the chairmanship of the original society.

Without delay we took a large house outside the Narva Gate, in which there was a hall capable of seating two thousand persons; and, to my satisfaction, General Foulon accepted my invitation to be present at the opening meeting. We sat round a broad

table, myself at the head and the Prefect on my right hand, and after I had said a few words, in the course of which I pointed out that we must not forget that the Government had allowed our organization and our meetings, the General accepted my request to make a short address. Speaking in an abrupt military fashion, he said: "I am happy to see you together in this friendly and intelligent meeting. I am a soldier. Just now our country is passing through a trying period, through a war with a far distant and cunning enemy. To pass through this crisis victoriously the whole Russian nation must unite and give up all its strength for the country. In union is force." This little harangue was greeted with a thunder of applause, which pleased Foulon immensely, and he left the meeting in very high spirits. On future occasions when he was invited to attend the opening of our new branches, he repeated the same speech verbatim. On his leaving I took up his concluding sentence, and spoke with as much force as I could about the necessity of the union of all the workers.

At the end of June, 1904, there were already seven hundred members of the Putiloff branch. My lieutenants had found out all the most influential men of the various workshops, with the object of drawing them into the society. There already existed at those works a so-called co-operative society, under the control of the directors and managers, who extracted great profits from it by selling bad and dear goods, and by getting the workmen into debt and so tying them to their shops. It was, in fact, a thinly-veiled truck system. I explained to our members that this business must be taken into their own hands; and this aim became one of our most popular objects. Revolutionists, especially students, used often to come to our meetings, hoping to break up the society, and to win over the workmen to their own circles. I gave them free access, finding that their arguments increased the interest of our debates, while our best members easily replied to them.

I conceived at this time a design of attempting to organize societies similar to my own in Moscow and other of the great industrial centres in the Empire, from which requests to undertake such an enterprise were frequently reaching me.

I visited Moscow, Kharkov, Kiev, Poltava, and several other towns. I soon found that in Moscow the authorities had been warned, and that there was no chance of my doing anything; but while I was in the city I attended one meeting of the Zubatoff society and spoke strongly against the interference of the police in such a movement. I also visited Gringmuth and met the renegade Revolutionist, Lyeff Tikhomiroff, who produced a very pitiful impression upon me. From what I saw in Kiev and Kharkov it was clearly advisable to make quite sure of the solidity of the St. Petersburg association before expending time and energy on work in the provinces.

Before returning I passed some time in my father's village; and as my finances, thanks to the expenses of the St. Petersburg association, were very much strained, and I needed money also to get a governess for my two little children, I asked my father to mortgage his home and land. This he did, raising a sum of seven hundred and fifty roubles (seventy-five pounds), which he lent to me.

It was at this moment that the telegraph apprised us of the assassination of M. de Plehve, on July 28th, 1904. I, personally, felt rather sorry for the fate of the statesman, whom I had hoped to induce to give us Governmental help in a scheme to enable the working men of the capital to purchase their own houses. I had, also, some respect for Plehve for the strong will and energy which he exhibited, and the intelligence with which he was endowed. The persons to whom I spoke on the matter seemed completely indifferent, though some of them regretted that a great Minister should be cruelly killed. At the moment it did not appear likely that the assassination would bring any change in the policy of the Government. Plehve had been much interested in my work. A friend of mine once heard him say, "I do not think the Revolutionists of any importance, there is nothing to fear from them. What I fear is the Labour Movement. As yet we have two kinds of labour organization, that of Zubatoff, which is entirely in the hands of the police, and that of Gapon, which carefully shuns the police. I do not yet know what their real merits will prove to be."

What would have happened had Plehve survived it is impossible to say. He had been successful for twenty years in repressing every symptom of free life in the Russian people and in punishing those who would have given my country liberty; and yet, with all his success and all his talents of coercion and corruption, the movement of protest and of liberation had steadily grown, until it was now evidently reaching again the explosive point. Certainly, it was very much more easy for me

to deal with the amiable Prefect ; but our genuine labour organization in St. Petersburg was now firmly founded, and even had Plehve lived the crisis must soon have come.

However, I cut short my holiday and returned at once to the capital. Some members of my Secret Committee wrote that dissension had broken out between the leaders of different sections of the association. It appeared also that the Grand Duke Sergius had written to Plehve strongly denouncing me. Luckily the denunciation came too late. Plehve was dead ; the Prefect, General Foulon, was ill, and when he recovered the situation had changed so much that the matter was forgotten, and I had no difficulty in retaining Foulon's friendship.

COUNT VON PLEHVE, ASSASSINATED JULY 28TH, 1904. [*From a*] [*Photo.*

To restore peace among the members of the association, and to increase its prestige, I arranged a grand meeting on August 19th, 1904, in the Pavloff Hall, which is one of the most fashionable assembly rooms in St. Petersburg. The workmen came in crowds, with their wives and children, two thousand in all. I had invited some known artists to sing and play, and by this time we had a flute band. But, first of all, a number of speeches were delivered on the work of the association, and we placed upon a table on the platform all the ledgers, so that everyone might test for himself the honesty and efficiency of the management. General Foulon again visited us, making his way to the platform through a lane of cheering workmen. I knew I could now count upon him. The men and women were no less pleased, for it was the first time in their lives that they had been allowed to enjoy a concert and meeting of an organization of their own in a fine hall in the centre of the city.

From all parts of the capital there now came requests for the opening of new branches ; and, although we had to proceed cautiously, partly for financial reasons, we had in October nine branches, with five thousand paying members, and in the following month eleven branches, with seven thousand members. Two months later, when the general strike began, we had more than twenty thousand members ; and, if our existence had been prolonged a few months further without interference, we would probably have enlisted practically the whole working-class population of St. Petersburg.

Let it be remembered that this was the only substantial labour organization in the country. We rented a large house for each new branch, and I should find it hard indeed to describe the pleasure which the men and their families took in gathering at these centres after the day's work was done. At first the women had been rather opposed to the association, because the men were so enthusiastic about it that they would spend all their time working for it. But presently we arranged that each branch should have one day in the week devoted to women's meetings, and this proved a great success.

An unpleasant incident happened at the opening of the Kolomna branch. General Foulon, who had become more and more interested, sent a photographer to take a picture of the gathering, at which he and I myself attended. I felt extremely reluctant to figure in it, as I then already anticipated a time when trouble would arise, and the police might be only too glad to have such a photograph. However, it seemed better not to suggest suspicions at this point.

After I had blessed the new building with holy water the workmen began the usual ceremony of kissing the cross; and then some of the less enlightened among them proceeded to kiss Foulon's hands, which made me and some of my lieutenants very indignant. For the first time I could not refrain from showing what I felt. When Foulon left I made a strong speech to the men, telling them the story of Dives and Lazarus. In this world, I said, there exists a body of rich and another of poor, which are not at all friendly with each other. Foulon was on the side of the rich, and in his heart could not care a bit for the fate of the poor ; and if he gave some trifling concessions it was only as Dives in the Gospel gave the crumbs from his table to Lazarus. Then I added a few words about the need of preserving one's dignity and manliness.

The branches were now vying with each

other in working for the success of the movement, and for the first time we invited Finns, Poles, and Jews to join us. From its sixth month the association had begun to give regular benefit pay, and we had also organized co-operative centres, where we sold such articles as sugar and tea. The war in Manchuria had dragged on for nearly a year, but had not affected us, so far, as much as some towns in the southern, central, and eastern provinces. At first the workmen, though not showing much interest in the campaign, were to some degree sympathetic with the Russian cause, wishing success for our arms, and some of them being even ready to volunteer for the front. "The Japoshki (little Japs) will surely be soon beaten," they used to say sneeringly. But very soon their attitude changed. The story of the ball at which the Port Arthur officers danced, while the Japs were preparing their first torpedo attack on the imprisoned fleet, leaked out, and provoked much indignation; and later on, when all the abuses, corruption, and inefficiency in both army and navy became known, and when defeat after defeat rewarded the Russian troops for their self-sacrifice, the men began to hate the war, and to criticise more and more boldly the Administration responsible for it. I did my best to enlighten them on the subject, and they laughed scornfully at the wonderful icons when Kuropatkin left for the front.

A much greater influence is to be found in that temporary change in the attitude of the Government and the educated class toward each other which has been called the political spring-time of Russia, and which began with the succession of Prince Sviatopolk Mirski to the old post of Plehve.

In November took place the great conference of the *Zemstvos*, and this was followed by the petition of the Russian barristers for a restoration of law and liberty. I could not but feel that the day when freedom would be wrested from the hands of our old oppressors was near, and at the same time I was terribly afraid that, for lack of support on the side of the masses, the effort might fail. I had a meeting with several intellectual Liberals, and asked their opinion as to what the workmen could do to help the liberation movement. They advised that we also should draft a petition and present it to the Government. But I did not think that such a petition would be of much value unless it were accompanied by a large industrial strike.

I now gathered in my little rooms thirty-two men whose minds were already prepared, and read and discussed with them a programme which we called the Czar's Charter. Considering how recently it had begun, how rapidly the movement had grown, and how suddenly the new public opportunity had been sprung upon us, it was a great advance that we should be thoroughly united and enthusiastic in regard to this programme. We took the matter, indeed, in very solemn earnest, administering beforehand an oath of complete secrecy to everyone present. It was also agreed that, if any of our members were arrested and their liberation was refused, we should support our request by organizing a strike. The public demand for reform was now developing with startling rapidity, but it still seemed to me necessary that our labour petition should not be presented until a critical moment had arrived—such, for instance, as would be occasioned by the fall of Port Arthur, or, better still, by the defeat of Roshdestvensky's squadron, which seemed inevitable; and even then it would need behind it an effective show of united support by the working classes.

At the beginning of December I brought together all the chairmen of branches of our society to consult as to how this larger agitation could be procured. The little handful of freedom-loving men who had hitherto maintained the demand for liberty were, I said, like a small boat wandering on a stormy sea—they would inevitably come to ruin unless the body of the working men hurried to their help. It was necessary, too, that their programme of reforms should be supplemented and modified if they were really to meet the needs of the labouring masses; and then I expressed my view that the Government would only take us seriously if we were prepared to support our representations by threatening them with a general strike of all the workers in St. Petersburg. This opinion was generally shared, and a suitable propaganda was at once undertaken.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BEGINNING OF THE CRISIS.

IT did not then seem that there was any immediate hurry, but events forced us forward unexpectedly. The employers themselves provoked the crisis. The society was strongest, and its members were most enlightened and intelligent, at the great Putiloff Ironworks, where some thirteen thousand workmen are employed. This is considered as the first arms factory in Russia—chiefly

making cannon of large calibre and machine guns—and I believe there are only two more important in the world, those of Armstrong and of Krupp. At the end of December, 1904, four workmen were dismissed, of whom two had been occupied there for about a score of years and the other two for about seven years, without any plausible reason, and evidently only because they were all members of our society. They were simply told by the administration one day that they might go, it being added, "No doubt your society will keep you." For about a fortnight I did not interfere directly in the matter, hoping that the men would be taken back, as every effort was being made to influence the administration of the factory inspectors. When these efforts failed, I decided that it was the duty of the society to espouse the cause of these men, and to stand up for them to the end, whatever might come. If we abandoned them to their fate the authority of the society would be shaken, possibly fatally, and similar arbitrary action would be encouraged; while, on the other hand, if we succeeded in obtaining their reinstatement, our prestige in the eyes of the labouring population would be tremendously increased.

At first I directed the dismissed men themselves to go to Smirnoff, the manager of the works, and to the factory inspector, but they had no success. On January 1st, 1905 (December 19th), I summoned twenty delegates from each branch of the society to a meeting on the subject. At the same time the revolutionary parties were invited to send delegates, and this was the first time they were formally invited and attended our meetings. After a regular inquiry it was decided that the men were unjustifiably dismissed, and three deputations of seven or nine members each were elected to be sent—one to the manager, Smirnoff; one to the chief factory inspector, Tchejoff; and the third to General Foulon, the Prefect. The men showed the utmost enthusiasm and determination.

The first two officials answered us unsympathetically, and even rudely; but General Foulon proved more amenable, and, after I had impressed him with the gravity of the crisis, promised to do his best to obtain satisfaction of our demands.

On the same evening we decided that, if necessary, a strike should be declared, that it should begin at the Putiloff Works, and that if in two days the concessions were not obtained the strike should be gradually extended from factory to factory and from workshop to workshop. In case the negotiations should fail we at once commenced preparations for this eventuality, instructing the men to save what money they could during the coming holidays.

On the morning of January 3rd (December 21st) I went with the four dismissed workmen to the chief factory inspector, again without avail. After a further interview with Foulon it became evident that there remained nothing but to throw the last stake. I hoped, indeed, that a strike in the Putiloff Works would quickly compel the directors to yield, because I knew that at that time they were finishing some extremely important orders for the Government. That evening the men decided in favour of a strike.

It was at this juncture that the news of the surrender of Port Arthur was received. It provoked great indignation among the mass of the people, and the determination to go on with the movement became stronger than ever. Some of the more influential of the Putiloff workmen, whom I gathered together and asked whether they could stop the whole of the works, answered with an emphatic affirmative.

The next three days brought some relaxation. It was the Russian Christmas holiday (December 25th to 27th, Old Style). We arranged Christmas trees in the halls of each of our branches, and more than five thousand children enjoyed this entertainment. Members had the right to bring not only their own children but also the orphans or waifs, of whom there are so many in St. Petersburg, and everyone received some small present, the orphan children getting pieces of clothing. During the evenings we entertained the men and their wives, and many thousands passed through our halls, where there was continuous speech-making, in which the dismissed workmen figured prominently.

I was full of anxiety, feeling that our society was on the brink of a precipice. If we were forced to have recourse to a general strike, we must at least make it an event of national importance and give it a political character. The fall of Port Arthur provided us with a good pretext. I again gathered together my thirty-two lieutenants and told them that I thought the time had now come for the presentation of a labour petition to the Czar. They agreed, and were told to begin an agitation for a general strike, I promising to have a petition ready when the moment came. With every day the enthusiasm of the men grew stronger. On the eve of the Russian New Year I went for the last time

to the director, Smirnoff, and talked to him for three hours in the hope of avoiding the need of a strike, but without avail. At the Central Prison I still continued my work, both the prisoners and the authorities being much interested. I had to take part in the opening of a new prison at Tsarskoye Selo, and I also received an important invitation to take part in a mass in the Central Department of Prisons on January 20th ; but, when that time came, the strike was in full swing, and I was politely informed that the festival was adjourned.

On January 14th it was decided, on my own proposition, that the strike at the Putiloff Works should begin on the following day. It was arranged that first one workshop should stop and the men therefrom should pass in procession through the other parts of the establishment, which would then throw down their tools. Everything happened as we had arranged. At the appointed hour every one of the thirteen thousand men ceased work.

GENERAL FOULON, PREFECT OF ST. PETERSBURG. *From a] [Photo.*

The administration was naturally startled, and even frightened. The manager, Smirnoff, who was very proud of his eloquence, came out to the crowd and, addressing them, said they "had better stop this game" and choose a deputation, some of whose demands he might be able to satisfy. The men replied that they now had a new programme of demands, and that they would only send a deputation on condition that Father Gapon should be one of the delegates. Smirnoff refused to agree to this, and so his appeal failed. He could not resist the temptation to say that I was really the enemy of the men and was leading them to ruin, and this nearly led to a serious scene. A big, dark fellow of the little Russian Cossack tribe, a smith in the factory, drew his knife and advanced towards Smirnoff, who made off very quickly. The captain of police also tried to persuade the men to return to work, but without success.

All this time I was sitting at home in a state of anxious excitement, wondering what had happened. At last I took a droshky and drove to the neighbourhood of the Putiloff Works. On the way I learned the news from one of the strikers, who returned with me. As we drove up to the works we saw a tremendous crowd filling the courtyards and adjoining streets. Cries of "Father George has come!" saluted me. It was impossible to get through the crowd till a way was cleared, and then I mounted a cart and began to speak to the men. All I remember is that I glorified their action, comparing them with an old oak which, after the gloom and frost of winter, is stirred into brisk movement by the breezes and sunshine of spring.

I told them that the eyes of the city were upon them. Their demand for the reinstatement of their comrades, who had been thrown out to starve with their families, was no more than justice, and yet the directors and authorities had rebuffed and threatened them with reprisals. "Have we," I asked, "or have we not, the right to defend our members?" The question was drowned in a roar of applause. I then read over to them from a paper which I had had lithographed the demands which we proposed, in addition to that of the reinstatement of the four men. These were as follows:—

1. The prices for contract work must be arranged, not by the arbitrary decision of the directors, but by mutual agreement between the foremen and delegates of the men. 2. There should be established at the Putiloff Works a permanent committee, representing employers and employed, to decide all complaints, and no man should be dismissed without the agreement of this committee. 3. An eight hours working day. (This demand was not insisted on, but was left for legislation.) 4. The increase of the wages of women to not less than seventy copecks (1s. 5d.) per day. 5. Overtime to be abolished except by consent of the men, when it should be paid at double rates. 6. The better ventilation of the smiths' shops. 7. The increase of the pay of the labourers to not less than two shillings per day. 8. No one must be penalized for taking part in the strike. 9. The men must be paid for the period of the strike.

All the points were received with unanimous acclamation, and on my advice the list was immediately copied for circulation among all the other factories, mills, and workshops of the city. We at once proceeded to organize a Strike Committee, decided to give strike pay indifferently to

members of the society and others, and arranged for collections at the gates of the factories and at meetings. From that day onwards the influx of new members to our branches was tremendous, and we decided amongst ourselves, though it was against the rules officially sanctioned, that all the contributions should go towards the expenses of the strike. Strike pay was given not in money, but in kind. All the branches of the society bought large quantities of tea, sugar, bread, and potatoes for distribution.

CHAPTER XII.

THE STRIKE SPREADS.

OUR plan was that, if in two days no satisfaction could be obtained, a strike should be declared at the Franco-Russian shipbuilding yards and then at the Semianikoff Works, which, together, employed fourteen thousand hands. I chose these two places because I learned that at that time they were carrying out important contracts for the purposes of the war in the Far East.

WORKMEN OUTSIDE THE PUTILOFF WORKS, WHERE THE GREAT STRIKE BEGAN.
From a Photo.

On January 16th General Foulon called me by telephone. He was in a state of great perturbation. He had seen M. de Witte, who had obtained the reinstatement of one of the workmen, and two others of them had also been taken back. As there thus remained only one case, he asked me to stop the strike. I replied that it was too late. It was no longer a simple question of the reinstatement of these men. There were other demands from each of the workshops, and I could now only advise that the Putiloff administration should arrange a conference with the branch chairmen of my society and delegates of the strikers. To guarantee the honesty of such a conference I asked him to give me his word that these delegates should not be arrested or otherwise punished, and, as it was certain that they would ask me to accompany them, that I also should be safe. This General Foulon promised very earnestly. At the same time he confessed that he was puzzled about myself, and reminded me of the denunciation which had been sent by the Grand Duke Sergius.

"You know," he said, "that if Plehve had not been assassinated you would have been exiled from St. Petersburg before now."

I could only reply that I had told him the truth while others had deceived him. "It is in your power to arrest me," I added, feeling that much depended on this conversation for the future of the movement. "And I tell you now that if in two days the Putiloff men have not obtained satisfaction there will be a strike in some other works, and that if then the masters continue in their blind refusal the whole of St. Petersburg will join in the strike. There is a tremendous amount of discontent among the labouring classes. It is at present limited to purely economic grounds. If you do not give some outlet to this explosive feeling there will be worse to follow. But at least do not use force. Do not bring in the Cossacks. There may be in the end a petition from the whole working class of the city to the Czar. Do not be alarmed by it. Everything will be orderly and peaceable. The working class wish only that their voice should be heard."

At the end of our conversation, at my request, the General again gave me his word as a soldier that neither the delegates nor myself should be arrested.

The men at once and unanimously decided, however, that a partial concession could not be accepted.

On January 17th the Government made another attempt to induce me to dissuade the workmen from their action. I was summoned to the head-quarters of the Prisons Administration, the head of which, Mr. Stremouchoff, a personal friend of the then Minister of Justice, Muravieff, in the presence of the Inspector of Prisons, told me that he had been instructed to beg me to induce the men to resume work. He hinted that unless I agreed I should lose my position as chaplain in the Central Prison.

"Is that a threat?" I asked. "If so, I may say clearly that I shall act only according to my convictions."

The conversation ended abruptly by my advising them to do what they thought fit and to leave me to do what I thought fit. On the same evening a deputation nearly one hundred strong, whom I had chosen, waited upon the director, Smirnoff, at the works. In the whole vast premises I saw only two agents of the Secret Police. After a long conversation on various subjects Smirnoff refused all our demands. We warned him that all the responsibility lay with him, and we left the hall, followed discreetly by the spies. We went directly to a general meeting of the men, to which we reported; and it may easily be imagined with what indignation the announcement was received. The men resolved unanimously to stand to the last.

This was the end of the second day of the strike. After another short conversation with General Foulon, in the course of which he said that he could do nothing, I felt that I had done everything in my power to preserve peace, and that now there was no issue but a general strike. As I knew that once that took place my society would be suppressed by the Government, I decided to prepare the petition of which I have spoken and to make other final preparations.

On the following morning, January 18th, the Franco-Russian and Semianikoff Works struck. The men poured into our nearest branches. Any distinction between members and outsiders disappeared, and the society became, by unspoken agreement, the representative and centre of the whole movement. I now invited the leaders of the revolutionary parties to join us in supporting the strike, feeling that any help at such a moment would be valuable. They came to the meetings, and at first the men met them with some animosity, but I used my influence and the connection was established.

The whole of that day and the next I passed in driving from one branch to another, speaking at each; and, as our halls could not hold the crowds that besieged them, they were admitted in relays, and I had to speak four and even six times at each place. On the 20th I made at least twenty, and perhaps thirty, speeches, everywhere developing the principal ideas of the programme which we had accepted in our Secret Committee on the foundation of the society; and everywhere the crowd showed that they understood the subject, seeing by the development of the conflict how political demands follow economic necessities. In the daytime the branches were like so many bee-hives, full of an ever-increasing excitement.

On the night of the 19th I left my home, being afraid that I might be arrested and the whole movement thus brought into disorder. Though Foulon had given me his word of honour for my safety, I did not wish to leave anything to chance. My last visit to my home on that night will remain for ever in my memory. Several of my trusted workmen had gone there in advance to see if the police were not inside, or at least on the watch. Then, the coast being clear, I drove in. There were gathered there several writers and also an English correspondent. I asked these friends to work out a draft of a petition to the Czar embodying the points of our programme. None of these drafts satisfied me completely, but later on, using them, I wrote a petition which was afterwards put forward. It was then that I decided that the people must carry the petition to the Czar.

For the last time I looked at my three little rooms, through which had passed so many of the best of the working men and women, and also so many poor and miserable creatures, and where so many passionate speeches and discussions had taken place. I looked at the big wooden cross which I had bought and kept in my bedroom, and which I loved because it always reminded me of the sacrifice of Christ for the sake of the people. I looked for the last time on the picture of Christ in the Desert which hung on my wall, and at the furniture made for me by my pupils of the Refuge where I was formerly a teacher.

It was with a heart full of grief, but also of unchangeable determination, that I left my house, not to see it again.

(To be continued.)

FOUR PIGEONS

BY

W. W. JACOBS

THE old man took up his mug and shifted along the bench until he was in the shade of the elms that stood before the Cauliflower. The action also had the advantage of bringing him opposite the two strangers who were refreshing themselves after the toils of a long walk in the sun.

"My hearing ain't wot it used to be," he said, tremulously. "When you asked me to have a mug o' ale I 'ardly heard you; and if you was to ask me to 'ave another, I mightn't hear you at all."

One of the men nodded.

"Not over there," piped the old man. "That's why I come over here," he added, after a pause. "It 'ud be rude like to take no notice; if you was to ask me."

He looked round as the landlord approached, and pushed his mug gently in his direction. The landlord, obeying a nod from the second stranger, filled it.

"It puts life into me," said the old man, raising it to his lips and bowing. "It makes me talk."

"Time we were moving, Jack," said the first traveller. The second, assenting to this as an abstract proposition, expressed, however, a determination to finish his pipe first.

I heard you saying something about shooting, continued the old man, and that reminds me of some shooting we 'ad here once in Claybury. We've always 'ad a lot o' game in these parts, and if it wasn't for a low, poaching fellow named Bob Pretty—Claybury's disgrace I call 'im—we'd 'ave a lot more.

It happened in this way. Squire Rockett was going abroad to foreign parts for a year, and he let the Hall to a gentleman from London named Sutton. A real gentleman 'e was, open-'anded and free, and just about October he 'ad a lot of 'is friends come down from London to 'elp 'im kill the pheasants.

The first day they frightened more than they killed, but they enjoyed theirselves all right until one gentleman, who 'adn't shot a single thing all day, shot pore Bill Chambers wot was beating with about a dozen more.

Bill got most of it in the shoulder and a little in the cheek, but the row he see fit to make you'd ha' thought he'd been killed. He laid on the ground groaning with 'is eyes

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shut, and everybody thought 'e was dying till Henery Walker stooped down and asked 'im whether 'e was hurt.

It took four men to carry Bill 'ome, and he was that particular you wouldn't believe. They 'ad to talk in whispers, and when Peter Gubbins forgot 'imself and began to whistle he asked him where his 'art was. When they walked fast he said they jolted 'im, and when they walked slow 'e asked 'em whether they'd gone to sleep or wot.

Bill was in bed for nearly a week, but the gentleman was very nice about it and said that it was his fault. He was a very pleasant-spoken gentleman, and, arter sending Dr. Green to him and saying he'd pay the bill, 'e gave Bill Chambers ten pounds to make up for 'is sufferings.

Bill 'ad intended to lay up for another week, and the doctor, wot 'ad been calling twice a day, said he wouldn't be responsible for 'is life if he didn't; but the ten pounds was too much for 'im, and one evening, just a week arter the accident, he turned up at this Cauliflower public-'ouse and began to spend 'is money.

His face was bandaged up, and when 'e come in he walked feeble-like and spoke in a faint sort o' voice. Smith, the landlord, got 'im a easy-chair and a couple of pillers out o' the parlour, and Bill sat there like a king, telling us all his sufferings and wot it felt like to be shot.

I always have said wot a good thing beer is, and it done Bill more good than doctor's medicine. When he came in he could 'ardly crawl, and at nine o'clock 'e was out of the easy-chair and dancing on the table as well as possible. He smashed three mugs and upset about two pints o' beer, but he just put his 'and in his pocket and paid for 'em without a word.

"There's plenty more where that came from," he ses, pulling out a handful o' money.

"BILL SAT THERE LIKE A KING, TELLING US ALL HIS SUFFERINGS."

Peter Gubbins looked at it, 'ardly able to speak. "It's worth while being shot to 'ave all that money," he ses, at last.

"Don't you worry yourself, Peter," ses Bob Pretty; "there's plenty more of you as'll be shot afore them gentlemen at the Hall 'as finished. Bill's the fust, but 'e won't be the last—not by a long chalk."

"They're more careful now," ses Dicky Weed, the tailor.

"All right; 'ave it your own way," ses Bob, nasty-like. "I don't know much about shooting, being on'y a pore labourin' man. All I know is I shouldn't like to go beating for them. I'm too fond o' my wife and family."

"There won't be no more shot," ses Sam Jones.

"We're too careful," ses Peter Gubbins.

"Bob Pretty don't know everything," ses Dicky Weed.

"I'll bet you what you like there'll be some more of you shot," ses Bob Pretty, in a temper. "Now, then."

"'Ow much'll you bet, Bob?" ses Sam Jones, with a wink at the others.

"I can see you winking, Sam Jones," ses Bob Pretty, "but I'll do more than bet. The last bet I won is still owing to me. Now, look 'ere; I'll pay you sixpence a week all the time you're beating if you promise to give me arf of wot you get if you're shot. I can't say fairer than that."

"Will you give me sixpence a week, too?" ses Henery Walker, jumping up.

"I will," ses Bob; "and anybody else that likes. And wot's more, I'll pay in advance. Fust sixpences now."

Claybury men 'ave never been backward when there's been money to be made easy, and they all wanted to join Bob Pretty's club, as he called it. But fust of all 'e asked for a pen and ink, and then he got Smith, the landlord, being a scholard, to write out a paper for them to sign. Henery Walker was the fust to write 'is name, and then Sam Jones, Peter Gubbins, Ralph Thomson, Jem Hall, and Walter Bell wrote theirs. Bob stopped 'em then, and said six 'ud be enough to go on with; and then 'e paid up the sixpences and wished 'em luck.

Wot they liked a'most as well as the sixpences was the idea o' getting the better o' Bob Pretty. As I said afore, he was a poacher, and that artful that up to that time nobody 'ad ever got the better of 'im.

They made so much fun of 'im the next night that Bob turned sulky and went off 'ome, and for two or three nights he 'ardly showed his face; and the next shoot they 'ad he went off to Wickham and nobody saw 'im all day.

That very day Henery Walker was shot. Several gentlemen fired at a rabbit that was started, and the next thing they knew Henery Walker was lying on the ground calling out that 'is leg 'ad been shot off.

He made more fuss than Bill Chambers a'most, 'specially when they dropped 'im off a hurdle carrying him 'ome, and the things he said to Dr. Green for rubbing his 'ands as he came into the bedroom was disgraceful.

The fust Bob Pretty 'eard of it was up at the Cauliflower at eight o'clock that evening,

"HE MADE MORE FUSS THAN BILL CHAMBERS."

and he set down 'is beer and set off to see Henery as fast as 'is legs could carry 'im. Henery was asleep when 'e got there, and, do all he could, Bob Pretty couldn't wake 'im till he sat down gentle on 'is bad leg.

"It's on'y me, old pal," he ses, smiling at 'im as Henery woke up and shouted at 'im to get up.

Henery Walker was going to say something bad, but 'e thought better of it, and he lay there arf busting with rage, and watching Bob out of the corner of one eye.

"I quite forgot you was on my club till Smith reminded me of it," ses Bob. "Don't

you take a farthing less than ten pounds, Henery."

Henery Walker shut his eyes again. "I forgot to tell you I made up my mind this morning not to belong to your club any more, Bob," he ses.

"Why didn't you come and tell me, Henery, instead of leaving it till it was too late?" ses Bob, shaking his 'ead at 'im.

"I shall want all that money," ses Henery in a weak voice. "I might 'ave to have a wooden leg, Bob."

"Don't meet troubles arf way, Henery," ses Bob, in a kind voice. "I've no doubt Mr. Sutton'll throw in a wooden leg if you want it, and look here, if he does, I won't trouble you for my arf of it."

He said good-night to Henery and went off, and when Mrs. Walker went up to see 'ow Henery was getting on he was carrying on that alarming that she couldn't do nothing with 'im.

He was laid up for over a week, though it's my opinion he wasn't much hurt, and the trouble was that nobody knew which gentleman 'ad shot 'im. Mr. Sutton talked it over with them, and at last, arter a good deal o' trouble, and Henery pulling up 'is trousers and showing them 'is leg till they was fair sick of the sight of it, they paid 'im ten pounds, the same as they 'ad Bill.

It took Bob Pretty two days to get his arf, but he kept very quiet about it, not wishing to make a fuss in the village for fear Mr. Sutton should get to hear of the club. At last 'e told Henery Walker that 'e was going to Wickham to see 'is lawyer about it, and arter Smith the landlord 'ad read the paper to Henery and explained 'ow he'd very likely 'ave to pay more than the whole ten pounds then, 'e gave Bob his arf and said he never wanted to see 'im agin as long as he lived.

Bob stood treat up at the Cauliflower that night, and said 'ow bad he'd been treated. The tears stood in 'is eyes a'most, and at last 'e said that if 'e thought there was going to be any more fuss of that kind he'd wind up the club.

"It's the best thing you can do," ses Sam Jones; "I'm not going to belong to it any longer, so I give you notice. If so be as I get shot I want the money for myself."

"Me, too," ses Peter Gubbins; "it 'ud fair break my 'art to give Bob Pretty five pounds. I'd sooner give it to my wife."

All the other chaps said the same thing, but Bob pointed out to them that they 'ad taken their sixpences on'y the night afore, and they must stay in for the week. He said that was the law. Some of 'em talked about giving 'im 'is sixpences back, but Bob said if they did they must pay up all the sixpences they had 'ad for three weeks. The end of it was they said they'd stay in for that week and not a moment longer.

The next day Sam Jones and Peter Gubbins altered their minds. Sam found a couple o' shillings that his wife 'ad hidden in her Sunday bonnet, and Peter Gubbins opened 'is boy's money-box to see 'ow much there was in it. They came up to the Cauliflower to pay Bob their eighteenpences, but he wasn't there, and when they went to his 'ouse Mrs. Pretty said as 'ow he'd gone off to Wickham and wouldn't be back till Saturday. So they 'ad to spend the money on beer instead.

That was on Tuesday, and things went on all right till Friday, when Mr. Sutton 'ad another shoot. The birds was getting scarce and the gentlemen that anxious to shoot them there was no 'olding them. Once or twice the keepers spoke to 'em about carefulness, and said wot large families they'd got, but it wasn't much good. They went on blazing away, and just at the corner of the wood Sam Jones and Peter Gubbins was both hit; Sam in the leg and Peter in the arm.

The noise that was made was awful—everybody shouting that they 'adn't done it, and all speaking at once, and Mr. Sutton was dancing about a'most beside 'imself with rage. Pore Sam and Peter was 'elped along by the others; Sam being carried and Peter led, and both of 'em with the idea of getting all they could out of it, making such 'orrible noises that Mr. Sutton couldn't 'ear 'imself calling his friends names.

"There seems to be wounded men calling out all over the place," he ses, in a temper.

"I think there *is* another one over there, sir," ses one o' the keepers, pointing.

Sam Jones and Peter Gubbins both left off to listen, and then they all heard it distinctly. A dreadful noise it was, and when Mr. Sutton and one or two more follered it up they found poor Walter Bell lying on 'is face in a bramble.

"Wot's the matter?" ses Mr. Sutton, shouting at 'im.

"I've been shot from behind," ses Walter. "I'd got something in my boot, and I was just stooping down to fasten it up agin when I got it."

"But there oughtn't to be anybody 'ere," ses Mr. Sutton to one of the keepers.

"They get all over the place, sir," ses the keeper, scratching his 'ead. "I fancied I

'eard a gun go off here a minute or two arter the others was shot."

"I believe he's done it 'imself," says Mr. Sutton, stamping his foot.

"I don't see 'ow he could, sir," ses the keeper, touching his cap and looking at Walter as was still lying with 'is face on 'is arms.

They carried Walter 'ome that way on a hurdle, and Dr. Green spent all the rest o' that day picking shots out o' them three men and telling 'em to keep still. He 'ad to do Sam Jones by candle-light, with Mrs. Jones 'olding the candle with one hand and crying with the other. Twice the doctor told her to keep it steady, and poor Sam 'ad only just passed the remark, "How 'ot it was for October," when they discovered that the bed was on fire. The doctor said that Sam was no trouble. He got off of the bed by 'imself, and, when it was all over and the fire put out, the doctor found him sitting on the stairs with the leg of a broken chair in 'is hand calling for 'is wife.

Of course, there was a terrible to-do about it in Claybury, and up at the Hall, too. All of the gentlemen said as 'ow they hadn't done it, and Mr. Sutton was arf crazy with rage. He said that they 'ad made 'im the laughing-stock of the neighbourhood, and that they oughtn't to shoot with anything but pop-guns. They got to such high words over it that two of the gentlemen went off 'ome that very night.

There was a lot of talk up at the Cauliflower, too, and more than one pointed out 'ow lucky Bob Pretty was in getting four men out of the six in his club. As I said afore, Bob was away at the time, but he came back the next night and we 'ad the biggest row here you could wish for to see.

Henery Walker began it. "I s'pose you've 'eard the dreadful news, Bob Pretty?" he ses, looking at 'im.

"I 'ave," ses Bob; "and my 'art bled for 'em. I told you wot those gentlemen was like, didn't I? But none of you would believe me. Now you can see as I was right."

"It's very strange," ses Henery Walker, looking round; "it's very strange that all of us wot's been shot belonged to Bob Pretty's precious club."

"It's my luck, Henery," ses Bob. "I always was lucky from a child."

"And I s'pose you think you're going to 'ave arf of the money they get?" ses Henery Walker.

"Don't talk about money while them pore chaps is suffering," ses Bob. "I'm surprised at you, Henery."

"You won't 'ave a farthing of it," ses Henery Walker; "and wot's more, Bob Pretty, I'm going to 'ave my five pounds back."

"Don't you believe it, Henery," ses Bob, smiling at 'im.

"I'm going to 'ave my five pounds back," ses Henery, "*and you know why.* I know wot your club was for now, and we was all a pack o' silly fools not to see it afore."

"Speak for yourself, Henery," ses John Biggs, who thought Henery was looking at 'im.

"I've been putting two and two together," ses Henery, looking round, "and it's as plain

"'I'VE BEEN PUTTING TWO AND TWO TOGETHER,' SES HENERY, LOOKING ROUND."

as the nose on your face. Bob Pretty hid up in the wood and shot us all himself!"

For a moment you might 'ave heard a pin drop, and then there was such a noise nobody could hear theirselves speak. Everybody was shouting his 'ardest, and the on'y quiet one there was Bob Pretty 'imself.

"Poor Henery; he's gorn mad," he ses, shaking his 'ead.

"You're a murderer," ses Ralph Thomson, shaking 'is fist at him.

"Henery Walker's gorn mad," ses Bob agin. "Why, I ain't been near the place. There's a dozen men'll swear that I was at Wickham each time these misfortunate accidents 'appened."

"Men like you, they'd swear anything for a pot o' beer," ses Henery. "But I'm not going to waste time talking to you, Bob Pretty. I'm going straight off to tell Mr. Sutton."

"I shouldn't do that if I was you, Henery," ses Bob.

"I dessay," ses Henery Walker; "but then you see I am."

"I thought you'd gorn mad, Henery," ses Bob, taking a drink o' beer that somebody 'ad left on the table by mistake, "and now I'm sure of it. Why, if you tell Mr. Sutton that it wasn't his friends that shot them pore fellers, he won't pay them anything. 'Tain't likely 'e would, is it?"

Henery Walker, wot 'ad been standing up looking fierce at 'im, sat down agin, struck all of a heap.

"And he might want your ten pounds back, Henery," said Bob in a soft voice. "And seeing as 'ow you was kind enough to give five to me, and spent most of the other, it 'ud come 'ard on you, wouldn't it? Always think afore you speak, Henery. I always do."

Henery Walker got up and tried to speak, but 'e couldn't, and he didn't get 'is breath back till Bob said it was plain to see that he 'adn't got a word to say for 'imself. Then he shook 'is fist at Bob and called 'im a low, thieving, poaching murderer.

"You're not yourself, Henery," ses Bob. "When you come round you'll be sorry for trying to take away the character of a pore labourin' man with a ailing wife and a large family. But if you take my advice you won't say anything more about your wicked ideas; if you do, these pore fellers won't get a farthing. And you'd better keep quiet about the club mates for their sakes. Other people might get the same crazy ideas in their silly 'eads as Henery. Keepers especially."

That was on'y common sense; but, as John Biggs said, it did seem 'ard to think as 'ow Bob Pretty should be allowed to get off scot-free, and with Henery Walker's five pounds too. "There's one thing," he ses to Bob; "you won't 'ave any of these other pore chaps' money; and, if they're men, they ought to make it up to Henery Walker for the money he 'as saved 'em by finding you out."

"They've got to pay me fust," ses Bob. "I'm a pore man, but I'll stick up for my rights. As for me shooting 'em, they'd ha' been 'urt a good deal more if I'd done it—especially Mr. Henery Walker. Why, they're hardly 'urt at all."

"Don't answer 'im, Henery," ses John Biggs. "You save your breath to go and tell Sam Jones and the others about it. It'll cheer 'em up."

"And tell 'em about my arf, in case they get too cheerful and go overdoing it," ses Bob Pretty, stopping at the door. "Good-night all."

Nobody answered 'im; and arter waiting a little bit Henery Walker set off to see Sam Jones and the others. John Biggs was quite right about its making 'em cheerful, but they see as plain as Bob 'imself that it 'ad got to be kept quiet. "Till we've spent the money, at any rate," ses Walter Bell; "then p'r'aps Mr. Sutton might get Bob locked up for it."

Mr. Sutton went down to see 'em all a day or two afterwards. The shooting-party was broken up and gone 'ome, but they left some money behind 'em. Ten pounds each they was to 'ave, same as the others, but Mr. Sutton said that he 'ad heard 'ow the other money was wasted at the Cauliflower, and 'e was going to give it out to 'em ten shillings a week until the money was gorn. He 'ad to say it over and over agin afore they understood 'im, and Walter Bell 'ad to stuff the bedclo'es in 'is mouth to keep civil.

Peter Gubbins, with 'is arm tied up in a sling, was the fust one to turn up at the Cauliflower, and he was that down'arted about it we couldn't do nothing with 'im. He 'ad expected to be able to pull out ten golden sovereigns, and the disapp'intment was too much for 'im.

"I wonder 'ow they heard about it," ses Dicky Weed.

"I can tell you," ses Bob Pretty, wot 'ad been sitting up in a corner by himself, nodding and smiling at Peter, wot wouldn't look at 'im. "A friend o' mine at Wickham wrote to him about it. He was so disgusted at the way Bill Chambers and Henery Walker come up 'ere

wasting their 'ard-earned money, that he sent 'im a letter, signed 'A Friend of the Working Man,' telling 'im about it and advising 'im what to do."

"A friend o' yours?" ses John Biggs, staring at 'im. "What for?"

"I don't know," ses Bob; "he's a wunnerful good scholard, and he likes writin' letters. He's going to write another to-morrer, unless I go over and stop 'im."

you'll get any more of your money. Mr. Sutton is so sick o' being laughed at, he'll jump at anything."

"You dursn't do it, Bob," ses Peter, all of a tremble.

"It ain't me, Peter, old pal," ses Bob, "it's my friend. But I don't mind stopping 'im for the sake of old times if I get my arf. He'd listen to me, I feel sure."

At fust Peter said he wouldn't get a

"HE'S GOING TO WRITE ANOTHER TO-MORRER, UNLESS I GO OVER AND STOP 'IM."

"Another?" ses Peter, who 'ad been tellin' everybody that 'e wouldn't speak to 'im agin as long as he lived. "Wot about?"

"About the idea that I shot you all," ses Bob. "I want my character cleared. O' course, they can't prove anything against me —I've got my witnesses. But, taking one thing with another, I see now that it does look suspicious, and I don't suppose any of

farthing out of 'im if his friend wrote letters till Doomsday; but by-and-by he thought better of it, and asked Bob to stay there while he went down to see Sam and Walter about it. When 'e came back he'd got the fust week's money for Bob Pretty; but he said he left Walter Bell carrying on like a madman, and, as for Sam Jones, he was that upset 'e didn't believe he'd last out the night.

Trips About Town.

By George R. Sims.

VI.—IN THE HEART OF HOXTON.

SOMEWHERE near to the tavern in the City Road made classical by song—

Up and down the City Road,
In and out the Eagle,
That's the way the money goes,
Pop goes the weasel—

you take a sharp turn, and you are speedily in the heart of Hoxton. "The village" they called it in the days of old, when it was spelt Hoggeston, and here and there the village note remains, though it bears now the black label of the town.

Mr. Charles Booth has said of it: "Hoxton is the leading criminal quarter of London, and, indeed, of all England." As we explore it we shall have no difficulty in finding the crime. The area of the thieves, the hooligans, the bullies, and the wastrels is well defined. It is the blackest patch upon the poverty map of London. But Hoxton has its better side. It is not only the land of the criminal. It is Costerland, and it has a large population of decent, hard-working folk who follow lowly callings. There are green trees and green patches at the end of long, narrow streets and lanes suggesting the village days; there are old, decaying squares with Georgian doorways; and a pleasure garden with a stately building—now a technical school—which perpetuates the memory of Robert Aske, alderman and haberdasher.

It is a bright May morning as we make our way through Hoxton Street, which is busy with the morning trade of the small shop and the roadside stall. Half-way down it is a shop that recalls at once the happy memory of boyhood's days.

"Pollock" is the name over the shop, and in the window are displayed sheets of coloured characters and scenes for the toy theatre. Here are "The Miller and His Men," "Oliver Twist," "Paul Clifford," and "Timour the Tartar." Here is "The Waterman," with Tom Tug in red, yellow, and blue and Mrs. Bundle in yellow and red; and boats on a blue river apparently sailing straight in through the cottage window. And here is the book of the words specially arranged for Pollock's corps dramatiques, price twopence. When, unable to resist the impulse, I step into the little shop and renew my youth by purchasing a set of the old familiar sheets, the proprietor tells me proudly that once Robert Louis Stevenson came there and afterwards wrote an article on the treasures of the little Hoxton Temple of Nursery Dramatic Art. This article, "Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured," is included in "Memories and Portraits."

We wander about Hoxton zigzag fashion this sunny May morning, for "the village" is crowded with human interest and everywhere there is something to note and to ponder on.

Here is a street bearing the suggestive name "The Land of Promise." It ends at the workhouse. Here is "Pimlico Walk," a winding way of small shops and open stalls. Here is Ivy Lane, that meanders in an endless avenue of little dwelling-houses all exactly alike, and every one of them with the old-fashioned, oak-grained shutters, bolted back to the wall. And here is Nile Street, locally spoken of as "The Nile." It is the centre of an area of poverty and vice; but vice and poverty must eat, and so the ubiquitous coster makes a matutinal market daily in Nile Street. This morning it is packed with women. In many of the "bad" parts of Hoxton you may wander all day and see only women and children. The men are conspicuous by their absence during the daylight hours.

There is a suggestion of a bygone Bank Holiday in the dress of many of the younger women who are marketing or gossiping. But the prevailing note is black, and emphasizes the fact that Hoxton, among other things, is famous for its funeral displays. In many of the little streets you will find a florist's shop, with a wonderful display of white blooms in the window. You wonder what the poor of Hoxton want with white flowers, until you remember that the floral tributes to a departed relative or friend are more lavish here than in any other poor district of the Metropolis. The love of the fine funeral is responsible for the prevalence of shabby black among the ladies of Nile Street. Most of them have mourned a friend in the orthodox fashion at some time or other, and the "black" has been pressed into everyday service.

Moving among the crowd in a dignified and stately fashion is a stout old lady in a black satin gown, a black and much-bebugled velvet mantle, and an imposing black

structure with gigantic black ostrich plumes upon her head.

She is a coster's widow and has "property" and a banking account. She nods in a pleasant fashion here and there to acquaintances and is evidently a local celebrity. She is typical of a class of hard-working women who, if they have the luck to marry a man who is industrious and sober, make a very fair little competency in the street stall and barrow trade. Many of them are shrewd women of business, and add largely to their income by lending money weekly at substantial interest to their less provident neighbours in the same line. There was an old lady in Hoxton who was looked upon as a local Fairy Godmother. She used to lend a coster a sovereign on Friday night to go to the Saturday market with, and he would pay it back with five shillings interest on the Tuesday, and borrow it again on the following Friday night. The balance of profit on his three days' trading went in domestic expenses and public-house refreshment.

"A COSTER'S WIDOW."

But all the women of the neighbourhood are not business-like or provident. If you look into the public-houses in Nile Street you will find them packed with women all day long. The male element only predominates after nightfall.

From Nile Street, which is on the borders of an area in which honest and dishonest poverty meet on common ground, we make our way to Wilmer Gardens, which is frankly criminal. There is no disguise about the matter. Wilmer Gardens is the worst street in London. You would not think so if you saw it at midday, when the children are just home from school. There is always an element of innocence in childhood, and, as you see the long street filled from end to end with nothing but playing little ones and babies being "minded" by the little mothers of the doorstep, you find it hard to believe that no stranger who values his skin would willingly walk through Wilmer Gardens after nightfall with anything worth stealing in his possession.

The monotony of the street is broken by a big lodging-house and half-a-dozen tumble-down and not unpicturesque cottages, which still remain to testify to the fact that "Gardens" was quite a legitimate word to use in the days when the name was first bestowed upon the locality.

In front of the cottages a wooden fence still remains, but it is broken down and battered. There are still patches of scrubby garden struggling to be green in spite of the burthen of brickbats laid upon them.

Here among the children you may see sights sometimes that make you wonder if we are any nearer to civilization in the twentieth century than we were a hundred years ago.

Look at the wretched, forlorn little group on the next page—three ragged, barefooted boys and a ragged little girl. All are in

tatters. Not one of them has had the grime of the week removed from the poor, pinched face. You could not see a more terrible picture in the most poverty-stricken Irish hovel. And this is the centre of a district in the heart of London!

We shall come to Wilmer Gardens again presently, and then we will go into the houses, explore them from cellar to roof, and see for ourselves how the inhabitants live on the fruits of their "industry."

As we look along the street of evil reputation in the mid-day hour we see nothing but children from end to end of it. Far up the street a woman appears for a minute at a doorway and then vanishes. You get the impression that every house is a crèche. If you came at night-time the scene would be changed. A whistle given by a look-out man would bring a small army of roughs pouring out of the houses into the roadway. Those who have seen the sight say there is nothing in the whole of London to be compared with the gathering of the "gang" in Wilmer Gardens.

"THE CENTRE OF A DISTRICT IN THE HEART OF LONDON."

The "boys" are out for combined business and pleasure when that whistle sounds. Hoxton proper amuses itself more legitimately. It has for its decent folk and its workers two popular places of entertainment. The larger is world-famous, for who has not read of the Britannia, "the great theatre" in Hoxton, made memorable in bygone years by the management of the late Mrs. Sara Lane? In those days it was a theatre with a famous stock company playing all the popular West-end dramas, and the annual "Britannia Festival" was something to see and remember all your life.

The theatre, admirably managed still, has, like every other outlying house, changed its plans. It is now given over to "variety."

There is nothing the Hoxtonian delights in so much as a "competition." On the stage of the Britannia you may occasionally see a waltzing competition, for the local youth are keen admirers of the Terpsichorean art, and nimble performers many of them also. Outside the theatre, as we pass it, is a big bill announcing that the final for "The Great Wheelbarrow Competition" will take place that evening. Let us enter and see how Hoxton amuses itself.

The theatre is packed. The majority of the audience is decidedly youthful, and the cloth cap predominates with the young gentlemen who crowd the pit and the upper circle and the gallery. There are ladies present, but the gentlemen are in a majority. Some of the ladies are young and in the sweetheart stage; others, though still young, have passed to the more serious position of wifehood. Some of them having no convenience at home for the safeguarding of a baby have brought it with them. In some of the poorer districts of London if you shut out the babies you would shut out the wives.

When the curtain goes up and discovers a circle chalked in the centre of the stage, and the manager steps forward and announces the names of the competitors left in the final, the crowded house bubbles over with excitement.

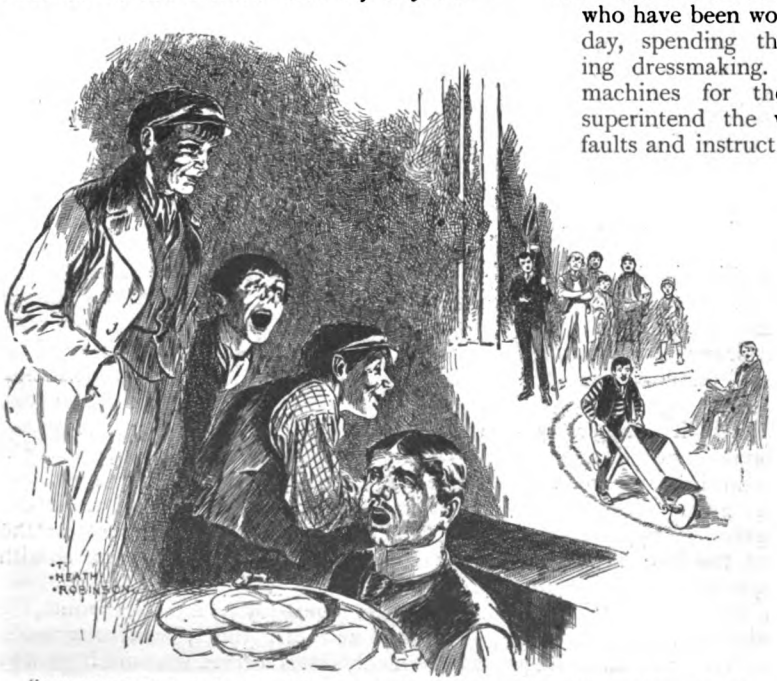
The first competitor, a lanky youth, is announced as "Mr. Jones," and is greeted with friendly cries of recognition from the circle and the pit. A small wheelbarrow is

brought on. The judges, note-book in hand, take their seats in the centre of the chalked circle, the stage-manager takes a Union Jack in one hand and a stop-watch in the other, and the mark is pointed out to Mr. Jones from which he is to start at the word "Go." The competitor who wheels the barrow round the circle the greatest number of times in a minute wins the prize, which is a cash one, and there are second and third prizes for the runners-up.

The competition is divided into two parts. At first each competitor wheels a barrow which is ridiculously small. In the second portion of the competition he has to wheel one which is heavier than the ordinary make.

The competitors are of all shapes and sizes—the tall, the short, the thin, the stout. But they are all young and of the coster type. One is a small boy. All are self-possessed, and one or two indulge in a little low comedy. There is no stage fright, no shyness of any kind from start to finish. All are apparently on terms of intimacy with many members of the audience, and are greeted by names which were certainly not bestowed upon them at their baptism.

Towards the close of the competition the competitors who have "done their bit" gather round the stage-manager in a group, and this is the moment that my *confrère*—who shares a private box with myself and a couple of local sweethearts—selects for illustration.



"THE COMPETITORS WHO HAVE 'DONE THEIR BIT' GATHER ROUND THE STAGE-MANAGER."

The local lovers do not take much interest in the competition. They "hold hands" after the manner of their kind, and gaze at each other in dumb admiration. I am inclined to think that they are not even aware that the final of "The Great Wheelbarrow Competition" is writing its history at that moment before them.

There is no question about the winning of the prizes. Every lad in the audience has counted the laps, and when the prize-winners step forward they are greeted vociferously. But they do not bow in acknowledgment; they take their prizes and stroll off the stage as naturally as if they were walking down Pitfield Street.

There is another side to Hoxton's evening amusements. Before we come to "the great theatre" we have spent an enlightening hour with the evening classes at the Board school, as everybody still calls it, though the "Board" is a thing of the past.

It is a wonderful sight, if you know the homes from which many of these evening scholars come, to see the grown-up lads and lasses of Hoxton spending the hours of leisure learning trades and arts and accomplishments.

Here in a vast room are a number of girls, who have been working at a factory all day, spending the evening in learning dressmaking. There are sewing-machines for them, and teachers to superintend the work and point out faults and instruct them in the various processes from cutting out to fitting on.

In another room a number of youths are learning wood-carving. In a third there are drawing-classes. In a fourth a class is taking singing lessons of a professor. Here is a room in which thirty or forty factory girls, after a long day's work, are learning shorthand and typewriting.

A large hall on the ground floor has been converted

into a gymnasium. Here the scene is striking. Some fifty young women, most of them in practising dress, are going through various calisthenic exercises under the direction of a dainty little, golden-haired lady brightly arrayed in the appropriate costume, and looking for all the world like a fairy from the top of a Twelfth cake.

Not all the girls are in costume. One or two of them are in the ordinary attire of the back slum. One young lady "leaps to the eyes" as the "Marchioness" of Dickens. If she had only had the big, flopping cap on I should have looked round for Dick Swiveller. When the "gymnastics" are over a teacher sits down at the piano, and the lively young ladies are instantly whirling around in the mazy waltz. The Marchioness is not a great waltzer, but when as a grand finale a cake-walk is started—ah! you should see the Marchioness then. Her hair is disordered, her boots are too big for her, her dress fits nowhere and has parted in places; but she cake-walks as though it was the joy of her life, and her companions gather round her, encouraging her by compliments and cheers.

"THE 'MARCHIONESS'"

One or two young men are privileged to join in the dances. They are youths who have put in a certain number of hours at work in the evening classes. The dance is the reward of industry.

I am inclined to think that of all the privileges these evening classes confer on the working boys and girls of Hoxton the dance is as greatly appreciated as any—at any rate, so far as the young women are concerned.

We have had a glimpse of Hoxton in its outdoor aspect, we have seen something of its evening amusements; let us get a closer view of the criminal life for which it has obtained an evil fame.

But first let us pay a visit to Hoxton Square, where we may see some of the little Hoxtonians happy and industrious in St. Monica's Schools. I have chosen St. Monica's because it is typical of the neighbourhood. Here are the Irish children, the Catholic Poles, the little Italians, and the French. They are of all sizes and ages and complexions, from the mites of five to the sturdy boys and girls who in a few weeks will, so far as the law is concerned, have finished their education. Here are children from Wilmer Gardens and Westmoreland Place and "The Nile." When you have seen the homes to which these little ones return after their hours of discipline and study you cannot help wondering if they feel the contrast as keenly as you do.

Not far from St. Monica's is a Council school, where the children are largely the offspring of criminal parents. Here are the little sons and daughters of thieves and burglars, of lawless fathers and drunken mothers, learning all the good things they are to carry back with them to bad homes. The change of atmosphere and environment from the school to the home is remarkable. How far the one influences the other is a question which this is not the place to discuss.

But it is well that having seen the children we should see their homes. Let us enter a house in Wilmer Gardens first. A boy of fifteen, with an unwashed face and a gaudy handkerchief twisted round a grimy neck, stands in the doorway and eyes us suspiciously. He stands in the doorway resolutely. "There ain't nobody in the 'ouse," he says. "That doesn't matter," says the friend who accompanies us; "we're going to see your room, Tim, my son; so go on up. Don't be frightened; these gentlemen are square."

Tim yields to the persuasion, or, rather, to the authority, of the kindly priest who is our companion, and leads the way to the family apartment.

The boy is a thief, his parents are thieves, but there does not seem to be much of a living attached to their industry. Imagine a room destitute of all furniture but one broken chair and a bed which has not been "made" for weeks. It is a couch which is typical of the district—an iron bedstead on which are flung a black something that has once been a mattress, and a ragged rug. There is also a pillow. The pillow has burst and the feathers remain in a loose heap in the corner of the bed. All round the room are battered pails and buckets. Some of them are turned upside down to form seats. In one are some lumps of coke and a few sticks of firewood. The floor is black and greasy and there are potato parings and cabbage stalks trodden into it. There is a cheap clock frame on the mantelshelf, but the face is knocked in and the minute-hand points above the top of the woodwork. One would imagine that the people—they are eight in family—who live in this one wretched room would in despair try honest courses to increase their standard of comfort.

"BESIDE THE BED SITS A FRIEND—A FACTORY GIRL."

Here is a house in Westmoreland Place. We enter a room filled with the smoke of a badly burning fire. A broken window is stuffed with rags. Against the broken window stands a bed on which a good-looking girl of nineteen or twenty is lying. In the room is her mother, who is nursing a poor, wizened, little, yellow-faced baby. Beside the bed sits a friend—a factory girl—who has come in during her dinner-hour to see how "Liz" is getting on. Liz has had a bad time, and she is too ill to get about. And she is worrying about her mother, for Liz is the bread-winner. Inquiries elicit the fact that baby's papa is in prison, where he is doing two years. Baby is one of the little things the gaol-bird has left behind him.

But baby's mamma and grandmamma are fairly cheerful and accept their surroundings with equanimity. And what surroundings they are! The walls and the floor are as they have been for years. If ever there was a spring cleaning here, it belongs to the history of the last century. Through the half-open door of a dirty cupboard you see one or two broken plates on a shelf with scraps of food on them. Every article in use is a "makeshift." There are broken frames on the wall with no pictures in them. The lid of the battered kettle is a piece of brown paper, kept in its place by a lump of coal placed on top of it. There is a clock here, too—or, rather, a clock case. The dial has fallen out and is resting on the mantelshelf. It looks as if it had been picked off a rubbish heap, or perhaps used as a missile by a mischievous boy who threw it at somebody and broke the window with it. Perhaps it was then picked up and put on the mantelshelf because it was in the way on the floor,

where it alighted after its flight through space.

Here is a room in "The Nile." A burly man in his shirt-sleeves glares at us as we enter. His wife is giving the eldest boy his dinner. The dinner is bread and butter and tea. There are three little girls who have apparently dined. At any rate, their brother is not offering them any of his meal. The man in his shirt-sleeves is a burglar. The boy at dinner is a thief. The three little girls have just come in from school. The one room accommodates the entire family. It is cleaner than any we have seen yet. The mother, it is explained, is a "tidy body" and does her best.

When we have finished our tour of "the black streets" and seen crime in its habit as it lives, it is a welcome relief to find ourselves once more in the free air and the sunshine.

"ASSEMBLING FOR THE EVENING WORK."

But even here all is not well. It is four o'clock in the afternoon, and at certain street corners young lads are gathering in groups. Some are gossiping, with their hands in their pockets. Others are sitting on doorsteps. One or two are lounging against the wall.

The "schools," as these groups of young thieves are called, are assembling for the evening work. All wear the inevitable cap. Most of them are smoking "fags." Outside a public-house a young girl in a well-fitting skirt, a light blouse, a loose white neckerchief, and gay earrings is lolling in the sunshine. She may one of these days be the cause of a fierce affray between two rival bands of young hooligans. She is the prettiest girl in Wilmer Gardens, and more than one captain of a gang is a suitor for her smile.

We pass a street of superior-looking houses with clean windows and neat curtains. Here dwell some of the best-known receivers of stolen goods. It is evident from the appearance of these residences that it is more profitable to receive than to steal.

In High Street, Hoxton, we are once more in a business quarter. Costerland is welcome, for if its note is rough it is honest. The costermonger has no fixed income or regular employment. He lives from hand to mouth in one or two overcrowded rooms, where he frequently keeps his goods. As a rule he has a large family, who all help to try to make up the week's money. Both parents trade in the street and leave the eldest girl to act as mother during the day to the younger children. They spend their money freely, and are generally cheerful and good-natured.

The chief industries of Hoxton, apart from crime and costermongering, are box-making and boot-making. The women are largely employed as machinists, tie-makers, box-makers, laundresses, and labellers. There is a small shopkeeping class which is fairly prosperous, but it is generally admitted that Hoxton is getting poorer. People with a little money move out of it, while demolitions on the City border are constantly driving into it the lowest class of evicted tenant, thus further congesting its already overcrowded areas of crime and poverty.

Yet Hoxton itself, for all that, has still here and there a note of old-world English village life. There are parts of it in which you may wander pleasantly and fancy that London is very far away.

The Love Story of Miss Twelve and Captain Seven.

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson.

"IF only he *cared* about getting well it would be such a help. But he doesn't seem to, one bit," thought the Little Nurse, gazing anxiously down at the closed eyes of her patient.

He was a handsome patient, although he was so white and thin. Perhaps, if he had not been handsome—if he had been old, and ugly, and uninteresting, and fat, instead of a brave young soldier—she might not have been quite so anxious; for she was young, too, and human—very human. But she was not conscious that her sympathy for him depended upon anything more subtle than his suffering.

He had long black eyelashes—"almost too good to waste on a man," the Little Nurse had said to a companion when he first came under her care. But she did not think now that they were too good for him. She sat watching his face, reviewing the many days since he had come to the nursing home to have the bullet, which had hidden itself for so long, extracted, and to get well afterwards. But why didn't he get well? He ought to have shown signs of improvement a week ago.

Suddenly the black lashes quivered, lifted, and his eyes looked straight up to hers.

"What is it, Nurse?" he asked.

"It's time for you to take your medicine," she answered, with the soft, dimpled smile which seemed somehow to match well with the dove-grey uniform, the long white apron, and the little cap with the stiffly-starched band and bow under the chin.

"What's the good?" he muttered, while he resignedly drank the stuff she poured into a glass.

"To make you well."

"But what's the good of being made well? I've nothing particular to live for now. I don't grudge anything, of course. But it's hard lines, you know."

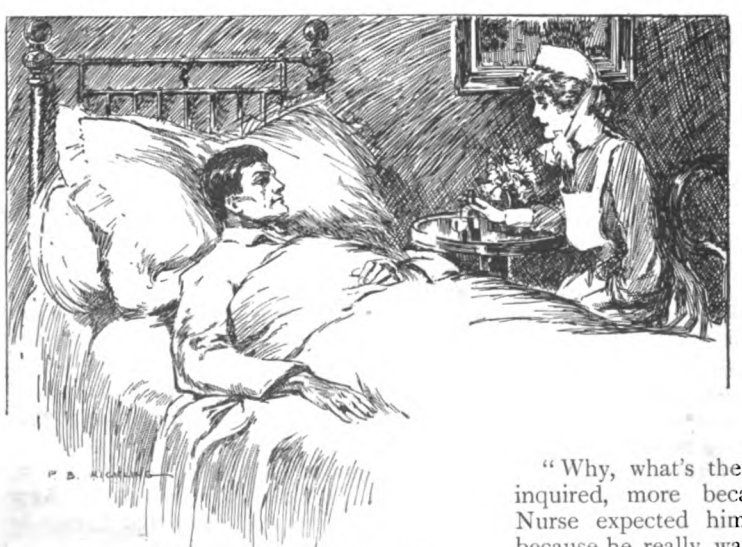
She did know. She understood that, though the surgeons and doctors meant to turn him out of the nursing home cured, he would have to give up his promising career in the Army. And he had suffered a good deal during all the two years since he had got his wound—and D.S.O.—in West Africa.

"There are other things," she suggested, cheeringly.

"I suppose there are. Only I don't see them yet."

Somebody had said that there was a girl—a girl who had pretended to care for him, and then thrown him over. But that was gossip.

Just then, before she had thought what answer to make, which might reveal to the poor, tired fellow a hundred new interests in life, something fell on the floor of the room above.



"'IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO TAKE YOUR MEDICINE,' SHE ANSWERED."

"I didn't know there was anybody up there," he said. "It's always been as quiet as the grave, night and day."

"She only came this morning," replied the Little Nurse. For a moment she paused. Then a bright light flashed in her grey eyes. "Ah," she exclaimed, "if you were like *her* now, you would have something to complain of."

"Why, what's the matter with her?" he inquired, more because he saw that the Nurse expected him to be interested than because he really was. Not a question had he asked, since his arrival, about any other

inmate of the house. There might be dozens or there might be none except himself, for all he knew.

The Nurse shook her head. "Poor girl!" she sighed. "She's so young and so beautiful; and a little while ago she had everything on earth to live for. *Now*, what has she? And yet you should see how brave she is. Why, it's wonderful."

This time he did not have to feign interest.

"Who is the girl you're talking about?" he asked.

Nurse hesitated. "Oh, you know it's against the rules of the house for us to mention the name of one patient to another."

"I didn't know."

"Well, it is. But I'll call her Miss Twelve. Her room's number twelve."

"What am I, then?"

"We always speak of you—when we do speak—as Captain Seven."

He laughed a little. "Oh, yes, I remember now. I've heard the pro's in the corridor outside say to each other, 'When is Seven's breakfast coming up?' But you were going to tell me about Miss Twelve."

"Poor Miss Twelve! Well, she's perfectly beautiful, and she can't be more than twenty-one. How any man could jilt her! But one did, on account of her eyes; and he's married another girl and gone on the Continent, leaving her—leaving Twelve to suffer. He doesn't care. She loved him, and, besides, he was rich—oh, very rich. And she—she's lost every penny she had in the world."

"That's a bad look-out," said Captain Seven, sympathetically.

"Yes. And her father and mother were both killed in a railway accident only a short time ago. That was when she learned that she wouldn't have any money. Her father had had great losses. He was an historian, who wrote books and knew nothing about business, and had trusted to a friend to make his investments. They had all gone wrong, and the friend had deceived him. Now, Twelve is left alone in the world, with no father and mother, no lover, no money, and, perhaps, no eyesight."

"By Jove, what a cruel story!" exclaimed Captain Seven, waking up to generous interest and looking more alive than the Nurse had seen him look since he knew the worst about himself. "But what a lot you've managed to find out about this poor girl who's only been in the house since this morning."

The Nurse blushed faintly, as if she had been accused of undue curiosity. "I knew some of the story beforehand," she explained. "The part about her father being an historian, and the railway accident, and the loss of the money. The other part I—I've found out since. Not that she would tell such things about herself, but—well, you mustn't ask how I learned that."

"No, I won't; but tell me more about her," he said. "Is there danger that she will be blind?"

"I'm afraid there is," sighed the Little Nurse. "And she's got such glorious eyes. You never saw eyes as lovely; and you wouldn't dream anything was wrong with them."

"What colour are they?" he asked.

"Violet with dark lashes."

"You seem to be an admirer of beauty," said Captain Seven, smiling, and looking more critically at the Little Nurse than he had looked yet. He thought that she was a pretty girl, though nothing very wonderful, of course, and her voice was as soft as the notes of a flute. "Go on and describe Miss Twelve," he commanded.

The Nurse was delighted at her success in rousing her patient. "Well," she began, slowly, as if she were endeavouring to recall each detail, "golden hair, all in great waves, and quantities of it; it must come nearly down to her knees. It's such a bright colour, it makes her eyes look dark."

"Good complexion?"

"Exquisite. Like a lily. But her lips are red."

"Dimples?" suggested Captain Seven, his eyes happening to light upon those of the Nurse.

She grew pink. "I believe so. And one in her chin. Her nose is perfect—quite Greek. And the loveliest mouth—it's the kind I've heard called a Cupid's bow."

"Why, she must be a goddess!" said Seven. "But perhaps her figure isn't good? She can't have everything, you know."

"Oh, she has—everything except happiness and good fortune"; the Nurse broke the thread of her sentence hastily. "Her figure is beautiful too, just as beautiful as her face. Slender and tall. And her hands and feet are the *sweetest* things."

"And yet you say some brute of a fellow has jilted this heavenly creature!" exclaimed Captain Seven.

"Yes—the monster! Because she may be *blind*, and need him all the more."

"Ought to have his neck wrung," grumbled the young man. "But then we only know one side of the story, don't we? Maybe

Miss Twelve has a beast of a temper—or something."

"*Oh*, if you saw her, you would be certain she couldn't have," the Little Nurse protested, quite indignantly. "Of course, she hasn't been here long enough for us to really know her yet, but she seems to have an angelic disposition. And you can generally tell a good deal about people's dispositions when they're suffering."

"Poor girl! Is she suffering now?"

"Dreadfully, every minute, to say nothing of what all her grief and anxiety must be. But she laughs and says witty things through it all."

"She's got twice my pluck," said Captain Seven, with a sigh.

"Well, she's certainly an example to everybody."

"What are you going to do to her?"

"'SHE'S GOT TWICE MY PLUCK,' SAID CAPTAIN SEVEN."

asked the young man, apprehensively. "Will it be—an operation?"

The Little Nurse nodded, with pursed mouth. "It's against our rules to talk much about one patient to another," she said. "Still, as you are so interested, and don't know her name, it can't do any harm. There'll be an operation to-morrow. You'll smell the ether coming up from the theatre, I expect."

"Heavens, how awful! And she's got no one with her—no friends to see her through, poor child?"

"No one at all. You must wish her well."

"Indeed I do, and will," said Captain Seven, earnestly. He thought for a minute, and then went on, rather shyly: "I'd like her to know that there's someone in the house who will be thinking about her and hoping for the best—the very best."

"She shall know," the Little Nurse answered. "I'll tell her myself. She isn't one of my patients. I have you and Five and Six. She—has a Special. But I relieve Special sometimes, when she goes out, and I'll take the message. Only you had better not talk about Twelve to any of the other nurses, or the pro's, because professionally I *oughtn't* to have told you about her."

"Hang 'professionally'! As if it mattered a rap," exclaimed Seven. "But, of course, I wouldn't get you into trouble for the world. You're a perfect little saint to me, and you may depend I won't breathe a word that I've ever heard of Miss Twelve. You'll give me news of her, though, won't you, whenever you can? Naturally, after all you've told me, I shall be anxious to know."

The Nurse assured him that he might depend upon her, and that same evening she had some news to give. Captain Seven's message had been duly delivered, and Miss Twelve thanked him very much. She had sent word that Seven's kind thought would help her through to-morrow.

It warmed the young man's heart to hear this; and when he remembered what "to-morrow" meant for that poor, lonely, lovely creature upstairs a stinging sensation in the lids made him want to close his eyes.

"I told Twelve something about you," went on the Little Nurse, timidly.

"Did you? What did you tell her—that I was a helpless wretch, who makes you lots of trouble, and whose career is ru——"

"Indeed, I didn't tell her anything of the kind," almost snapped the Nurse. "I said you were a soldier, a captain in the Army, who had done splendidly brave things; and though you were going to leave the Army because for a few years you mightn't have

quite your old strength in your right arm and hand, it wouldn't really matter to you so very much. You could be quite happy, for you had a place in the country and plenty of friends, and enough money; and you could travel——"

"There, there," laughed Seven, "that's a long enough list of my blessings, thank you. But compared to what that poor child seems to have to look forward to I have everything left to be thankful for."

"So Twelve said; and she's so *glad*. She told me to say that she envied you, and yet she wouldn't rob you of one of those good things, even if she could change. She likes brave soldiers, and she feels sure you deserve every consolation you have—and more."

"She really must be an angel!" exclaimed the young man.

"I told you she was," said the Nurse.

"I suppose I *have* got 'consolations,' as she calls them," he soliloquized aloud. "By Jove, I must try and be more grateful. Tell Miss Twelve I said so, when you thank her for me; and say that, if she cares to hear it, she has done me good."

"I will; and of course she'll care to hear it," said the Little Nurse.

Next day Captain Seven was restless until he heard that the ordeal of Miss Twelve was over. "It's uncertain for a week what the result will be," said the Nurse, "but she has come through very well. She'll be conscious again in half an hour or so."

"Has anybody got her flowers?" eagerly asked Seven.

No, nobody had; and he announced his intention of sending out for some; nor would he be dissuaded from the enterprise by certain timid protests from the Nurse. A messenger-boy was hastily dispatched with lavish orders, and came back laden with roses in time for Twelve to "wake up" and find them in her room. Her eyes were bandaged, said the Nurse, but, though she could not see the flowers, their fragrance told her of their presence before she heard of Captain Seven's kindness.

After that, he insisted on ordering flowers every day, and the Little Nurse was kept busy with the exchange of messages between the rooms. So great was the fillip given by this new interest to the young man's health that his appetite improved, and soon he was able to sit up in a *chaise longue*.

That was on the day he was told that Miss Twelve was not going to lose her eyesight. And by this time he felt that he knew her well enough to send up a short written note of congratulation. The Nurse promised that she would be allowed to read it, but it was a delicious surprise to receive an answer, scribbled in pencil.

Even the scribble was beautiful in his eyes, and the note was so charmingly expressed that it seemed to give Captain Seven a real glimpse of the character which had been so glowingly described to him. He replied of course within the hour, and after that a morning note and an afternoon note were invariably exchanged between rooms Numbers Seven and Twelve. When Nurse said that Miss Twelve could read for an hour a day Captain Seven shared his books with her, and she sent him two or three which kept—or he fancied it—a faint, adorable fragrance in their pages. He was sure that it must be Miss Twelve's favourite scent.

One day, when the two had known each other in this way for nearly a fortnight, Seven summoned courage to write and ask for the goddess's photograph. It was the first and only request of his which she had denied. She was very sorry, but she had no photographs. And Seven was depressed by her refusal. He was afraid that she was angry with him for asking, and as he lay awake that night, thinking of the girl, he realized that he had fallen deeply in love with her.

"It doesn't matter that I haven't seen her," he said to himself. "I know that she's beautiful, but it's her soul that I'm in love with—the exquisite soul that she has put into her precious little messages and letters, without knowing it."

Next morning he had a high temperature and the Little Nurse was distressed. "I thought you were almost well," she sighed. "But now—I'm afraid we must telephone for the doctor."

"The only medicine I need is an answer to this—the right kind of an answer," said Captain Seven, slipping into the Nurse's hand a note which he had contrived to write in the night, when he was at his worst. "Do take it up to Miss Twelve at once, and beg her to let me have a word in return as soon as she can. Tell her I can hardly wait."

The Nurse looked frightened at these signs of impetuosity, but she went away with the letter, and did not come back again for half an hour. When she did come it would have been evident to anyone but a man absorbed in thoughts of another woman that she had been crying. Probably she had been listening to confidences from Twelve.

"Here is the answer," she said, in an odd voice, holding out one of the little three-

cornered, folded-over notes which had grown so familiar—and so precious. Then she stole out of the room; but the man did not even see that she had gone. He was opening the three-cornered note, and his brown hands—from which the sunburnt bronze had never worn off—were shaking a little.

"'THE ONLY MEDICINE I NEED IS AN ANSWER TO THIS—THE RIGHT KIND OF AN ANSWER,' SAID CAPTAIN SEVEN."

"DEAR CAPTAIN SEVEN," he read—"I think I must go on calling you that, even though you have told me your real name. And I mustn't tell you mine, because it is better for you to forget. These two weeks have been very happy for me, and it's you who have made them so, but—they must be the end. I never dreamed of what you tell me in this last letter, which has just come. Do, do forgive me, dear Captain Seven, but you must not think of me any more. There is something in my life that I can't tell you, which will keep us apart. We mustn't even see each other. I *do* care; but all the more because I care I must go out of your life. Though I want you to forget, *I* shall never forget. I shall think of you, and wish beautiful and happy things for you, as long as you may live. Soon I shall be gone from here, but I shall leave my thoughts behind; and they will be saying to you, 'Get well and strong. Be glad of all the blessings you have, and don't grieve for the few things you have lost.'

"Your friend always,

"TWELVE."

"Soon I shall be gone!" Captain Seven said the words over to himself in alarm.

She must not go. He must see her. That letter of his had been written when his feelings were at high tension, in the hour before the dawn when the whole silent room had seemed alive with thoughts of her. Of course, he could not, in cooler moments, have expected her to answer it according to his wish. He had frightened her; but give him his chance to see the girl and plead his cause with lips and eyes—that was all he asked, and he meant to have it.

He pressed the electric bell impatiently, and the Little Nurse came almost at once. This time he did notice that the soft, rosy face was pale.

"Has Twelve said anything to you about the letter you took up?" he inquired, almost sharply.

"No, she hasn't said anything," the Nurse answered, after a slight electric pause.

"But you *know* something. I see by your face that you do. Please answer."

The poor Nurse blushed pitifully, until the tears were forced to her eyes. "I—I can't help suspecting," she stammered. "But——"

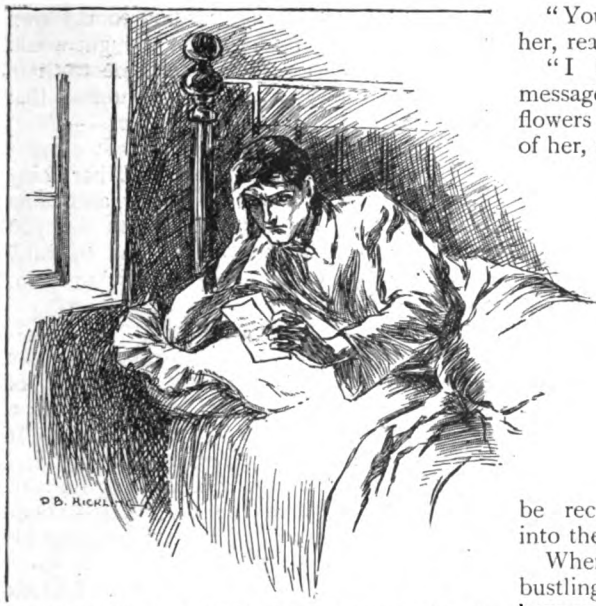
"There isn't any 'but.' Surely you, who have been so good, aren't going to turn against me?"

"Oh, no. But it's no use. I'm sorry now, dreadfully sorry, that I ever told you about Twelve. I meant it for the best. I thought it would interest you to know about her, and that it would help you to get well, to hear how brave she was——"

"So it has. And because she is so brave, and so adorable, and so everything that's good, I've fallen in love with her, that's all. I ***must*** see her, whatever happens."

"You can't, possibly."

"I don't mean now, while she's here; of course, that wouldn't do. But I shall be



"'SOON I SHALL BE GONE!' CAPTAIN SEVEN SAID THE WORDS OVER TO HIMSELF IN ALARM."

able to get out in a day or two, you know, and she says in her letter that she's going soon. Then——"

"She—has gone, already."

"Gone? It's not possible. It's not an hour since she wrote to me."

"But she was up and dressed then, and—everything was ready. Please don't look like that, it will break my heart, because it's all my fault. I ought to have—oh, don't think of her any more. You can never meet."

Captain Seven flushed and paled. "Why? At least, I have the right to know why?" he broke out.

"I can't tell you. She couldn't tell you. But there is a very, very good reason."

"I don't believe it," he insisted, obstinately. "After all that's passed I can't think any reason could exist strong enough to make her so cruel to me. If she tells me that I mustn't I won't speak of love, but surely just to see her face to face——"

"I told you she has gone," the Little Nurse cut him short, with a break in her voice.

"But you—or someone in the house—surely have her address and can forward a letter. When she really understands that it's a matter of life and death to me——"

"No, no; it isn't. Don't say that."

"It's the truth. Dear, kind Little Nurse, help me, won't you? I've only you to depend upon, because she's gone away, and I don't even know her name."

"You know nothing—nothing at all about her, really. Perhaps if you'd met——"

"I know enough about her from her messages and letters, and the books and flowers she loves best, and your descriptions of her, to be sure she's the one woman in the world for me. Don't let me lose her without trying for my happiness."

"I—I'm afraid I can't do anything. But, yes, I'll try, if only you won't look like that and excite yourself so much. I'll do my very best. But please let me go now. I must."

She did not come back till some small duty called her to the room, and he had been for perhaps two hours alone, conscious that every minute his beloved Twelve might be receding farther and farther from him into the unknown.

When she appeared it was with quite a bustling, professional air, as if nothing had happened.

"Well?" he asked, excitedly; but she answered that she must take his temperature. No; of course she had found out nothing yet. How could he expect it? She had two other patients to look after.

The temperature was bad, and the doctor came, and there was cooling medicine to drink. The Nurse hoped that her patient would be better in the morning, but instead he was worse, and in her guilty little soul she well knew why.

"Oh, you *mustn't* worry," she said.

"I shall, every minute," Captain Seven replied, "till you have news for me."

"But supposing it were—bad news?"

"Even bad news would be better than none—better than suspense. *Have* you none? I believe you have. For Heaven's sake tell me, or I must apply to the Superintendent for Miss Twelve's real name and address."

The Little Nurse walked over to the window and looked out silently for a minute. Then, without any warning, she burst into tears, trying to check her sobs.

"I *will* tell you. I'll tell you everything," she cried, turning suddenly upon the young man, sitting shocked and anxious in his *chaise longue*. "But when I've told you, you'll despise and hate me for ever. Not that that will make any difference to you, because you'll be leaving in a few days. You'll never understand—no man could. But I did it for the best. You needed an interest so much. I—I——"

"Go on."

"There isn't any Miss Twelve."

"What do you mean?"

"There was just a poor, plain, fat old lady up there. It was true about the operation on her eyes, but nothing else was. I—made all the rest up, like a kind of fairy story."

Captain Seven sat aghast. He felt that he must be asleep and dreaming, and that in a moment more he would wake up.

"Nothing else was true?" he echoed, slowly. "Why—did you give the old lady the flowers and—and the notes?"

"CAPTAIN SEVEN SAT AGHAST."

"No, no; she never had the notes. The flowers, yes, because I couldn't have disposed of them in any other way, without everybody suspecting something strange. The poor old thing thought you were so kind. But the books and the notes—I kept."

"Who answered them? You?"

She hung her head. "Yes; it—was for your sake. To keep up your interest. I know you can never forgive me. And now I see what a dreadful mistake I made, but I didn't think at first. I made up the description of Miss Twelve according to my own ideal, and according to what I thought would please you most. There was some truth in the story I told you about her troubles—that is, it was true about another person——"

"What was true?"

"Oh, only the part about her father being an historian, and losing his money, and being killed in a railway accident. You see, you asked me so many questions, I had to think quickly, so it came easily to tell my own story——"

"That was your story, then?"

"Yes, but it happened years ago—just before I thought of being a nurse and went into a hospital for my training. It hasn't anything to do with this."

"It has something to do with it. And the other part—about the lover who jilted her, and all that?"

"That was made up. Oh, it's awful to have to tell you this. I would rather have died. But just as I made up the story to save you at first, I must unmake it to save you now, for, instead of getting better, you are worse."

"Little Nurse, please stop crying and come here," said Captain Seven. "I want you."

She came slowly.

"I was in love with the woman who sent me those kind messages and sweet, dear little letters. It was the beautiful soul she showed to me in them, not your description of her beautiful face, that made me love her. So you see, after all, I haven't lost her, for the only difference is that instead of being in love with Miss Twelve I'm in love with you."

"No, you mustn't say that; you only imagine it," sobbed the Nurse. "You hate me really, and it's right you should."

He caught her little, soft hand. "I'll show you how I hate you," he said.

So that was the way it ended; for, of course, she had loved him from the beginning.

Rhymer the Second.

By Arthur Morrison.

I FEAR that Bill Wragg is not a respectable acquaintance. I am not sure, even, that it is quite moral to be amused at the old rascal's stories of his "business" exploits. But in truth he is an amusing enough old rogue, and if one can only get a foothold somewhere on his lopsided system of ethics, and so gain something of his own point of view, one can hear his stories with less of shock to one's moral susceptibilities. For indeed I am sure that in his own eyes Bill Wragg is an upright and honourable tradesman, though a keen man of business, as every tradesman should be. He is a dealer in dogs, cats, fowls, pigeons, linnets, rabbits, ferrets, rats—any living thing smaller than a donkey and larger than a mouse. His chief dealings seem to be in dogs; indeed, more than two or three of Bill's enemies have been heard to call him the greatest dog-thief in London—an unkind thing to say, for I can testify to Bill Wragg's detestation of the crime of theft, as most vigorously expressed by him on the occasion of his finding a basket of pigeons missing from his shop-door on returning from a short absence at tea. And I have known him so long that I feel quite sure that he would not rob *me*, though it would be unfair to put the temptation in his way.

Bill Wragg's shop is a humble establishment just to the right of a stable entry, an address I need not further particularize than to say that, if you wished to go there from Westminster Abbey, a shilling cab would be a needless extravagance. Bill Wragg himself is a stoutly-built man of forty-five or thereabouts, with a shaven face that looks hard enough to break the teeth off a saw, save for an odd puffiness under the eyes, much as though they had once been badly bunged up and the swelling had remained after the black had gone. He is a prosperous man nowadays, as prosperity goes with him, and he has a sort of semi-detached assistant called Sam, a slightly junior creature of his own sort, whose name, though it is always Sam, I have heard at divers times as also Brown, Styles, and Walker—a variation which Bill Wragg explained to me by a grin and a wink. I am a trifle suspicious of Sam.

Of Bill's professional yarns I have listened to many; of how—much thinner and hungrier—he had begun business in the parrot line

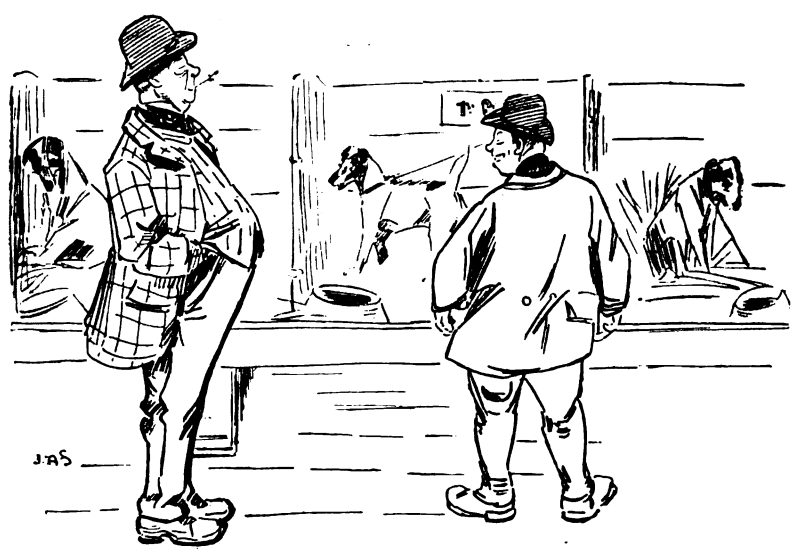
with no money and no parrots; of how he had set up, later, with a capital of five shillings and an empty bird-cage; and more of the like. But I think that perhaps his business abilities are as well as anywhere exemplified in his story of how he once became legitimate and legal owner of a champion fox-terrier for the small price of five shillings, won prizes with him, and at last sold him back to the original owner at a profit of forty-nine pounds fifteen.

Bill Wragg sat on the edge of his rat-pit as he told the story, while I, preferring the society of Bill's best bull-pup before that of the few hundred squirming creatures that wriggled and fought a foot below Bill's coat-tails, used the upturned basket that was the seat of honour of the place.

"That little bit o' business," said Bill, "was one o' my neatest, an' yet it was simple an' plain enough for any chap as was properly up in the lor about dawgs; any other cove might ha' made 'is honest fifty quid or so just the same way if he'd ha' thought of it; might do it now a'most—anyway if there was a mad-up over the dawg, so he was pretty sure to be a good 'un. ''E *is* a good pup, sure enough,' says Sam, when we got past the crowd; 'wait till them swells hooks it, an' see.' An' right enough, 'e was jist the best fox-terrier under the twelvemonth that ever I see, in a show or out. Sharp an' bright as a bantam; lovely 'ead; legs, back, chest, fust-rate everywhere; an', lor', what a neck! Not a bad speck on 'im. Well—there, *you* know what 'e is! Rhymer the Second; fit to win anywhere now, though 'e's gettin' a bit old."

I knew the name very well as that of a dog that had been invincible in fox-terrier open classes a few years back. It was news to me that Bill Wragg had ever possessed such a dog as that.

"Rhymer the Second," Bill repeated, biting off a piece from the straw he was chewing and beginning at the other end. "Though I called 'im Twizzler when 'e was mine. Pure Bardlet strain, an' the best that ever come from it. An' 'ere 'e was, fust in puppy class, fust in novice class, fust in limit class, an' all at fust go.



"'RHYMER THE SECOND,' BILL REPEATED."

dog scare on, like what there was when I done this. It was jist this way. Me an' Sam, we was a-lookin' through the Crystal Palace Show when we sees quite a little crowd in the middle o' the fox-terrier bench. 'Oh, what a love!' says one big gal. 'What a darlin'!' says another. 'He's a good dawg if you like,' says a swell. All a-puttin' on the clever, ye know, 'cos they could see 'Fust Prize' stuck

"'Eh?' says Sam, 'that's about yer sort, ain't it?'

"'Why, yus,' I says, ''e's a bit of *all* right. I could do very nice with 'im,' I says.

"Sam grins, artful like. 'Well, ye never knows yer luck,' he says, an' I *was* a-beginnin' to think things over."

Mr. Wragg drew another straw from a sack by his side and resumed.

"So we went an' bought a catalogue, an' I went on a-thinkin' things over. I thought 'em over to that extent that I fell reg'lar in love with that little dawg, an' made up my mind I could pretty 'ardly live without 'im. I am that sentimental, ye see, over a nice beauty at once, an' there 'e was, trottin' along nice and genelmanly jist where I wanted 'im, a bit behind most on 'em. Jist as the boy goes past me I ketches my little beauty's eye an' whips out my little present—a nice bit o' liver with just a *touch* o' fakement on it, you

"I WHIPS OUT MY LITTLE PRESENT."

dawg. We sees the owner's address in the catalogue, an' he was a rare toff—reg'lar nob, with a big 'ouse over Sutton way, breedin' fox-terriers for amusement. Sam took a bit o' trouble an' found out all about the 'ouse, an' 'e found out that the swell kep' a boy that took out all the dawgs for exercise reg'lar every mornin'. 'I thought as 'ow you might like to 'ave jist one more fond look at 'im,' says Sam.

"'Well, I think I should,' says I; 'an' maybe take 'im a little present—a bit o' liver or what not.'

"So Sam borrowed a 'andy little pony-barrer, an' next mornin' me an' 'im went fer a drive over Sutton way. We stops at a quiet, convenient sort o' corner, by a garden wall, where the boy allus come by with the dawgs, an' Sam, what 'ad picked up a pore stray cat close by, 'e stood off a bit further on, like as though 'e'd never seen me afore in all his nat'ral.

"Well, we didn't have to wait very long afore the boy comes along with a 'ole mob o' fox-terriers, runnin' all over the shop, 'cept two or three young 'uns on leads, an' givin' the boy all he could do to keep 'em together, I can tell ye. There was very nigh a score altogether, but I picked out my little understand—just enough to fetch 'im. At the same moment Sam, in front, 'e lets go the pore stray cat, an' off goes the 'ole bloomin' pack o' terriers arter 'er, an' the boy arter *them*, hollerin' an' whippin' like fun—all 'cept my little beauty, as was more interested in my little bit o' liver. See?"

I saw well enough, and the old rascal's eyes twinkled with pride in the neatness of his larceny. Though such are the oddities of human nature that he would have been quite honestly indignant if I had called the exploit by its legal name. So I merely nodded.

"Well, that cat made sich a fair run of it, an' the dawgs went arter 'er at sich a split, that in about arf a quarter of a minute my pore little beauty was a lost dawg with nobody in the world to take care of 'im but me an' Sam. An' in about arf a quarter of a minute more 'e was in a nice warm basket with plenty o' straw, a-havin' of a ride 'ome in the pony-barrer jist as fast as the pony could take 'im. *I* ain't the cove to leave a pore little dawg all alone in the world."

Here I laughed, and Bill Wragg's face assumed an expression of pained surprise. "Well, no more I ain't," he said. "Look what a risk I was a-takin' all along o' a

romantical attachment for that dawg. Why, I might ha' bin 'ad up for *stealin'* 'im!"

I banished unseemly mirth and looked very serious. "So you might," I said. "Terrible. Go on. Did you bring him home?"

"'E *accompanied* us, sir, all the way. When we took 'im out 'e was just a bit shy-like at bein' in a strange place, but as well as ever. I says to the missis, I says, 'Ere's a pore little lost dawg we've found. I think 'e's a pretty good 'un.'

"'Ah!' says she, 'that 'e is.' The missis 'as got a pretty good eye for a dawg—for a woman! 'That 'e is,' says she. 'Are ye goin' to keep 'im?'

"'Keep 'im?' says I. 'No,' I says, 'not altogether. That wouldn't be quite honest. I'm a-goin' to buy 'im, legal an' honourable.'

"I'M A-GOIN' TO BUY 'IM, LEGAL AN' HONOURABLE."

"'Buy 'im?' says the missis, not tumblin' to the racket. 'Buy 'im? 'Ow?'

"'Buy 'im cheap,' says I, 'in about a month's time. 'E'd be too dear jist at present for a pore 'ard-workin' chap like me. But we'll keep 'im for a month in *case* we're able to find out the owner. Pity we can't afford to feed 'im very well,' I says, 'an' o' course 'e *might* get a touch o' mange or summat—but that's luck. All you've got to do is to keep 'im close when I'm out, an' take care 'e don't get lost again.'

"So we chained 'im up amongst the rest for that night, an' we kep' 'im indoors for a month on the chain. O' course, bein' a pore man, I couldn't afford to feed 'im as well as the others—'im bein' another man's dawg as could well afford to keep 'im, an' ought never to ha' bin so careless a-losin' of 'im. An' besides, a dawg kep' on the chain for a month don't want so much grub as one as gits exercise. Anybody knows that. An' what's more, as I was a-goin' to buy 'im reg'lar, the wuss condition 'e got in the cheaper 'e'd come, ye see. So if we did starve 'im a bit, more or less, it was all out of affection for 'im. An' we let 'is coat go any'ow, an' we give it a touch of a little fakement I know about that makes it go patchy an' *look* like mange—though it's easy enough got rid of. An' so we kep' 'im for a month, an' 'e got seedier every day; an', o' course, we never 'eard anything from the swell at Sutton.

"Well, at the end o' the month the little dawg looks pretty mis'rable an' taper. An', to say nothink o' the mangy coat an' bad condition, all 'is spirit an' carriage was gone, an' *you* know as 'ow spirit an' carriage is arf the pints in a fox-terrier. So I says to the missis, 'Come,' I says, 'I'm about tired o' keepin' another man's dawg for nothink. Jist you put a string on 'im an' take 'im round to the p'lice-station.'

"'What?" says the missis. 'Why, I thought you was a-goin' to *buy* him!' For,

ye see, she 'adn't tumbled to the game yet.

"'Never you mind,' says I; 'you git yer bonnet an' do what I tell you.'

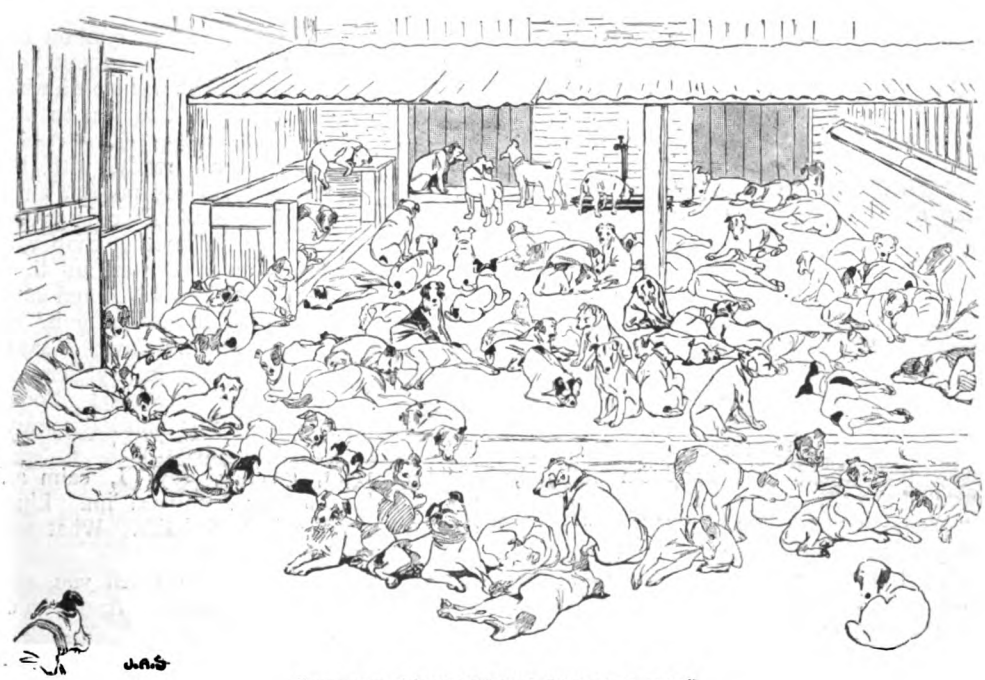
"So the missis gits her bonnet an' puts a string on Rhymer the Second (which looked anythink but a winner by this time, you may bet) an' goes off to the p'lice-station. She'd got her tale all right, o' course, from me, all about the stray dawg that had bin follerin' 'er, an' seemed so 'ungry, pore thing, an' wouldn't go away, an' that she was arf afraid of. So they took 'im in, o' course, as dooty bound, an' put 'im along of the other strays, an' the missis she come 'ome without 'im.

"Well, Sam gives a sort o' casual eye to the p'lice-station, an' next mornin' 'e sees a bobby go off with the strays what had been collected—about arf-a-dozen of 'em—with our little chap among 'em, to the Dawgs' 'Ome. Now, in understandin' my little business speculation, you must remember that this was in the thick o' the muzzlin' rage, when the p'lice was very strict, an' the Dawgs' 'Ome was full enough to bust. I knowed the ropes o' the thing, an' I knowed pretty well what 'ud 'appen. The little dawg 'ud be took in among the others in the big yard where they keep all the little 'uns, a place cram jam full o' other dawgs about 'is size an' condition, so as it ain't allus easy to tell t'other from which. There 'e'd stop for *three days*—no less an' no more, unless 'e was claimed or bought. If 'e wasn't either claimed or bought at the end o' three days, into the oven 'e went, an' there was an end of 'im. Mind you, in ordinary the good 'uns 'ud be picked out an' nussed up an' what not, an' sold better; but these busy times there was no time an' no conveniences for that, an' they 'ad to treat all alike. So that I was pretty sure anyway that the Sutton swell 'ad made 'is visit long ago, an', o' course, found nothink. So next day I says to the missis, 'Missis, I've got another job for you. There's a pore little lost dawg at the Dawgs' 'Ome I want ye to buy. You'll git him for about five bob. 'E looks pretty much off colour, I expect—'arf starved, with a touch o' mange; an' 'e's a fox-terrier.'

"When the missis tumbled to the game at last I thought she'd ha' bust 'erself a-laughin'. 'Lor', Bill,' she says, 'you are a warm 'un an' no mistake! I never guessed what you was a-drivin' at.'

"'All right,' says I, 'you know now, anyway. Look a bit more solemn than that an' sling out arter that dawg. An' *mind*,' I says, 'mind an' git the proper receipt for the money in the orfice.'

"'Cos why? Don't ye see that's lor.



"THE DAWGS' 'OME WAS FULL ENOUGH TO BUST."

I knowed all that afore I begun the speculation. You go an' buy a dawg, fair an' honest, at the Dawgs' 'Ome, an' get a receipt for yer money, an' that dawg's *yourn*—yourn straight an' legal, afore all the judges of England, no matter whose that dawg might ha' bin once. That's bin tried an' settled long ago. Now you see my game plain enough, don't ye?"

"Yes," I said, "I think I do. A little rough on the original owner, though, wasn't it?"

"Business—nothink but business! Why, bless ye, I'd ha' bin in the workus long enough ago if I 'adn't kep' a sharp eye to business. An', lor', honesty's the best policy, as this 'ere speculation shows ye plain. If I'd ha' bin dishonest an' *stole* that dawg an' kep' it, what good would it ha' bin to me? None at all. I couldn't ha' showed it, I couldn't ha' sold it for more'n a song, an' if I 'ad, why, it 'ud ha' bin spotted an' I'd ha' bin 'ad up. Well, six months' 'ard ain't what I keep shop for, an' it ain't business. But playin' the honest, legal, proper game I made a bit, as you'll see.

"The missis she goes off to the Dawgs' 'Ome. Mind you, *they* didn't know 'er. She only took the dawg to the p'lice, an' the p'lice took 'im to the 'ome. So the missis goes to the 'ome with 'er tale all ready, an' 'Please I want a little dawg,' she says, 'a nice cheap little dog to make a pet of, me bein' a lone woman as would be glad of a companion. I think I'd like one o' them little white 'uns,' she says; 'I dunno what they call 'em, but I mean them little white 'uns with black marks.' She can pitch it in pretty innocent, can the missis, when she likes.

"'Why,' says the man, 'I expect you mean a fox-terrier. Well, we've got plenty o' them. Come this way, mum, an' look at 'em.'

"So 'e takes 'er along to the yard where the little 'uns was, an' she looks through the bars an' pretty soon she spots our little dawg not far off, lookin' as bad as any of 'em. 'There,' says she, 'that's the sort o' little dawg I was a-thinkin' of, if 'e wouldn't come too dear—that one there that looks so 'ungry, pore thing. I'd keep 'im well fed, I would,' she says.

"Well, it was all right about the price, an' she got 'im for the five bob, an' got the receipt too, all reg'lar an' proper, in the orfice. 'You ain't chose none so bad, mum,' says the keeper, lookin' 'im over. ''E's a very good little dawg is that, only out o' condition. If we 'adn't bin so busy we'd ha' put 'im into better trim, an' then 'e'd ha' bin dearer.'

"'Oh,' says the missis, 'then I couldn't ha' afforded to buy 'im; so I'm glad you didn't.'

"'Well,' says the man, 'there's no character with 'im, o' course, but I shouldn't be surprised if 'e was a pedigree dawg.' *'E* knowed a thing or two, did that keeper.

"So ye see the little dawg was mine, proper an' legal. Bein' mine, I could afford to treat 'im well, an' precious soon, what with a dose or two o' stuff, careful feeding, plenty o' exercise, an' proper care o' the coat, Rhymer the Second was as bright an' 'andsome as ever. Only we called 'im Twizzler for reasons o' business, as you'll understand. An' 'e comes on so prime that I registers 'im. An' next show just round 'ere I enters 'im for every class 'e'd go in—open class, novice class, an' limit class. An' blowed if 'e didn't take fust in all of 'em, an' a special too! But there—'e couldn't but win, sich a beauty as 'e was; he ketches the judge's eye at once. After all the bad 'uns 'ad bin sent out o' the ring it was all done—the judge couldn't leave off lookin' at 'im. So there it was arter all—all the fusts for 'Mr. W. Wragg's Twizzler, pedigree unknown. *Not for Sale.*'

"Well, that was pretty good, but there was more to come. Just afore the show closed I was a-lookin' round with Sam, when one o' the keepers comes up with a message from the sec't'ry. 'There's a gent carryin' on like one o'clock,' says the keeper, 'about your fox-terrier. Swears it's 'is as was stole a while back, an' the sec't'ry would like you to step over.'

"O' course, I was all ready, with the receipt snug an' 'andy in my pocket, an' I goes over bold as brass. There was the sec't'ry with 'is rosette, an' another chap with 'is, an' a p'liceman an' a keeper, an' there was the toff with gig-lamps an' a red face, a-shakin' of his fist an' rantin' an' goin' on awful. 'I tell you that's my dawg,' 'e says; 'the most valuable animal in my kennels, stole while 'e was bein' exercised! Someone shall go to gaol over this!' 'e says. 'Show me the man as entered it!'

"'All right, guv'nor,' says I, calm an' peaceful, 'that's me; *I* entered 'im. Little dawg o' mine called Twizzler. What was you a-sayin' about 'im?'

"'Why, the dog's mine, I tell you, you rascal! Stolen in February! And you've changed his name! What——'

"'Steady on, guv'nor,' I says, quiet an' dignified. 'You're excited an' rather insultin'.

"'E KETCHES THE JUDGE'S EYE AT ONCE."

I ain't changed any dawg's name. 'E 'adn't got no name when I bought 'im, an' I give 'im the one 'e's got now. An' as to 'is bein' your dawg—well, 'e ain't, 'cos 'e's mine.'

"'Then how did you come by him?' he says, madder than ever.

"'Bought 'im, sir,' I says, 'reg'lar an' proper an' legal. Bought 'im for five shillin's.'

"'Five shillings!' roars the toff. 'Why, that dog's worth a hundred and fifty pounds! Here, where's a policeman? I'll give him in charge! I'll see this thing through; I'll——'

"'Five bob was the price, guv'nor, says I, quiet an' genelmanly. 'Though I've no doubt you understand 'is value better than what I do. An' 'ere's my receipt,' I says, 'that makes me 'is owner honest an' legal before any judge in England!' An' I pulls out the paper.

"'Well, just look here,' says the sec'try, 'don't let's have any wrangling. There's a misunderstanding somewhere. You two gentlemen come into my office and see if it can't be settled.' 'Cos, you see, a little crowd was a-gettin' round, an' the sec't'ry he see well enough 'ow I stood. So we walks over to the orfice, me leadin' the dawg along o' me, an' the toff puffin' an' blusterin' an' goin' on like steam.

"'Come,' says the sec't'ry, pleasant an' cordial, 'you two gentlemen have a cigar with me, and a whisky and soda,' 'e says; 'and let's see if this little matter can't be settled in a friendly way,' 'e says.

"'Well,' says I, 'I'm agreeable enough. Only what can I do, when this 'ere genelman comes a-kickin' up a row an' claimin' my dawg, what I've bought legal an' above-board? I can only tell honest 'ow I bought 'im, an' show my legal receipt as proves what I say. *I'm* civil enough to the genelman,' I says, 'ain't I?'

"'Oh, yes, o' course,' says the sec't'ry. 'D'ye mind lettin' me look at that receipt again? No doubt we'll come to an arrangement.'

"'There's the receipt, sir,' I says; 'I'm quite willin' to trust it to you as an honourable genelman,' I says.

"So the sec't'ry 'as another look at the receipt, an' 'Just excuse us a moment, Mr. Wragg,' he says, an' 'e goes aside with the toff an' begins talkin' it over quiet, while I lit up an' 'ad my whisky an' soda. I should think it was a bob cigar. I could just 'ear a word 'ere an' there—'No help for it,' 'That's how it stands legally,' 'Think yourself lucky,' an' so on. An' at last they comes over an' the sec't'ry says, 'Well, Mr. Wragg,' he says, 'there's no doubt the dog's legally yours, as you say, but this gentleman's willing to buy him of you, and give you a good profit on your bargain. What do you say?'

"'Why,' I says, 'e ain't for sale. You can see it plain enough on the catalogue.'

"'Oh, yes, of course, I know that,' says the sec't'ry. 'But we're men of the world here, men of business—none more so than yourself, I'm sure—and we can make a deal, no doubt. What do you say to twenty pounds?'

"'What?' says I. 'Twenty pound? An' the genelman 'isself said the dawg was worth a hundred an' fifty this very minute? Is it likely?' says I. 'Ad 'im there, I think. 'It ain't reasonable,' I says.

"'H'm!' says the sec't'ry. 'He certainly did say something about the dog being valuable. But just think. It can't be worth much to you, with no pedigree.'

"'It's worth jist what it'll fetch to me,' I says, 'an' no less.'

"'Just so,' the sec't'ry says, 'but nobody'li give you much for it with no pedigree, except this gentleman. And, remember, you got it cheap enough.'

"Well, I dunno about cheap,' I says. 'E's bin a deal of trouble to bring on an' git in condition,' I says.'

"Come, then,' says the sec't'ry, 'put your own price on 'im. Now!'

"'I don't want to be 'ard on the gent,' I says, 'an' seeing 'e's took sich a fancy to the little dawg I'll make a big reduction on the value 'e put on 'im 'isself. A hundred pound buys 'im.'

"When 'e 'eard that the toff bounces round an' grabs 'is 'at. 'I won't be robbed twice like that,' 'e says, 'if I lose five hundred dogs.' An' I begun to think I might ha' ventured a bit too 'igh. 'I won't submit to it,' says 'e.

"'Wait a moment,' says the sec't'ry, soothin' like. 'Mr. Wragg's open to reason, I'm sure. You see, Mr. Wragg, the gentleman won't go anything like as high, and if he won't, nobody will. You won't take twenty? Let's say thirty, an' finish the business.'

"Well, we goes on 'agglin' an' at last we settles it at fifty.

"'All right,' I says, when I see it wouldn't run to no more. ''Ave it yer own way. I don't want to stand in the way of a genelman as is took sich a fancy to a little dawg—I'm so sentimental over a dawg myself,' I says.

"So the toff he pulls out 'is cheque-book an' writes out a cheque on the spot. 'There,' says the sec't'ry, 'that little misunderstanding's settled, an' I congratulate you two gentlemen. You've made a very smart bargain, Mr. Wragg, an' you've got a dog, sir, that I hope will repay you well!'

"An' so the toff went off with the little dawg, an' I went off with the fifty quid, both well pleased enough. An' the dawg *did* repay 'im well, as you can remember. 'E was a lucky chap, was that toff. *I* never see sich a good dawg bought so cheap before. I ought to ha' got more for i'm, I think—but, there, I *am* so sentimental about a dawg!"

"SO THE TOFF WENT *OFF* WITH THE LITTLE DAWG."

THE AMULET.

A Story for Children.

By E. Nesbit.

"I never heard of the instrument," said the Queen. "Do you sing?"

"Oh, yes. We can sing in parts," said Anthea.

"That *is* magic," said the Queen. "How many parts are you each cut into before you do it?"

CHAPTER V.

"THE DEEPEST DUNGEON BELOW THE CASTLE MOAT."

THE QUEEN threw three of the red and gold embroidered cushions of the throne down on to the marble steps that led up to it.

"Just make yourselves comfortable there," she said. "I'm simply dying to talk to you, and to hear all about your wonderful country and how you got here, and everything—but I have to do justice every morning. Such a bore, isn't it? Do you do justice in your own country?"

"No," said Cyril; "at least, of course, we try to, but not in this public sort of way—only in private."

"Ah, yes," said the Queen. "I should much prefer a private audience myself—much easier to manage. But public opinion has to be considered. Doing justice is very hard work, even when you're brought up to it."

"We don't do justice, but we have to do scales, Jane and me," said Anthea, "twenty minutes a day. It's simply horrid."

"What are scales?" asked the Queen; "and what is Jane?"

"Jane is my little sister. One of the guards-at-the-gate's wife is taking care of her. And scales are music."

"We aren't cut at all," said Robert, hastily. "We couldn't sing if we were. We'll show you afterwards."

"So you shall; and now sit quiet like dear children and hear me do justice. The way I do it has always been admired. I oughtn't to say that, ought I? Sounds so conceited. But I don't mind with you, dears. Somehow I feel as though I'd known you quite a long time already."

The Queen settled herself on her throne and made a signal to her attendants. The children, whispering together among the cushions on the steps of the throne, decided that she was very beautiful and kind, but rather flighty.

The first person who came to ask for justice was a woman whose brother had taken the money her father had left for her. The brother said it was the uncle who had the money. There was a good deal of talk and the children were growing rather bored, when the Queen suddenly clapped her hands and said:—

"Put both the men in prison till one of them owns up that the other is innocent."

"But suppose they both did it?" Cyril could not help interrupting.

"Then prison's the best place for them," said the Queen.

"But suppose neither did it?"

"That's impossible," said the Queen; "a thing's not done unless someone does it. And you mustn't interrupt."

Then came a woman in tears, with a torn veil and real ashes on her head—at least Anthea thought so, but it may have been only road dust. She complained that her husband was in prison.

"What for?" said the Queen.

"They *said* it was for speaking evil of your Majesty," said the woman, "but it wasn't. Someone had a spite against him. That was what it was."

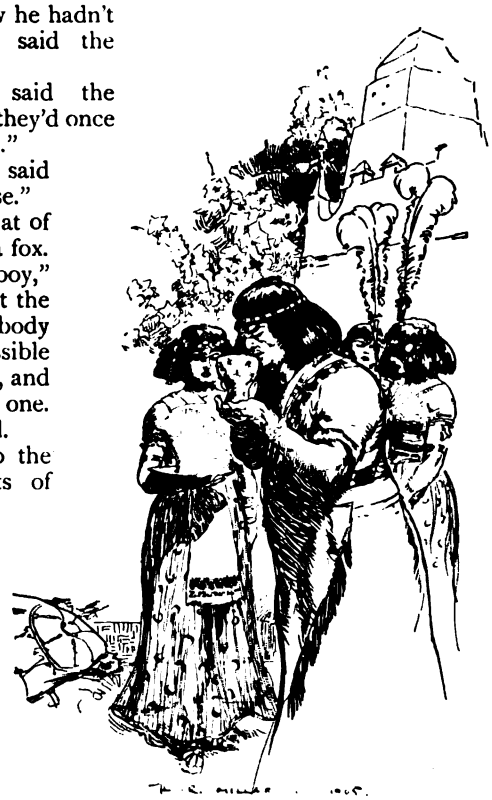
"How do you know he hadn't spoken evil of me?" said the Queen.

"No one could," said the woman, simply, "when they'd once seen your beautiful face."

"Let the man out," said the Queen. "Next case."

The next case was that of a boy who had stolen a fox. "Like the Spartan boy," whispered Robert. But the Queen ruled that nobody could have any possible reason for owning a fox, and still less for stealing one. So the boy was released.

The people came to the Queen about all sorts of family quarrels and neighbourly misunderstandings, from a fight between brothers over the division of an inheritance to the dishonest and unfriendly conduct of a woman who had borrowed a cooking-pot at the last New Year's festival and not returned it yet.



"HE DRANK A LITTLE FROM THE QUEEN'S CUP BEFORE HANDING IT TO HER."

And the Queen decided everything, very, very decidedly indeed. At last she clapped her hands very suddenly and very loudly, and said:—

"You all have my leave to go."

And everyone said, "May the Queen live for ever!" and went out.

And the children were left alone in the justice hall with the Queen of Babylon and her ladies.

"There!" said the Queen, with a long sigh of relief. "*That's* over! I couldn't have done another stitch of justice if you'd offered me the crown of Egypt. Now come into the garden and we'll have a nice, long, cosy talk."

She led them through long, narrow corridors, whose walls, they somehow felt, were very, very thick, into a sort of garden courtyard. There were thick shrubs closely planted, and roses were trained over trellises and made a pleasant shade—needed, indeed, for already the sun was as hot as it is in England in August at the seaside.

Slaves spread cushions and reeds on a low marble terrace, and a big man with a smooth face served cool drink in cups of gold studded with beryls. He drank a little from the Queen's cup before handing it to her.

"That's rather a nasty trick," whispered Robert, who had been carefully taught never to drink out of one of the nice shiny metal cups that are chained to the London drinking fountains without first rinsing it out thoroughly.

The Queen overheard him.

"Not at all," said she. "Ritti-Marduk is a very clean man. And one has to have *someone* as taster, you know, because of poison."

The word made the children feel rather creepy, but Ritti-Marduk had tasted all the cups, so they felt pretty safe. The drink was delicious—very cold, and tasting partly like lemonade and partly like penny ices.

"Leave us," said the Queen. And all the Court ladies in their beautiful many-folded, many-coloured fringed dresses filed out slowly, and the children were left alone with the Queen.

"Now," she said, "tell me all about yourselves."

They looked at each other.

"You, Bobs," said Cyril.

"No; Anthea," said Robert.

"No; you, Cyril," said Anthea. "Don't you remember how pleased the Queen of India was when you told her all about us?"

Cyril muttered that it was all very well, and so it was. For when he had told the tale of the Phœnix and the Carpet to the Ranee, it had been only the truth—and all the truth that he had to tell. But now—it was not easy to tell a convincing story without mentioning the amulet, which, of course, it wouldn't have done to mention, and without owning that they were really living in London, about two thousand five hundred years later than the time they were talking in.

Cyril took refuge in the tale of the psammead and its wonderful power of making wishes come true.

"This is *most* interesting," said the Queen. "We must have this psammead for the banquet to-night. Its performance will be one of the most popular turns in the whole programme. Where is it?"

Anthea explained that they did not know; also why it was that they did not know.

"Oh, that's quite simple," said the Queen, and everyone breathed a deep breath of relief as she said it. "Ritti-Marduk shall run down to the gates and find out which guard your sister went home with."

"Might he"—Anthea's voice was tremulous—"might he—would it interfere with his meal-times or anything like that if he went *now*?"

"Of course not," said the Queen, heartily, and clapped her hands.

"May I send a letter?" asked Cyril, pulling out a penny account-book, and feeling in his pockets for a stump of pencil that he *knew* was in one of them.

"By all means. I'll call my scribe."

"Oh, I can scribe right enough, thanks," said Cyril, finding the pencil and licking its point. He even had to bite the wood a little, for it was very blunt.

"Oh, you clever, clever boy," said the Queen. "*Do* let me watch you do it!"

Cyril wrote on a leaf of the book—it was of rough, woolly paper and ruled for accounts.

"Hide *It* most carefully before you come here, and don't mention it; and destroy this letter. Everything is going A1. The Queen is a fair treat. There's nothing to be afraid of."

"What curious characters, and what a strange flat surface!" said the Queen. "What have you said?"

"I've said," replied Cyril, cautiously, "that you are splendid, and she need not be afraid, and that she is to come at once."

Ritti-Marduk, who had come in and had stood waiting while Cyril wrote, his Babylonish eyes nearly starting out of his Babylonish head, now took the letter, with some reluctance.

"Is it a charm, most great lady?" he timidly asked.

"*Yes*," said Robert, unexpectedly; "but it won't hurt anyone until you've given it to Jane. And then she'll destroy it, so that it *can't* hurt anyone. Its power is gone when it's torn up."

Ritti-Marduk went, seeming only partly satisfied, and then the Queen began to admire the penny account-book and the bit of pencil in so marked and significant a way that Cyril felt he could not do less than press them upon her as a gift. She ruffled the leaves delightedly.

"What a wonderful substance," she said; "and with this style you make charms? Make a charm for me. Do you know," her voice sank to a whisper, "the names of the great ones of your own far country?"

"CYRIL WROTE ON A LEAF OF THE BOOK."

Cyril hastily wrote the names of Alfred the Great, Shakespeare, Nelson, Gordon, Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and the Queen watched him with unbated breath, as Anthea said afterwards.

She took the book and hid it reverently among the bright folds of her gown.

"You shall teach me later to say the great names," she said. "And the names of their ministers—perhaps the great Nisroch is one of them?"

"I don't think so," said Cyril. "Lord Salisbury is a Prime Minister, and Mr. Campbell's a minister, and so is the Archbishop of Canterbury, I think, but I'm not sure, and Dr. Parker was one, I know, and——"

"No more," said the Queen, putting her hands to her ears; "my head's going round with all those names. You shall teach them to me later, because, of course, you'll make us a nice long visit now you *have* come, won't you? Now, tell me—but, no—I am quite tired out with your being so clever. Besides, I'm sure you'd like *me* to tell *you* something, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," said Anthea. "I want to know how it is that the King has gone——"

"Excuse me, but you should say, 'The King—may he live for ever!'" said the Queen.

"I beg your pardon. The King—may he live for ever!—has gone to fetch home his fourteenth wife! I don't think even Bluebeard had as many as that. And, besides, he hasn't killed *you*, at any rate."

The Queen looked bewildered.

"She means," explained Robert, "that English kings have only one wife—at least, Henry the Eighth had seven or eight, but not all at once."

"In our country," said the Queen, scornfully, "a King would not reign a day who had only one wife. No one would respect him, and quite right too."

"Then are all the other thirteen alive?" asked Anthea.

"Of course they are, poor, mean-spirited things. I don't associate with them, of course. I'm the Queen. They're only the wives."

"I see," said Anthea, gasping.

"But, oh, my dears," the Queen went on, "such a to-do as there's been about this last wife! You never did! It really was *too* funny. We wanted an Egyptian Princess. The King—may he live for ever!—has got a wife from most of the important nations, and he had set his heart on an Egyptian one to complete his collection. Well, of course, to begin with we sent a handsome present of gold. The Egyptian King sent back some horses—quite a little, he's fearfully stingy—and he said he liked the gold very much, but what they were really short of was lapis lazuli; so, of course, we sent him some. But by that time he'd begun to use the gold to ornament the Temple of the Sun-god, and he hadn't nearly enough to finish the job, so we sent more. And so it went on—oh, for years. You see, each journey takes at least six months. And at last we asked the hand of his daughter in marriage."

"Yes, and then?" said Anthea, who wanted to get to the Princess part of the story.

"Well, then," said the Queen, "when he'd got everything out of us that he could, and only sent the meanest presents in return, he sent to say he would esteem the honour of an alliance very highly, only, unfortunately, he hadn't any daughter, but he hoped one would be born soon, and if so she should certainly be reserved for the King of Babylon."

"What a trick!" said Cyril.

"Yes; wasn't it? So then we said his sister would do, and then there were more gifts and more journeys, and now, at last, the tiresome, black-haired thing is coming, and the King—may he live for ever!—has gone seven days' journey to meet her on the Carchemish road. And he's gone in his best chariot, the one inlaid with lapis lazuli and gold, with the gold-plated wheels and onyx-studded hubs. Much too great an honour, in my opinion. She'll be here to-night; there'll be a grand banquet to celebrate her arrival. She won't be present, of course. She'll be having her bath and her anointings, and all that sort of thing. We always clean our foreign brides very carefully. It takes two or three weeks. Now it's dinner-time, and you shall eat with me, for I can see that you are of high rank."

She led them into a dark, cool hall, with many cushions on the floor. On these they sat, and low tables were brought, beautiful tables of smooth blue stone, mounted in gold. On these splendid tables golden trays were placed. But there were no knives or forks or spoons. The children expected the Queen to call for them; but, no. She just ate with her fingers, and as the first dish was a great tray of boiled corn and meat and raisins all mixed up together, and melted fat poured all over the tray, it was found difficult to follow her example with anything

like what we are used to think of as good table manners. There were stewed quinces afterwards, and dates in syrup, and thick yellow cream. It was the kind of dinner you hardly ever get in Fitzroy Street.

After dinner everybody went to sleep—even the children.

The Queen awoke with a start.

"Good gracious," she cried, "what a time we've slept! I must rush off and dress for the banquet. I sha'n't have much more than time."

"Hasn't Ritti-Marduk got back with our sister and the psammead yet?" Anthea asked.

"I *quite* forgot to ask. I'm sorry," said the Queen. "And, of course, they wouldn't announce her unless I told them to—except during justice hours. I expect she's waiting outside. I'll see."

Ritti-Marduk came in a moment later.

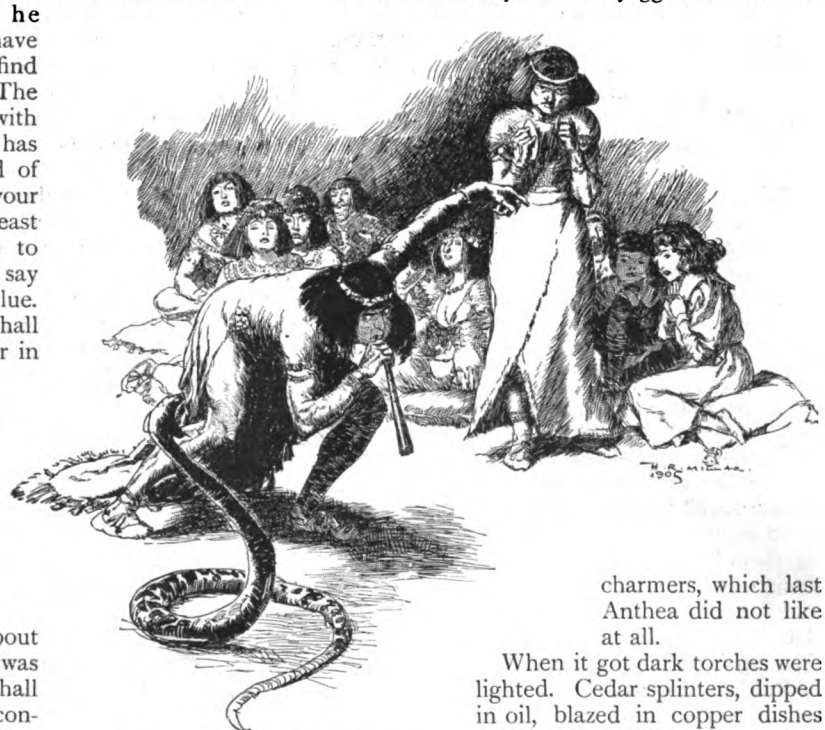
"I regret," he said, "that I have been unable to find your sister. The beast she bears with her in a basket has bitten the child of the guard, and your sister and the beast set out to come to you. The police say they have a clue. No doubt we shall have news of her in a few weeks." He bowed and withdrew.

The horror of this threefold loss, Jane, the psammead, and the amulet, gave the children something to talk about while the Queen was dressing. I shall not report their conversation. It was very gloomy. They repeated themselves several times, and the discussion ended in each of them blaming the other two for having let Jane go. You know the sort of talk it was, don't you? At last Cyril said:—

"After all, she's with the psammead, so *she's* all right. And it isn't as if we were in any danger. Let's try to buck up and enjoy the banquet."

They did enjoy the banquet. They had a beautiful bath, which was delicious; they were heavily greased all over, including their hair, and that was most unpleasant. Then they dressed again and were presented to the King, who was very affable. The banquet was long—there were all sorts of nice things to eat, and everybody seemed to eat and drink a good deal. Everyone lay on cushions and couches, ladies on one side and gentlemen on the other, and after the eating was done each lady went and sat by a gentleman, who seemed to be her sweetheart or her husband, for they were very affectionate to each other. The Court dresses had gold threads woven in them, very bright and beautiful.

The middle of the room was left clear, and different people came and did amusing things. There were conjurers and jugglers and snake-charmers, which last Anthea did not like at all.



"DIFFERENT PEOPLE CAME AND DID AMUSING THINGS."

When it got dark torches were lighted. Cedar splinters, dipped in oil, blazed in copper dishes set high on poles.

Then there was a dancer, who hardly danced at all—only just struck attitudes. She had very few clothes on, and was not at all pretty. The children were rather bored by her, but everyone else was delighted, including the King.

"By the beard of Nimrod," he cried, "ask what you like, girl, and you shall have it."

"I want nothing," said the dancer; "the honour of having pleased the King—may he live for ever!—is reward enough for me."

And the King was so pleased with this modest and sensible reply that he gave her the gold collar off his own neck.

"I say!" said Cyril, awed by the magnificence of the gift.

"It's all right," whispered the Queen; "it's not his best collar, by any means. We always keep a stock of cheap jewellery for these occasions. And now—you promised to sing us something. Would you like my minstrels to accompany you?"

"No, thank you," said Anthea, quickly. The minstrels had been playing on and off all the time, and their music reminded Anthea of the band she and the others had once had on the Fifth of November with penny horns, a tin whistle, a tea-tray, the tongs, a policeman's rattle, and a toy drum. They had enjoyed this band very much at the time. But it was quite different when someone else was making the same kind of music. Anthea understood now that father had not been really heartless and unreasonable when he had told them to stop that infuriating din.

"What shall we sing?" Cyril was asking.

"'Sweet and Low,'" suggested Anthea.

"Too soft. I vote for, 'Who Will O'er the Downs So Free?' Now, then—one, two, three."

Oh, who will o'er the downs so free,
Oh, who will with me ride,
Oh, who will up and follow me
To win a blooming bride?
Her father he has locked the door,
Her mother keeps the key;
But neither bolt nor bar shall keep
My own true love from me.

Jane—the alto—was missing, and Robert, unlike the mother of the lady in the song, never could "keep the key," but the song, even so, was sufficiently unlike anything any of them had ever heard to rouse the Babylonian Court to the wildest enthusiasm.

"More! more!" cried the King; "by Ishtar, this savage music is a new thing. Sing again!"

So they sang:—

I saw her bower at twilight grey,
'Twas guarded safe and sure;
I saw her bower at break of day,
'Twas guarded then no more.
The varlets they were all asleep,
And none was near to see
The greeting fair that passèd there
Between my love and me.

Shouts of applause greeted the ending of the verse, and the King would not be satisfied till they had sung all their part-songs (they only knew three) twice over, and ended up with "Men of Harlech" in unison. Then the King stood up in his Royal robes with his high, narrow crown on his head and shouted:—

"By the life of Nisroch—ask what you will, strangers from the land where the sun never sets!"

"We ought to say it's enough honour, like the dancer did," whispered Anthea.

"No; let's ask for *It*," said Robert.

"No, no; I'm sure the other's manners," said Anthea. But Robert, who was excited by the music and the flaring torches and the applause and the opportunity, spoke up before the others could stop him.

"Give us the half of the amulet that has on it the name of Ur-hekan-setcheh," he said, adding as an afterthought, "O King, live for ever!"

As he spoke the great name those in the pillared hall fell on their faces and lay still. All but the Queen, who crouched amid her cushions with her head in her hands, and the King, who stood upright, perfectly still, like the statue of a king in stone. It was only for a moment, though. Then his great voice thundered out:—

"Guard, seize them!"

Instantly from nowhere, as it seemed, sprang eight soldiers in bright armour inlaid with gold, and tunics of red and white. Very splendid they were, and very alarming.

"Impious and sacrilegious wretches!" shouted the King. "To the dungeons with them! We will find a way to-morrow to make them speak, for without doubt they can tell us where to find the lost half of *It*."

A wall of scarlet and white and steel and gold closed up round the children, and hurried them away among the many pillars of the great hall. As they went they heard the voices of the courtiers loud in horror.

"You've done it this time," said Cyril, with extreme bitterness.

"Oh, it will come right. It *must*. It always does," said Anthea, desperately.

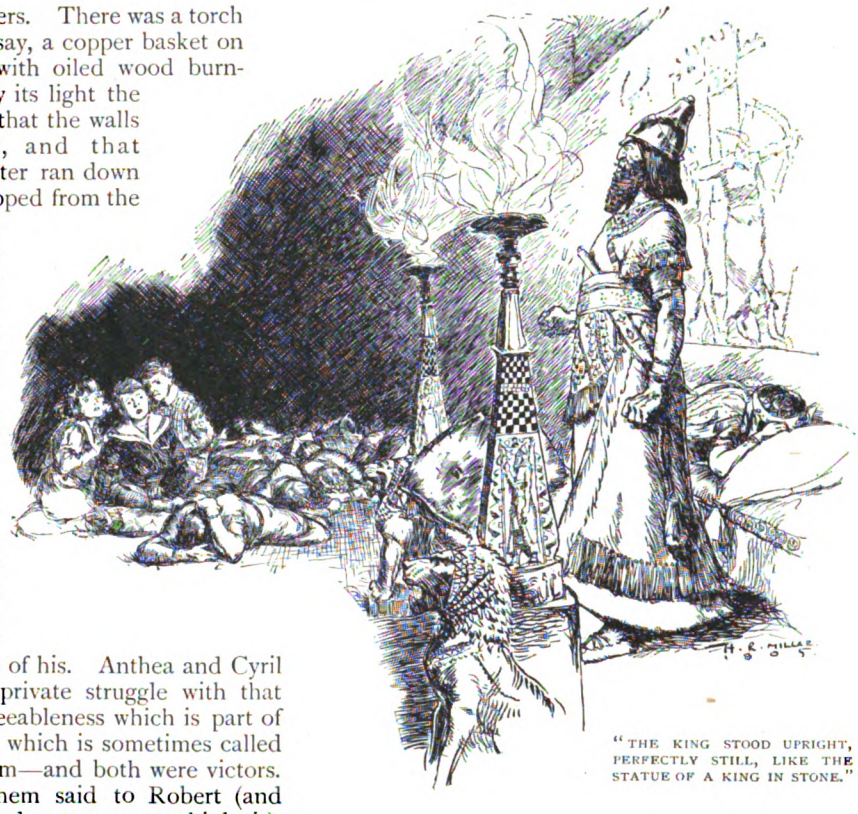
They could not see where they were going, because the guard surrounded them so closely, but the ground under their feet—smooth marble at first—grew rougher, like stone, then it was loose earth and sand, and they felt the night air. Then there was more stone with steps down.

"It's my belief we really *are* going to the deepest dungeon below the castle moat this time," said Cyril.

And they were. At least, it was not below a moat, but beneath the River Euphrates, which is just as bad. And a most unpleasant place it was. Dark, very, very damp, and with an odd, musty smell rather like the

shells of oysters. There was a torch—that is to say, a copper basket on a high stick, with oiled wood burning in it. By its light the children saw that the walls were green, and that trickles of water ran down them and dripped from the roof. There were things on the floor that looked like newts, and in the darker corners creepy, shiny things moved sluggishly, uneasily, horribly.

Robert's heart sank right into those really reliable boots of his. Anthea and Cyril each had a private struggle with that inside disagreeableness which is part of all of us, and which is sometimes called the Old Adam—and both were victors. Neither of them said to Robert (and both tried hard not even to think it), "This is *your* doing." Anthea had the additional temptation to add, "I told you so." And she resisted it successfully.



"THE KING STOOD UPRIGHT, PERFECTLY STILL, LIKE THE STATUE OF A KING IN STONE."

"Sacrilege and impious cheek," said the captain of the guard to the gaoler; "to be kept during the King's pleasure. I expect he means to get some pleasure out of them to-morrow. He'll tickle them up!"

"Poor little kids," said the gaoler.

"Oh, yes," said the captain. "I've got kids of my own, too. But it doesn't do to let domestic sentiment interfere with one's public duties. Good-night."

The soldiers tramped heavily off, in their white and red and steel and gold. The gaoler, with a bunch of big keys in his hand, stood looking pityingly at the children. He shook his head twice and went out.

"Courage!" said Anthea. "I know it will be all right. It's only a dream *really*, you know. It *must* be! I don't believe about time being only a something or other of thought. It *is* a dream, and we're bound to wake up all right, and safe."

"Humph!" said Cyril, bitterly. And Robert suddenly said:—

"It's all my doing. If it really *is* all up do please not keep jumping upon me about it, and tell father—oh, I forgot."

What he had forgotten was that his father was two or three thousand miles and twenty-five hundred or more years away from him.

"All right, Bobs, old man," said Cyril; and Anthea got hold of Robert's hand and squeezed it.

Then the gaoler came back with a platter of hard, flat cakes made of coarse grain, very different from the cream-and-juicy-date feasts of the palace; also a pitcher of water.

"There," he said.

"Oh, thank you so very much. You *are* kind," said Anthea, feverishly.

"Go to sleep," said the gaoler, pointing to a heap of straw in a corner. "To-morrow comes soon enough."

"Oh, dear Mr. Gaoler," said Anthea, "what ever will they do to us to-morrow?"

"They'll try to make you tell things," said the gaoler, grimly, "and my advice is if you've nothing to tell, make up something. Then perhaps they'll sell you to the Northern nations. Regular savages *they* are. Good-night."

"Good-night," said three trembling voices,

which their owners strove in vain to render firm. Then he went out, and the three were left alone in the damp, dim vault.

"I know the light won't last long," said Cyril, looking at the flickering brazier.

"Is it any good, do you think, calling on the name when we haven't got the charm?" suggested Anthea.

"I shouldn't think so. But we might try."

So they tried. But the blank silence of the damp dungeon remained unchanged.

"What was that name the Queen said?" asked Cyril, suddenly. "Nisbeth—Nesbit—something? You know, the slave of the great names?"

"Wait a sec," said Cyril, "though I don't know why you want it. Nusroch—Nisrock—Nisroch—that's it."

Then Anthea pulled herself together. All her muscles tightened, and the muscles of her mind and soul, if you can call them that, tightened too.

"Ur-hekan-setcheh," she cried, in a fervent voice. "Oh, Nisroch, Servant of the Great Ones. Come and help us!"

There was a waiting silence. Then a cold, blue light awoke in the corner where the straw was, and in the light they saw coming towards them a strange and terrible figure. I won't try to describe it, because Mr. Millar will draw it for you exactly as it was, and exactly as the old Babylonians carved it on their stones, so that you can see it in our own British Museum at this day. I will just say that it had an eagle's wings and an eagle's head and the body of a man.

It came towards them, strong and unspeakably horrible.

"Oh, go away," cried Anthea; but Cyril cried: "No; stay."

The creature hesitated, then bowed low before them on the damp floor of the dungeon.

"Speak," it said, in a harsh, grating voice, like large rusty keys being turned in locks. "The Servant of the Great Ones is *your* servant. What is your need that you call on the name of Nisroch?"

"We want to go home," said Robert.

"No, no," cried Anthea; "we want to be where Jane is."

Nisroch raised his great arm and pointed at the wall of the dungeon. And as he pointed the wall disappeared, and instead of the damp, green, rocky surface there shone and glowed a room with rich hangings of red silk embroidered with golden water-lilies, with cushioned couches, and great mirrors of polished steel; and in it was the Queen, and before her, on a red pillow, sat the psammead, its fur hunched up in an irritated, discontented way. On a blue-covered couch lay Jane, fast asleep.

"Walk forward without fear," said Nisroch. "Is there aught else that the Servant of

"NISROCH RAISED HIS GREAT ARM AND POINTED AT THE WALL OF THE DUNGEON."

the Great Ones can do for those who speak that name?"

"No; oh, *no*," said Cyril. "It's all right now. Thanks ever so."

"You are a dear," cried Anthea, not in the least knowing what she was saying. "Oh, thank you, thank you. But *do* go *now*."

She caught the hand of the creature, and it was cold and hard in hers, like a hand of stone.

"Go forward," said Nisroch. And they went.

"Oh, my good gracious," said the Queen, as they stood before her. "How did you get here? I *knew* you were magic. I meant to let you out the first thing in the morning, if I could slip away, but thanks to Dagon you've managed it for yourselves. You must get away. I'll wake my chief lady, and she shall call Ritti-Marduk and he'll let you out the back way and——"

"Don't rouse anybody, for goodness' sake," said Anthea, "except Jane, and I'll rouse her."

She shook Jane with energy and Jane slowly awoke.

"Ritti-Marduk brought them in hours ago, really," said the Queen, "but I wanted to have the psammead all to myself for a bit. You'll excuse the little natural deception—it's part of the Babylonish character, don't you know. But I don't want anything to happen to you. Do let me rouse someone."

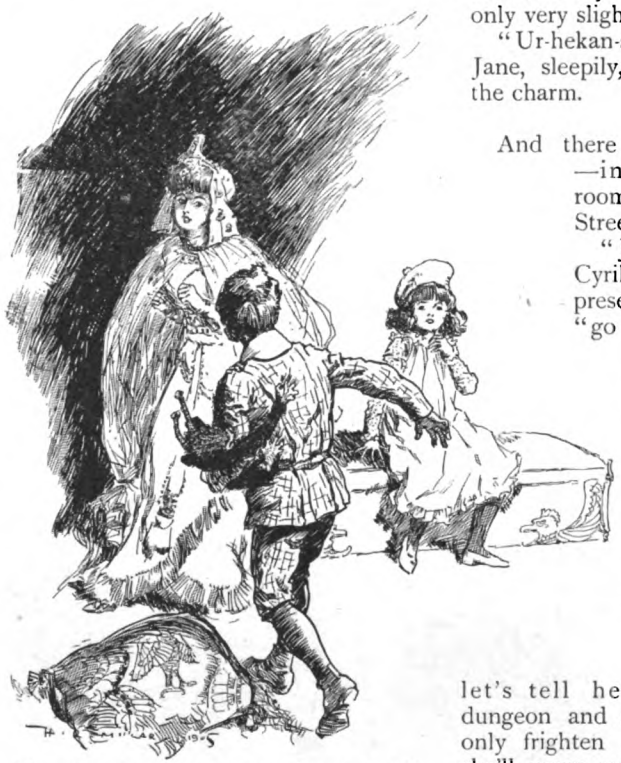
"No, no, no, no," said Anthea, with desperate earnestness. She thought she knew enough of what the Babylonians were like when they were roused. "We can go by our own magic. And you will tell the King it wasn't the gaoler's fault. It was Nisroch."

"Nisroch?" echoed the Queen. "You are indeed magicians."

Jane sat up, blinking stupidly.

"Hold *It* up and say the word," cried Cyril, catching up the psammead, which mechanically bit him, but only very slightly.

"Ur-hekan-setcheh," said Jane, sleepily, and held up the charm.



"'HOLD IT UP AND SAY THE WORD,' CRIED CYRIL."

And there they all were—in the dining-room in Fitzroy Street.

"Jane," said Cyril, with great presence of mind, "go and get the plate of sand down for the psammead."

Jane went.

"Look here," he said, quickly, as the sound of her boots grew less loud on the stairs, "don't let's tell her about the dungeon and all that. It'll only frighten her, so that she'll never want to go anywhere else."

"Righto!" said Robert, but Anthea felt that she could not have said a word to save her life.

"Why did you want to come back in such a hurry?" asked Jane, returning with the plate of sand; "it was awfully jolly in Babylon, I think! I liked it no end."

"Oh, yes," said Cyril, carelessly. "It was jolly enough, of course, but I thought we'd been there long enough. Mother always says you oughtn't to wear out your welcome."

(To be continued.)

Curiosities.

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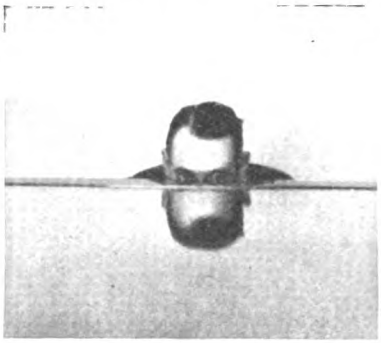
[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

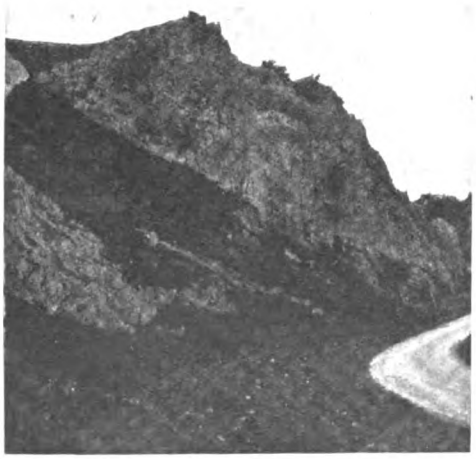
WHAT IS IT?

"This is not a man drowning. I fancy few if any of your readers can guess what it is. The explanation of the puzzle is that the man was playing the piano and ducked his head when I tried to photograph him, with the result shown."—Miss Flora Mc'eill, 13, Glencairn Crescent, Edinburgh.



"ROCK OF AGES."

"I wonder how many of the readers of THE STRAND know the geography of the British Isles well enough to locate the rock in the accompanying photograph? It cannot, even by the greatest stretch of the imagination, be compared to such mountain masses as Mont Blanc (Europe), Mounts Hooker and Brown (North America), or Table Mountain (South Africa); but wherever the British language is spoken its name is far better known than either of them. It is the 'Rock of Ages,' and was so named from the following. The Rev. Augustus Toplady, priest-in-charge



at Blagdon (1762-64), near Bristol, was one day walking through Burrington Combe, and being overtaken by a terrific thunderstorm sought shelter in a cleft of the rock here shown, and whilst sheltering there the beautiful thoughts embodied in the well-known hymn,

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee,

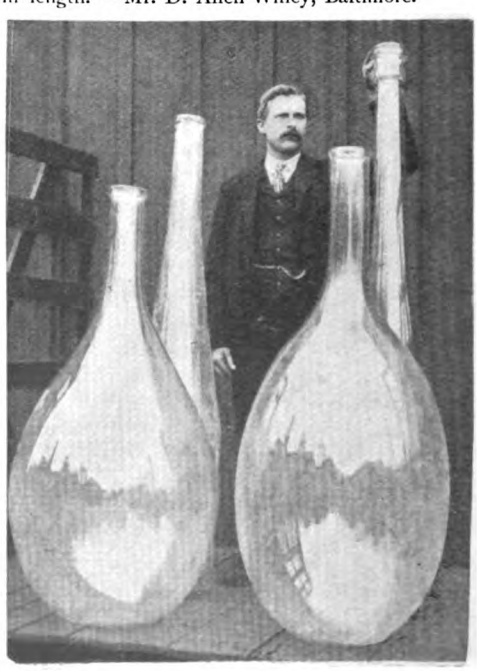
first entered his mind and shortly afterwards appeared in their present form. Although nearly one hundred and fifty years have passed since Toplady left Blagdon his memory has not been forgotten, for very recently a brass tablet, bearing the following inscription, has been placed in the parish church of that village:—

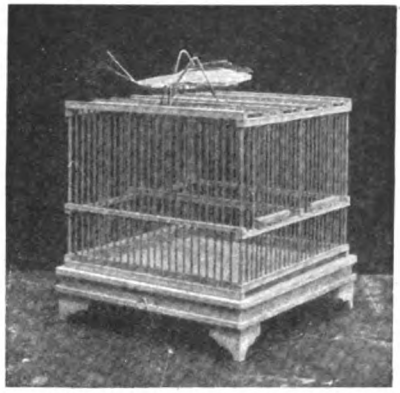
In Memory of
Augustus Montague Toplady,
Clerk in Holy Orders,
Author of the hymn 'Rock of Ages,'
Curate in sole charge of this Parish,
1762-64,
Whose remains now lie buried
Beneath Whitefield Memorial Church,
London."

—Mr. G. W. Rowlands, Clevedon, Somerset.

THE BIGGEST BOTTLES IN THE WORLD.

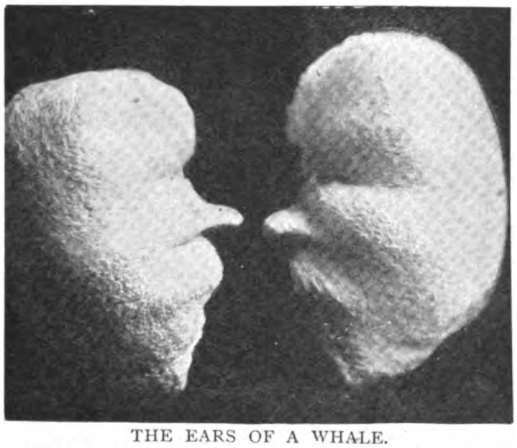
"In the window of a store in St. Louis, Missouri, are four bottles which are believed to be the largest ever blown from glass They are intended for advertising purposes, and are filled with liquids of various kinds. The largest is six feet four inches high, and will actually hold the contents of one thousand five hundred small perfumery bottles. The smallest, however, is over five feet in height, and will hold two hundred and fifty pints. To make the largest bottle no less than fifty pounds of liquid glass were required, which had to be blown into the immense bubble which afterwards cooled into the receptacle. The blowing was done by three men, one relieving the other as soon as he had exhausted his strength. The great size of the bottles can be realized by comparing them with the man standing in the rear. They were made by a glass company at Alton, Illinois, with a blow-pipe about five and a half feet in length."—Mr. D. Allen Willey, Baltimore.





CRICKETS THAT BRING LUCK.

"In some parts of Japan they still keep crickets and other insects of this family alive in little cages. In the olden time the Florentines also kept crickets in cages, but their cages were more crudely made than those of the Japs. In both cases the main idea was that if the imprisoned cricket or grasshopper lived it brought luck to the house, and so, of course, every care was taken to keep them alive as long as possible. There were—and in some places still are—markets where crickets and grasshoppers, as well as their cages, were dealt in somewhat in the same way as the quaint bird market in Paris. In this picture the grasshopper will be seen on the top of his cage."—Mr. Frank Lovett, 41, Outram Road, Croydon.

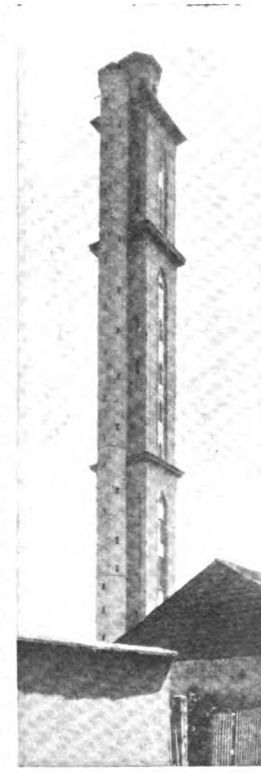


THE EARS OF A WHALE.

"I am sending you a photo. of the 'ears of a whale.' These are the labyrinth or internal ear; there is no external ear in these mammals. The pieces shown in the photo. are of a very heavy osseous substance; they are about the size of a large goose egg, or five inches long and nine and a half inches in diameter. They are taken from a whale seventy-five feet long, and present, when held in a certain light, a grotesque likeness to human profiles."—Mr. M. F. Howley, The Palace, St. John's, Newfoundland. Photo. by James Vey, St. John's, N.F.

"PETERSON'S FOLLY."

"Peterson's Tower, or 'Folly,' as it is locally known, is to be found near Sway, Lymington, Hants. It takes the shape of a concrete building nearly three hundred feet high. Many local legends are told of the eccentricity of the former owner. One story is that a large sum of money was left to him on condition that it was spent within a given time, and so he caused this ugly and useless building to be erected; his intention was to have taken it still higher, but the authorities forbade it. Views of the whole of the New Forest and Solent, Spithead, the Needles, and the Isle of Purbeck can be had from the summit."—Mr. W. H. Andrews, 33, Linden Grove, Newlands Park, Sydenham.



A NOVEL ADDRESS.

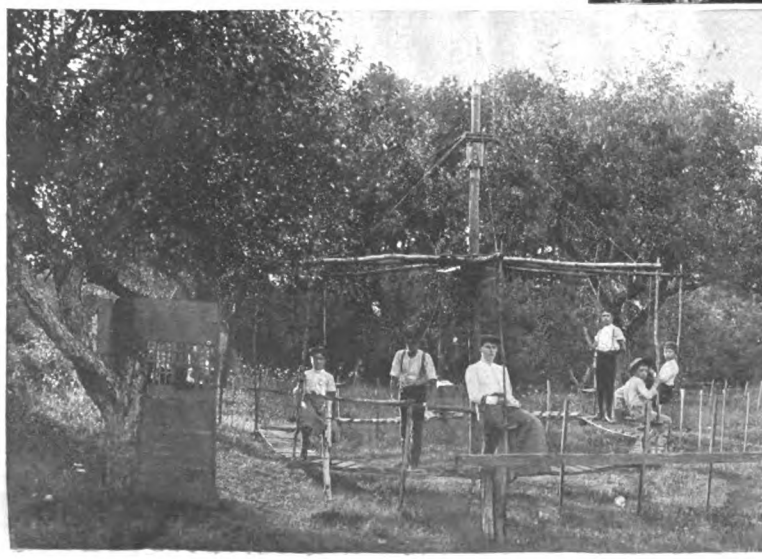
"The following photograph is an illustration of a peculiar post-card, posted at Chesterfield at 11 a.m. on June 20th to Saltley College, Birmingham. It reached its destination in the evening of the same day, having travelled a distance of nearly seventy miles. The address—as the illustration shows — consisted of a number of small letter biscuits sewn to a piece of cardboard, while on the back was a large label with the words 'Eggs —with care.' At one end of the post-card the following words were written: 'Found at Aston Manor B.O. Four biscuits short and several broken. (Signed) W. S.' The card is interesting, not only as regards peculiarity, but also as an example of the smartness of the postal officials. The photograph was taken by Mr. Selwyn-Ridge, of Saltley." — Mr. R. E. Clark, Saltley College, Birmingham.

THE "VIRGIN MARY'S NEEDLE."

"Close to the old Augvaldsnals Church on Karmeon Island, Norway, and leaning towards it, is a stone pillar about twenty-five feet high, called the 'Virgin Mary's Needle.' Tradition holds that when the pillar touches the church the world will come to an end. The superstitious local parson, whenever he imagines that its point is getting nearer to the sacred building, promptly mounts the pillar and chisels a bit off the top so as to save the world from an untimely end."

A NOVEL MERRY-GO-ROUND.

"The following photograph is that of a novel 'merry-go-round' which was entirely constructed by two boys, each under sixteen years of age. It was made from small trees cut in the adjacent wood, fastened by nails and old telegraph wire, and will seat eight persons. The motive power is supplied by pushing on a bar attached to the central support, which swings the entire apparatus. The inventors and builders are seen standing by the bar."—Mr. Ralph Pierce Brigham, South Hanover, Mass.



"THE WHISTLING TREE."

"Some of the trees in Norway grow in many queer shapes, but

perhaps this is one of the most curious of them all. The lower branch has turned round until it forms a perfect circle. This circle faces due north and south, and when the wind is in either direction it produces a peculiar whistling sound, rising and falling according to the velocity of the wind. In the old days of superstition the whistling tree was looked upon with a kind of awe and fear."—Mr. Richard Thirsk, Hagdehangsveien, Christiania, Norway.

A WHITE-AND-BLACK BIRD.

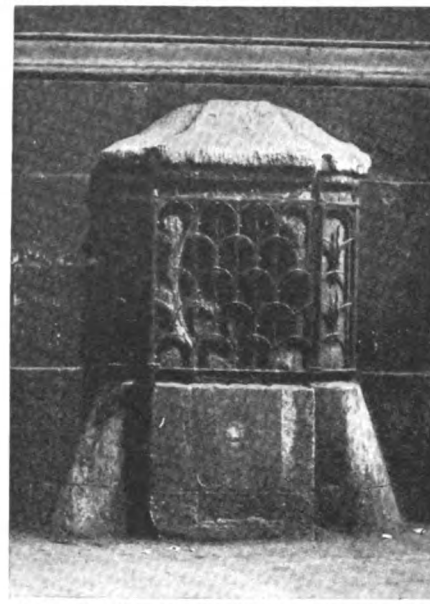
"I send you a photograph of a piebald blackbird that was shot near here. I think it is rather a curiosity, as you seldom see them with so much white."—Miss A. Hope Johnstone, Rock Lodge, Trim, Ireland.

A PRAYER ON A GRAIN OF WHEAT.

"The micro-photograph shown here is of a grain of wheat which was found amongst the belongings of the late Sir Moses Montefiore. It was enclosed in a roughly made tin box, which also contained a letter to Sir Moses and the prayer, both written in Hebrew. On the outer cover was written the following: 'A prayer for Sir Moses Montefiore, by Banch Mordechai, son of Zebi Hirsch Scheinemann Soffer, of Jerusalem, written on a grain of wheat, containing 386 Hebrew letters. Written by B. M. Scheinemann, of Jerusalem, 5645. Sent to Sir Moses in the year 5645.'"—Mr. A. Vigar, 1, Picton Villas, Ramsgate.

AN EASTERN SAMPLER.

"This is a photograph of a quaint sampler worked by a little Bokhara maiden in the far-away Himalaya Mountains. The centre is supposed to represent figures walking in a garden. A closer inspection will show that the various flowers and leaves are not connected by any stems; this is due to a superstitious belief that if the piece of work is completed the little maiden who worked it will die unmarried. It is not always easy to obtain a genuine Bokhara sampler, for they are begun by the girls of the better classes at the age of six years, completed at the age of about fourteen—minus the stems—and then put away as family heirlooms; but when hard times come Bokhara women are obliged to part with their children's samplers. The original colours are pretty shades of green, yellow, orange, and flame colour, arranged with a truly Oriental eye for effect."—Mrs. C. H. Draycott, 4, Camden Hill Road, Upper Norwood.



THE OLDEST MILE-STONE IN ENGLAND.

"There never was a time when people paid more attention to mile-stones than they do now. Few of us there are who do not cycle, and motorists are becoming more and more numerous every day. Mile-stones are of varying dates—some of them so ancient that the distances once carved upon them are no longer visible, but the very oldest is what is called London Stone, now built into the wall of St. Swithin's Church, Cannon Street. It is supposed to have been a Roman boundary stone."—Mr. Walter Dexter, 40, Ommaney Road, New Cross, S.E.

"STUDYING VIRGIL."

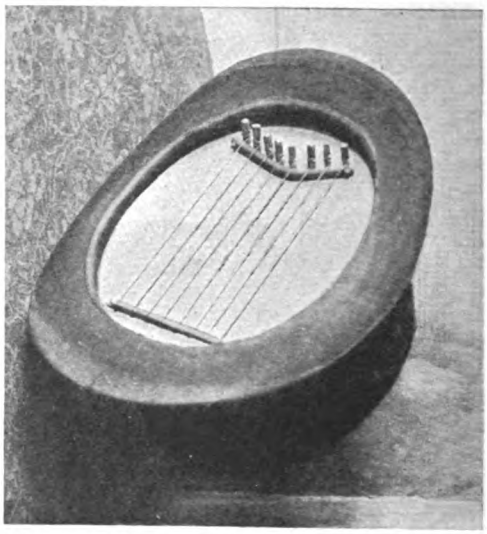
"I send you a photo. of myself for 'Curiosities' studying Virgil in a peculiar position. It was taken by my brother in the country a few weeks ago. It was not a snap-shot, but a time exposure."—Mr. Charles E. Williams, Grosvenor Villa, Rock Ferry, Cheshire.

HORSE'S MANE EIGHTEEN FEET LONG.

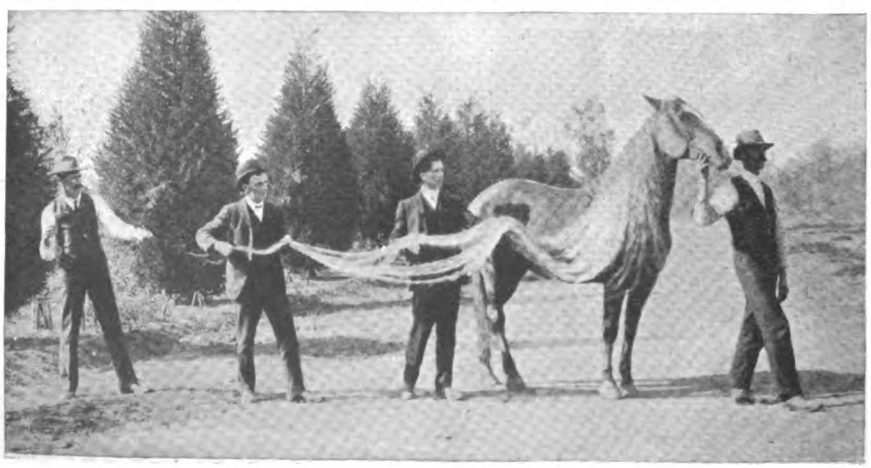
"Most wonderful of all horses in the world is Maud, owned by Mr. George O. Zillgitt, of Inglewood, California. She has a mane eighteen feet long, a growth of hair unknown in the history of equines. It is a beautiful waving mass of silver grey, and is still growing steadily. Many circus managers have offered exorbitant sums for the horse, but Mr. Zillgitt will not part with his pet. Just recently he refused an offer of one thousand dollars from one of the most famous of American circus managers. The hair is so heavy and long that it is necessary to keep it braided and bound in a net, except on special occasions. It took just an hour and a half to unbraid it before the accompanying photo. could be taken, and an hour and a half to do it up after the performance. The braid at the widest part measures six inches in diameter."—Miss Helen Lukens Jones, Pasadena, California.

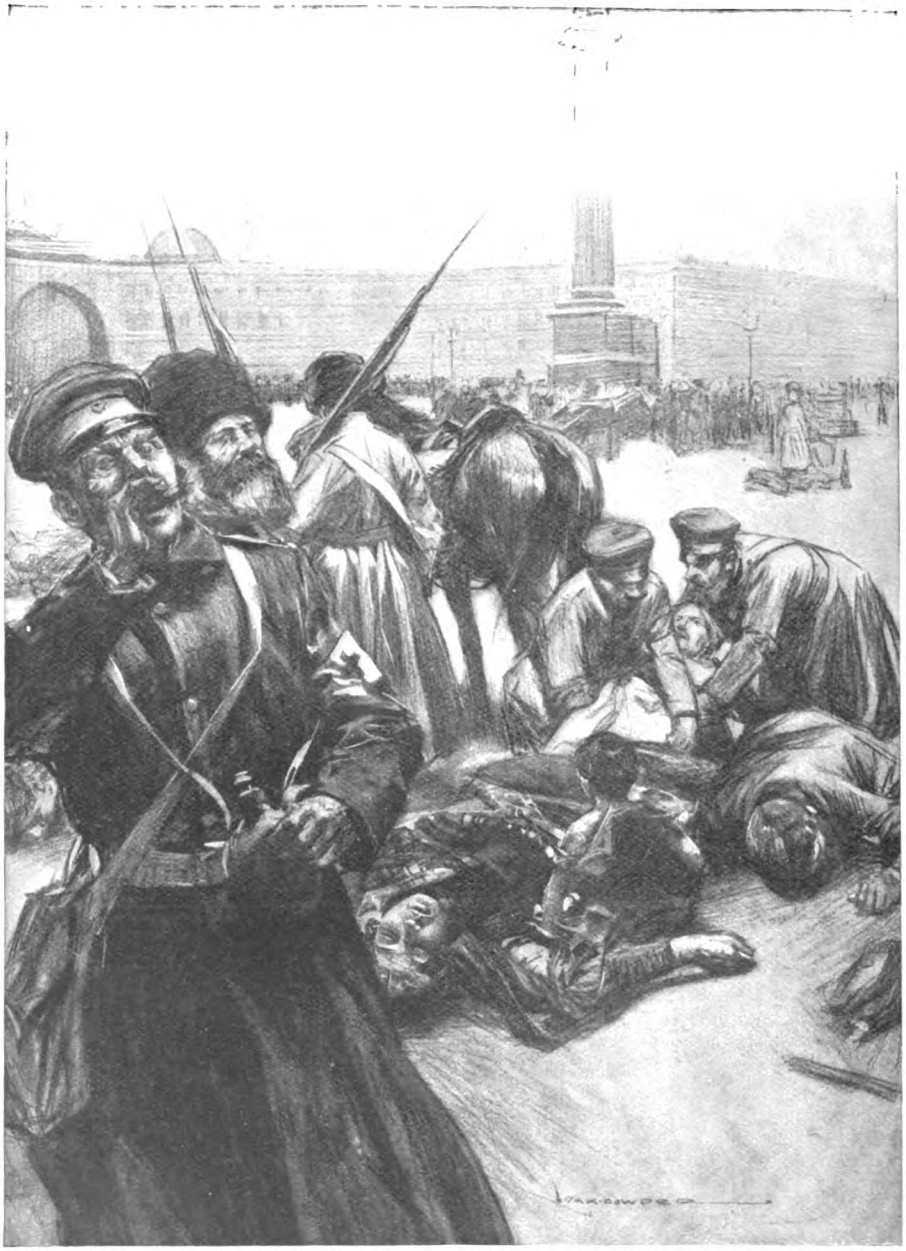
A MUSICAL HAT.

"This musical instrument consists of an old silk hat, which, as it came into my possession, was only fit to grace the effigy of the late Mr. Guido Fawkes, of unholy memory. I restored it to its proper shape as far as was possible, and, fitting an oval piece of board into the opening, secured it in place by some large tin-tacks; next, eight holes were bored into it to receive steel pegs, such as are used in pianofortes. I then fitted it with fine piano wires; these are held at the other end by being fastened round small brads.



The instrument is tuned in a chromatic scale and is played with the thumbs, the rim of the hat being held by all the fingers. Pieces of brass put under the wires at top and bottom give this comical instrument a surprisingly clear sound. I have played on it at several entertainments, and it always evokes amusement and surprise, as the audience cannot see the wires, as they are facing the performer during the playing of what I advertise as 'The Musical Hat.'"—Mr. J. W. Goodban, 8, Station Cottages, Ashford, Kent.





AFTER THE GREAT CHARGE IN ST. PETERSBURG—REMOVING THE KILLED AND WOUNDED IN THE PALACE SQUARE.

Drawn (from a Sketch) by Max Cowper.

(*See page* 371.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxx. OCTOBER, 1905. No. 178.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE.

By FATHER GAPON.

IN the present instalment Father Gapon arrives at the incident—the terrible massacre of January 22nd—to which the previous chapters have formed only the uneventful but necessary prelude. It is hardly too much to say that his graphic and thrilling narrative, which sets the scenes before the reader's eyes as if he were himself a spectator of them, presents a picture worthy of Defoe.

CHAPTER XIII.

AT THE MINISTRY OF JUSTICE.

I PASSED the rest of the night without sleep in the room of a workman, preparing the petition. This I took in the morning to a lady who had promised to have it printed for me, returning to snatch a couple of hours' restless sleep. I was awakened by my friend, who informed me that a special messenger had come to my house and had summoned me to the Ministry of Justice. A note was also brought to me from the Metropolitan Antonius asking me to call upon him, evidently in order to speak about the strike. Feeling that these interviews would be of no avail, I decided not to go; but on the following day, January 21st, it became clear to me that the Government was preparing to take extreme measures in case we did not abandon our plans, and, as another messenger came from Muravieff, I decided to go to see him, and to make a final attempt to procure a peaceful settlement. There was an undeniable danger of arrest, which might leave the workmen without a leader at the most critical time; but this had to be risked if a tragedy was to be obviated.

I, therefore, arranged to go to the Ministry at noon, and in the interval decided, with the same end in view, to send a letter to the Ministry of the Interior and another to the Czar himself. The latter was taken directly to Tsarskoye Selo by two of my trusted lieutenants, with instructions to deliver it directly into the hands of the Czar, if possible.

"Sire," I wrote, "I fear that your Ministers have not told you the whole truth about the state of affairs in the capital. Be assured that the workmen and the people of St. Petersburg, trusting in you, have irrevocably decided to appear to-morrow at 2 p.m. before the Winter Palace, in order to present to you a statement of their needs and those of the whole Russian people. If, hesitating in your heart, you do not show yourself to your people, and if innocent blood be shed, the moral tie which has existed between yourself and your people will be broken, and the trust which the people have in you will disappear for ever. Come, then, to-morrow with confidence before your people and receive with an open mind our humble petition. I, the representative of the workmen, and my brave comrades guarantee the safety of your person at the price of our lives.—G. GAPON, Priest."

I do not know whether this message was successfully delivered, as I never heard again of the two men who carried it. Probably it was delivered and they were immediately arrested. I know, however, that the similar letter to Prince Sviatopolk-Mirski safely reached its destination. This was not sent on my own responsibility alone. I gathered some of the leading workmen together and read the note over to them. They agreed upon it in substance, but the last sentence caused them hesitation. "How can we guarantee the safety of the Czar with our own lives?" some of them asked, gravely. "If some unknown person were to throw a bomb we should then have to kill ourselves." These words show the simple and sincere spirit which actuated them. I had to use all my influence to convince them that in any case we must give such a promise. The letter was then signed by the others as well as myself; and I am sure that, if the Czar had appeared and anything had happened to him, these earnest men would have inflicted upon themselves the extreme penalty.

"And now," I said, as we parted, "go to your posts, explain the petition to our members, and tell them to come to-morrow to lay it before the Czar. If he does not come, and if innocent blood be shed, there will no longer be any Czar for us. I myself am going to the Minister of Justice. If they

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arrest me, you will tell your fellows and continue the movement to the end; if not, we shall meet this evening."

When my friend K—— had returned from the Minister of the Interior, we went together to the Minister of Justice. He remained in the sledge, and at a little distance some of my men stood on guard to report if I were arrested. It was evident that everybody, the porters, officials, and messengers, knew what was going on and the purpose of my visit, and they treated me with respect, curiosity, and even servility.

"Tell me frankly what it all means," the Minister asked me, as soon as we were alone. I asked him in return to tell me frankly whether I should be arrested if I spoke out without reserve. At first he appeared confused, but after reflection he answered "No"; and this he repeated more emphatically at my request. I then explained to him the terrible conditions in which the workmen in St. Petersburg and the rest of Russia have to labour.

"The country is passing through a serious political and economic crisis," I said. "Each class of the population is drawing up statements of its needs and demands, and embodying them in petitions to the Czar; and, therefore, it is time that the workmen whose life is so hard should state their needs also to the Emperor."

With this I handed him a copy of our petition. Only fifteen copies of it had been printed: one each for the eleven branches of the association, one on better paper for the Czar, one each for the Ministers of the Interior and Justice, and one for myself. (This last I gave to an English newspaper correspondent, expressing the hope that God would grant us at least the rights which Englishmen enjoy.) I was, therefore, not a little surprised when Muravieff told me that he already had a copy.

He took my own, however, and looked through it again; and at last, extending his arms in a gesture of despair, exclaimed, "But you want to limit the monarchy!"

"Yes; but that limitation will be for the good of the Sovereign himself and of the people. If there should be no such reform from above, the state of Russia is such that there will inevitably be a revolution, a struggle that may last for years and entail terrible bloodshed. Then, too, we do not ask that all our demands shall be immediately conceded; we would be satisfied with the more necessary concessions. Only let all the sufferers be amnestied and the representatives of the people be immediately convoked. The whole nation will then be filled with enthusiasm toward the Czar." Feeling strongly moved, as I recognised the opportunity that lay before him, I added: "An historical moment has come when you, your Excellency, might play a great part. Some years ago you incurred odium by striving to secure the condemnation of those who were fighting for popular liberty. Now you can wipe out that stigma. Drive at once to the Czar and tell him that, without loss of time, he should come and speak to his people We will guarantee his person; fall at his feet, if need be; and beg him for his own sake to receive the deputation, and your name will be inscribed gratefully in the annals of our country."

Muravieff visibly changed colour as he listened to me. Then he suddenly rose, stretched out his hand, and dismissed me with the words, "I will do my duty."

As I walked downstairs the thought struck me that these ambiguous words might only mean that he was going to the Czar with the advice, "Shoot without hesitation!" and at the thought I went to the telephone in the vestibule of the building, called for Mr. Kokovtseff, the Minister of Finance, and told him what had occurred, begging him also to intervene to stop bloodshed. I was interrupted, however, before I could get any reply.

From that moment I became convinced that there would be serious trouble. But the movement could not now be stopped without shattering every hope for the future. To warn the people of what might happen, however, I sent delegates to the industrial village of Kolpino, and myself went round the branches of the association. At each I addressed the workmen, telling them that they must come with us, with their wives and children, on the following day, and that if the Emperor would not hear us, and we were instead met with bullets, there would for us be no longer any Czar.

During the last three days preceding the climax of January 22nd St. Petersburg seethed with excitement. All the factories, mills, and workshops gradually stopped working, till at last not one chimney remained smoking in that great industrial district. Though open manifestations of popular feeling in the streets are not easy or safe in Russia, there was abundant evidence of the sensation that filled people's minds. Thousands of men and women

gathered incessantly before the premises of the branches of the Workmen's Association. I and the eleven branch chairmen and other leaders of the workmen spoke continuously, explaining the wording of the petition to the Czar and preparing for the procession to the Winter Palace.

After each speech the audience was invited to sign the petition in an adjoining room. More than one hundred thousand working people in all attached their names or their marks, but what happened to the signed copies later on I do not know.

FATHER GAPON CONVERSING WITH RUSSIAN WORKMEN IN THE STREETS OF ST. PETERSBURG.

CHAPTER XIV.

LAST PREPARATIONS.

THUS I passed from branch to branch, in a sledge drawn by a beautiful quick horse with a devoted driver, and, so as to pass unrecognised, wearing a fur coat over my cassock and an ordinary cap. In the premises of the second branch the air became so heavy that several persons fainted and the meeting was interrupted by shouts of "I am suffocating." Even worse, in the branch beyond the Narvskaya Zastava, for want of air the lamps went out, and we had to continue our meeting in the large courtyard. There, mounted on a barrel, by the light of a lantern and of the stars shining upon the snow, I read the petition to a crowd which must have numbered ten thousand men. It was a grand and moving scene.

Until the 21st January—that is to say, until I understood from my interviews with the Ministers that the authorities would probably try to stop us—I instructed my lieutenants to carefully avoid any attack on the Czar in their speeches, and not to allow any such attack. But on that day I told them to speak openly, so as to make it clear that if we were not peacefully received the whole responsibility must lie upon the Government and the monarch himself. The shout, "Away with the Czar if he will not listen!" then first began to be heard. On the evening of the 21st, in a room adjoining one of our branch halls, I found several representatives of the Revolutionary Socialist and Social Democratic parties. Thoroughly tired out as I was, I could not refuse to talk over our plans with them. "We shall go on Sunday as we have planned," I said. "Do not put out any of your flags, so that it may not have the colour of a revolutionary demonstration. You can go in advance of the crowd if you like. When I enter the Winter Palace I will have with me two flags, one white and one red. If the Czar receives the deputation, I will signal with the white flag; if he refuses, with the red flag, and in that case you may raise your own red flag and do what you think necessary." I asked them if they had any arms in case of necessity. The Social Democrats answered that they had none; the Revolutionists that they had some revolvers, which I understood that they would use if the troops shot at the people. But it was impossible

at that time to work out any plan. "In any case," I said, "do not touch the Czar himself. His person must be secure, and there had better not be even any hostile shouts. Let him return quietly to Tsarskoye Selo." The Revolutionists promised that this should be done.

During these visits it became evident to me that a large part of the population of the city would take part in the procession on the following Sunday. At one meeting a little old woman asked me, "And what if our Little Father, the Czar, will not come out to us for a long time? I was told that he is not in St. Petersburg."

"No," I answered; "but he is not far away. It is only half an hour's journey. We must wait, if necessary, till late at night, and so you had better take some food with you." And, in fact, it was bread they took, not arms.

In the course of the evening I instructed my friend K—— to go to certain prominent Liberals, including Maxim Gorky, and to ask them to make an effort to prevent bloodshed. They duly went to Prince Sviatopolk-Mirski and to M. Witte, but without success. My visits were finished at about 7 p.m., and it was plain that the procession would be as imposing as could be desired. I felt that I had done my duty. That day I had made about fifty short speeches. Afterwards all the leaders of the workmen, about eighteen in number, gathered with me at an inn to have some food and to say good-bye to each other. The waiter who served us whispered to me, "We know that you are going to-morrow to the Czar for the poor people. God help you!" This place was not quiet enough, and so after our meal we went to the house of a merchant friend of mine, where we were not likely to be disturbed. I was oppressed with doubts whether all these excellent men should walk in front of the crowd, perhaps to a certain death. They had created this wonderful movement. What would happen to it if they should all die? For myself, I should march in front, and at last I decided the same for them. The stake was too great for us to grudge any sacrifice. I see now that this was a great mistake. I instructed them each to find two substitutes in case they were killed, but I fear hardly any of them did so. I appointed Vassilieff, if need be, to take my place, and another to replace him. The arrangements for the procession were then discussed. We planned out the general lines, but freedom had to be left to each branch president to organize his own procession; only the final goal was the same for all—to reach the Winter Palace.

I thanked them all for their help in our common cause. "The great moment for us has come. Do not grieve if there are victims. It is not in the fields of Manchuria, but here, in the streets of the capital, that blood, if it be spilt, will prepare the ground for the resurrection of Russia. Do not remember me with ill-feeling. Show that workmen can not only organize the people, but can die for them."

They were all deeply moved as we shook hands, and each took down the addresses of the various relatives, so that those who remained alive might take care of the families of the others. Then we sent for the nearest photographer, who came at once. He turned out to be the same man who had photographed us with Foulon, so I made a pretext for sending him away, and we then went in small groups to another photographer, who took us by magnesium light.

I passed the night in the branch quarters of the Narvskaya Zastava. My body-guard, a gigantic smith named Philipoff, well armed, drove me thither. He was a fine athletic man, with a large beard, and was among the victims of "Bloody Sunday." As we drove along we heard everywhere the sinister sound of soldiers with fixed bayonets marching, and Cossacks on their horses. Otherwise the streets were deserted, save for an occasional wayfarer passing with anxious face across the snow.

We reached our destination and found another large crowd of people gathered there. There was also waiting for me an engineer of a large factory who, since the beginning of the strike, had taken a keen interest in the development of events and my part in them. He was one of the local leaders of the revolutionary movement, and wished to see me in order to learn whether I had any definite plan in case of a collision with the soldiery. I passed the night in the room of one of our workmen, and slept soundly, my faithful Philipoff sleeping on the floor before my door and a relay of men watching outside through the long hours.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MORNING OF JANUARY 22ND.

THE night passed without incident, and at nine o'clock in the morning I got up and took tea with a few of the men. The police evidently did not know where I was. In the midst of our meal a workman, from whom we had all held aloof because of his suspicious

conduct, hurried into the room and, suddenly seeing me, stood in astonishment for a moment and then, before anyone could get hold of him, ran out again. Soon afterwards a messenger came from General Foulon to ask me to speak to him by telephone. I sent a workman instead, however, on pretext of want of time. But the workman returned without speaking to the Prefect, having met on the way the local *pristav* (police-sergeant), who had exclaimed to him, "Ah, so Father George is here!" My messenger understood that I might be in danger of immediate arrest, and so hurried back.

I then went to our branch premises. There, on the doors, was still hanging the large poster on which was written in huge letters the invitation to all the workmen of St. Petersburg to join in the procession to the Winter Palace. The poster had been hanging there for two days, and the police had not interfered with it in any way. This fact led me and the other leaders of the men to think either that the authorities had no intention of interfering with us, or that the police had no knowledge of what the attitude of the Government was to be. Throughout the city the same impression was created, and this undoubtedly encouraged the people to come out in their masses to support the workmen's demonstration.

By ten o'clock an immense crowd was waiting, as I had announced that the procession would start at that hour. The people were absolutely sober and orderly, but evidently filled with a sense of the importance of this day for themselves and their fellow-countrymen. Some of them who had not yet heard the wording of the petition were having it read to them.

But now the first mutterings of the storm which was presently to break over us began to be heard. Workmen came in and announced with some anxiety, but hardly yet with any real alarm, that the gates of the Narvskaya Zastava were guarded by troops. Before we started a succession of messengers arrived, and it became evident that during the night the whole city had been transformed into a military camp. Along all the streets companies of soldiers—cavalry, infantry, and artillery—were moving, accompanied by military ambulances and kitchens. At intervals pickets stood around lighted bonfires, with their arms stacked close at hand, and in the interim of waiting amused themselves with games. Even the Foot Guards had been moved from their barracks in readiness. The "Red" Cossacks of His Majesty's Guard as well as the ordinary "Blue" or Ataman Cossacks were quartered in different parts of the city, and both cavalry and infantry had been dispatched to the suburbs. The place before the Winter Palace was full of troops of all kinds, and in all the public squares regiments were camped. The bridges over the Neva were also occupied, and especially the Troïtsky Bridge, where companies of Cossacks, Lancers, Grenadiers, and the Novgorod Dragoons were stationed. From the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul three cannons had been rolled out and placed on this bridge, which joins the fortress to the mainland. Even in the fortress itself preparations had been made, as though Japanese and not the

THE SQUARE BEFORE THE WINTER PALACE, AT THE ENTRANCE TO WHICH FATHER GAPON'S FOLLOWERS WERE FIRED UPON BY THE COSSACKS.

From a Photo. by] [*Russell & Sons.*

unarmed subjects of the Czar were threatening it. The authorities were evidently afraid that the people would attempt to rush the arsenal. According to reports which reached me, these military preparations were directed by the Grand Duke Vladimir, but the orders were given formally in the name of General Prince S. Vassilchikoff. Everywhere the tramways were stopped, but there was not yet any interference with sledges and foot-passengers.

While hearing these reports, the idea occurred to me that it would be well to give to the procession a distinctly religious character. I accordingly dispatched some men to the nearest chapel to get the church banners and icons; but the sexton refused to deliver them. I then sent one hundred workmen to take them by force, and a few minutes later they were brought in. I also ordered that the Czar's portrait should be taken from our branch premises in order to emphasize the peaceful and orderly character of our gathering.

The crowd had now grown to immense proportions. The men came with their wives, and some with their children, all in their Sunday clothes; and I noticed that argument or dispute among them was at once stopped by such words as, "This is not the time for talking."

Soon after ten we started upon our journey from just outside the south-western boundary of the city to its centre at the Winter Palace — the first procession that ever went through the streets of St. Petersburg to demand of the Sovereign some recognition of popular rights. It was a dry, frosty morning, typical of the Russian mid-winter. I had warned the men that whoever carried the banners might fall the first in case of shooting; but in answer to my invitation a crowd of them rushed forward, fighting for this dangerous distinction. An old woman, who evidently wished to give her son, a boy of seventeen, a chance of seeing the Czar, placed an icon in his hands and put him in the front rank. In the first row were the men carrying a large framed portrait of the Czar; then followed another file with the banners and icons, and I stood in the midst of these. Behind us came a crowd of about twenty thousand people, men and women, old and young. They all marched bareheaded, in spite of the bitter cold, full of the simple intention of seeing their Sovereign in order, as one of them said, "to cry out their griefs like children on the breast of their father."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MASSACRE AT THE NARVA GATE.

"SHALL we go straight toward the gate or by a roundabout route to avoid the soldiers?" I was asked. I shouted, huskily, "No; straight through them. Courage! Death or Freedom!" and the crowd shouted in return, "Hurrah!" We then started forward, singing in one mighty, solemn voice the Czar's hymn, "God Save Thy People." But when we came to the line, "Save Nicholas Alexandrovitch," some of the men who belonged to the Socialist Party were wicked enough to substitute the words, "Save George Appolonovitch," while others simply repeated the words, "Death or Freedom!" The procession moved in a compact mass. In front of me were my two body-guards and a young fellow with dark eyes from whose face his hard labouring life had not yet wiped away the light of youthful gaiety. On the flanks of the crowd ran the children. Some of the women insisted on walking in the first rows, in order, as they said, to protect me with their bodies, and force had to be used to remove them. I may mention also as a significant fact that at the start the police not only did not interfere with the procession, but moved with us with bared heads in recognition of the religious emblems. Two local police-officers marched bareheaded in front of us, preventing any hindrance to our advance, and forcing a few carriages that we met to turn aside in our favour. In this way we approached the Narva Gate, the crowd becoming denser as we progressed, the singing more impressive, and the whole scene more dramatic.

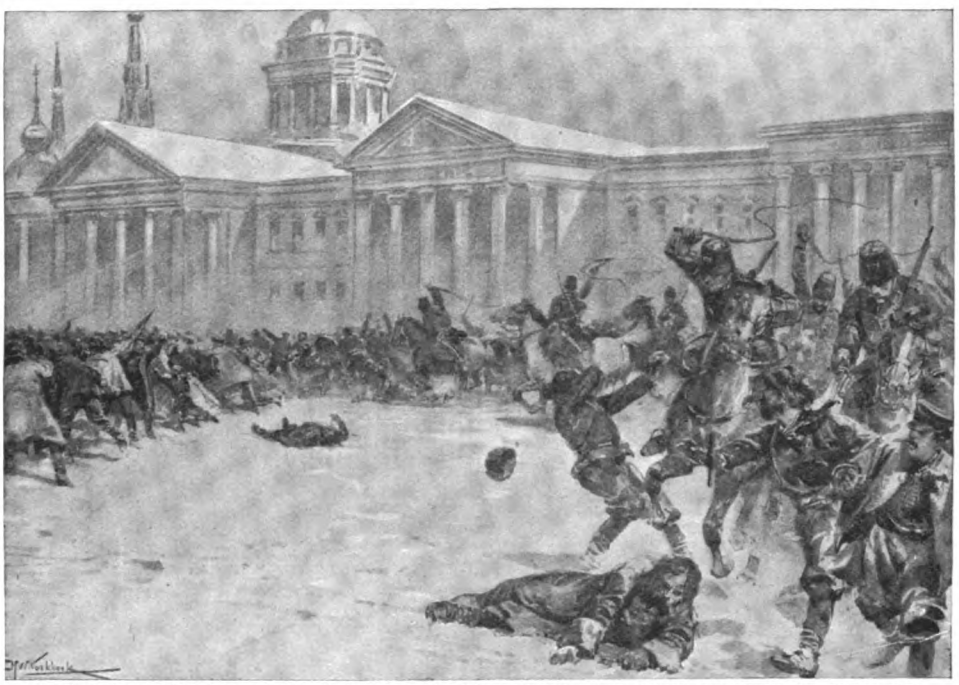
At last we reached within two hundred paces of where the troops stood. Files of infantry barred the road, and in front of them a company of cavalry was drawn up, with their swords shining in the sun. Would they dare to touch us? For a moment we trembled, and then started forward again.

Suddenly the company of Cossacks galloped rapidly towards us with drawn swords. So, then, it was to be a massacre after all! There was no time for consideration, for making plans, or giving orders. A cry of alarm arose as the Cossacks came down upon us. The front ranks broke before them, opening to right and left, and down this lane the soldiers drove their horses, striking on both sides. I saw the swords lifted and falling, and men, women, and children dropping to the earth like logs of wood, while moans, curses, and shouts filled

the air. It was impossible to reason in the fever of this crisis. At my order the front rows formed again in the wake of the Cossacks, who penetrated farther and farther, and at last emerged from the end of the procession.

Again we started forward, with solemn resolution and rising rage in our hearts. The Cossacks turned their horses, and began to cut their way through the crowd from the rear. They passed through the whole column and galloped back towards the Narva Gate, where—the infantry having opened their ranks and let them through—they again formed line. We were still advancing, though not hear it above the singing, and even if we had heard it we should not have known what it meant.

Vassilieff, with whom I was walking, hand in hand, suddenly left hold of my arm and sank upon the snow. One of the workmen who carried the banners fell also. Immediately one of the two police-officers to whom I have referred shouted out, "What are you doing? How dare you fire upon the portrait of the Czar?" This, of course, had no effect, and both he and the other officer were shot down—as I learned afterwards, one was killed and the other dangerously wounded.



FIRST BLOOD IN THE REVOLUTION—REPULSING THE STRIKERS WITH SWORD, WHIP, AND GUNSHOT OPPOSITE THE ADMIRALTY BUILDING, ST. PETERSBURG.

Drawn by H. W. Koekkoek. (Reproduced by permission of the Proprietors of "The Illustrated London News.")

the bayonets raised in threatening rows seemed to point symbolically to our fate. A spasm of pity filled my heart, but I felt no fear. Before we started my dear friend, the workman K——, had said to me, "We are going to give your life as a sacrifice." So be it!

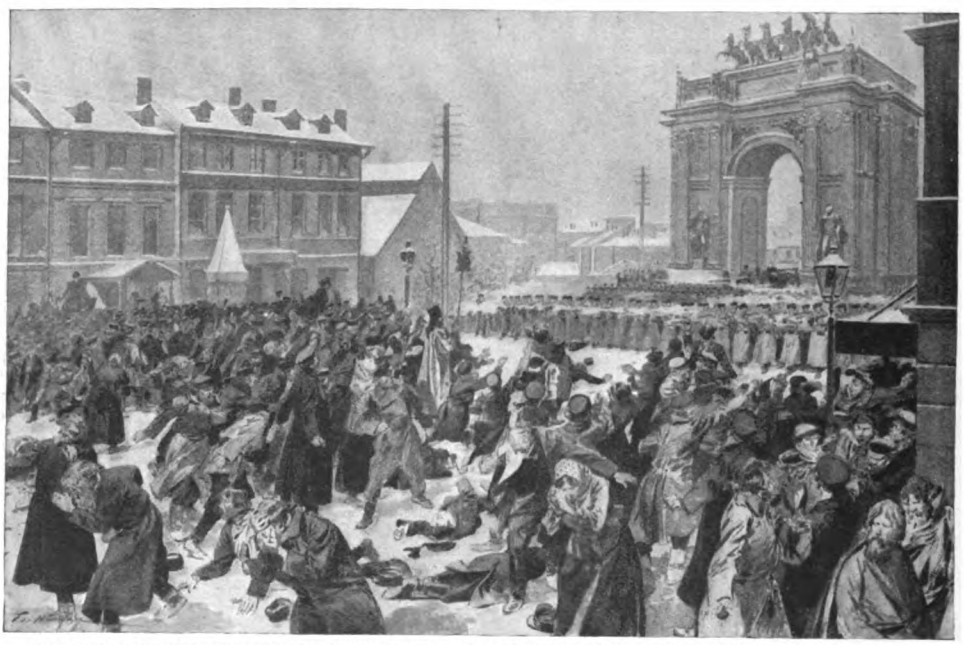
We were not more than thirty yards from the soldiers, being separated from them only by the bridge over the Tarakanovka Canal, which here marks the border of the city, when suddenly, without any warning and without a moment's delay, was heard the dry crack of many rifle-shots. I was informed later on that a bugle was blown, but we could

I turned rapidly to the crowd and shouted to them to lie down, and I also stretched myself out upon the ground. As we lay thus another volley was fired, and another, and yet another, till it seemed as though the shooting was continuous. The crowd first kneeled and then lay flat down, hiding their heads from the rain of bullets, while the rear rows of the procession began to run away. The smoke of the fire lay before us like a thin cloud, and I felt it stiflingly in my throat. An old man named Lavrentieff, who was carrying the Czar's portrait, had been one of the first victims. Another old man caught the portrait as it fell from his hands

and carried it till he, too, was killed by the next volley. With his last gasp the old man said, "I will die, but I will see the Czar." One of the banner-carriers had his arm broken by a bullet. A little boy of ten years, who was carrying a church lantern, fell pierced by a bullet, but still held the lantern tightly and tried to rise again, when another shot struck him down. Both the smiths who had guarded me were killed, as well as all those who were carrying the icons and banners; and all these emblems now lay scattered on the snow. The soldiers were actually shooting into the courtyards of the adjoining houses, where the crowd tried to find refuge, and, as

haps this anger saved me, for now I knew in very truth that a new chapter was opened in the book of the history of our people. I stood up, and a little group of workmen gathered round me again. Looking backward, I saw that our line, though still stretching into the distance, was broken, and that many of the people were fleeing. It was in vain that I called to them, and in a moment I stood there, the centre of a few scores of men, trembling with indignation amid the broken ruins of our movement.

Again we started, and again the firing began. After the last volley I rose again and found myself alone, but still unhurt.



THE MURDEROUS ONSLAUGHT AT THE NARVA GATE. FATHER GAPON MAY BE SEEN FACING THE TROOPS AT THE HEAD OF HIS FOLLOWERS, HOLDING ALOFT THE SACRED EMBLEM.
Drawn by [*P. de Haenen.*

I learned afterwards, bullets even struck persons inside, through the windows.

At last the firing ceased. I stood up with a few others who remained uninjured and looked down at the bodies that lay prostrate around me. I cried to them, "Stand up!" But they lay still. I could not at first understand. Why did they lie there? I looked again, and saw that their arms were stretched out lifelessly, and I saw the scarlet stain of blood upon the snow. Then I understood. It was horrible. And my Vassilieff lay dead at my feet.

Horror crept into my heart. The thought flashed through my mind, "And this is the work of our Little Father, the Czar." Per-

Suddenly, in the midst of my despair, somebody took hold of my arm and dragged me rapidly away into a small side street a few paces from the scene of the massacre. It was idle for me to protest. What more could be done? "There is no longer any Czar for us!" I exclaimed.

I gave myself unwillingly into the hands of my rescuers. All those who remained of us, save this handful, were shot down or dispersed in terror. We had gone unarmed. There was nothing left but to live for a day when the guilty would be punished and this great wrong would be righted—a day when, if we came again unarmed, it would only be because arms were no longer necessary.

In the by-street we were approached immediately by three or four of my workmen, and I recognised in my rescuer the engineer who had seen me on the previous night at the Narvskaya Zastava. He took out from his pocket a pair of scissors and cut off my priest's hair, which the men immediately divided between themselves. One of them rapidly tore off my cassock and hat, and gave me instead his own overcoat; but this appeared to be smeared with blood. Then another poor fellow took off his own ragged coat and cap, and insisted on my wearing them. It was all done in two or three minutes. The engineer urged that I should go with him to the house of a friend, and I decided to do so.

In the meantime the soldiers stood in possession of the field of the massacre. For some time they did not themselves attend to the killed and wounded, and they did not allow anyone else to do so. Only after a long interval did they begin to pile the bodies on a number of sledges, and to remove them for burial or for hospital treatment. The wounds, according to the statements of the doctors, were, in an overwhelming majority of cases, of a very severe character, and were in the head or body, seldom in the limbs. Some of those shot had several bullet wounds, and on not one of the bodies was found any arms, not even a stone in the pocket. One doctor of a local hospital to which thirty-four corpses were taken said that the sight was a sickening one, the faces being contorted with horror and suffering and the floor covered with pools of blood.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FIRST BARRICADES.

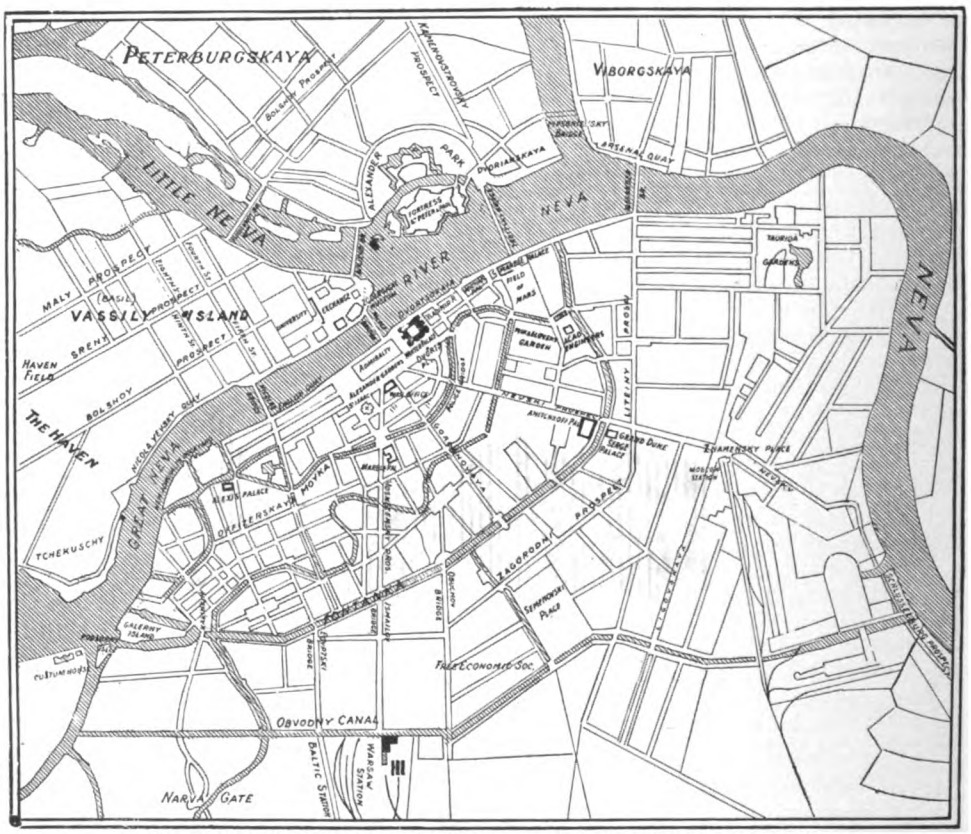
As I learned within the next few hours, the other branches of our association had suffered similarly in other quarters of the city. Apart from the smaller branches which had their head-quarters in the centre of the town, there had been four chief starting-places: our own in the south-west of the city; the Peterburgskaya Storona, beyond the Little Neva, on the north; Basil Island (Vassily Ostroff), between the Great and Little Neva; and the Schlüsselburg Road, beyond the Neva, on the south-east.

At the branch of the Peterburgskaya District a great crowd had gathered in the morning, waiting for the start of the procession. It showed the most peaceful spirit, no harm was expected, and while the men were standing about several mounted soldiers, who were passing, stopped to ask for matches to light their cigarettes and to speak to the workmen in a friendly way. Before a start was made the news came that the troops were barring the way to the Palace, and that already men and women had been struck down by the swords of the Cossacks. Nevertheless, the procession started toward the Troïtsky Bridge, and in the same direction marched another crowd from the Viborgskaya District, somewhat to the north-east, starting from their branch quarters in Orenburgskaya Street. For some distance this joint procession was not interfered with, but when they approached the place near the Alexandrovsky Park, at the back of the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, they met some companies of troops barring the way to the Troïtsky Bridge.

An officer advanced to within about one hundred yards of the crowd, and, seeing him waving his hands, the front rows of the procession stopped and three delegates were sent forward by the men to speak to him. Before they could reach him, however, he shouted, "Don't come here or we shall shoot!" The deputies kneeled in the snow, turning out their pockets to show that they were unarmed. Then the officer approached them, took from one of them a copy of the petition to the Czar, and led him away toward the troops, followed on the footpath by the other two men. Thinking that it had been decided to allow them to pass on, the crowd now began again to move. Immediately, without any warning, the soldiers discharged a volley, and then another, and a third. At this place several scores of people were killed and more than one hundred wounded. All this, according to the eye-witnesses from whom I received the information, was done with extreme rapidity, so that, even if the crowd had tried to disperse, they would not have had time to get away. It would also have been impossible to disperse quickly, because all the roads behind the procession were crowded with people, from the bridge northward along the Kamenostrovosky Prospect to the point at which it meets the Bolshoy Prospect.

When those of the crowd remaining alive began to break away and to turn to the left into the Dvorianskaya Street, which leads by the Sampsonievsky Bridge into the Viborg suburb, a company of cavalry galloped after them, striking on this side and that with their swords. Many tried to take refuge in neighbouring houses, but the officer in command ordered that the gates should be closed and no one allowed to enter. Even when the

streets had been cleared and everything was quiet, unarmed wayfarers were not safe from attack. Thus, a German subject named Martinat was wounded by a sword-cut on the head while crossing a street, and even when he had fallen to the ground the soldiers continued to strike at him. Many others in the same way were struck down and then further wounded while lying upon the ground.



MAP OF ST. PETERSBURG, SHOWING THE CHIEF PLACES MENTIONED IN THIS ARTICLE.

Here also the wounded and killed remained in the places where they had fallen for some time, the police and troops forbidding the public to carry them away. Some of the people stopped passing sledges with the intention of using them for this purpose. But the police forbade the drivers to go farther, and some of those who disobeyed were wounded. In spite of these threats and punishments, however, the drivers not only gave assistance, but in many cases refused to take any fare for their journeys of charity.

At this point an event took place which stands alone in the records of this terrible day. The people of Russia have been only too patient under generations of suffering, but already a deep change was visibly stirring them. The sight of hundreds of victims, brutally shot down in their innocence and helplessness, stirred a new indignation in the breasts of all those who witnessed it. No sooner had the crowd been dispersed in one place than they began to re-assemble elsewhere; and now the revolutionary speakers, who had been till this morning ignored or treated with actual hostility, found a ready hearing. "There is no use in going to the Palace," they said; "you see that the Czar will not listen to our petition. We cannot get anything from him with empty hands. We must get arms." And in more than one place the crowd shouted, in reply, "Give us arms." Breaking up into smaller groups they moved along the neighbouring streets, stopping officers who drove by in sledges and policemen—every policeman in Russia is armed with a six-chambered revolver—and taking away their arms. Yet there was an instinct of order among them, and hooligans who were caught attempting to plunder shops, perhaps

at the incitement of the police themselves—this would be no new thing with us—were stopped by the workmen and driven away.

The workmen on Basil Island gathered in the Fourth Street near the premises of the branch, between the Sredne and Maly Prospects, intending to make their way to the Palace by the bridge crossing to the Admiralty Quay. After listening to the orders given by their leaders and singing twice the "Lord's Prayer," they started soon after eleven o'clock, in perfect order, in the direction of the Neva. They soon came to a stand before some companies of infantry and cavalry with swords drawn, who blocked the road. The crowd, which was not here a very large one, approached to within twenty paces and then stopped. Deputies from the procession, waving white handkerchiefs, advanced and tried to explain to the officer their peaceful intentions, raising their hands to show that they were unarmed. Here again, without parley, at a signal from the officer, a troop of cavalry rode with drawn swords into the crowd. The people quickly opened a way, rushing to the footpaths on either side. When the mounted soldiers had galloped through the procession the infantry shouldered their rifles, but this time they were not discharged. The cavalry returned, striking at the people with their swords and driving them into the adjoining streets, especially into Academy Street and Bungsky Street, where the police and soldiers cruelly wounded many and killed some. The workmen then turned backward from the centre of the city. Stories of the terrible massacres which had occurred elsewhere had now reached them and provoked a fever of wrath. A small boy who had been wounded was being driven by in a sledge, and, seeing him, a cry for arms and for revenge arose from the crowd. Several policemen were disarmed, and some of the men wished to stop the traffic, but their comrades would not allow this.

AFTER THE MASSACRE—STRIKERS ERECTING BARRICADES.
Drawn by Frank Dadd, R.I.

Someone remembered that there was a small armoury shop in a by-street in the district, and a rush was made for it. On the demand of the crowd, the trembling porter with difficulty turned the key of the iron gate and opened it; and another porter, dumb with fright, pointed out the underground floor where the arms were stored. The door could not be opened, so a few men climbed through the window, and found within heaps of rusty old swords and ancient Caucasian daggers, which they threw out into the street. Bars of iron and anything that could serve for weapons were also removed. When the workshop was cleared a shout was raised that the soldiers were coming. Thus crudely provided the crowd of workmen and students moved along the streets, disarming the solitary policemen and officers who passed by. At length they reached the headquarters of the branch in Fourth Street, where a large crowd stood, listening with rising anger to the sound of volleys from the other side of the Neva. As they approached with their rusty swords lifted in the air the men were greeted by an enthusiastic cheer.

The street was quickly barred by a wire run across from one house to another, and behind this two barricades were built, inside which a crowd of the men stood. A squadron of Cossacks clattered down the

street, but stopped when they saw the obstruction and galloped back. Soon afterwards several companies of infantry arrived and, drawing up in lines, fired volley after volley. Many of the defenders dispersed, others took refuge in neighbouring houses and threw bricks and other missiles at the soldiers. But the wire rope was soon cut, the barricade destroyed, and many of the people who could not escape were killed or severely wounded.

The cruelties perpetrated during the onslaught on the crowds in Basil Island were hardly exceeded in any part of the city during this awful day. One officer, named Gurieff, openly boasted of his prowess. When he got tired of using his sword he asked for a bayonet, and with it attacked a young workman who had taken refuge in the entrance of a house. Gurieff chased him into the house, and when the hunted man ran upstairs the officer followed him, caught him at last, and pierced him with the bayonet. The victim, who was struck through the heart, was hardly more than a child. Gurieff told the story himself. Another Lancer also told with gusto how he had forced the workmen themselves to destroy their barricades. When they refused to carry away the wood he struck one of them with his sword, felling him to the ground. He then struck another down in the same way. "But," he added, triumphantly, "the third took the wood away."

The barricade and the wire entanglements were intended to protect the premises of the branch of the Workmen's Association from an unexpected attack. To make retreat easier all the gates of the adjoining houses were forced open. The men had only a remote idea of how to build a barricade, but they were helped by a short, pale-faced officer who had given himself to the cause of the people, and it was pathetic to see how they relied upon him. The work was executed with enthusiasm. Opposite the premises of the branch a house was being built, and the men took from it boards, staircases, bricks, and other materials. The telephone wires were cut and the poles sawn down so as to cut off Government communication with the district. The poles were also pulled down in Sixth Street and Maly Prospect.

A student who had been released from long imprisonment on a political charge stood in the first row of the fighting, which continued for some time. By some miracle he was not hit by the repeated volleys, and continued to stand, flag in hand, till at last he was impaled on a bayonet and torn to pieces. The men died on the barricade with manly courage. After the first volley of blank cartridge one of them stood up, waving a red flag, and cried to the soldiers, "If your conscience permit it, shoot." He fell immediately, pierced by several bullets.

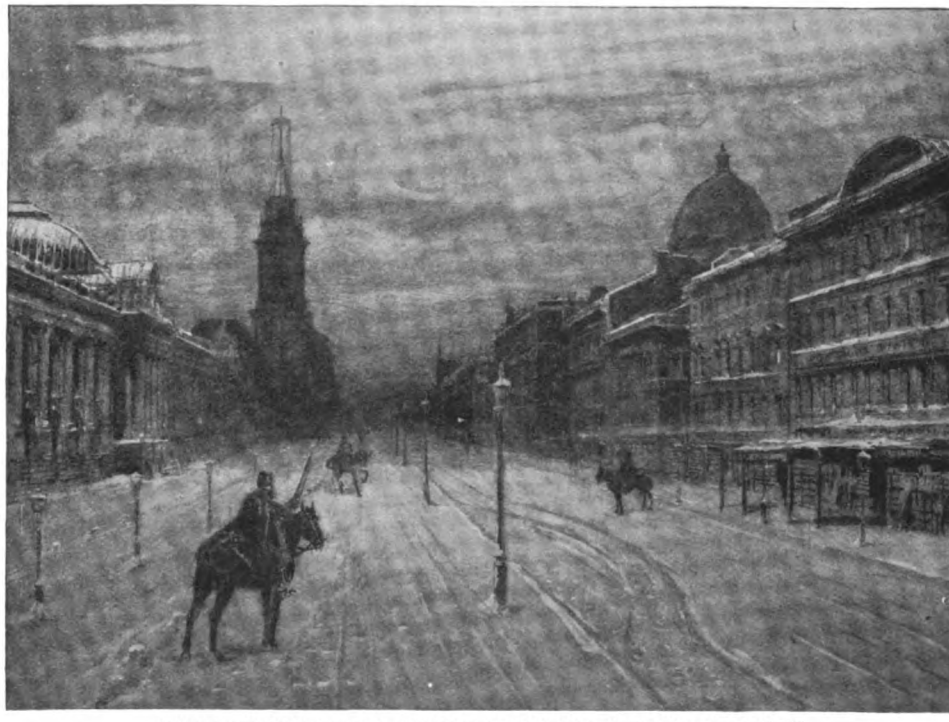
CHAPTER XVIII.

NEAR THE PALACE.

THE reception of the Schlüsselburg Road procession by the officers told off to arrest it was not so heartless. A crowd of more than ten thousand people had started as early as nine o'clock in the morning, the distance being comparatively long, under the leadership of the chairman of the branch, my friend Petroff. As in other places, there were many women and children in the crowd, which stretched out in a line more than a mile long. It marched peacefully, but in high spirits, with confidence of success. When the Schlüsselburg fire-station was reached, it was found that some companies of infantry and Ataman Cossacks barred the way. A police-sergeant and the colonel of the Cossacks advanced and summoned the crowd to stop; but Petroff, with several other men, approached the officers and tried to convince them that they should be let through, "as they were not disturbing the public order." The colonel refused, however, repeating that the procession must not advance or he would have to fire upon it. After a lengthy discussion the crowd began to start again. Three volleys were then discharged, and the people threw themselves on the ground. Either, however, because the shots were only of blank cartridge, or from nervousness or merciful intent—my informants do not agree which—no one was struck. On discovering this, the people rose and began to move forward again. The infantry then opened their ranks and the Cossacks rapidly rode through and fell upon the procession. Few were wounded, one of the exceptions being Petroff, who was knocked down and severely hurt by being kicked by a horse—but the advance was effectually stopped. As the soldiers and the people were now mixed up it was fortunately impossible to fire. The commanding officer shouted again that he was ordered not to let the procession cross the bridge. The leaders of the workmen understood, however, that he would not object to their going by another road. Somebody opened a gate leading from the side of the high road down to the river Neva. The crowd at once rushed down to the river and made

their way across the ice, proceeding along the opposite bank or along the ice-bound river itself. A large number of them managed thus to reach the centre of the city without further pursuit, and got to land on the Admiralty Quay, beside the Winter Palace.

From other quarters also, in spite of the attacks of the troops, the workmen succeeded in penetrating in large numbers into the centre of the town, and assembled together, with crowds from the central branches of the association, near Dvortsovaya Place and along the Nevsky Prospect. It appears from the crowd which was waiting our coming near the Alexandrovsky Gardens, which abut upon the square on the side opposite to the Winter Palace, and began to cut them down with their *nagaïkas* (loaded whips) and swords. There was perfect order and quiet; indeed, many of the people were women, old men, and children. They clung with despair to the railings of the gardens. Then the crisp sound of rifle-shots was heard. The Preobrajensky Guards were firing volley after volley, apparently enjoying this slaughter of the innocents. Most of those who fell were children and



THE NEVSKY PROSPECT, ST. PETERSBURG, ON THE EVENING AFTER THE MASSACRE.
Drawn by H. C. Brewer.

a careful inquiry organized by representatives of the St. Petersburg Bar that there was no interference during the morning with traffic on the Nevsky between the Police Bridge and Znamenskaya Place. From early morning to 1 p.m. the public moved freely as usual to and fro along the Nevsky, though in larger crowds. The number of workmen among them was at first comparatively small, but increased later on. Dvortsovaya Place, however, had been transformed into a military camp.

Suddenly, at about half-past one, on the order of the captain of the Imperial Cavalry Guards, a squadron of cavalry galloped into women. Eye-witnesses told me that the blood-stained scene of the massacre presented a ghastly sight. Hundreds fell in this place, and from that moment onward shooting went on here and at other points in the Nevsky and adjoining streets almost uninterruptedly. The officers and soldiers seemed to have lost all human feeling. One officer, asked why they went on shooting, replied, "We are sick of them." Another said, "I told them to disperse, but they only laughed." At one point a whole group of people hiding themselves in a corner were deliberately shot down. One of them, who escaped for a moment, came forward, unbuttoned his coat,

and bared his breast, shouting, "Shoot here!" A shot was fired and the poor fellow dropped dead.

Another battue took place on the Moyka, where the Cavalry Guards, standing on the Pevtchesky Bridge, rode the people down and afterwards fired upon the survivors. Near the Police Bridge the crowd gathered little by little from other parts. Soon after three o'clock a company of the Moscow Regiment drew up. A man came forward from the crowd and rapidly appealed to them on the ground that they also had been workmen, and would be workmen again when their term of military service was over. An angry officer made for him and tried to drag him into the middle of the street. Some of his comrades defended him, and then the officer took out his revolver and fired into them. One man fell, and blood poured profusely from his wound; but, not yet satisfied, the officer ordered the troops to fire. My unfortunate people still believed that bullets would not be used, but three volleys were fired, and heaps of killed and wounded were left on the ground.

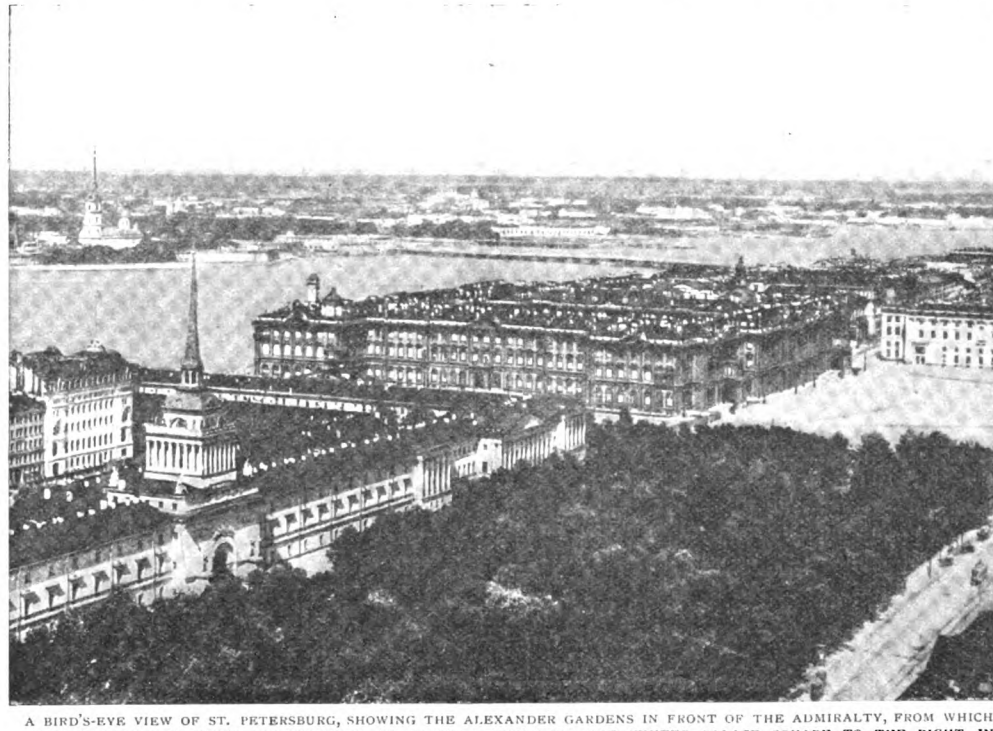
Fifteen minutes later, on the Police Bridge, a bugle was blown. The crowd, which was standing peacefully looking on, did not understand what it meant. There was no disorder, no shouts, and the troops were only twenty paces away from the mass of the people. Suddenly a volley was discharged, and many victims fell. Those who remained unhurt ran along the Nevsky, but two more volleys struck their flying ranks. The Nevsky is a perfectly straight, broad avenue, in which bullets would strike at a long distance, and it was sheer massacre to fire volleys there. I may mention also that the wounds in many cases were found to present a suspicious appearance, the outward hole being larger than that of entry, suggesting to the doctors who examined them that explosive bullets had been used. Apart, perhaps, from Basil Island, in no other part of the city did the troops, and especially their officers, exhibit so much unnecessary and gross cruelty. Baron Anatole Osten Drisen, captain of the Preobrajensky Regiment, though not formally in command, amused himself by knocking down an old man in Millionaya Street. Gervais, an officer of the Finnish Regiment, exhibited as much cowardice as cruelty, hiding behind his soldiers when he thought himself to be in danger. But not all of the soldiers liked their task. The captain of the Preobrajensky Regiment, Nicholas Mansuroff, who ordered the first volley to be fired near Dvortsovaya Place, not satisfied with the evidence of the heaps of killed and wounded, found it necessary to examine the rifles of his soldiers, eight of which were found not to have been discharged. The eight men were immediately put under arrest. The poor children, many of whom fell victims to a natural curiosity either to see better or to save themselves, climbed into the trees. One corporal approached Mansuroff and, pointing at a child on a branch of a tree, asked permission of "his Honour" to bring him down.

The officer consenting, a bullet quickly finished this little life. Sledges full of killed children were driven away from this spot; and I am told that nearly every face bore, as it were, a frozen smile, so unexpectedly had death come.

Such were some of the ruthless deeds of the agents of the Czar on that memorable day. It was only later on that I learned details of the massacres in other parts of the town. While I was standing in the little by-street near the Narva Gate, where the procession I had led was drowned in blood and confusion, it became clear to me that what had happened there must necessarily have taken place elsewhere also. It was now perfectly evident that there was no longer any possibility of doing anything in the open streets unless the people were provided with arms. My friend the engineer persuaded me to accompany him to the house of his friend, because, he said, the question of how to procure arms would be discussed there, and might be solved. I also felt that I must at once communicate with the thousands of the members of our association now scattered over the city, who would be wondering, not only as to the fate of friends and relatives, but also as to the future of our movement. Deciding, therefore, immediately to issue a proclamation to our people as to the meaning and lesson of what had happened, I turned away from the scene of our disaster and followed my new guardian.

A wounded man lay in the street as we passed. His face expressed no pain or suffering; on the contrary, it shone with serenity as he looked at us. He evidently felt that he had suffered for a great cause. A workman who joined us on our way reported that the streets were full of troops and spies. I told those who accompanied us to separate in different directions. We ourselves immediately came upon a military patrol, but we were allowed to pass. A little farther on we came upon another patrol, but again we were left unmolested.

We passed by the Baltic Station and then by the Warsaw Station. Both were teeming with gendarmes. Taking a circuitous route toward our destination, we constantly met groups of people talking, with every sign of horror and indignation, about the events of the morning. At every step we saw heartrending scenes. Here was a mother kneeling on the snow and weeping over a child whose brains had been blown out. There two ladies were bandaging the throat of a young girl, whose beautiful face watched them pathetically, but without complaint. A few workmen passing by stayed for a moment, and I heard one of them say, "You have suffered for us. The hour is coming when we will revenge you." A sledge passed, its anxious driver looking furtively toward a group of soldiers who stood not far away. A student sat behind him, with another student in his arms whose pale, unconscious face, hanging on the arm of his comrade, left little hope of returning life. Through the unbuttoned coat could be seen a terrible chest wound. Two workmen as they went by lifted their caps and crossed themselves. At two places we came upon numbers of bodies lying on the snow. Nobody was attending to them, the troops at the neighbouring cross-ways not permitting the public to approach. We saw many wounded trying to hide their injuries and to struggle on to reach their homes. Patrols were everywhere moving along the streets and dispersing the people, who incessantly formed in new groups.



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ST. PETERSBURG, SHOWING THE ALEXANDER GARDENS IN FRONT OF THE ADMIRALTY, FROM WHICH PARTIES OF THE STRIKERS ENDEAVOURED TO FORCE A WAY INTO THE WINTER PALACE SQUARE TO THE RIGHT, IN OPPOSITION TO THE TROOPS.
From a Photograph by the Photochrom Co.

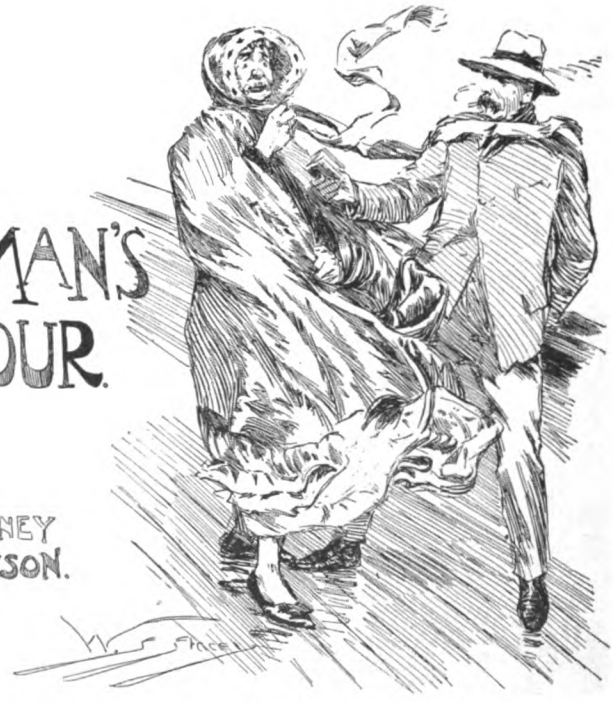
"Cowards! You are beaten in Manchuria, and here you shoot down unarmed people," I heard from one of the groups which was charged by Cossacks with drawn swords. At another point an old woman standing over the body of a young fellow, perhaps her son, was alternately wailing and furiously cursed the name of the Czar.

(To be concluded.)

A MAN'S HOUR.

BY

MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON.



THE sun mounted high to chase away the dense autumn mist, the coast line, still vague, seemed to take on an even more exquisite veil of amethystine blue, and the white crests grew more dazzlingly white as the light increased. The great black lines of the nearer rocks, of which the long, hidden talons had wounded the good little ship unto death at last, stood out like warders of the island—more dignified and magnificent than ever. Close in to shore the peacock-coloured water must be playing bravely with the shells in caves, in baby bays, and among shallows where the rosy seaweed swung here and there with its ebb and flow. Nevertheless, beyond the line of the lower black rocks, where there was always snowy surf, the vessel lurched in her death agony, and this same lovely peacock water, lashed high by a rising breeze, was creeping up and up to lap the feet of the human beings left on board.

A very strange thing it seemed, this labouring of timbers, this wrenching and groaning and creaking under a sky surely fit for mid-summer, upon a day deliciously adapted to a picnic or a *fête champêtre*. And yet here it was—as pitiless and perhaps as absurd as many a reality—the odd, unexpected reality of a shipwreck.

None of the usual sensational details seemed to be lacking, though she was only a small boat, not a gigantic liner. She had done the four days' trip again and again between the mainland and the islands, and there seemed no reason whatever why, when she had been steered in many a bad fog so safely, she should have gone out of her course merely in an autumn morning mist. Most of the other ingredients of wreck which newspapers love to record were present. There was on board a large proportion of third-class holiday passengers, whom neither force nor threats could reduce to anything more orderly than hysterics. There was the captain, grizzled, taciturn, omnipresent, autocratic, with a crew obedient, silent, unflurried—from the first officer to the kitchen boy. Only the stewardess had broken down just at the last moment as she was being lifted into the last boat.

The captain gave the ship an hour and

a quarter of life. Of that an hour all but ten minutes was gone. Twenty-five minutes therefore remained for the rescue of the remnant of the passengers and crew, six of each. The captain, momentarily gulping his blunder and doggedly refusing to face anything but the present, was in good spirits. There had been only one casualty—that of a half-insane lad who had jumped overboard at the beginning of the panic. The only thing which troubled the captain was the length of time which it had taken the second boat to round a certain point, behind which alone there was safe landing with an ebbing tide. The lifeboat station was five miles away.

In England—well, it comforted his British conceit to think so—in England there would be a lifeboat station here; nay, stations would be sprinkled thickly like a fringe. They might get the lifeboat out in time, but he preferred to rely on that second boat. She was the best for speed, and the only one which could now cover the return distance quickly—quickly enough, at least. The last boat was a big craft, and not only could it not return in time, but it was still struggling with the terrible current which sought to draw it on to the talons of the rocks; therefore it would have to make even a wider loop than the others, because it could not be steered so easily. He watched it through his glasses and saw the men straining, and straining splendidly, against wind and tide and stream. He could just recognise in the bow a man whom all the voyage he had vaguely despised, a bookworm, lean, brooding, abstracted, querulous, "a 'Varsity fossil," as a girl on board had called him. And now the forgotten 'Varsity training of the oar had risen not only to the aid of this man but of his fellows, and he strained well and silently—like the men in front of him. And the captain thought to himself: "Dash the chap. He's not such a fool. God bless him!"

Only one other glass was on board, or at least available—that of the doctor. It was anxiously borrowed in turn by the six remaining passengers. They sat or stood on the uptilted fore-part of the vessel. There was only one woman amongst them, and, contrary to convention, she was the most silent, the least restless of them all. The men smoked and said very little, with the exception of an elderly, stout personage who seemed to light a fresh cigarette every two minutes, for, in his excitement, he had lost his sea-legs and was unable to withstand the rolling of the ship. He travelled between the captain and the little group of two men and the lady mentioned, and talked incessantly, or rather he "orated." He struck the other men as ridiculous. To the lady, seated on a coil of rope, nestling into the arms of her husband, who sat on an old packing-case a little above her, this restless, garrulous creature was also pathetic. It struck her as peculiarly melancholy that of all the first-class passengers this elderly plutocrat, this wealthy globe-trotter, with all his bombastic ways and his adoration of the correct thing, should be the only one whom the wreck had caught in full déshabille. He had been enjoying a late bath, and for some reason had been prevented from returning to his own cabin for his clothes, so great was the block and the stampede of terrified people at the time the steamer struck. He had forgotten his dressing-gown, and found himself, as he had explained a dozen times, thrust by the crowd into the deserted apartment of a lady. Then he became aware that his apparel consisted of a pink silk nether garment, a blue yachting jersey, which he had slipped on to go to his bath, and a pair of pumps. He—as he had piteously related—looked hurriedly round, saw a long, amber satin opera cloak, with a hood, swinging on a hook, tore it down, flung it round him, and fought like the rest to reach the deck. When he arrived he found his valet had gone in the first boat, while he himself—the great William Pratt—was relegated to the final batch of those awaiting rescue. The wind tugged roguishly now at the long ribbons at the throat of the cloak, and inflated the yellow, ermine-trimmed hood. The doctor regarded him with half-closed eyes and a grim smile. It was he who supplied the grotesque personage with cigarettes.

The lady, half dazed, stared at the odd figure. She could not take her eyes from him. How inexpressibly pitiful he was! All through the voyage she and her husband had called him "the Duke," because of his manifest attempts to render himself like a certain peer long since defunct. But the hurried toilette, and possibly the sea-spray, had betrayed the secret of the once black moustache and the grizzled, ruffled hair. As for the face—always plain and coarse—it was streaming now with fear and disfigured with purple patches.

"I shall write to the papers," he babbled. "It's the first thing I shall do. As for the Admiralty, it's a worn-out machine. What's that, Lovett? Charts? *Of course* it publishes charts. It must do something to

keep the public from worrying it. Charts? I should think there *were* charts! Heaps of them, and first-rate, too. Haven't I had 'em on my own yacht year after year, the very best Government charts published? But what I say is, it's no use going on making charts day after day if—— Got a light, doctor? Thanks. It's no use, I say, having reefs and things staring at you from maps on the walls like national monuments, or tucked away in drawers like precious stones, while the abominable things themselves are allowed to exist. Now, just look at this lump of granite which has torn a hole in us this morning. It ought to have been blown up, blasted, long ago. *Of course*, it's a gigantic undertaking, doctor, and I'm not denying it. To go round the dangerous coasts, mile by mile, and cut off their claws, so to speak—why, it's a Titan's work! It would be a thing of world-thrilling size, machinery and all. And I'm not saying it wouldn't mean risk of life. But I ask you" —he threw away this cigarette also and staggered in the lurching of the vessel—"I ask you, sir, what great scheme for the safety and increase of travel and communication and for the world's welfare has not been attended with risks and sad fatalities? Look at the submarine cable. The capital, if I remember right——" He fell on his face, slithered down the wet deck till he lodged against a capstan, choked, swore, and crawled back to the group in the bow. The captain on the bridge roared to one of the crew to "keep that old fool from committing suicide," and resumed his keen gaze out towards the land.

The great Mr. Pratt transferred his eloquence to the man on the port side of the vessel. The wind carried his words the other way, but in the gestures spoke the conceit, the bombast, of the grotesque babbler. In the ears of the woman who stared there rang the words which the financier had spoken with much unction only the evening before as they strolled on deck after dinner. The discussion had been of success, of the turning-point in a life of ambition and struggle.

"Every dog has his day and every man has his hour," pronounced William Pratt, unctuously, "and I believe that as truly as I stand here. Moreover, I believe a man's hour comes when he least expects it — the chance to do something decently fine, something he'd wish to remember when he dies. I believe—though, my dear lady, you may think me sentimental and superstitious—that in that hour a man is won or lost. The best of him or the worst of him rises right to the surface, and I believe that he knows it—whatever his past or life has been—knows it, and takes his choice. And if he takes the wrong road, then his hour is gone; it has tolled, so to speak, in spite of anything he may do afterwards."

Then the answer she had made flashed into the woman's head. She had quoted a neat saying of Lady Burton's:—

"'Life is exactly like travelling in a carriage with your back to the horses.' I think that is so true. The greatest things in life, both in sorrow and joy, overtake one quite as suddenly, and sometimes one hasn't the least idea of their importance till they have passed—just as when one is whirled in a carriage by a great landmark or a wonderful building, and is not aware of it except in looking back."

What ghastly truth there seemed now in his statement and hers! Here truly was the hour—this man's, her own, her husband's—such an hour as none of them imagined. The great moment, the great test, had overtaken them all unawares. How would they stand the great test if——?

"The big boat is rounding the point to land," announced Lovett, a young journalist who had been employing the doctor's glasses with avidity whenever he was not scribbling in a note-book. He passed them on to Dickson Grant, the man who sat by his wife. Dickson peered at the boat and put the glasses into his wife's hand.

"Would you like to look, darling? You'll just be in time."

She pushed the glasses away.

"I can't," she said. "I can't look. What is the time now?"

He told her. She drew in her lips, made a little nervous gesture, and was silent as before.

"My mackintosh has slipped away," she cried, suddenly.

He and the doctor both made a grab at the mackintosh flung over her by one of the sailors, and the doctor in his ear growled:—

"You ass—to tell her the real time. Why can't you lie decently?"

Then he raised his voice and spoke cheerily to the wife:—

"You ought to have obeyed orders, my dear lady, and gone in that first boat. Then you would have been high and dry, and by now you would have had time to get the fireside ready and hot drinks and flannels for your good man. And now I shall have to

"WOULD YOU LIKE TO LOOK, DARLING? YOU'LL JUST BE IN TIME."

treat you both, when we're ashore, for violent chills."

She tried to smile. She could only nod. She had begun suddenly to shake from head to foot. Her husband put both arms round her and petted her as if she had been a child.

"I am not afraid," she said, in a dry whisper, "not for myself. I am only so afraid of being separated from you. It is the waiting and the not knowing that we sha'n't be washed apart when—when the end comes. There is so very little time now—the captain said twenty minutes was the utmost."

"My watch is a good fifteen minutes fast," said Dickson, lying boldly.

She put up her hand to his cheek and looked back into his eyes.

"Dear," she said, "don't try to pretend—not about this. I want to face it now, with you. I want to tell you—how can I tell you in such a short time?—what your love has been to me all this sweet, short time, since our wedding. It is my home, and it is my life — whatever happens now it will be my home and my life in all the ages to come. If we should be separated and you are left, you will know I am with you. I can't die so long as you love me. And——"

Her voice failed, and the man stooped closer to comfort and caress, so that her face was hidden alike from the silent crew at their various posts and the other four passengers. The doctor ejected some tobacco juice, and put his arm through that of the journalist.

"You can thank your stars you're single, young man," he said, gruffly. The boy nodded.

"I should like to have posted my copy before the finish," he said, grimly. "I don't believe in the bottle dodge. Besides, the wretched thing wouldn't come to shore for ever so long, so the other rags would have all the news from the survivors; and then mudlarks on the shore would probably take shies at it."

"You could stitch it up in a lifebelt," suggested another man.

He was a pleasant fellow of about thirty —a Colonial surveyor, who had been for a sea-trip with a friend. Both of them had kept their heads and rendered sound aid all through the crisis.

"I might," said the journalist, dubiously, "but no one would think of looking for it *there*—even if I were washed up instead of the bot——"

"Boat ahead!" sang out the captain.

The surveyor thumped his friend in the back, and the journalist and the doctor shook hands. The ship gave a heave and the financier broke forth again:—

"That valet of mine thinks he's sure of a pension, anyway, whether I die or not, so he left me in the lurch. When I get ashore he'll make excuses. Oh! I know him, the

smooth-tongued rascal. His own precious skin——"

The ship began to pitch, and the water ran up farther into the bow.

"How long will she take?" shouted the doctor to one of the seamen.

"Fifteen minutes more," shouted the man. "She took thirty to do the journey, you bet, sir—crammed full as she was. No—it's the lifeboat after all, right enough."

The vessel rolled more uneasily, and heeled over strongly to one side. Then suddenly she began to shake as if an electric current of gigantic strength was being passed through her.

"All forward! See to the belts!" roared the captain. He left the bridge and got to the bow just as Dickson lifted his wife from the coil of rope to the gunwale and put the last lifebelt over her—there were only two now, and the financier had annexed one. He caught hold of the captain's arm.

"For Heaven's sake," he said, "tell me the safest place."

The captain pushed him back, grunting, "Climb up to starboard and stick there, man."

Then he busied himself with the coil of rope over which Mary Grant's feet dangled. She stooped towards him.

"'CAPTAIN, TIE US TOGETHER,' SHE SAID, PITEOUSLY."

"Captain, tie us together," she said, piteously. "I can help you. Dick is holding on with one hand and he has got me with the other. If he lets go one or the other of us will slip."

"Can you both crawl up—just a little farther back, along towards the bowsprit?" was the answer. But before they could move an inch there was a crash and a shudder of the ship. The seas broke over the figures clinging to the gunwale, the ship heeled over almost at right angles.

Half choked and stunned by the weight of water which broke over her, Mary Grant

could only see the figures of the crew and others struggling out of the water beneath her. Dickson was dragging her cautiously farther and farther along the gunwale.

"I want to lash us both to a big wooden block," he said. "We're near the rigging now. That's right; catch hold of it. Hold, darling, there's a big wave coming!" He held her tight, and she gripped the rigging while the water washed over them up to the armpits.

"That was only the skylight which was stove in," shouted a voice, and the doctor's head, apparently from nowhere, bobbed up as he clambered up beside them. At the same moment her eyes cleared, and she saw Mr. Pratt, young Lovett, and the two other men hanging on to a railing, the end of which was under water.

"Make your way up the railing, man," roared the doctor cheerfully to the financier from some position just above. She dared not turn her head to see where. The men clinging to the railing were not very happy. It was most abominable work, as the seas drove over them.

about him. Young Lovett gave him an unintentional shove in the rear, and he slipped and hung in the rope, gasping for help. The sailor who had hold of him picked him up, and he clung at last, an exhausted heap, to the woodwork beside Mary Grant.

"The boat's coming as straight as she can," sang out the captain. "Keep your spirits up, friends. You're good plucked 'uns, all of you. Five minutes more, Mrs. Grant. The men are rowing grandly."

There was a sudden scream, and William Pratt lost his hold. The same sea which swept him just over the gunwale dashed him against his neighbour, and his weight dragged her half over. Dickson, agonized, strained to get her back, for the rope which bound them had become loosened and might slip over her head. Her face was turned up to him in deathly suspense.

"Stiffen yourself if you can, darling," he shouted; "it's easier to lift you up like that."

Her lips moved and he could not hear her words. She raised her voice to a scream.

"He's clinging to my knees!" was the cry which reached her husband. The doctor

"HE CLUTCHED AT HER WAIST."

"I wish to Heaven I could," yelled William Pratt, worming himself upwards in answer to the entreaties and conjurations of the trio behind him.

Someone from somewhere flung a rope

heard it too, just as William Pratt's horror-struck face came out of the spray again, and he clutched at her waist and drew himself up a little higher. And then began what seemed to her a strife between brute animals—a

struggle for her life between the men who would save her and the man who would save himself at all costs. She saw the faces of her husband and the doctor both set, desperate, full of loathing, looking down at

The deadly weight was suddenly lifted, the rack of her muscles ceased. Mary Grant saw her husband's face, deadly white, but smiling into hers. A cheer rang out and was answered by a feebler one from voices

"WOMEN IN ODD, QUAINT WHITE CAPS MOVED SOFTLY ABOUT HER."

the something which gripped and clawed her, and wailed and shrieked for help. The strain upon her shoulders from the iron clasp above, upon her lower limbs from the cruel grip below, was so grievous that she felt every muscle racked and wrenched.

"Not much longer!" she cried out in torture. Then she saw the doctor crawling, crawling towards something which he caught —a long, loose iron stanchion. She saw his face again as he held it on the gunwale.

"If you don't let go I'll knock you on the head, Pratt," he roared.

"For Heaven's sake help me!" screamed the man in answer.

"Let go, or I'll drown you," yelled the doctor.

"Don't let him murder me, Mrs. Grant," shrieked William; "don't! Grant, tell the captain he's trying to murder me—scoundrel!"

"Let go!" howled the doctor, and raised the iron bar slowly.

near her. She felt not one pair of arms, but many, lifting her, setting her down somewhere on dry flooring.

Some hours afterwards she found herself in a delicious, low-roofed, raftered room, lying in a truckle-bed and surrounded by many things foreign and picturesque, while women in odd, quaint white caps moved softly about her and spoke in a foreign dialect. It was the striking of a deep church clock which brought back the first realization of the hour and the danger outlived. Dickson moved to her side then, and little by little she learned that all but one of that remnant of the passengers were safe. For that one the hour had tolled. But before the iron stanchion had reached him a falling spar had struck him senseless. She could give deep thanks for that knowledge, and did so, hiding her face on Dickson's shoulder as he knelt by her.

Which is the Most Beautiful Place in the World?

The Opinions of Well-Travelled Celebrities.

THE cult of beauty in Nature is at least as interesting as the cult of beauty in art. Last summer THE STRAND MAGAZINE published an article on the finest *views* in the British Isles as regarded by a number of our landscape artists. The present writer has been making inquiry of representative men and women who have travelled much on the wider question, "Which are the most beautiful places in the world?" each of whom has been asked to nominate one subject for illustration in this article.

Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose books show so keen an appreciation of Nature, has been a frequent traveller during the greater part of her life. A native of Tasmania, her personal knowledge is, I believe, almost entirely limited to Europe, but within these limits it has been thorough and extensive; this much may be inferred from her vivid description of such diverse scenery as that of the Cumberland fells or the woods of Fontainebleau in "Robert Elsmere" and "David Grieve." Of recent years the strain of her work has obliged Mrs. Ward to seek periodical recuperation in journeyings abroad. It was in her house at Tring, amidst typical English rural scenery, that she was kind enough to consider my request.

"I find it very difficult to answer," said Mrs. Ward, finally, "but to me the Lake of Como has always been one of the most beautiful things in the world."

This choice cannot be surprising to those who remember the deep feeling with which Mrs. Humphry Ward has written of lakes and mountains.

From very ancient times the Lake of Como has enjoyed great renown for scenic beauty. It was the *Lacus Larius* of the Romans, and as such is referred to by Virgil and other classical writers. On the shores of the lake resided the two Plinys, and the voyage along its waters is described by Claudian. In more recent times many other distinguished persons, including the King of the Belgians, the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, and Queen Caroline, the unfortunate wife of George IV., have had villas at Como. The lake, which is surrounded by lofty mountains, is thirty-one miles long and from a mile to two and a half miles wide. Its shores have a semi-tropical vegetation, including vines, figs, mulberries, pomegranates, olives, the aloe, and the cactus. The verdict of the modern guide-book (Murray) upon the view is that it is one "of singular beauty, comprising the lake, wooded mountains, villages which speckle the shores and sides of the hill, and the distant Alps."

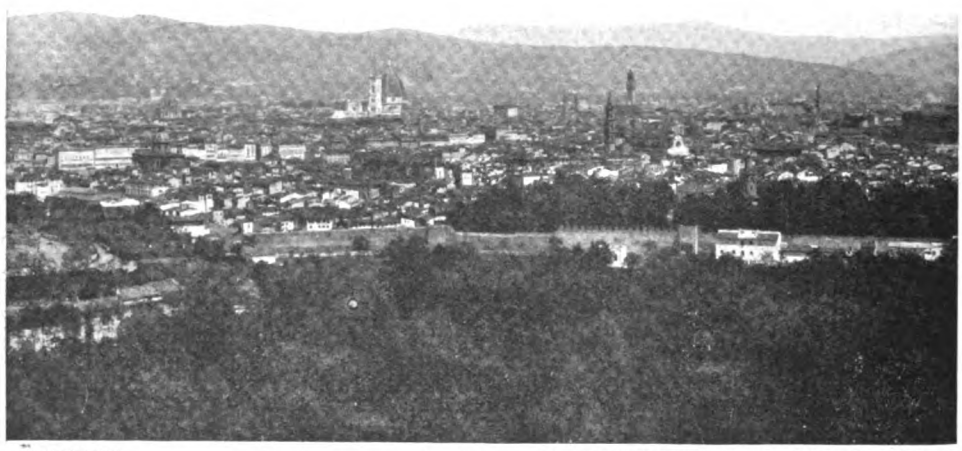
LAKE COMO, AT BELLAGIO. SELECTED BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

From a Photograph.

Mrs. Craigie, like her sister novelist, yields to the fascination of Italy. "John Oliver Hobbes" would not commit herself to any opinion as to "which is the most beautiful place she has ever seen—she has seen so many."

"But as a city," Mrs. Craigie immediately added, "Florence is, perhaps, the most beautifully-situated city in the world." And so Florence appears on her nomination in our series of photographs.

Looking at this illustration Mrs. Craigie's choice may appear more due to her enthusiasm for art than love of natural beauty. But the novelist and playwright is by no means the first to give Florence pre-eminence



FLORENCE. SELECTED BY MRS. CRAIGIE ("JOHN OLIVER HOBBES").
From a Photo. by Alinari.

for natural loveliness as well as for artistic richness. Has not someone described it as the flower of cities and the city of flowers? And has not Byron declared of it—

> Thou art the home
> Of all Art yields or Nature can decree!

"From whatever point we observe," says Du Pays in his "Guide to Italy," "from the heights of Fiesole or those of San Miniato, from Boboli Gardens or Montughi Hill, Florence, for her situation and elegance of monuments, well deserves the appellation beautiful." But no photograph, it is to be feared, can possibly do justice to the beauty of this general view.

Sir Martin Conway is famous as a mighty climber. He has traversed the Alps from end to end, explored Spitzbergen, surveyed the Andes, ascended the Himalayas, and may certainly be said to hold the world's "record" in mountaineering. But it is not of the high and remote places of the earth that he thinks when answering my question. In fact, his mind travels no farther than our own peaceful and familiar Derbyshire, and it is to Dovedale that he awards the palm for beauty. From a scenic point of view Sir Martin prefers the valley to the mountain, and "the prettiest valley in the world known to me," he declares, "is Dovedale in Derbyshire in spring or autumn."

"Familiar Derbyshire," I say, but, of course, there must be many readers of this Magazine who have not yet become acquainted with the beauties of the valley through which the Dove makes its way from the uplands of Axe Edge to the Trent. They may know it only through the lines of Charles Cotton, the friend of Izaak Walton, who spent much time in the district:—

> O my beloved nymph, fair Dove,
> Princess of rivers, how I love
> Upon thy flowery banks to lie
> And view thy silver stream.

The flowery banks and the silver stream, however, would not of themselves give the Dove and its valley their pre-eminence Masses of rock adorned with foliage, surmounted by knolls and uplands, which at the seasons mentioned by Sir Martin Conway are rich in varied colours, combined with an ever-changing vista of more distant hills,

DOVEDALE. SELECTED BY SIR MARTIN CONWAY.

From a Photo. by Frith & Co.

give the dale its great charm for everyone who rambles through it.

"The most beautiful and picturesque place," wrote Mr. Stanley Weyman to me from Plas Llanrhydd, Ruthin, "the place at any rate presenting the most beautiful views that I have personally visited, is Taormina, in Sicily. I have heard a more extensive traveller say that he put the Taj Mahal first—of beautiful things—and Taormina second." The novelist who writes thus has, it may be added, spent his life amidst some of the most picturesque scenery our own country has to offer—first at Ludlow, the fine old border town which was his birthplace, and, since his marriage, at Ruthin, at the head of the lovely Vale of Clwyd.

TAORMINA. SELECTED BY MR. STANLEY WEYMAN.

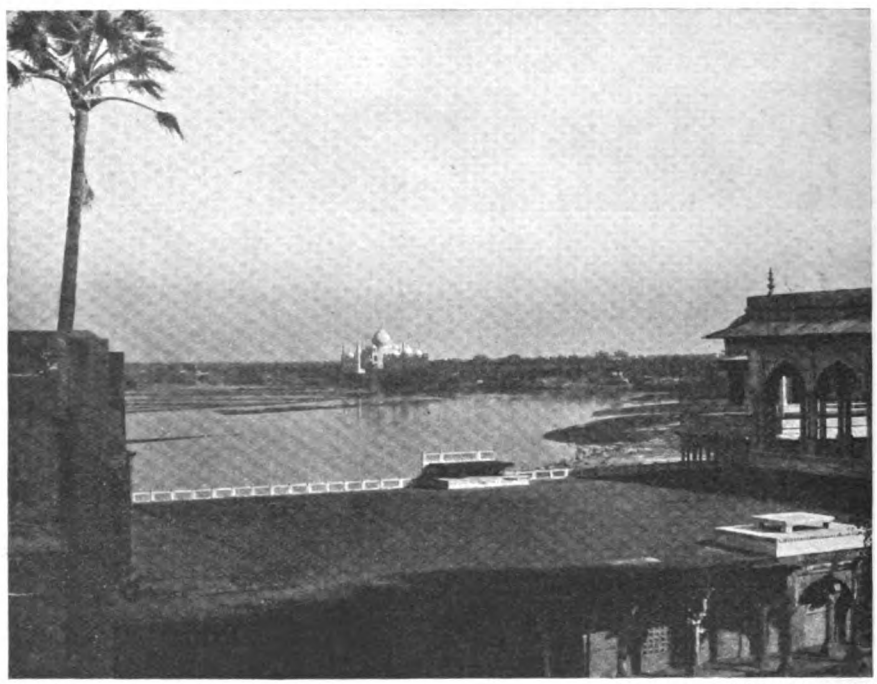
From a Photo. by Alinari.

Taormina is situated on the verge of a precipitous cliff, nine hundred feet high, on the east coast of Sicily, about thirty miles from Messina. Although now little more than a village with about three thousand inhabitants, Taormina was an important place for some hundreds of years before the birth of Christ, and is frequently mentioned by some of the classic authors. The ruins of the theatre—Greek in design, but of Roman construction—now form the most interesting memorial of its ancient glory, although there can be no doubt that tourists resort to the spot less for its antiquarian interest than for its magnificent peephole. The theatre is excavated in one of the most elevated rocks—hence the point of vantage it affords from which to view the beauty of the sea and the mountain.

The Taj Mahal at Agra, to which Mr. Stanley Weyman had referred, proved to be the choice of "Lucas Malet" (Mrs. St. Leger Harrison) when I consulted her upon the subject. The daughter of Charles Kingsley, who has recently given up her residence at Kensington and is now building herself a house near her father's old home at Eversley, Hampshire, did not come to this decision without much thought.

"The most beautiful building amid perfectly beautiful surroundings which I know," was the description given by the authoress of "The Wages of Sin" to the famous sepulchre of the Emperor Shah Jehan, the Great Mogul, and his wife. "Standing over the river," she adds, in recalling the view as it lingers in her memory, "where it sweeps round a point covered by a grove of palm trees, with a vast horizon of crops beyond and a wonderful view of the fort and palace and native town."

"Lucas Malet" gave me this opinion after having traversed the Continent, India and Ceylon, the United States, Canada, and other parts of the world. She describes her favourite recreation as travelling, and especially by sea.



THE TAJ MAHAL, AT AGRA. SELECTED BY "LUCAS MALET."

From a Photograph.

"The view I personally care for most in the world," the novelist confided to me, "is the ocean from the deck of a ship well out of the sight of land, with a stiff breeze and a blue sky with flying clouds. Mountains I am afraid I think odious, so I will say nothing about them."

But although obliged to give her vote to the Indian scene, "Lucas Malet," in discussing the matter, did not altogether forget the beauty of her own country. "For an English home view," she declares, "I know hardly any more charming than that from Constitution Hill, just outside Bournemouth, overlooking

the whole of Poole Harbour, Branksea Island, and the Dorsetshire coast. In the afternoon, when the sun is low, I have seen extraordinary effects there, both of colour and atmosphere."

Mountain scenery, which is so repugnant to "Lucas Malet," is regarded quite differently by Miss Ellen Terry, whose vocation has brought her a considerable amount of travelling. In discussing the matter she gives what from a practical point of view is a decisive preference to the Jungfrau, the celebrated peak in the Swiss Alps. But with Miss Terry the question is one of times and seasons. In the autumn the Scotch moors most please her fancy, she tells me, and Winchelsea—where she has had a charmingly picturesque cottage for several years past—on an October evening. Even Putney Heath, under some conditions, is entitled to her honourable mention—"in certain lights," she explains, "when the young birches are just coming out, and the solitary figure of the poet Swinburne is to be seen amongst them seeking peace and beauty."

The Jungfrau must be seen in "the evening," in Miss Terry's opinion, and as this is the only condition attaching to the choice it is entitled, I think, to be given the first place as being least qualified by time and circumstance. The Jungfrau, or Virgin Mountain, has its unsullied purity of snow—which is supposed to explain its name—at all seasons of the year. It was not until 1811 that this purity was sullied by the footsteps of man, and the first climber created a sensation. A few years later the Jungfrau became the scene of Byron's "Manfred." Nowadays, with the traditional inaccessibility conquered at all points, it can hardly inspire the same reverent awe as is expressed by the poet. From Interlaken, indeed, its height of nearly fourteen thousand feet can now be attained by railway.

THE JUNGFRAU, FROM INTERLAKEN. *From a Photograph.* SELECTED BY MISS ELLEN TERRY.

To Switzerland Mr. Hall Caine likewise goes for his picture of supreme beauty in Nature. But his selection of St. Moritz is qualified, as he explains, by what, in the circumstances, is an impracticable preference for a view which he can enjoy every day when at his home, Greeba Castle, in the Isle of Man.

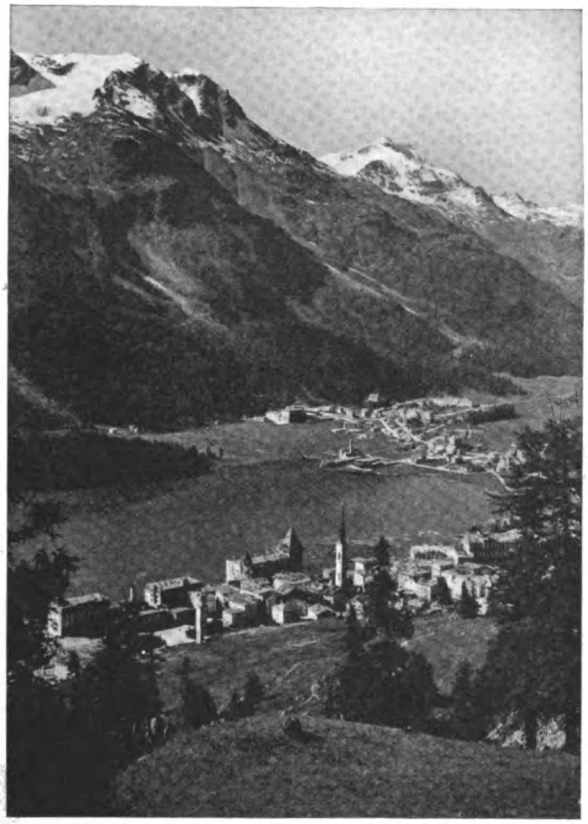
"The view," says Mr. Caine, "from the hut on the hillside above my house (which I have converted into a study) is quite lovely

enough for me, but as it faces south we cannot get a good photograph.

"So I will say that a good picture of St. Moritz, or of the Maloja Pass in the Engadine, would represent for me one of the great beauty-spots of the world."

The novelist gives this opinion after having seen a considerable part of the world's surface, including the United States and such a comparatively out-of-the-way country as Iceland. It is doubtless in deference to these many travelling recollections that he adds:—

"But the God-blessed places of the earth are countless, and there is generally nothing more beautiful (to memory at least) than one's own home."

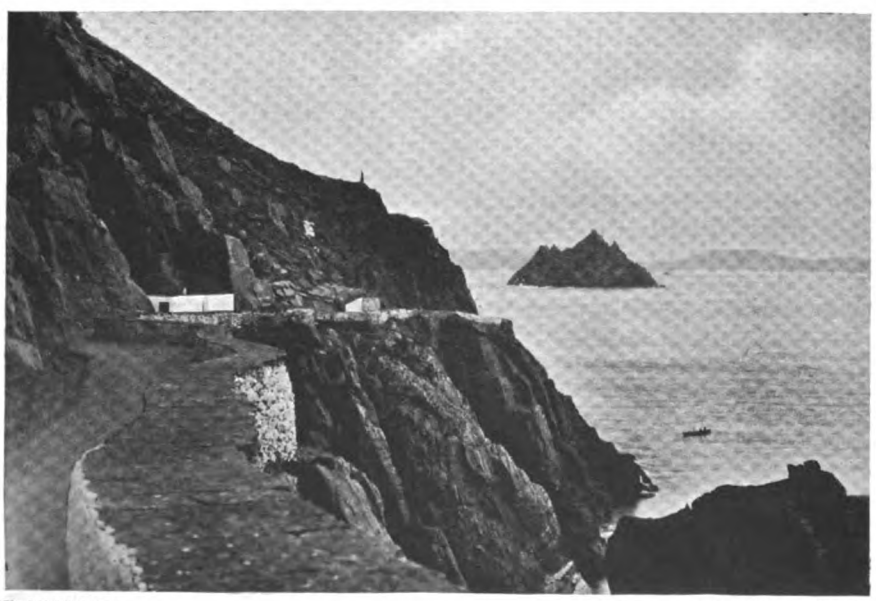


ST. MORITZ. SELECTED BY MR. HALL CAINE.

From a Photo. by R. G. Ballance.

Mr. Hall Caine has spent several winter holidays at St. Moritz, which is over six thousand feet above the sea, and with one thousand six hundred inhabitants, is the most popular place in the Engadine, that mountainous land of snow and ice with bracing air and clear skies, which in recent years has come so much into favour as a health restorative.

As an astronomer who has filled several important public offices, including that of Astronomer



THE SKELLIGS. SELECTED BY SIR ROBERT BALL.

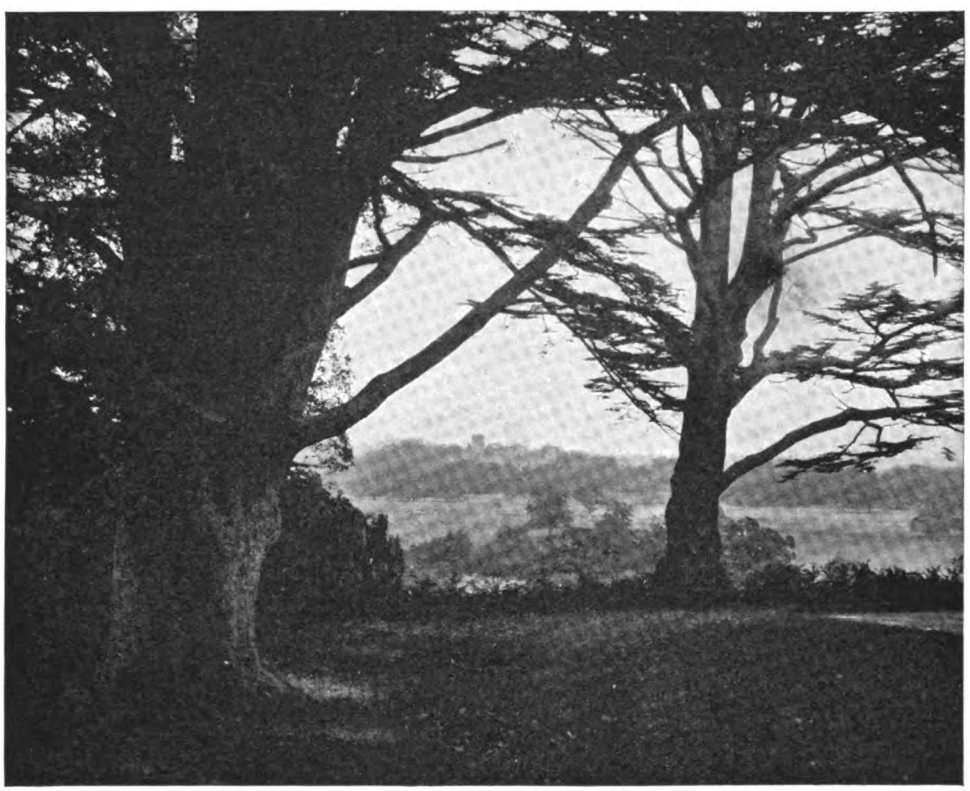
From a Photo. by Guy, Cork.

Royal for Ireland, Sir Robert Ball has travelled much off the beaten tracks.

"The beauties of scenery," said the present Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge when I consulted him on the subject, "that I have seen and that do not lie much in the way of the ordinary tourist are round the west and south coasts of Ireland. The Skelligs, for instance, is a perfectly exquisite spot, a verdant rock shooting up some seven hundred feet out of the Atlantic, and interesting not only for the enchanting views it affords, but from its antiquarian associations."

This spot is seven and a half miles from the coast of Kerry and can be reached only in good weather. But for its inaccessibility to ordinary visitors, as Sir Robert Ball says, it would have become famous. The Skelligs is dedicated to St. Michael, like the isolated rocks in Normandy and Cornwall, which, however, "sink into insignificance beside the wild grandeur of the Skelligs." The antiquarian associations spoken of by Sir Robert Ball have reference to the ruins of a monastery on the highest part of the rock. It was at one time a place of penance, the merit of the penitential act being enhanced by the difficulty and danger encountered in reaching it. At the present day the rock is used for the more practical purpose of a lighthouse, and it was the presence of this lighthouse, as Sir Robert Ball explained, which caused him to become acquainted with the spot.

Another place mentioned by the popular scientist for similarly remarkable picturesque qualities was Tearaght, "a rocky pyramid with rich vegetation." It is the outermost point of the Blasquet Islands, which are likewise situated off the coast of Kerry and the most western point of Europe.



THE GROUNDS OF WARWICK CASTLE, FROM THE OLD HUNTING LODGE.
From a Photo. by] SELECTED BY THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK. *[J. Harriott, Warwick.*

The choice of the Countess of Warwick was in favour of her own beautiful home at Warwick. Although she has never in her life travelled out of the well-known beaten tracks, Lady Warwick, within these limitations, has probably seen all that is most worth seeing. Nevertheless, her idea of the loveliest place she knows is the view from the old Queen Elizabeth's hunting lodge in the woods at Warwick. Like Mr. Hall Caine,

who is similarly fortunate in his way in his place of domicile, Lady Warwick has the courage of her conviction that the familiar, homely view is also the best.

The beauty of Warwick Castle and its surroundings has, of course, a national reputation. The view with which the general public is most familiar is that obtained from the old bridge over the Avon, and the view indicated by Lady Warwick had not been photographed until one was taken for the purpose of illustrating this article. It is of the most extensive character, including the castle with its towers, the river and the bridge, the gardens and lawns—the whole forming a prospect in which picturesque old architecture vies with natural beauty in pleasing the eye and impressing the mind of anyone who may behold it. Apart from the prepossession of ownership, such a view certainly suggests comparison with any other of its kind which the memory can recall.

Mme. Melba, who represents music in this symposium, has visited as an operatic star most of the countries of the world, and in the intervals of her engagements she has had the opportunity of enjoying most of the best things they have to offer. Yet she had no hesitation or doubt in making reply to my question :—

"Monterey, in California, is one of the most beautiful spots in the world. The climate is perfect, and the roses bloom all the year round. Not only are the most extraordinary tropical plants to be seen there, but oranges, etc., are grown in great profusion, and the ocean is not a hundred yards away."

To these particulars, as given to me by Mme. Melba, it may be added that Monterey, which is eighty-five miles by sea from San Francisco, is the ancient capital of California. Most of its two thousand inhabitants are of Spanish blood, and the place is said to have a drowsy atmosphere in the Spanish-American spirit of *hocotiempo.*

MIDWAY POINT, MONTEREY. SELECTED BY MME. MELBA.

From a Photo. by The Detroit Photographic Co.

A native of Melbourne, Mme. Melba might possibly have been led to suggest some Australian scene for representation in these pages. That from all the varied impressions and recollections of her most extensive travels she should have chosen this little Californian town compels us to credit Monterey with fascinations to which, it is to be feared, the photographer has been able to do but scant justice.

Long Cromachy of the Crows.

By Seumas MacManus.

Author of "A Lad of the O'Friels," "Donegal Fairy Stories," "The Leadin' Road to Donegal," etc.

IT is concerning Dark Patrick from Donegal full as much as, or maybe more than, Long Cromachy of the Crows, this tale is. But that will rightify itself. It was why he was called Long Cromachy by raison that he used to be past the or'nary tall—afore the years bent him. It was Crooked Cromachy that he was beginning to go by now among a share of the people. Long Cromachy had been a quare man all his days—not at all like no other man. He didn't attend the worship of the nation, and never acknowledged no religion; but he lived all his days, lee-alone, in his little cabin, among a thick grove of trees that the light of day could hardly get through by reason of the tops of them being built up from one end to the other with the nests of a rookery of crows that arrived there the tarrible stormy night he was born—from where no man knew—and that never left till the wild night that he died. All alone in his little house inunder this rookery lived Cromachy all of his days, supporting himself, as it seemed to the world, by working his little patch of land. But there was many and many's the one would be telling you that it was more by the crows he was supported; for that when they foraged far and near the burden of what they brought home was dropped down Cromachy's chimley to feed him. For three score of years no man had ever got into his house, and no man wanted to go, moreover, and no man could rightly say how he lived or how he done. Neither did any man, or any woman either, care much for making talk on the matter, for his neighbours lived in holy dread of Cromachy and his curse, and even them that had the breadth of Ireland betwixt themselves and him didn't care to mention Cromachy's name above a loud whisper.

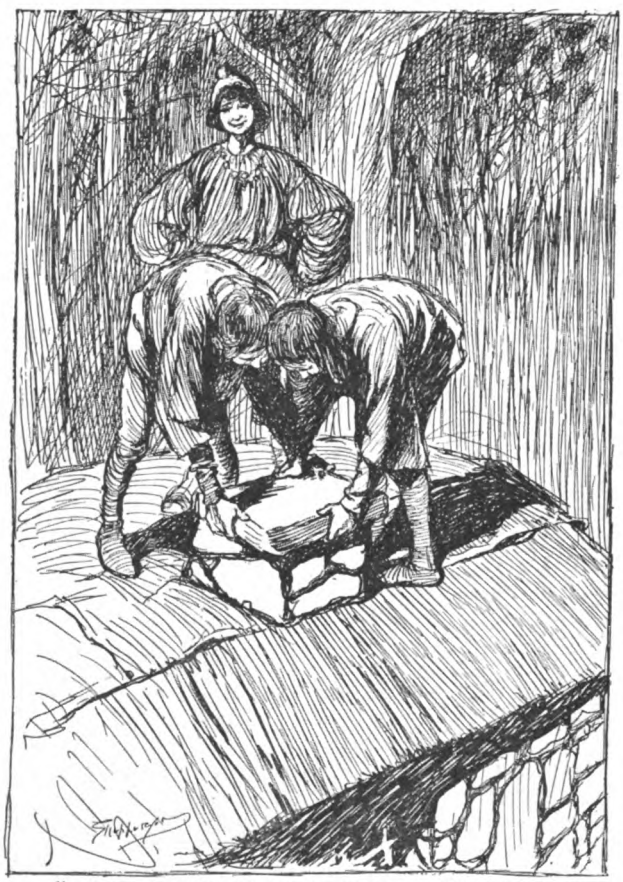
For Cromachy was a terror, and his name a name of fear within the four seas of Ireland by reason that he had the gift of cursing. He had the power of praying a bad prayer upon every man and thing within the bounds of the kingdom, and whatever ill he prophesied for them was as sure to come as summer's long day. And whenever he did curse a man or thing, there was a crow left the rookery, followed the curse, and stood by that man or thing till the ill-fortune prophesied for them was fulfilled. When a single crow of Cromachy's was seen flying over the land, terror struck the heart of every mortal who lifted an eye and looked at it, and that mortal prayed to God then, if he never prayed in his life afore, that Cromachy's crow might wing its way at least past him and his—and when it was safe past he put up a fresh prayer for the unfortunate that it flew to.

At that time Ireland was reigned over by a King called Conall. He had three sons that were to him the apple of his eye, and whom he dreamt big things of. He doted upon these boys, and his heart was within them, and if anything happened to one of them the world well knew that the heart of King Conall would burst. And it is the sad calamity for the nation that would be, for Conall was just and kind beyond the custom of kings, and a real father to his people, who worshipped the ground he walked upon and who never could outlive their grief if calamity overcame their beloved King.

It is small wonder the father should love the boys, for Conall and Donall and Taig (which was their names) were fine brave boys surely, as boys go. Witless, of course, as youngsters will be, and maybe a bit harum-scarum. They were fond, to be sure, of their antics and tricks—as what young fellow will not be who has more to eat than he has to do? But it must be said that the tricks were never mean or hurtful ones—no worse than would be worked by hot-blooded young fellows whose hearts were light and fancies free, and a deal of the dare-devil running in their veins.

But behold ye! Didn't it unfortunately fall out one night that their evil star tempted them to play a trick upon Long Cromachy of the Crows? They went through his rookery, where the foot of man had not been

for sixty years, and they hasped the door on the outside, stuffin' the key-hole, and carried up a flat stone and put it over the mouth of the chimley; and they covered up, likewise, the couple of little panes that were in his house, till it was only by a miracle that the man escaped being smothered and choked by the smoke from the big fire of green wood that he was then burning. He was in a mighty rage, and when he discovered who played the trick upon him—which it did not take him long to find—he took with him a crow and set out hot-foot, and never stopped nor stayed till he was at the King's castle and in the King's hall, just as, after dinner, the three Princes had the Court in a roar describing the capital joke, as they thought it, that they had cracked upon Long Cromachy of the Crows. But you could hear a cock-roach cough in that hall the instant Long Cromachy's presence was discovered in the door, a crow perched upon his shoulder. King Conall, who, like the good, wise King he was, did not enjoy the trick one bit, but was going to reprimand his sons for interfering with the poor old man, he got up in his place and he said, "Cromachy, it's welcome you are, and glad I am to see you at my Court, for you have not shown your face here for forty years. Won't you come up," he said, "and take a sait at my right hand?"



"THEY CARRIED UP A FLAT STONE AND PUT IT OVER THE MOUTH OF THE CHIMLEY."

"Oh, King," says he, "I'll not go up, and I'll not take any seat at your right hand—nor at your left either. You have not seen my face in your hall for forty years afore, and, please the stars," says he, "you'll not see it here for forty years more (if he grants me that long); and it isn't for any festivities I have come now, nor to break bread with you or yours; but I have come to curse!"

At that there went up from all there a yell like the end of the world, and the cry from the King's heart was louder and painfuller than the cries of all the others together.

"Cromachy! Cromachy!" says he, "anything, anything but that. For pity's sake," says he, "and our country's sake, for sake of me and of my children, spare, this time, three reckless, thoughtless boys, and don't cast your curse on them. I'll do anything that's in my power and give you anything that's in my possession that you crave for, if only you spare my boys."

"King Conall," says Cromachy, says he, "I have come to curse, and curse I will, though you offer me the earth for a kitchen garden and the moon for a manure heap. No King's son'll ever boast that he got the better of Cromachy of the Crows. In the name of the Powers of Darkness," says he, "I curse your children, Conall, Donall, and Taig. I curse Conall that he may become a murderer, and by murder live all his days. I curse Donall that he may turn robber, and by robbery ever live; and Taig, that he may become a beggar, by beggary live, and in beggary die. Now go," says he to the black crow upon his shoulder, "and sit by the King's chair until my curse is fulfilled for

"NO KING'S SON'LL EVER BOAST THAT HE GOT THE BETTER OF CROMACHY OF THE CROWS."

his children. Good-bye, King Conall," says he; "good-bye to yourself and your children; and though you may never see my face in your hall more, neither one of ye will be likely to forget Long Cromachy of the Crows."

And then he was gone. Sad and sore was the grief that fell upon King Conall, and they thought the shock would have killed him. Bad and bad his courtiers took the curse; and worse, as you may well suppose, was it taken by Conall's three sons. But worse still than all of them put together was the grief of the King for the awful blight to be upon the children of his heart that he had hoped such high things for, and who were now doomed to be murderer, thief, and beggar. Awful was the sorrow of the King and terrible the sorrow of the kingdom. And nothing, the people thought, in the books of the histories, and very little in the stories of the Shanachies, ever equalled or could equal the calamity that had fallen upon their country.

From the time Cromachy called down the curse the King did no good; he took to his bed and was attended day and night by the Court doctors and the best doctors of the land, who, however, shook their heads, for they knew well—what he tried to impress on them himself—that it was beyond medical skill to heal his wound.

The King sent for his wise men and consulted them, and asked to know if they could discover any way out of this terrible business. But in face of Cromachy's curse his wise men were wise no longer, and not the wisest of them offered one word of advice that was worth the paper you would write it on. And it was advertised all over the kingdom of Ireland, and all over England, Scotland, and France likewise, the calamity that had come upon King Conall, and the sore need there was for some extraordinary wise man to appear at King Conall's Court who could give the broken-hearted King consolation in his affliction. And an enormous reward was offered to the lucky man who could discover a way of circumventing the curse of Cromachy. And it is many is the wise one who travelled from near and from far, from home and abroad, from east and from west, to King Conall's Court to offer his advice and lay down his plans for escaping the curse. But not one of the schemes, when they were heard out, and not one of the advices was of any use whatsomever. So that when three hundred of the wisest men in the world had, every man of them, said his say and offered his directions in the matter, the King and the King's counsellors were just where they had been at the start. The curse of Cromachy was with them as awful as ever. The black crow sat on the King's bedpost, or on the back of his chair, morning, noon, and night, croaking when he pleased, and quitting his post never. And though the presence of this uncanny creature made and kept the King double as bad as he would have been, no man dared lay finger on it or touch a feather on its body, for they knew well that if they did their fate would be

a long sight worse than that of the King's sons.

This is the way matters stood, and the King going from bad to worse, and the country in a plight that was both sore and sad, drivin' to perdition by reason no man had the heart, and their King as bad as he was, to bother himself about anything. And it seemed likely that Ireland would be a wilderness and a waste afore long years. This was the sad way that things stood when it forced itself upon Dark Patrick in Donegal that it was his duty to get up and go to see King Conall, and lift him and raise him up, and rightify and presarve the country. Dark Patrick was a plain little, low-set, stout-built man, with black hair and a black bush of a beard (which was why they named him Dark Patrick). He lived all by himself in a little hut of a house in a Donegal glen, and he was noted, not only among the neighbours, but far and wide, likewise, the length and breadth of the barony he lived in, for his wonderful wisdom, the benefits of which the poor man gave free to all his neighbours, and to all who came to him to consult from the ends of the barony. And it is many is the client he had, for in every case of difficulty and doubt that a man got into within twenty miles of the little man's hut, it's spit on his stick he'd do of a morning, and off to see Dark Patrick on the matter, an' lay the needs and the difficulties of the case afore him, get his directions, and be guided by them. And it is not one time in a dozen then that ever these poor people found they were misguided; for the extraordinary counsel that would be given by that plain little, dark man, who was as poor as themselves and carried himself humbler than most of them, was never proved by time and circumstances to be other than correct. And the people of his little corner of the country loved him and gave him as much respect as if he had been a king, instead of a poor, struggling man, who was delving and digging with the spade from June to June, trying to take a scanty living from a niggard patch.

Now, Dark Patrick had remained at home in his little hut, giving counsel to his neighbours or out spading on his hillside, while the great matters were going on, and while all the wise men of the world were coming from near and from far—quietly he remained here, hoping an' expecting to hear every day that one or other of the great famous wise men with whose names the world rung had solved the thing, cured their King, and saved the country. But when, at last, one after the other of these great wise ones failed, and the King was only getting worse and worse, and the country past redemption, Patrick, on a mornin', made up a bundle in a little red handkerchief, put it on the end of his stick over his shoulder, and stuffin' some oat bread into his pocket, and pulling-to his door after him, set his feet on the road that run south, an' off with him. The neighbours, when, every man from his own hillside, they saw Dark Patrick with a bundle over his shoulder going south, ran down to the road, getting afore him, to ask him what was the matter, or where was he going—for it was a rare time ever he left home; and it was an extraordinary big matter, indeed, would draw him far from it. Dark Patrick told them what his

"EVERY MAN FROM HIS OWN HILLSIDE RAN DOWN TO THE ROAD."

arrand was, and what he hoped to do. And when they heerd this they thought that the poor man had at last grown foolish, or else that his head was turned with all the pride that he had well hidden from them in the fifty years of his life in the Donegal glen, and they tried hard to persuade him against such a foolish undertaking, telling him he'd be laughed at for to go for to think that he could rightify a matter that had defied and beaten all the wisest ones of the earth to set right again. And they counselled him to go back home to his own little house again, like a good, sensible man, an' take his spade in his fist an' go out and set tatties. To all of them Patrick listened modestly, and for their counsel thanked them quietly, and put them off with the remark that he had a notion to see a bit of the world anyhow, and that he might as well travel in the direction of the castle of King Conall as in any other direction, and he bade them goodbye, and left his blessin' with them, and set his face south again.

And, right enough, when, after a week's walking, poor Patrick at last reached the capital city, and the castle of King Conall, and knocked at the gates, and asked to see the King, it is laugh hearty the soldiers did at the appearance of the little man in homespun clothes, and with a bundle on his stick done up in a red handkerchief, who wished to see the King; and they wanted to turn him away. But Dark Patrick so persisted that, faith, they soon came to own that he was no ordinary countryman. And some of the courtiers gathered at the gate when they saw a knot of soldiers gathered round a little dark man; and they laughed double as hearty as what the soldiers did when they saw the appearance of him; and they laughed till they thought their ribs would crack when at last they heard the arrand he was bent upon. And as the doctors had all advised that a good laugh would be a capital thing for the King's complaint, there was one of the courtiers lost no time gettin' into the palace, and straight to the King's bedchamber, and, as best he could for the laughing, telling the King about the comical little man in homespuns, who had tramped with his little red bundle on his stick all the way from the glens of Donegal to lift Cromachy's curse off him. And when they heard it, every soul in the bedchamber, both nurses and doctors, as well as counsellors, all laughed till the windows rattled—every soul of them except the King himself. He did not laugh at all, at all. But, says he, "Good people, what's the matter with the little man from Donegal that he is to be laughed at so hearty? Though he carries his little bundle on his stick," says he, "maybe every article in it was honestly come by—which might be more than most of us (including myself) can say for our own belongings. And even if he wears homespuns, that," says he, "is after all very little proof that the heart inside of them mayn't be sound and good, and that the head mayn't be both clear and clever. And if it is what you laugh at, the idea of his coming to cure us of the curse of Cromachy, sure, if he fails to do it, won't he then only be in the same boat with the wisest of the 'arth who have come here afore him in the same arrand, and failed likewise? His coming from the mountains, too," says the King, says he, "is but poor grounds for laughing, for though you do not think it, gentlemen, God makes in the mountains sometimes men as good and as grand and as wise as he makes about a King's Court. Go," says he, then, when they were properly rebuked for their laughter, and the shame stinging their cheeks—"go," says he, "and admit this poor man till I see him, anyway." And Dark Patrick, with his little bundle now under his arm and his staff in his hand, was led into the presence of King Conall, and, to the wonderment of them all, he showed not one bit of confusion in a King's company, but was as cool and as calm and as easy-mannered, too, as if he sat among a houseful of poor neighbours in the glens of Donegal. And the King questioned him regarding his arrand, and he told the King himself the why and the wherefore of his coming, and said he hoped he might be of some use. And the King thanked Dark Patrick very graciously indeed, and said he too hoped that he might, and that if he was of use he'd never forget his obligation to him, and that if he failed he would have his hearty thanks for his kind intentions and for the trouble and labour he had taken in comin' so far for to put them into practice.

Cromachy's crow was on the bedpost, and he begun for to croak the minute Dark Patrick come in, and he was shifting onaisy from one foot to the other an' hopping now and again from post to post. Says Dark Patrick, says he, "Will you kindly order the three young Princes to be brought in?" And this was done, and the three Princes led into his presence, and lined up before him, while the King was raised up in the bed, and pillows piled behind him to support his back.

"THE THREE PRINCES WERE LINED UP BEFORE HIM."

"Now," says Dark Patrick, says he, "would your Majesty name all these young gentlemen for me, and tell me what is the curse laid upon each?"

"That," says the King, says he, pointing to one of them, "is Conall, my eldest son, who," says he, and his voice shook with emotion, "is to be a murderer, and live by murder. And that boy next him is Donall, my second son, who is to be a robber, and live by robbery. And the last boy is Taig, my youngest son, and the vein of my heart," and the poor man here burst out cryin', "whose lot is to become a beggar, and live by beggary all his days. The shame of it, the shame of it all," says he, "will kill me, is killin' me, and the heart of me is breakin' day by day, till very soon the subjects who love him will lay him down and pull the green sod over King Conall."

"Oh, King!" says Dark Patrick, "that your sons should become murderer, robber, and beggar is surely killing you with shame, and small wonder. If Long Cromachy had only cursed them to a trade or a profession, you would not have grieved?"

"Grieved!" says King Conall, says he. "If he had cursed them to be even only travelling tinkers I could have covered him with kisses."

"It is well that is so," says Dark Patrick, "and I think, oh, King Conall, that I can raise you from your sick bed again."

"Oh, if you only could," says the King, his face glowing with joy, "I would cover you with honours and bestow on you possessions that would make you the most envied man in my kingdom."

"Thank you," says Dark Patrick, quietly. "By your laive I'll now try what I can do. Open the door of the room," says Dark Patrick, says he, to a butler who stood near the door. "Open the door of the room," says he. And the door was opened.

"Prince Conall," says Dark Patrick, says he, indicatin' the eldest of the three young men. "Prince Conall," says he, "walk out there, lose no time, take your staff in your hand, and travel on *till you l'arn to be a doctor*—fulfillin' a third of the curse of Cromachy, and lifting a third of the load off your father's heart at the same time."

Prince Conall walked out and off.

The crow at the bed-head gave such a croak as if a pin was after drivin' into its black heart.

"You, Prince Donall," says Dark Patrick, then, says he, indicatin' the next of them, "walk out there, lose no time, take your staff in your fist, and push on *till you l'arn to be a lawyer*—fulfillin'," says he, "two-thirds of the curse of Cromachy, and lifting two-thirds of the load off your poor father's heart."

Prince Donall stepped out and off.

The crow at the bed-head gave an awful croak entirely.

"And Prince Taig," says Dark Patrick, says he, "now you step out of that door, lose no time, take your staff in your fist, and travel on *till you l'arn to be a clargyman*—fulfillin'," says he, "the full curse of Cromachy, and lifting all the load off your poor father's heart."

Prince Taig stepped out of the door and away.

The crow at the bed-head let a screagh out of him that was tarrific to hear, spread his wings, and passed out of the window, disappearing never to return.

"And now," says Dark Patrick, says he to the King, into whose face, as well as the faces of all the courtiers and counsellors, doctors and nurses, present, was beginning to come the light of intelligence — "now, King Conall," says he, "rise up from your bed a sick man no longer, and a sad one never more."

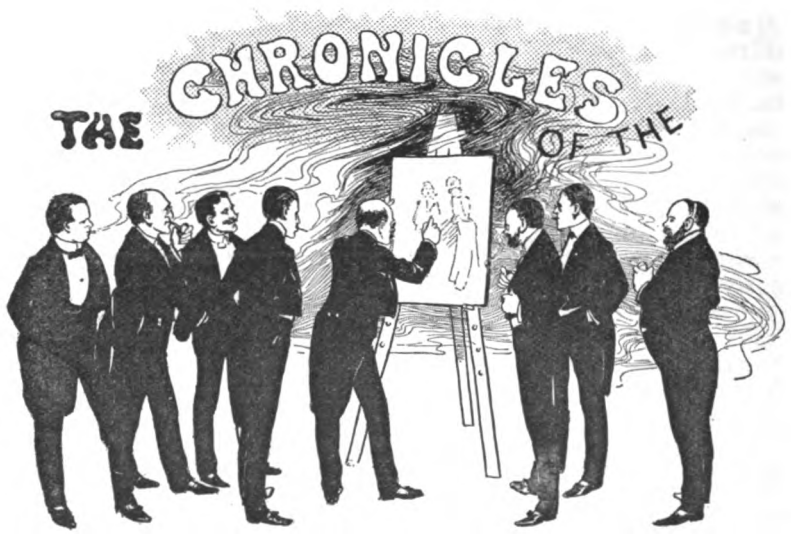
"THE CROW SPREAD HIS WINGS AND PASSED OUT OF THE WINDOW."

It took more than a minute before the whole thing, in all its wonder and joy, could dawn upon and shine clear into the minds of King Conall and all present—more than a minute were they dumbfounded. And Dark Patrick had his foot on the threshold passing out of the door when the King realized what had happened, and was able to speak for the joy; and he called upon Dark Patrick, and Dark Patrick turned upon his step, saying, "What is your Majesty's wishes? Or can I do anything more for you?"

"Within all the world and its wishes," says King Conall, says he, "there's nothing more you can do for me, for there's nothing more I want now. I am now a happy man, ruling over a happy country; but it is my turn," says he, "to do something for you, poor man—some little thing as a token of my joy and gratitude for the everlasting obligation that you have laid upon myself and my country, and that we never can hope to repay. Bear witness," says the King, says he, to his counsellors and courtiers, "that I here and now bestow upon this poor man, and his heirs after him for all time, the kingdom of Connaught, that he may reign over it rich and happy, and bequeath it to his children when he dies, leaving them happy and prosperous after him. And, moreover," says he to Dark Patrick, "I want to know over and above this any other request in the wide world that you have to ask, and if it is in my power it will be granted as quick as asked."

"Oh, King Conall," says Dark Patrick, says he, stepping into the middle of the room and making his obedience to the King —"oh, King Conall," says he, "for your very great generosity, and your very great kindness, I thank you from my heart, and pray that God may keep with you both the will and the power to be generous until the day that, an old, old man, at the end of a happy life, you bid good-bye to the world. For your generosity I thank you, and sorry indeed I am to decline what you so generously offer; but my own little hut at home in the glens of Donegal is both greater and dearer to me than the kingdom of Connaught, and for the kingdom of Connaught I would not part with it. I have content there, for no worries reach me, and my sleep deserts me not at night. I am happy, for I have the love of all my neighbours. And I am wealthy there as any King can be, for I have a hillside, health, and a spade. Good-bye. Heaven's blessing remain with you."

And Dark Patrick was gone.



STRAND CLUB

IV.

"I HAVE been thinking," observed Garry, at the last meeting of the Strand Club, "of Professor Marvyn K. Marvyn's address on the origin of wit and humour. Do you know, it would make most interesting reading if someone were to trace the genesis of every so-called new joke. Now, here is one I was told by a professional funny man last week. I have written it out so that you can all read it."

And suiting the word to the action the following was circulated on a slip of paper amongst the members, who were sipping their coffee and smoking their Havanas after an unusually good dinner at the Strand Tavern :—

A NEW JOKE.—"We will now," remarked the keeper of the menagerie, "pass on in time to see my dark-faced antelope."

"Pardon me," murmured a prim lady of uncertain years, "but I think I must leave now. I have no desire to witness your aunt elope, or any such painful domestic scandal."

"I don't suppose," commented Garry, pensively, "any joke worked as hard for its mere existence as this. It's been a struggle ever since 1733, when it first appeared, so far as I have been able to ascertain, in a collection of sayings entitled 'Saunders's Sheaf of Jests,' in this form :—

"'A QUICK REJOINDER.—A fancier was displaying with pride his stock of quadrupeds. "Hast seen my antelope?" "Nay," returned his visitor, affecting amazement; "with whom?"'

"You will find it in all the classical collections. And about every ten years it crops up in the American comic papers in various disguises. Some day it will appear in *Punch*, and then, alas! we shall see it no more. People will cease to laugh at it; editors will refuse to print it. Personally, I shall miss it as an old friend."

Bolman: Personally, also, I have never heard it before. Nor do I believe the account you give of its antiquity. I shall, therefore, continue to welcome it cordially whenever we meet. By-the-bye, I wonder if history has anticipated the story of the zealous workhouse inspector which I was told the other day as having actually happened in a London suburb. It seems there had been numerous complaints about the diet. The inspector arrived at midday, just in time to see a couple of *employés* carrying in a huge cauldron.

"Put that kettle down," he ordered; "I'm the Government inspector."

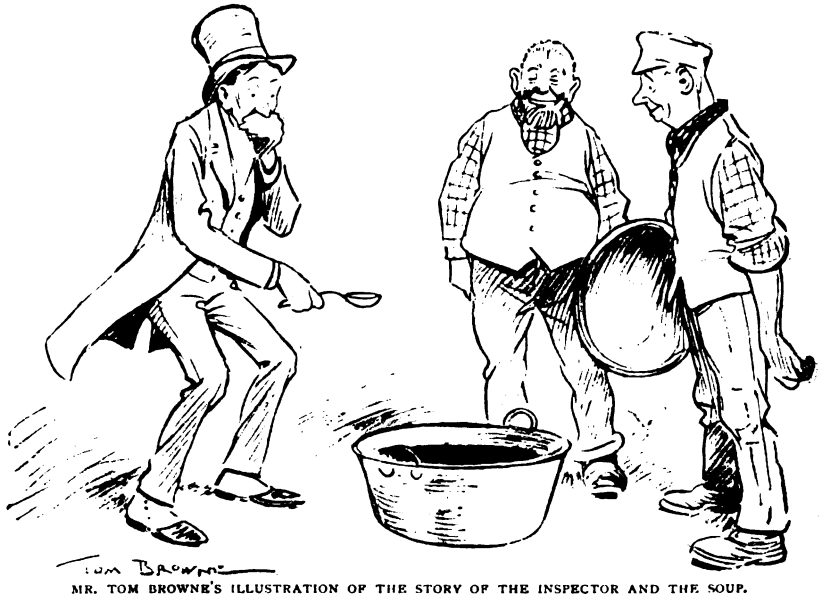
The men obeyed.

"Give me a spoon."

"But, sir——"

"Don't 'but' me. Bring a spoon."

A spoon was brought, the lid removed, and the officer helped himself to a good mouthful.



MR. TOM BROWNE'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE STORY OF THE INSPECTOR AND THE SOUP.

"Pah!" he cried, "this is scandalous. This is not soup. It's dirty water."

"Yes, sir; that's what it is, sir. We've been cleaning out the laundry this morning."

The Chairman: I call upon our popular and dexterous fellow-member, Mr. Tom Browne, to supply an illustrative diagram to Mr. Bolman's historical statement. Gentlemen, it is said that history lies. I have heard nothing so far this evening to lead me to doubt the assertion.

Whereupon Mr. Tom Browne proceeded to execute the above sketch, which was naturally received with applause. When he had bowed his acknowledgments the Chairman said:—

"Will Mr. F. C. Gould kindly oblige with a few chalk lines on the drawing-board more or less indicative of one or two human figures? This will give our friend, Mr. Wornung, an opportunity to relate an appropriate incident." At this quaint summons Mr. Gould stepped blithely up to the easel and, apparently without deliberation and in the most adroit manner, produced a figure of an elderly male fossil carrying a bag. He then resumed his seat.

Wornung: Is that all?

Gould: You behold it in its charming entirety.

Wornung: It is not enough. I can't fit a joke to that.

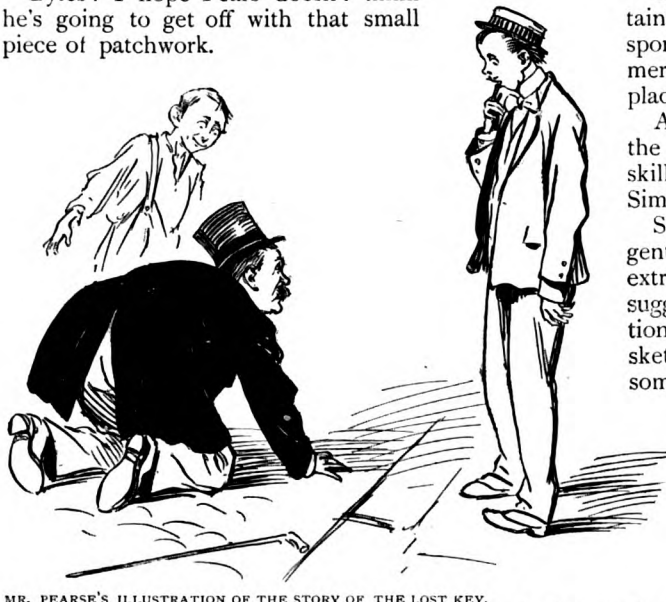
Pears: Allow me to add something. (Rapidly sketches in two additional figures.) Now, don't you see these fellows are passing personal remarks concerning——

Wornung: Say no more. I recall the circumstance. Deedes, K.C., the shabbiest counsel in all the four Inns of Court, was strolling in the park. "Halloa," said a

THE COMBINED EFFORT OF MR. GOULD AND MR. PEARS.

briefless one, "there goes old Deedes! Looks like an old clo' man." "No, hang it, that's the worst of it," returned his friend, equally briefless. "All new suits, I believe."

Byles: I hope Pears doesn't think he's going to get off with that small piece of patchwork.



MR. PEARSE'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE STORY OF THE LOST KEY.

The Chairman: We will call upon him later. I find from the agenda that it is Mr. Emberton's turn to enliven the company.

Emberton (modestly): I don't know about enlivening anybody. But I did hear something rather amusing the other day. You know those people who are always asking absurd, irritating questions? Well, a patient, long-suffering citizen dropped an important key somewhere in a suburban roadway. Several people watched him as he floundered about in the heat and dust, examining every spot carefully. At last a really intelligent man came along.

"Halloa!" he said. "Lost something?"

The poor victim nodded and went on searching.

"Don't you know where you dropped it?" persisted the spectator.

Then the worm turned. "Certainly; of course I do," he responded, confidentially. "I'm merely hunting in all these other places to kill time."

After Mr. Pearse had delineated the incident with his customary skill, the services of Mr. Sidney Sime were demanded.

Sime: I have no joke to relate, gentlemen, but I can give you an extraordinary instance of telepathic suggestion or of suggested hallucination. Out one night in the country, sketching the tail of a comet or something, I heard galumping steps on the road, evidently coming from the Rusty Shovel Inn. I also heard voices.

"Look, Bill, look! D'ye see it?"

"'Old up, ole man. I don't see nowt."

Well, I looked over the hedge and this is what I saw (sketches hurriedly, but carefully). Here, then, is the sight which so startled the strayed reveller, but which had no effect on his companion. It took some moments for everybody to see it. Even now some may miss the apparition.

MR. SIME'S ILLUSTRATION OF HIS OWN STORY OF THE RUSTIC AND THE APPARITION.

The landscape which exerted such an effect upon Mr. Sime's navvy will be better seen if held at some distance from the eye.

McCormick: I wonder if you have heard about the Scotsman who recently took his first motor ride by the favour of the local

MR. GORDON BROWNE'S ILLUSTRATION OF MR. MUTTLE'S ANECDOTE OF THE WITTY AUTHORESS.

Mr. Gordon Browne's facility in sketching drawing-room women is well known, but the speed with which he executed the next production on the board ought to have been seen to be believed. It was to illustrate Mr. Muttle's anecdote of the wit of a well-known authoress, at the expense of a peer less remarkable for his intellect than his income. At dinner he found himself between the authoress and a charming young American duchess.

"Ah," said he, wishing to say something brilliant, "here I am, seated between brains and beauty."

"Yes," retorted Miss X——, "and without possessing either!"

MR. MCCORMICK'S ILLUSTRATION OF HIS OWN STORY OF THE SCOTSMAN AND THE MOTOR-CAR.

laird? On the return trip the car collided with a tree and flung poor Macpherson twenty feet up into the air. He came down in a corner of his own field. When he recovered consciousness he limped home, where a friend asked him how he enjoyed his ride.

"Oh, fine, fine," he murmured; "but I'm thinkin', Fergusson, they have an unco quick way o' puttin' a body out at his ain door."

Mr. Buchanan, being summoned for his contribution, appeared to have just overheard rather an amusing dialogue, and he accordingly proceeded to illustrate it on the spot.

"I wonder,"

MR. BUCHANAN'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE INCIDENT AT THE PARK GATES.

said a stout party, reaching the neighbourhood of the park somewhat late, "I wonder if I can get in at the gates?"

"Oh, yes," answered the man, "you're all right, guv'nor. Why, I just saw a motor van go through all right."

There was a brief respite for a few moments while somebody discussed the overcrowding problem.

Brichard: Ah, that reminds me. I remember once listening to a couple of men in the East-end — slum-workers, I believe—inspecting sanitary conditions in a particularly mean street.

"Overcrowding?" said one. "Why, this is nothing—nothing at all. I have seen five families in Manchester living in a cellar, one in each corner and one in the middle."

"Dear me! Five families? But how did they agree?"

"Pretty well, until the family in the south-west corner began putting on airs. But even then they didn't quarrel."

"What caused the break-up?"

"Oh, the family in the middle went too far. They began taking in lodgers."

No one undertook to illustrate this anecdote, and Johns took up the conversation:—

Here is a little thing that has just come my way. They had instructed the new hand at the picture gallery to take the stick or umbrella of everybody who passed in.

A visitor presented himself.

"Your stick, please."

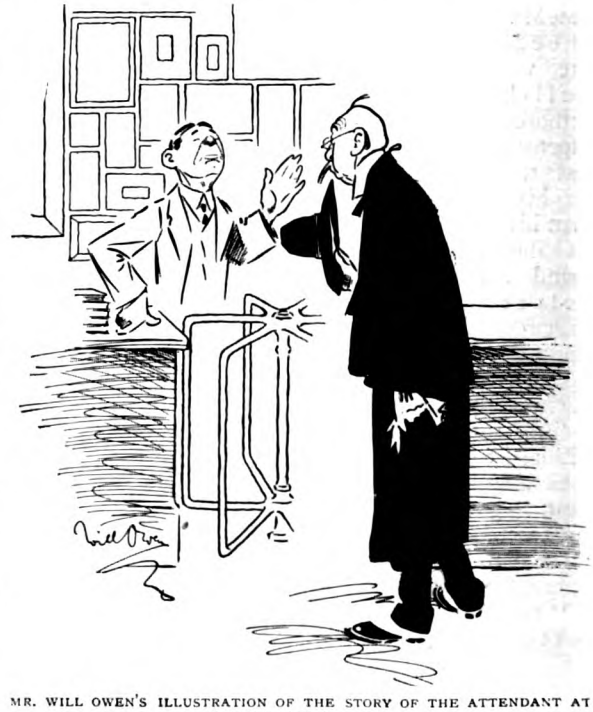
"I haven't a stick."

"Umbrella, then."

"I haven't an umbrella."

"Then you must stand aside, please. You can't come in 'ere with only a pair o' gloves."

At the Chairman's suggestion Mr. Will Owen struck off the following sketch at white heat, and he was quickly followed at the board by a new member, Mr. G. D. Armour, who, having duly made his bow to the members, signalized his election by perpetrating on a sheet of grey paper, which he seemed to have concealed



MR. WILL OWEN'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE STORY OF THE ATTENDANT AT THE PICTURE GALLERY.

up his sleeve for the purpose, the next drawing.

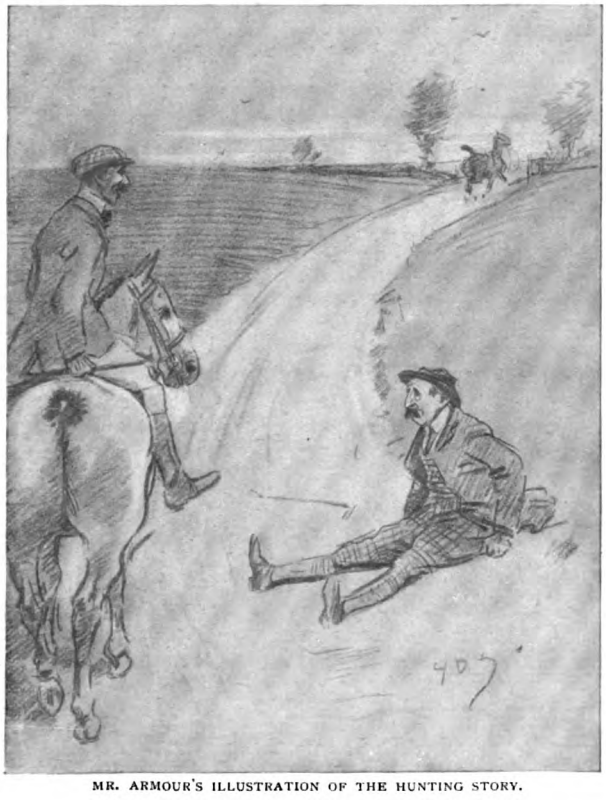
Armour: Bumpus is no equestrian. The other day he mounted a hunter which has more courage than discretion. There ensued a slight mishap.

"What did you come down so quick for?" asked one of B——'s friends, a spectator.

"What did I come down so quick for?" asked Bumpus, in an injured tone. "Why, did you see anything up in the air for me to hold on to?"

MR. HASSALL'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE STORY TOLD BY MR. BOYLE.

It was now Boyle's turn. Boyle has a slight impediment in his speech, which his enemies say he cultivates in order to give additional point to his anecdotes. On this occasion somebody suggested that Boyle should begin his story and Hassall should start illustrating it simultaneously, and that for his part he should bet on Hassall. But the suggestion was not adopted, although the rapidity with which the artist knocked in his design was not least amongst the pictorial marvels of the evening.



MR. ARMOUR'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE HUNTING STORY.

Boyle: There was a fire in the Bunch of Grapes. The fireman strove hard to extinguish the blaze, sending a stream through the open door and the shelves of bottles.

One of the customers appeared, somewhat excited.

"For the love av Hivin," he cried, "don't waste water on the counter. Play on the slate."

It will be observed that the illustrator has disdained chalk or crayon, but has "knocked in his effects" with an implement which to the members resembled very much a Stickphast paste brush, dipped in common or clerical ink.

LAFAYETTE.

AND THE STORY OF THE MAN WHO WAS HIS FRIEND.

By Max Pemberton.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN THE SHADOW OF NOTRE DAME.

OUR friend stood in need of us and we must go to him. Whatever danger the venture might bring upon us, that we refused to contemplate, my little wife the first among us all to deride it.

"He has a just claim upon us," she said; "and, Zaida, you have no better friend."

And so we set out the very next day, and in four days' time were at the gates of Paris. It may be that our long residence in the country and our imperfect knowledge of the events which had happened in the city meanwhile blinded us to the risks we ran and inspired the false hope which animated us. If that were so, the western gate of Paris opened a new vista to our astonished eyes. Scarcely had we ridden up to it when we were surrounded by a horde of ruffianly guards, who demanded our papers with menaces and brandished their pikes before our eyes to convince us of the necessity of instant compliance. To them I said that I was an American citizen riding to see General Lafayette—an answer which appeared to enrage them beyond measure.

"Do you go to Sedan?" one asked me.

Another said: "If there be a General Lafayette in Paris you shall see his head upon a pike to-morrow."

I shrugged my shoulders and begged that they would appoint an emissary to accompany me to the house of Gouverneur Morris, whom I then believed to be in the city. Pauline herself had a brighter thought, and, whispering to Le Brun aside, she bade him cast a handful of gold pieces among them. Such oil upon the hinges of the gate proved a magic dose. They permitted us to pass without question, while one of them cried after us, "There go round necks for the knife." This troubled us less than the news of General Lafayette. If he were not in Paris, why had he summoned us?

"There is a deeper story than his letters tell," said I; "he is in Paris, and Paris knows nothing of it."

Pauline reminded me how different it had been last time we rode through that same western gate. "He came to our help then, Zaida," she said; "fortune has changed if we can be of service to him now."

"Who knows?" said I. "There would be stranger chances. And yet I can imagine no circumstance where friendship so humble may help him. If it be so, this journey is well undertaken. I will believe it when I hear him."

She fell to silence a little while, but presently she said:—

"I dreamed it long ago in England, Zaida. This very scene comes back to me from my sleep. We shall find General Lafayette and go away with him. He will be in great danger, but you will escape it, Zaida. We ride toward the sun; and then there will be darkness. That is what I dreamed, Zaida. How true it all seems to-night! The very wind is a whisper of my dead father's voice. I hear him calling me wherever I go. He loved me, Zaida; and I was all he had to love. Who will blame me if I believe him to be near me to-night? What faith forbids me that?"

This memory of her dream returning so strangely at such a moment filled me with a great apprehension. I remembered how unwilling she had been to come to France at all. The scene about us in the darkened streets contributed little to my reassurance. Late as the hour was, companies of men were abroad in many of the faubourgs through which we passed. Again and again we heard the rolling of drums and the fierce voices of a rabble. Twice we were stopped, and nothing but the bold front we showed saved us from outrage. The mob passed us by, and went on to beat at the door of the first great house they came upon. I shut my ears to the doleful cries of anguish which attended their visit. The day was near when I must understand what such scenes meant.

"Had I known that we were come for this, I would not have let my wife enter Paris for all the gold in France," I said apart to Le Brun. He knew not what to answer me.

"Let the General tell us," said he; "the worst can find us on the road again."

There was wisdom in this, and it carried us to the Hôtel de Lafayette, upon whose door we knocked at one o'clock of a summer's morning. To our astonishment, not a window opened to our appeal, though we beat heavily upon the gates of the house; nor for a long time did those within appear to hear us. We must have waited the best part of an hour before any of the servants answered, and then it was a shivering old man, who seemed to stand in awe of us.

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"My master is not here," he said; "what do you want with me?"

I told him my name and the business which had carried me from Touraine. A long while incredulous, he presently found his wits, and, coming out into the roadway, he raised himself upon tiptoe and whispered something in my ear:—

"Rue du Cloche et du Notre Dame—at the Sign of the Rood. Let none see you come or go. My master is there."

I promised him discretion, and he withdrew instantly and shut and bolted the wicket behind him. His information confirmed the suspicion concerning General Lafayette with which I had entered Paris. How had the mighty fallen indeed! I remembered when last I saw him how he had galloped about the city on his splendid charger, boasting of his National Guard and his gospel of belief and the world's wonder he would achieve. And now he lay a fugitive, hunted for by that very guard he had founded.

"THERE, SEATED IN A CORNER, HIS FACE BURIED IN HIS HANDS, I FOUND GENERAL LAFAYETTE."

We crossed the river by the Pont Notre Dame and made our way afoot to the house the old servant had named. Our horses were taken by Gervais to an inn, whither some of our company followed him. The Rue du Cloche we found to be a narrow, ill-lit thoroughfare, with a row of bulging, gabled houses, whose eaves almost touched eaves above us, and shuttered every one below. Not a soul appeared to be abroad in this part of the world. The great cathedral stood up bold and black in the moonbeams; the river, here divided in twain by the island upon which the church of Notre Dame stands, swirled and eddied in pools of mellow light; the bells chimed the watches of the night as though every note were a call to sleep. But no sentinel watched the street. We knocked in confidence upon that door we had ridden so many leagues to open.

An old priest answered our summons and led us with a brief word to the first floor of the house. There, seated in a corner of the room, his face buried in his hands and a wretched candle guttering by his side, I found General Lafayette again. We embraced with scarce a word spoken. I perceived he had been weeping and would not ask him why. The house might have been a very prison for its silence. And we had not been within it ten minutes when the abbé blew out the one candle that still burned and bade us hush.

"The guard is entering the street," said he. "God help us if they come here."

CHAPTER XXVI.

FROM THE INN OF THE SILVER BELL.

We listened with ear intent and deep breathing which spoke of each man's place in the darkened room. A patrol had entered the street and begun its search of the houses one by one. We could hear the heavy thud of pikes upon the doors; and, upon this, screams and cries and piteous entreaty. In the house opposite to us, whose latticed window stood so near our own that men could have shaken hands across the street, someone lighted a lantern and crossed the room to wake a sleeper in the far corner. Then the light went out, but I could still discern a dim face at the casement and I knew it to be a woman's.

The patrol at that time may have been a

hundred paces from our door. It had begun with the first house and driven out three trembling priests, canons of Notre Dame, who died, every man, hacked to pieces by the mob at the Abbey prison not three weeks later. Whether the men sought M. de Lafayette or merely prisoners remained unknown to us. The second door they beat upon would not open to them and they burst it in with their pikes. Whoever held that house showed a bold front—we heard a pistol fired and then a clash of arms; but silence fell quickly upon it, and that had a grim eloquence all its own. The third house, I think, was empty. The ruffians went in and out impatiently; but at the fourth door a woman opened to them, and the first man who put his arms about her she stabbed to the heart. There were three houses now between our own and the patrol. Le Brun came to my side in the embrasure of the window that he might prime his pistols. General Lafayette did not move from his seat. I knew not what was in his mind; my own thoughts, making almost a madman of me, dwelled upon my dear wife and the folly which had brought us out of Touraine. Silently I pressed a pistol into her hand. She kissed me and covered it with her little white fingers, as though it had been the most precious thing in all the house.

So the patrol drew near. There were but two houses still to be searched, and of these the first had no better prey than a merry hunchback, who climbed the gables like a monkey and from the roof above cast down heavy tiles upon the astonished guard. They cursed him and fired their pistols after him; but no one had the courage to go where he went; and he sat long upon a dormer-window defying them with a wit I envied him. Enraged by this they entered the house next our own, and we heard their heavy steps upon the stairs almost as plainly as though there had been no wall between. Who lived in the house we knew not. A sound of voices came to us, now hushed, now high-pitched and sorrowful to hear. Then again we heard their steps, hither, thither, like a sound of rats beneath the flooring. Evidently they believed that someone lay hid from them. Nor were they long in unearthing this poor fugitive. A shrill scream which haunted me for many a day filled the whole street with an echo of woe unutterable. Then followed heavy blows upon some closed chest or locked door. Immediately a harsh voice cried, "The dog is here, but he is dead."

What had happened within that unhappy house? Had some poor wretch hidden himself in closet or cupboard and died of suffocation while they were coming at him? Or had his own hand decided that issue of life or death, otherwise to be so soon decided elsewhere? I shall never learn. It seemed to me that death and discovery advanced upon our own house with steps unutterably slow and dreadful. Bitterly now did I regret that I had left old Gervais at the inn and honest fellows with him. We were but six men in the house, and fifty or more in the street without. Had the brave company which defeated the Red-Caps in Touraine remained to me, I believe we could have held the house even against such odds. But regret was futile—the patrol was upon us. We stood at the stairs' head, M. de Lafayette before us all, and heard that dread summons—"Open in the name of the law!"

I have said that the General seemed like a man utterly wearied and broken when I first discovered him in the room. The change in him at this summons to yield was a thing that quickened a man's heart to see. Alert and ready, his step brisk, his movements agile, I perceived that those who took him would pay a heavy price for that night's work. Here was my dear friend come to life again. The very death which threatened us seemed less to be dreaded for his courage.

"Open in the name of the law!"

We closed our lips and no man spoke a word. The blows rained upon the door with a thunder of sounds which made the very house quake. I kissed my little wife and drew her closer to me. Flashing through my mind as a dream of summer upon a winter's night were those pictures of Kentish roses and a little thatched cottage and a young girl's laughter heard therein. Ah! what folly had sent me out from that—to such a night as this? Each blow that fell seemed to strike my very heart. Death, death—the night wind whispered it and the eaves echoed it. Would they never enter? Why did they delay? Had they turned from our door, then? I could not believe it, and yet someone whispered that it was so.

"Hark!" said a voice, "there's a cry from the river."

We ran back to the window of the room and heard it clearly.

"Lafayette! Lafayette!"

"What trick is this?" cried the General, daring for the first time to speak aloud.

"Someone calls you from yonder belfry tower," said Le Brun.

We listened amazed. The cry "Lafayette"

was like a watchword to the patrol. With one great shout, forgetful even of their prisoners, they raced down the street toward the bridge of Notre Dame. Who had given the alarm, then? Little Pauline told me, crying in my arms.

"It's Master Gervais," said she; "he has saved us."

I told her that I verily believed that it was so. If there had been a doubt, new voices in the street would have reassured us. We opened the casement and discovered ten of our fellows below.

"Who comes?" I asked.

"Georges of Bayonne," was the answer; and upon this a second voice cried that Master Gervais would answer for the guard.

"We have a boat at the river," said this man. "The horses go before us to the Vincennes gate. Lose no time, maître, or old Gervais will want a second throat."

Be sure we lost none. The street was full of people when we crossed our threshold—chiefly priests and women who had escaped the patrol and were all huddled together like timid sheep in a pen. These, I learned afterwards, hid themselves next day in the vaults of the cathedral, where many of them lay secure to the very end of the Revolution. We could do nothing for them but advise them to get gone before the patrol returned. For ourselves, we were but flying from one peril to another, as the good fellows told us. None the less, flight appeared to be a very miracle.

"We had the news at the inn of the Silver Bell," said honest Georges; "the Commissioners, who ride at dawn to Sedan to arrest General Lafayette, are in the beds we would have slept in. That's how it came to be. We were debating it at the corner when we saw you cross the Pont Notre Dame. And where should you be going to, maître, if not to the house wherein the General lay hid? Gervais was all for that. 'The gates are watched,' said he, 'but there are boats enough down yonder. Let the hostler get the horses through—a cocked-hat will pass him for a servant of the guard and a gold piece do the rest.' There's old Gervais playing the fox to begin with, and upon that the mocking-bird. He'll call them half-way to St. Denis before he's done with them, and be up with us when we quit Vincennes. Have no fear for old Gervais, maître. 'Twould be a clever dog that tracked him down."

Many said "Aye, aye," to this, but the dancing waters of the river came suddenly to our view to silence every tongue and remind us how little words would help us in that which we had to do. There at the quay a great flat-bottomed boat fretted and complained under the bondage of the hawser. Out beyond it lay a pool of golden light, and beyond that again the black and monstrous shades of the great church and the houses beneath it. Not a soul appeared to be abroad. Down at the water's edge we heard nothing of those dreadful cries of agony which stood for the voice of Paris that night. A weird, ghostly silence breathed all about us. The reflection of our images in the moonlit water was like that of a phantom company creeping out from the shadows of death. We pushed the boat off with scarce the splash of an oar. What a voyage to an undiscovered country this must be! And

"WE PUSHED THE BOAT OFF WITH SCARCE THE SPLASH OF AN OAR."

did the scaffold stand at our journey's end?

Once out in the broad of the river Georges of Bayonne found his tongue again. Silence was not to be supported by such men as he.

"Sing, comrades, for Heaven's sake," cried he; and then to General Lafayette—"Wiser to seem drunk than sober, General, for good wine turns no heads after the man who drinks it. If we hold our tongues the patrol will ask why. But they like the flavour of good liquor too well to complain of a skinful."

The others chimed in again with a loud "Aye, aye."

Old Gervais was all for music—"Pass out for drunken soldiers" was his word.

"I could not contradict so excellent a man," replied General Lafayette, and that was the first word he had spoken since we quitted the house. His command to them loosened their tongues amazingly. They took up an old chant sung long ago in their Salle d'Armes, and immediately upon that the wild song known as the hymn of the Marseillaise, and never did actors at a booth feign drunkenness so well. Twice a patrol boat shot out from the shelter of an arch and its captain asked us for our passes, and twice we saved ourselves by a handful of silver and an incoherent answer which sent the fellows roaring with laughter to the bank again. If the jests had a horrid sound in a man's ears, at such a time and in such a place, he would have been a fool to complain of it. Our goal was the frontier of Belgium. Our liberty lay beyond it. This crazy ship made history for France. But for it General Lafayette would have been torn to pieces by the mob that night, or, at the best, saved for the massacres in the Abbey prison.

And what a reflection upon all his dream of liberty and the fraternity of men! This secret flight by night, the weird song of the river, the drunken voices of men who played a drunkard's part for their very lives. Brave hearts truly, and all, it may be, who remained to him who but a few short years ago had been a very king in this city he loved. And he, I said, was Lafayette of Barren Hill, whose name should be remembered in my own country when a thousand years had run.

But to-night he fled from the land of his birth, and the river sang his *vale*.

CHAPTER XXVII.

TOO LATE.

A LITTLE glimmer of grey light broke into the black darkness of the eastern sky as we approached the wood of Vincennes. There were market-boats upon the river, drifting down to Paris as though this were any common day. I heard the church bells strike the hour of four o'clock, and reflected that none of us had slept for twenty hours or more and hardly broken his fast for sixteen. A sense of fatigue and weakness crept upon me—and how must it be with little Pauline? I asked myself.

We had been rowing by houses on either bank until this time—many lighted brightly through the watches of the night; others all shuttered and black—though Heaven knows whether lighted windows were not more eloquent of sorrow than those which were void. Once or twice we heard a distant sound of rolling drums and troops upon the march; but saw no other guard-boat until the houses fell away and the green fields succeeded to them. Here the wood of Vincennes began upon our left hand. We made to find a landing-place when a long, black boat came up swiftly from the shadow of a low wooden bridge, and the captain asked to see our papers. He was a one-eyed man in a cocked-hat and a red scarf; and silver did not buy him.

"Honest citizens keep good money in their pockets," said he; "you must please to come ashore with me."

He drew his sword and stood up, swelling like a turkey-cock, in the stern of the boat. And this was his misfortune, for as the tide swung our boats together and I found him within arm's length, what should I do but give him a touch of my hand, and over he went, cocked-hat and all, into the cool, green water.

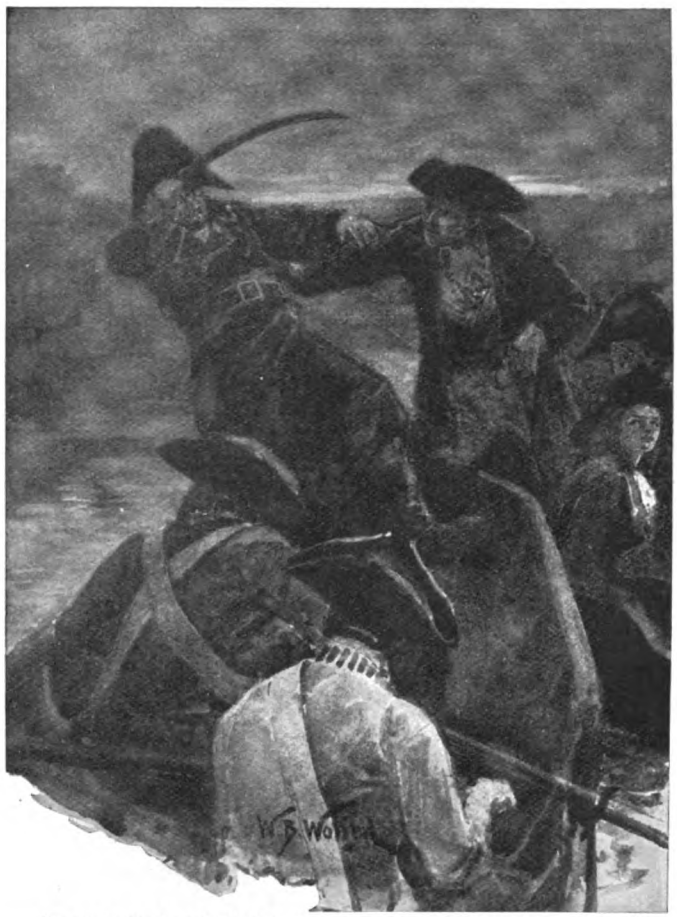
"He'll be a prettier colour when he comes up," said I to his fellows, "and not so ready to meddle with soldiers of the Republic. Fish him up and tell him so."

Well, they set up a dreadful yelling, loud enough to bring a patrol from Paris to their assistance; but we were ashore while they were still at it; and, caring not at all whether the man sank or swam, we ran all together into the wood, while Georges of Bayonne whistled shrilly for the horses. Upon them, indeed, depended our very salvation; for if the lads at the inn had not got them through, then were we as good as in the Abbey prison.

"Do they answer you, Georges?" Le Brun inquired—and he had been a silent man that night.

"Unless my ears be gone, not a whisper, maître."

I felt my heart sink within me, but pressed the question again upon him.



"OVER HE WENT, COCKED-HAT AND ALL, INTO THE COOL, GREEN WATER."

"What was the understanding—how should mere lads pass the gate? There must have been a plan between you?"

"Mr. Kay," said he, "the new artillery is camped beyond Charenton—what easier to believe than that the horses were for them?"

"Had they believed the tale," said I, "we should not be asking the question."

He whistled again more shrilly than before; and blank enough were our faces when he was not answered. What could be done without horses Heaven alone knew. And we had but minutes to decide, for the river patrol still bawled behind us and a pistol-shot echoed their alarm—well for us upon the other bank and not our own.

"The lads have certainly been taken," said I.

"Not so, sir; thank goodness, they are yonder—and asleep as lads should be at such an hour."

We all ran forward together and came upon a very human picture. Three young men lay fast asleep at the foot of a great chestnut tree, and the friendly horses gazed about them with kindly looks, as though grateful for their liberty. Such a moment of thankfulness for our deliverance I had not known since we quitted the Château d'Aulay. Indeed, fortune's generosity seemed to make new men of us all; and, springing into our saddles, we were up and away while the lads still rubbed their sleepy eyes and cried after us for a recompense we had already left upon the grass beside them.

The sun had risen by this time, and all the glory of a summer's dawn broke upon the sleeping country. Paris, that city of infinite suffering, showed us proud domes husbanding the sunshine, and pinnacles which flashed a thousand lights to salute the day. Thither, as to a place of pilgrimage, a city of joy and voices, a stranger might have turned his steps. But we, who knew what lay beneath, who had heard her cries of woe and witnessed her desolation — we pressed on as from a place of pestilence, out to the fields where a man could breathe, joyously to the high road by which a new country must be found. And for ten good hours we rode with but the briefest halts, which gave us bread and wine, with fodder for our horses. The frontier! Belgium! Ah! if we could but reach that goal in safety!

I shall make little mention of this journey, nor dwell upon the agonies of doubt we suffered, the shifts we were put to for food and horses, the farm-houses which sheltered us, or the many perils of discovery we so narrowly evaded. In those brief talks with General Lafayette which the journey afforded me, he told me something of those stirring months he had lived through in Paris; nor did he fail to speak of the circumstances which had brought him to this present pass, and now threatened to ruin him utterly. That which chiefly delighted me was his own

equanimity of mind and the satisfaction with which he viewed his own conduct—both in relation to the King and to the people.

"You ask me, Zaida," he said, "why I went into Paris, when every voice said that it was madness to go. Let it be sufficient to say that the King's safety called me and that I must answer. Had they listened to me His Majesty would have been at Compiègne to-day and a faithful army about him. But he would not venture it, and the attempt has recoiled upon my own head. If I have any satisfaction, it is that my duty is done. I could have saved him and he would not be saved. There is nothing more to be said."

I asked him what had forbidden, and he spoke of many things of which the poorest tidings had come to us while we were at Aulay. Of these the King's previous flight from Paris and his arrest at Varennes were almost new to me. I heard also of the attack by the mob upon the palace of the Tuileries; and of the General's part in that affair.

"The Queen would not put it to the hazard for the second time," said he; "the King, I believe, would have ventured it. As it is, all is lost, and I fear the worst. My letters told you that the Duke of Brunswick is upon our frontier with the Prussian and Austrian armies. There you have the secret of the crimes which Paris is committing and which she will commit. The people believe that the aristocrats are coming back with mercenaries to punish them. Democracy and Belleville are in arms together. Heaven help those who are rash enough to think that reason can stem the tide of this resentment. Yesterday the Jacobins began to search every house in Paris for suspects. It was known that I had come in from Sedan. Had it not been for the old priest who sheltered me and your honest fellows, to-night would find me in the Abbey prison. I have much to be grateful to you for, Zaida, and chiefly that you came to me in my need."

I told him what I verily believed had been the truth—that he summoned us from Touraine not by reason of his own need, but to save us from the consequences of our acts against the Red-Caps. He would not admit it, though he granted that little Pauline would be safer in Belgium.

"The story of what you did at the château came to Paris the third day after you did it, Zaida. I knew nothing of this business of Jourdain's; but I am very thankful that we are on the road to Sedan. If the troops stand by me, the Commissioners from Paris may come and go as they please. There you have it simply told. I believe that my influence with the army is sufficiently established to defy the Jacobins. I shall do my duty by my country, but by my King no less. Little more than a month ago I addressed a letter to the Assembly which spoke my mind very freely. It cost me my popularity in Paris, but that is of little moment while my conscience does not suffer."

Here was the General Lafayette I had known in America speaking to me again upon the high road to Sedan. If I doubted his confession that he cared nothing for the popularity, none the less his courage and his continuing faith in an ideal of liberty and fraternity delighted me. Equality for all men, honour for the King, glory for France—such were his ideals. A splendid soldier, who had learned much of the arts of war in America, he alone of the three French generals upon the frontier had disciplined an army and schooled it to resist the Prussians and the Austrians, then ready, under the Duke of Brunswick, to invade France. And now this truly great man, who had sacrificed ease and fortune and all that makes life dear—who had sacrificed these at the bidding of his conscience—this man was a fugitive from Paris, racing for Sedan with the King's Commissioners who would have arrested him. The wrong of circumstance could not go farther, I thought.

"Let Sedan answer for your popularity," said I, fearing to tell him one-half of that which was in my mind; "if the Commissioners be there before us, then have they good horses. An American in your place would make short work of this Convention. These fellows like words better than gunpowder, General. You have given them the first—the second may yet be tried if the worst befalls."

He replied to this, with some warmth, that he would never oppose the people's will, and that, while he had done his best to save the King, the idea of taking arms against his fellow-countrymen was utterly abhorrent to him. I did not press the matter upon his notice, my own immediate concern being for the old town of Sedan, where so much of good or ill might befall us. We were, upon the afternoon of which I write, already within an hour of the ramparts of that city of refuge wherein we hoped to find both friends and shelter. Pleasant hills now rose about us; we passed by fertile wooded slopes, green valleys rich in summer fragrance, farms nestling in sleepy hollows. The country became wilder with every league we rode. Our

spirits rose as we contemplated the days of quiet content, the nights of rest we would enjoy when this wild flight was over. So little, I say again, can man foresee to-morrow.

It was near to ten o'clock that night when we entered the town of Sedan. A sentinel, challenging us roughly, brought his hand to the salute immediately when he recognised General Lafayette. The quick talk between them I shall never forget. In a word we learned the truth. The Commissioners from Paris were before us in the town.

We had ridden in an hour too late.

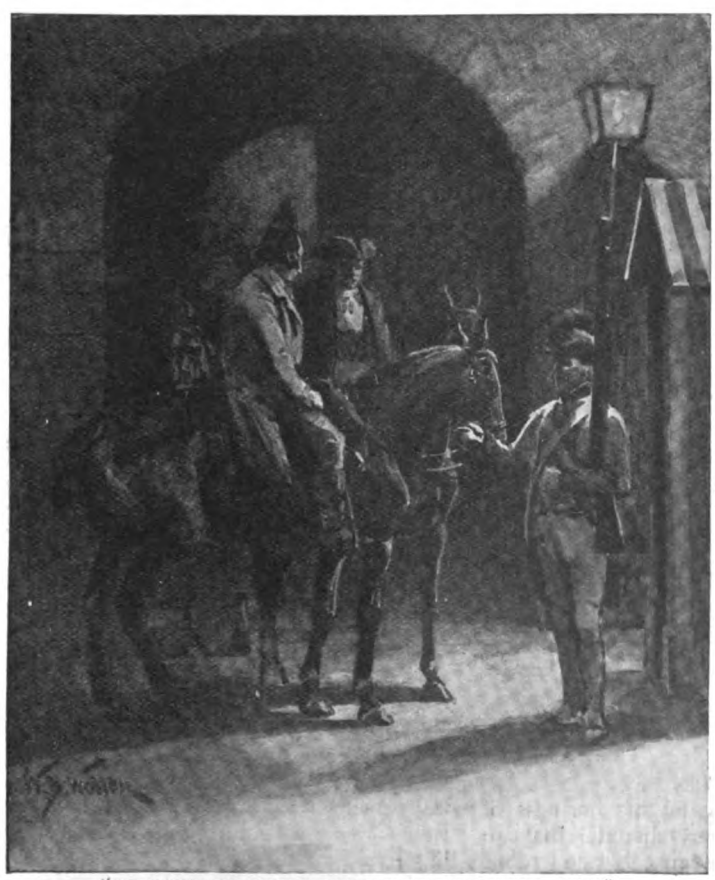
CHAPTER XXVIII.

SEDAN.

WE heard the news as men stunned by a sudden blow. Perchance none of us, not even General Lafayette, understood the whole meaning of it. Had we been travellers racing across a desert to an oasis of salvation; had we there discovered the well of our salvation to be dried up, we could not have fallen as instantaneously from heaven to earth.

The Commissioners before us! Their mission to arrest our dear friend and to carry him to Paris for a traitor. Judge how this affected us. We knew not whether to advance or retreat; we had neither consolation nor counsel upon our tongues. Too late! Just that, and then silence and the ill-lit streets of Sedan and an excited people discussing at their doors the very news which so greatly concerned us.

The night had fallen stifling hot and many were abroad in the narrow lanes of that frontier town. I saw little children fast asleep upon the cool flags before the doors of the houses; there were gossips at every corner; the taverns served drink to already drunken soldiers. Of these some cried, "Vive Lafayette!"; others retorted, "Vive la République!" An idea of our destination we had none. The General himself was so wrapped up in his own thoughts that we must have ridden half a mile from the ramparts before he spoke of it.



"WE HEARD THE NEWS AS MEN STUNNED BY A SUDDEN BLOW."

"Take madame to the Place d'Armes," he exclaimed, suddenly reining in at a cross-road and speaking with more earnestness than ever I remember to have been the witness of. "You will find good lodging at the Maison Turenne. I will come to you before morning if opportunity serves. If you need me, send to Lameth or De Pusy, and they will have news of me. It depends now upon the men. I believe they will stand by me—and yet, Zaida, can I make war upon my own country?"

To this I replied that his first duty was to himself, but he rejoined, very sadly: "No, no; I have no longer a home in France. My work is done. I am a Frenchman and must not betray my country. Go

now and leave me. I shall visit General Luckner and consult with him — the last time, yes. But now they have no need of me"; and this I do believe he said with tears in his eyes.

We found the inn to which he had directed us, a considerable house upon a fine, open place, though much frequented by officers of the army then camped about Sedan. The whole establishment, indeed, was wide awake as we rode up, and the name of Lafayette upon every tongue. In answer to our inquiries an obliging landlord told us frankly that we could have good rooms if we paid for them, "for," said he, indicating the soldiers, "this canaille has not got a sou in its pockets."

He went on to add that if he had not put abroad a story of fever in the house they would have robbed him of the very clothes to his back. "But I keep my youngest lad in bed," said he, "and that's for your lordship's own ear. They think he has the disease upon him."

I paid the fellow a good sum in gold, and Le Brun having seen to our horses (and old Gervais, who came up with us at Rheims, having commanded a tolerable supper) I went up to my room with little Pauline, and almost for the first time since we had ridden from Touraine I found myself able to speak intimately to her of that which we must do, both for ourselves and for M. de Lafayette.

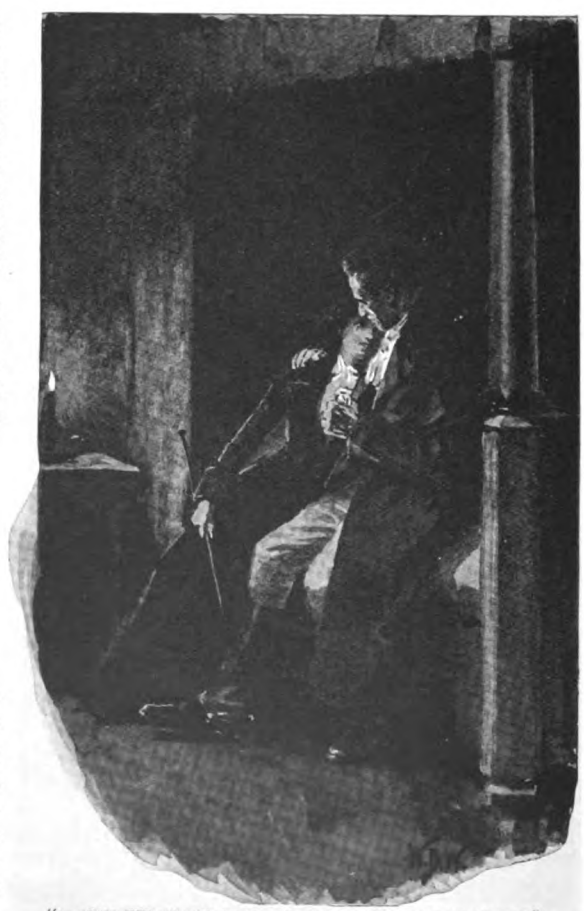
"There is but one land that should receive him," said I—"my own dear America. Pauline, it has been in my mind ever since we quitted the château that we should go to America together, and the Marquis with us. To-night makes it sure enough. Whatever the army may wish—and I believe it would march upon Paris if he so commanded — General Lafayette will never fight Frenchmen, not even to save the King. These Commissioners carry a warrant for his arrest and the news that Paris has called him a traitor. What must he do, then, if not to turn his back upon France? And who shall befriend him if not that country he has served so well? This I mean to tell him when he returns to us—and, dear wife," said I, "a day's ride will carry us into Belgium, and there we shall remember nothing but our love."

She was sitting upon her bed when I said this, holding her riding whip still in her hand, and wearing the green habit in which she had travelled from Touraine. I thought her sweet face very drawn and pale; but the black eyes shone with a lustre beyond experience, and when she spoke to me she laid her hand in mine as though she feared to be alone.

"Zaida," she said, almost as one reproaching herself, "how much happier for you if you had never met a little girl upon the road to St. Jean de Luz!"

I took her in my arms and forbade her to speak so.

"I thank God for it every hour that I live, sweet wife. What has the whole world for me if your love be denied? You know that my heart speaks. Let the sun shine upon our English roses and we will laugh at these days together. But three leagues to the frontier, sweetheart. Ah! it is the night which brings the shadows upon that dear



"I TOOK HER IN MY ARMS AND FORBADE HER TO SPEAK SO."

face I love. The morrow shall have a new message for me."

She shook her head in a way pitiful to see. I perceived that the journey had greatly fatigued her and that these fears for herself and me, forgotten at the château, had returned to torment her with a thousand apprehensions.

"You will go to England—yes, Zaida," she said, with the air of one who would interpret the prophecy of a dream, "you will go to England, but I must return to France. I have known it ever since we left Paris. The voice has spoken to me again to-day. Zaida, I dare not tell you what it said; but I have loved you, Zaida, loved you, and I shall carry your image in my heart wherever I go, even if it be to my father's house."

She said this with so much solemnity that I knew not how to reply to her. All the words of comfort I could speak fell upon ears forbidden to listen to them. Whispering her love in my arms, she asked of me many times that I would remember her in my own America—"your little wife who came to you upon the road to St. Jean de Luz."

A foreboding of the very worst found all her courage awake, but mine abandoned. I told her that a thousand men should not drive me out of France alive if she remained there. She answered again, "You will go to America, Zaida; but I shall go to my dead father's house." The very depth of her love denied the belief that this was but the prophecy of a high-strung girl, overwrought by fatigue and peril. I knew that a voice from the unknown had spoken to her; and the very mystery chilled my heart beyond all power of words to express.

"Belgium to-morrow," I exclaimed again, "and the lanes of England within a week. We will take the General back, as we promised to do. I'll warrant that Parson Ingolsby will amuse him well enough. You have not forgotten the parson, surely, dear heart, and the day his cudgel saved me? Aye," said I, "and I wonder where that same Armand de Sevigny is this night?"

"He would be with the aristocrats across the frontier, Zaida."

"Then let him look out for himself when we go across."

"You will go to-morrow, Zaida—you and M. de Lafayette."

"If the army wishes it so. Were I in the Marquis's shoes we would be marching on Paris before the week was much older. Do you think this canaille would stand a whiff of grape-shot, Pauline? Why, remember how they ran from us in Touraine. The General could save the King if he marched on Paris."

She shook her head and persisted.

"He will cross the frontier to-morrow, and you will be with him, Zaida."

And then, as upon an impulse, she hid her face upon my heart and, putting both her white arms about my neck, she said:—

"God bless you, dearest husband! God guard and save you always!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

WE PASS THE FRONTIER.

I SLEPT a little while at dawn, General Lafayette not having then returned to the inn. When I awoke I discovered to my surprise that Pauline was already dressed, and that she stood at the window of the room looking out over the Place d'Armes. To me there seemed nothing astonishing in the fact that her mood of last night had changed altogether, and that the morning found her in such different spirits that I had never known the like of them since we entered France. This is ever the way with such natures as hers. Tears and joy, sunshine and shadow, they follow each other like showers in April. The Pauline of my boyhood spoke this morning and gladdened my heart with her merry prattle.

"Here's the great and glorious army of the frontier threatening to beat its officers, Zaida. Oh, please be quick and come. A whole army of guards running after a poor little lieutenant who told them to march! Paris never showed us anything like this, Zaida. How can you lie in bed when such things happen?"

It was good, upon my word, to hear her laugh again. Jumping up apace, for I had done no more than cast aside my riding tunic and draw off my long boots when I lay down to sleep, I went across and kissed her — and then stood with my arm about her waist to witness the spectacle she named to me.

Sure enough the whole Place d'Armes was full of brawling troopers, some at the drill, some grouped together like city folk about a spectacle — others quarrelling with their officers, and a dozen at least, as she had declared, running after a poor little boy of a lieutenant and threatening him with their bayonets. What he had done to offend them, neither she nor I came to know. But the incident spoke eloquently of the

discipline of this frontier army; and I wondered no longer that the General had despaired of it.

"These are the men that the General would have marched to Paris to save the King," said I. "I pity His Majesty if they go there. We have some notions of liberty in America where soldiering is concerned; but we draw the line at putting our officers under the pump. General Lafayette says these fellows will fight when the time comes. They begin upon their officers beforehand, and that gives them practice, anyway. We'll get some breakfast and then have another peep, dear heart. A puppet show could not be funnier."

She did not move from the window nor appear to hear me. By her manner she waited for someone to come to the inn—a notion which proved true enough; for we had not stood there ten minutes longer when a great shout went up and all these disorderly groups immediately fell to attention as a horseman appeared amongst them and saluted them with a dignity which none could match.

"'WE RIDE TO BELGIUM, ZAIDA,' HE BEGAN."

"There is General Lafayette," she cried, with a sudden change of manner I had little liking for. "He has come to speak of Belgium, Zaida. We shall ride at once—there is danger in this house. Go to him, Zaida; he is waiting for you."

All the laughter had left her face; the shadows had fallen upon it again just as they fell when she held me close to her last night. And this was the more amazing when I remembered that if General Lafayette came to speak to us of Belgium, then also should he speak of England and our liberty, and even of that greater journey which might carry me to America again, to my home and kindred and the land of freedom. This, however, was no time to speak of it. I went down reluctantly as she had wished, and found the General at the door, and with him three officers I had never met before. Drawing me aside to the parlour, wherein coffee was ready to be served, he told me of his resolution in the briefest words.

"We ride to Belgium, Zaida," he began. "There is no longer an alternative. These fellows receive me well enough, but their loyalty would not stand a single shower of rain. That I am now convinced of. It is Belgium or Paris—a head for the guillotine or a fugitive from the army. I choose the latter course. Some day I may be again of service to France. The time is not yet."

I applauded his wisdom, exhorting him above all to dissociate himself from the ruffians who governed France and the crimes in which acquiescence must involve him.

"You have seen the Commissioners, then, and heard them," I put it to him; "do they speak of compromise, or is it this cant of treachery and arrest?"

He smiled dryly.

"What they speak of I know not. Send to the guard-house and the guard may tell you."

"You have arrested them?"

"An hour ago. And that, Zaida, is the very last command I shall ever give to these men who love me. Already the factions make themselves heard. I could leave Sedan now, but to-night it may be too late."

"Then for Heaven's sake go at once," said I, and my earnestness had that behind it which even he could not mistake.

His hesitation in response almost angered me. Here was a man who stood on the very threshold of the scaffold (for I could not deny it to be that) and yet would not mount a horse to save himself. Perhaps his courage rebelled against a seeming surrender to mob law. Or was it that his love for France tormented him, saying, "If you go, you shall never return." I cannot tell you. The entreaties of his friends De Pusy, Lameth, and Maubourg availed no more than my own. And even while we talked a great crowd gathered in the Place d'Armes, and ill-disciplined soldiers demanded that he should show himself.

"Where is Mme. Pauline?" he asked me, suddenly.

I told him that I would bring her, and, running upstairs, I let her know how it stood with him.

"It is a matter of hours," I said to her; "they will tear him to pieces if he goes back to Paris. See to it that he does not, dear wife. You saved him on the road to St. Jean de Luz—save him again here upon the road to Belgium."

She was with him the half of an hour. What passed between them I did not learn, nor had I the will to inquire. It may be that, with a woman's wit, she spoke to him of his little children. I judged as much from the words that escaped him when I went in. When he called me to him the horses were already at the door.

"You are to meet me upon the road to Namur," he said, averting his face lest I should read a tale of distress therein. "Mme. Pauline has the passes I have written out for you. I shall go to General Luckner and see that the army loses nothing by my absence. Lameth and De Pusy will be with me. There is an inn three leagues across the frontier where you may find good entertainment. Await me there—I shall have need of you, Zaida."

Such were the last words my friend Lafayette spoke to me upon the soil of France. The cheers and cries which followed him while he rode across the Place d'Armes came to our ears as we rode away from the stable-yard of the inn to the wooded heights beyond which lay Belgium. Freedom—how near we stood to it now! Liberty—what liberty should be so dear to us as that of the land we loved? Judge me not if at this supreme moment of my life an exaltation of mind beyond any I had ever known derided my fears of yesterday, and I could even recall with indifference my dear wife's apprehensions. Across the frontier, who could harm her? What enemy stood there to accuse us? We were fugitives from the madness of a thrice mad people. Would not all honest men welcome us?

And so we rode down to the promised land, and a vista of the woods showing us the red roof of a guard-house upon the road before us, our men put their horses to the gallop; and all together crying, "Belgium! Belgium!" as though it had been a watch-word of an army victorious, we raced to that delectable country, so greatly longed for and now, in God's mercy, achieved.

"Who comes?"

"Friends of Lafayette."

A little searching of our papers, some friendly words from a boyish officer, and then that magic command: "Pass, friends of Lafayette."

So, under the ægis of that well-beloved name, we entered Belgium and believed that our days of travail were for ever done with.

(To be continued.)

The Effect of Diet and Climate on the Face.

By W. Fauconberg.

WHEN Cassius demanded of his friend, "Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed, that he has grown so great?" he might more pertinently and profitably have inquired in what consisted his own diet, that gave him the "lean and hungry look" which we find in traitors and assassins. We could quote twenty examples from modern history to show how diet reacts upon character, and so upon the deeds of a man's career. Less accepted, less understood, unhappily, is that doctrine of eugenics which teaches the exact relation which diet and hygiene bear to the physical characteristics of the race. Nothing is more certain than that proper food is essential to health and that health is essential to good physique. But the science of anthropology is only now beginning to ascertain how diet and the other factors, such chiefly as climate, occupation, exercise, and environment, exert an influence upon the human frame and the human features.

AMERICAN CHILDREN FED ON A TOO STARCHY DIET, WHICH IS LARGELY THE CAUSE OF THE PROMINENT CHIN. *From a* [*Photograph.*

Many have been struck by the extraordinary bodily and physiognomical changes which have been effected in European families resident for two or three generations in America, and in a less degree in Asia, Africa, and Australia. A blue-eyed, florid-faced Yorkshireman, with his apple-cheeked bride, goes out to New York. They plunge into a life of activity; a revolution is wrought in their diet and habits of life. Their children show a striking divergence from the appearance of English children; the climate affects the epidermis as well as the nerve centres. Certain facial muscles relax, others become more tense; fatty tissue is accumulated in places and is diminished in others.

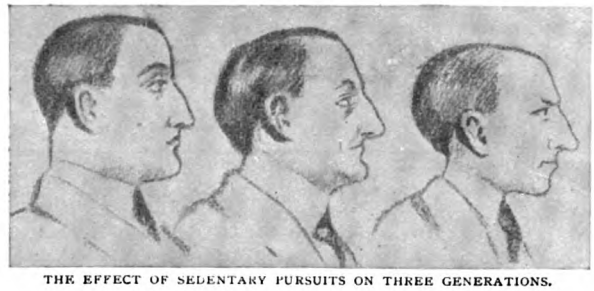
A recent writer has noticed the greater chin and jowl of Americans, which marks them even in early infancy, and in his opinion is due to a too starchy diet, but is probably a climatic result as well, as are the thicker hair fibres. Altogether at maturity we get a type which is far different from that of its immediate forbears and in the second and third generations presents, as we shall later have occasion to observe more closely, a singular approximation to the type of the aboriginal occupiers of the soil of America. At the same time we must bear in mind that abnormalities in the human face, however great their departure from the Hellenic standard, may co-exist with a condition of perfect physical health. What anthropology is trying to do now is to discover to what causes these abnormal varieties are due. When a family which has been short-nosed for generations is suddenly invaded by the presence of a long-nosed member people commonly attribute the fact to a freak on the part of Nature. But we know now that Nature has few freaks. Every effect has its cause, and although in such a case intermarriage with short noses may stem the tide of long noses for a while, yet given the same diet and environment as before long noses will ultimately bear all before them.

The human face is not really a good index to the human organism any more than it is a safe guide to character. But just as the colour and odour and flavour of wine will tell the acute connoisseur where the grape was grown and what viticultural processes were employed, so a certain type of face will tell the anthropologist what dietetic, climatic, and physiological causes went to shape it. "Physical beauty," wrote Ranke, "is the result of the successful surmounting of adverse conditions." If there were no adverse conditions in the shape of disease, diet, climate, and occupation we should all be as faultless of feature as the Apollo Belvedere. An instance of the facial changes wrought by diet and environment is shown where two individuals of precisely the same stock present cranial and physiognomical differences of two distinct breeds of men.

In this brief article we have to see what causes, according to the latest theories on the subject, contribute most to the current variations in facial character. Let us first take disease, which is the greatest factor of all in the propagation of ugliness. Here is a list of ailments and the features they have been observed peculiarly to affect:—

Smallpox	Eyes and nose.
Typhoid	Ears.
Scarlet Fever	Cheek tissue.
Enteric	Mouth.
Scrofula	Hair and Eyes.

The above represents observations extended to over five hundred persons and their descendants, accompanied by data relating to their immediate forbears. It has apparently been ascertained that the effect of these diseases was to weaken or pervert the formative influences, if not in the individual himself, then in his or her immediate descendant. But, as Professor Ray Lankester has pointed out, one may not always argue immunity from the germs or results of disease from the appearance of the succeeding stock. It may present a normal appearance and yet have all the formative influences weakened, as compared with two or three generations preceding.



THE EFFECT OF SEDENTARY PURSUITS ON THREE GENERATIONS.

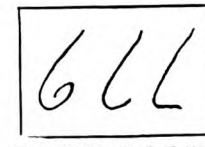
The gradual facial degeneration of a family has been observed by Dr. Forster, who shows how, by careful living, wholesome activity, and healthful environment a sickly stock finally succeeded in putting forth strong and vigorous offspring of great featural beauty. A change of habits and habitat followed, and deterioration began. It is noticed that the poise of the head, owing to the weakening of the neck muscles, was one of the most striking signs of the second generation, together with greater concavity of the oral region and a more acute angle of the forehead. In the third generation these traits increased, in the manner shown in the above diagram. Yet the formative impulsion towards a purer type was probably only weakened, and with a renewal for a couple of generations of the old conditions of diet and habits it would revive in its full vigour.

So, too, on the other hand, the formative influences may be strengthened, but not yet be visible in the individual. A man with an ill-shaped nose and a retreating chin may still bear within him the forces which will transmit to his posterity, under very favourable conditions, the beautiful nasal organ of Charles Dickens and the splendid chin of Napoleon.

The mention of this phrase, formative influences, leads us to consider for a moment the manner in which the human countenance is, so to speak, built up. In embryonic forms all protuberances, such as a nose or an ear, all limbs and members, are put forth by processes precisely similar to those which produce a boil, or a wen, or tumour. There is this difference: the one is normal, inherited through countless generations, and the other is abnormal and the result of some physiological convulsion. But both must proceed from some impulsion—some formative force. In the case of a nose, if the impulsion be strong the result will be a large nose; if weak, a small one.

Now, Nature is guided always by considerations of utility; a sense or an organ that is used is always greater than one that is not used. A particular orator may have a small mouth, but successive generations of orators will always have large mouths. A particular musician may have a small ear, but successive generations of musicians will have large ears.

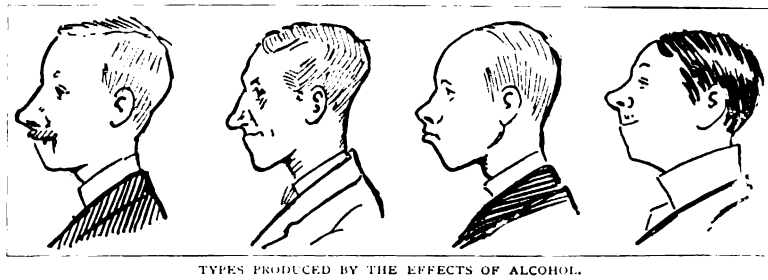
The nose of the Semitic races has always been celebrated, but, as Mr. Jacobs has shown in the accompanying diagram, it is really not so much size that distinguishes it, or convexity of form, as the angle of the nostril. The Jew's nose may be quite straight; it is the upward slant of the nostril which gives it its peculiar character. It had not formerly this character. "Nature's provision of a nose for the sense of smell," says Schufeldt, "and the life of the Jew in the foul Ghettoes, and amidst a thousand unnamable Oriental odours, is largely responsible for the Hebraic physiognomy.



THE JEWISH NOSE IS NOT REALLY LARGE, BUT SEEMS SO FROM THE ANGLE OF THE NOSTRIL.

Where the air has not to be well filtered before it passes into the lungs, or where the sense of smell is not outraged, we have the open nostril of the Russian peasant, the negro, and the Esquimaux."

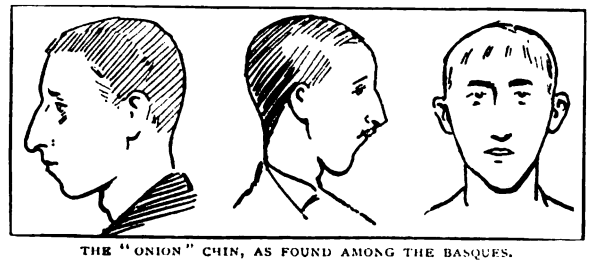
After disease the greatest factor in the moulding of the features is alcohol. Its action, as in the case of the nose, is often direct and immediate, but its results are chiefly transmitted to the next generation. then disappear for ever. A good example may be furnished by the younger Pitt, both of whose parents had aquiline noses, but whose father indulged excessively in port. Doubtless the reason for variation is to be found in the degree with which the muscles and tissue of the organ are relaxed, and the nose-making impulsion weakened. Alcohol, albeit the chief, is only one of many causes of the variation of the nose type.



TYPES PRODUCED BY THE EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL.

The children of dipsomaniacs or persons of intemperate habits whose features are of perfect shape display most peculiar facial aberrations. In Dresden an intemperate couple who were distinguished on both sides of their respective families for their long chins gave birth to six children all of whom had absurdly short and retreating chins. But in no other respect was the vice or disease manifested. In another case, where strong hair and bushy eyebrows were the rule, sons and daughters grew up singularly deficient in hair and eyebrows. If Nature's laws continued to be violated, the third generation would probably suffer very severely in face and physique. But on the whole, as might be expected, the burden of inebriety, so far as the features are concerned, falls chiefly on the nose. Investigation has revealed also that different liquors produce quite different effects. Thus, there is the whisky, the gin, the port wine, and the beer nose, amongst others.

Many moderately observant persons must have been struck by the frequent recurrence in the portraits of the eighteenth century of a curious type of flabby, tilted nose. In consulting the family portraits of some of our greatest families it will be found to appear once or twice during a certain period and



THE "ONION" CHIN, AS FOUND AMONG THE BASQUES.

The action of certain foods in influencing the formation of the features has been watched, with highly interesting results. The growth of the chin has been discovered to bear a very striking relation to the amount of starch consumed, and particularly when the starch takes certain forms or is combined with other properties. On the other hand, nothing seems to have been so clearly verified as that alliaceous plants, such as onions, have a strong tendency to relax the chin tissues, so that families who have largely subsisted upon onions for generations, frequent among the Basques, for instance, possess a form of chin wholly different from other and starch-consuming peoples. Onions contain, besides nitrogenous matter and uncrystallizable sugar, an acrid, volatile, sulphurous oil which is supposed to exert some other curious physiological effects. In fact, when we speak of any article of diet having a certain effect, we really refer to the peculiar property which distinguishes it, such as the arsenic in carrots, which accounts for their well-known influence on the complexion.

The notion that a fish diet increases the size and functions of the brain has its origin in the slight quantity of phosphorus contained in fish. What is more certain is that a fish diet restricts the mucous secretions of the

eye and also affects the formative impulsion, so that amongst populations subsisting exclusively upon fish we find smaller eyes than in a vegetable or meat-eating community. A highly carnivorous diet, on the other hand, increases the size of the eye, or, more properly speaking, of the eyelids and the optic region. Thus three or four generations of generously-nourished persons will tend to produce the prominent organ sometimes known as the "Brunswick eye," while three or four generations of ill-nourishment will tend to reduce that feature. We speak of a tendency only, because there may be other influences at work to combat and neutralize the process of enlargement or diminution, and this, of course, applies to all the features.

THE "POTATO LIP"—A TOO STARCHY DIET DEVELOPS THE UPPER LIP AT THE EXPENSE OF THE NOSE, AS AMONG THE IRISH.

It has been shown, and seemingly conclusively, that a flesh or greatly mixed diet promotes angularity in the face generally, while the nourishment obtained from a single article, commonly of a starchy nature, coarsens the features. Thus we have the potato lip, the oatmeal lip, the maize lip. If a future professor of eugenics were to endeavour to breed a man with a clear-cut face, as a dog-fancier tries to breed a dog, or a horse-breeder a beautiful horse, he would avoid the one-dish principle. Nevertheless, those races whose poverty has compelled them to subsist upon a single article of food are undoubtedly amongst the strongest, as witness the Irish and the Scotch. It is only a question of what is the desideratum — beauty or power.

Again, it is held that a vegetable diet favours the production of wrinkles, which, as we know, are caused by a diminution of the fatty particles which line the skin. Schufeldt endeavours to show that wrinkles are more frequently the result of abstinence alternating with repletion. Anyhow, all these theories must be sifted. We must not forget that the late Mr. Buckle derived the "emotional temperament from potatoes and the stolid one from beef."

The effects of tobacco-smoking upon the ears form the subject of interesting German anthropological investigations. Out of one thousand persons examined seven hundred and sixty were smokers. Of these, six hundred and ninety-six were the children of smokers and about three hundred and fifty, or half of these, were stated to have been the grandchildren of habitual smokers. Of this latter number, three hundred were distinguished by an adjustment of the ear more or less at right angles from the head, a peculiarity observable in only seven per cent. of the offspring of non-smokers and in twenty-nine per cent. of the non-smokers. All this would seem to point to some action of nicotine upon the aural muscles, giving rise to the "smoker's ear."

In America and, in fact, most modern communities the excessive mobility of the mouth in both sexes is remarkable, and, according to more than one authority, this may be ascribed primarily to the condition of the nerves, superinduced by dyspepsia in some form. The mouth appears to bear a direct affinity to the stomach. Eupeptic families are distinguished by perfectly-shaped mouths. It has indeed been said that an ill-shaped mouth is a sure indication of some constitutional flaw which, by continued emphasis, has become permanent in the stock. The habit of breathing through the mouth is also contributory to an aberrant oral type.

"SMOKERS' EARS."

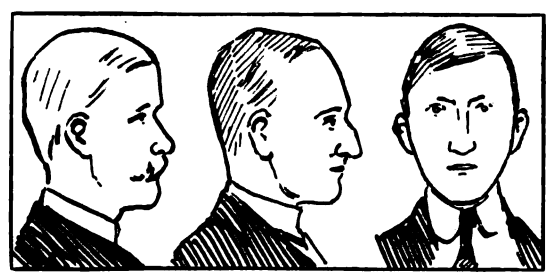
The "sugar mouth" is everywhere recognisable with equal ease. Indiscriminate indulgence from an early age in sweetstuffs imparts a fulness and sensuousness to the lips, alters their alignment, and in time destroys their symmetry.

THE FULL-LIPPED "SUGAR MOUTH."

Few facial attributes have altered more widely, and not for the better, within the past few decades than the teeth. A widespread dental characteristic which has attracted much attention from odontologists lately has been the projection of the teeth of the upper jaw. Various causes have at one time or other been assigned for the increase in this country, and especially in London, of this defect, and it has now been traced to the action of tannin. Excessive tea drinking relaxes the gums, and this has been so noticeable in the third generation of what may be described as tea-drunkards as to make the theory well-nigh conclusive. The effect is, however, idiosyncratic, and certain constitutions appear to be immune from it.

"TEA-DRINKERS' TEETH."

When we come to examine other influences, such as climate, occupation, and environment, we find a very broad field opening before us, to which but scant justice could be done within the limits of a magazine article like the present. Take the shape of the head, to which anthropologists apply a standard of measurement known as the cephalic index. This is simply the "breadth of the head above the ears expressed in percentage of its length from forehead to back." According to Ranke of Munich, broad heads are due to a mountainous habitat. For instance, he found in the high Alps an average index of eighty-nine—an extreme of round-headedness hardly equalled anywhere else in the world. Cities, on the other hand, produce long-headed people. Taking thousands of subjects in town and country, it was found that the long heads greatly preponderated in the cities and the round heads in the country. Then, again: "Among poorly-nourished children in factory towns, for example, the immediate effect is to cause an arrest of development about the temples." Vice and ill-nourishment are responsible for an immense deal of physiognomical perversion in cities.



LONG HEADS, COMMON AMONG CITY-DWELLERS.

Pigmentation is the anthropological term for complexion—for the colouring of skin, hair, and eyes. No satisfactory reason has yet been assigned for variation in colouring, why members of the same family should have red, black, and yellow hair, but it is probably merely a survival of racial symptoms in the long past. Waitz asserts confidently that inhabitants of a mountainous country tended to be lighter in skin than the people of the plains, and from this it was inferred that blonds originated in mountains and brunettes in valleys. It is certain that pigmentation is a trait greatly affected by climate and by environment. Huxley's famous theory of two constituent races, light and dark respectively, intermingled all over Europe is satisfactory if we suppose no other influences than race are at work. But it is probable that the causes which produced variations in colouring in the first instance, early in the history of the race, can produce such variations to-day.

Another prolific cause of variation is occupation. "One's calling," observes Mantegazza, "has a modifying influence on the expression of the face, and even on the character, on the health, and many other inner and outer things which relate to the

ego." He goes on to say: "I often succeed in recognising, for instance, a carpenter in the midst of all other workmen who fashion and transform matter. I believe I may explain it by saying that the habit of planing, piercing, sawing, drawing lines, of seeking symmetry in the woods, gives a peculiar character to the muscles of the face which becomes permanent."

THE "STRENUOUS LIFE" TENDS TO DEVELOP THE REDSKIN TYPE OF FACE.

And this brings us to the curious physiognomical effects of what the American President calls "the strenuous life." Few phenomena of this class have been more generally observed and discussed than the apparent reversion of the Anglo-Saxon in America to the facial and bodily type of the aboriginal occupiers of the soil. We have seen that much of the resemblance is due to diet, to climate, to non-assimilation of food. But a very potent factor, probably connected with climate, is a nervous energy which stamps itself on the countenance in unmistakable terms. It was this abundance of nervous energy which influenced strongly the formative forces in the face of the Red Indian, of whom a couple of characteristic examples are here given. Suppose we place one of these photographs alongside that of an American of pure English descent, as in the case given below, we cannot fail to be struck with the analogy.

A COMPARISON BETWEEN A MODERN AMERICAN FACE AND THE RED INDIAN TYPE.

From a] [*Photograph.*

The moral of all these investigations is that anthropologists, such as Beddoe and Ripley, lay far too much stress upon heredity, upon the transmission of racial characteristics. There is really very little in heredity. The old theory that it held the form and features of mankind in its grip is fast losing ground. It is true that families may have been fashioned in a certain mould for generations, for centuries even; but it is no less true that an altered diet, occupation, and environment can break that mould and produce a new set of features and a facial type which may itself be transmitted undisturbed, under equal conditions, for other generations.

The Shears of Atropos.

By Henry C. Rowland.

"WILL you please tell me why it is, doctor," said Leyden, "that when you and I are foregathered in this part of the ship at this hour of the evening we must immediately proceed to rake the lockers of our recollection for the morbid and anomalous?"

He was silent for a moment, letting his steady grey eyes rest upon the streaks of phosphorescent spume churned up about us by the stiff following trade wind. Abeam lay the moonlit Isle of Curaçoa, so near that one could see the towering yuccas standing sentinels upon the ridges of the broken hills; could almost see the yellow of their blossoms, for this moon gave colour as well as perspective.

"This was in Borneo, doctor," he began, abruptly. "I had been sent there on a head-hunting expedition. Odd, is it not, but appropriate! A countryman of mine, who was writing a book on anthropology, had sent me there to take photographs and notes and measurements, and to collect specimens of skulls as I saw fit, attached or unattached—that was my look-out. You know, doctor, that although the coast of Borneo is occupied by Malays, Bajaus or sea gipsies, Bugis, Chinese, and immigrants from Polynesia, very little is known of the interior, which is the exclusive domain of the great family of Dyaks, which is itself divided into several tribes. It was of the Punan and Olo-ot, who are fairly pure, that my employer wanted special information.

"I had taken with me one white man; oddly enough a tourist, a New York lawyer named Lynch, whom I had met in Singapore.

"I will not attempt to describe our adventures, nor what we found inside the island, for all that you can read in my patron's book. Eventually we struck the head of a river which, according to my reckoning, would take us down to a little trading port called Bangan, and I had learned from a few friendly natives that there was a missionary station not far below us.

"We slipped down this rapid stream, and late upon the third day, as we turned into a long reach of the river, saw a clearing at the other end. As we drew nearer we were surprised to find near the edge of the bank a new stockade; the gum was still oozing from the stakes. To the right were some long, low buildings of which I did not like the look. These also were very new—in fact, still in process of construction; and as I examined them through my glass I discovered some bungling contrivances hanging from a projecting rafter.

"'Neck-yokes,' said I to Lynch. 'We have stumbled on a slaver!'

"'Here comes a white man,' he replied. There were a few natives watching us from the top of the bank, and through these there came a man of huge stature with a rough red beard and dressed in a suit of embroidered silk pyjamas. The people wilted away from him as he approached, then fell in behind, walking with the curious drop-kneed gait of bush-folk the world over when ill at ease. This giant strode to the edge of the bank, and stood glaring down without a word.

"'Good evening,' observed Lynch, and shoved the canoe to the bank.

"'Where are ye from?' said the fellow, with a rough Caledonian accent, and staring down with his red beard thrust out and his small, pale eyes watching us suspiciously. His sleeves were rolled up to the elbow, and his huge forearms, covered with shaggy hair, were folded across his bulging chest.

"'From the other side of the island,' said Lynch. He stepped out on the bank as if he had been invited, and proceeded to moor the canoe.

"'What's this ye're doin'?' growled the red-bearded giant above him. His great arms had dropped to his side, and one could see how the thick muscles held them with bent elbows.

"'Hitching the boat,' replied Lynch, indifferently. He did so, and walked to the top of the bank.

"'Whose house is that?' he asked.

"'The hoose is mine,' growled the man, 'and 'tis no tavern I'm keepin'—d'ye see?'

"'Oh, I quite understand that,' said Lynch, pleasantly. 'Of course, you wish us to be your guests.' He turned to me. 'Doctor,' he said, 'this gentleman wishes us to stop the night with him.' He turned to the other. 'Very decent of you, I'm sure, especially as my friend has a touch of the fever and ought to rest a bit.' He proceeded to direct the unloading of the canoes, even calling some of the red man's retainers to assist.

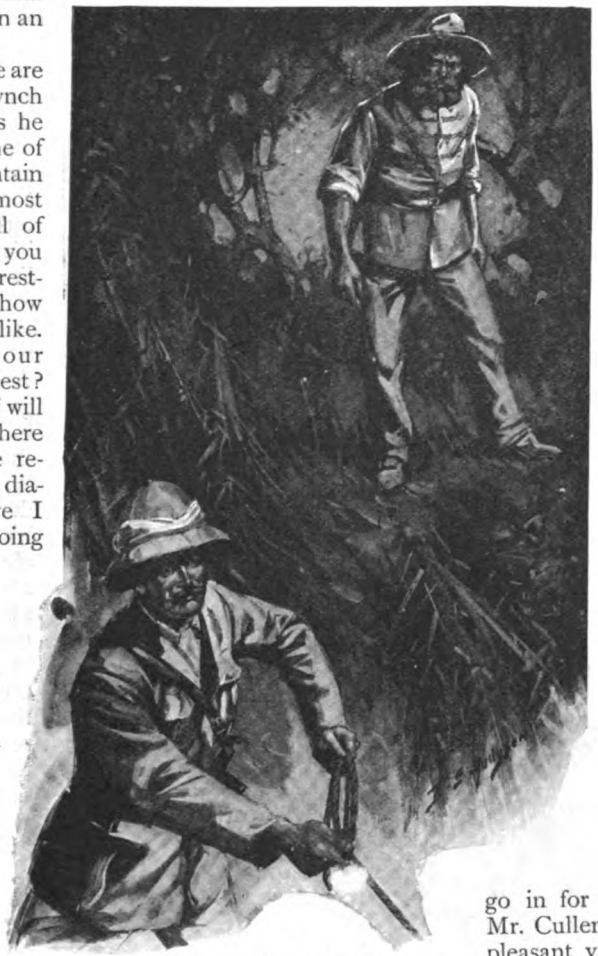
"The face of the fellow was purple, but it

seemed as if Lynch's assurance had robbed him of speech. He stood glowering like a great Guernsey bull, while Lynch went back and forth about him as if he had been an obstructing tree.

"'You see, we are naturalists,' Lynch began, talking as he worked. 'Some of these boxes contain trade-stuffs, but most of them are full of heads — skulls, you know; very interesting. I will show you some if you like. I suppose your people are honest? I fancy this stuff will be safe here where it is. Hi!'—he relapsed into the dialect, and before I knew what was going on two of the boys had me up the bank.

"'Permit me to introduce Dr. Leyden; I am Mr. Lynch,' said this extraordinary lieutenant of mine; 'and now, sir, if you will lead the way——"

"Ye're takin' a deal for granted,' began the man, in a surly voice.



"WHAT'S THIS YE'RE DOIN?' GROWLED THE RED-BEARDED GIANT ABOVE HIM."

"'I'm taking it for granted that you are the missionary,' said Lynch, calmly. 'If you are not, it really makes no difference. No white man could help being glad to accommodate two other white men in a place like this, and although you do not keep a tavern, perhaps we can render you some service in return for your hospitality. We have more firearms than we will need——'

"'Ye're verra kind,' growled the man, but I saw his pale, swinish eye lighten a bit, and guessed that Lynch, with his usual tact, had touched him. 'Of course, I'll gie ye a lodgin' for the night, though I've little to offer strangers.' He walked sullenly ahead, Lynch following him; and I noticed that, although my companion was a tall, well-built man, the other topped him by half a head, and the breadth of a hand across the shoulders. I do not think that I have ever seen a more powerful brute, all bone and muscle, and something in the shiftiness of his pale, cunning eye told me that he was not without a corresponding share of guile.

"'As we drew near to the stockade I saw that it was quite new, and then Lynch reached behind him and pinched my foot as I lay on the stretcher. I looked up, and—would you believe it, doctor?—on every sharpened stake that formed the front of that stockade there was a human head! They had been there varying lengths of time, I judged, but the—er—evidences of the recency of some were quite apparent.

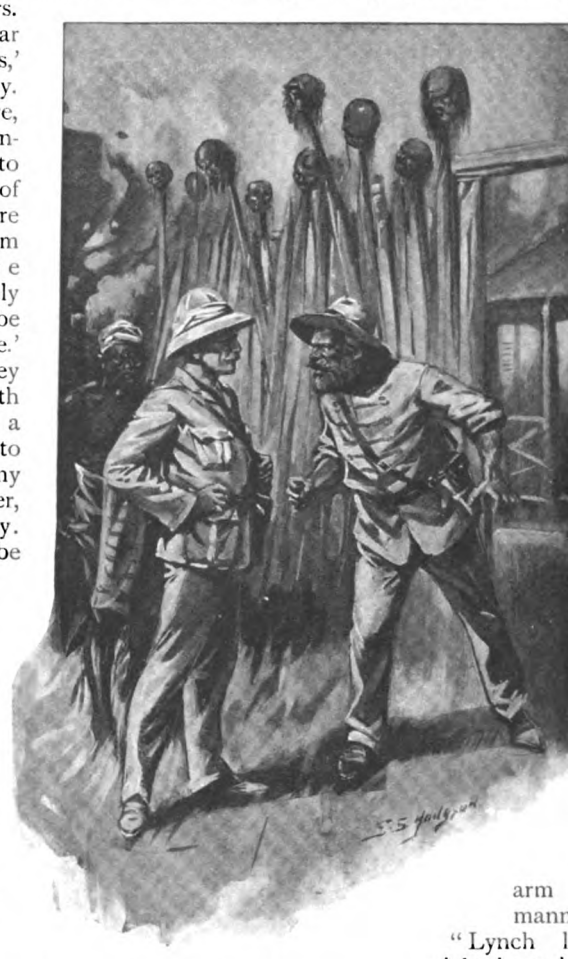
"'I see that you go in for heads a bit yourself, Mr. Cullen,' said Lynch, in his pleasant voice; but hardly was the name between his lips when this hairy giant of ours wheeled on him like a boar. You know the stiff, muscle-bound motion, doctor; the swift sling of the rigid body all on one axis; the great, brutish head swung on its thick neck; the mean little eyes slanting up evilly. That is what this hairy brute was, a boar, with all of the cunning and surly moroseness of this animal. There was something horribly brutish in the swing of his shock head between the hulking shoulders as he turned on Lynch, and something horribly sinister in the yellow glint of his teeth beneath the bristling red moustache, which seemed to roll upwards like that which one sees on the headpieces of ancient Japanese armour. If he had turned to me like that I would have

presented him with the muzzle of my pistol—ach! and very possibly the bullet as well, for the secret of long life in my profession is to take no chances. I could not see, however, that Lynch moved a muscle, except to smile.

"'Where got ye that name?' snarled the man. His beard was thrust almost into Lynch's face, and I could see the twitching of his thick fingers.

"'On the collar of your pyjamas,' said Lynch, calmly. 'Do you observe, doctor,' he continued, turning to me, 'that some of these skulls are quite different from any we have secured? Possibly our host might be willing to exchange.' He turned to survey the exhibit with interest. 'What a Golconda it is, to be sure!' cried my New York lawyer, enthusiastically. 'You are to be complimented on your collection, Mr.—er—er——'

"'McAdoo,' supplied the red man, sulkily, but with a strange quaver in his voice. I glanced up at him quickly, then looked away and at the stockade; for the glimpse I had of his face told me that the burly ruffian had received a fright. He could not have been pale, even if he had been dead, but there was a look in his eyes that meant fear—yes, and meant murder, too, for a beast of that sort cannot become frightened without becoming homicidal at the same time.



"'WHERE GOT YE THAT NAME?' SNARLED THE MAN."

"'Ye're very obsairvin',' he managed to say, in a thick voice.

Lynch turned and regarded him benevolently.

"'You are very modest, Mr. McAdoo,' he replied, genially. 'You really have a noteworthy collection here.'

"'They were folk not wanted here,' retorted McAdoo, with what I could see was a considerable effort, and then he gathered himself together for a supreme stroke—the one heavily-delivered blow of this round; and yet, do you know, doctor, in spite of the man's overwhelming physical force and ominous aspect, there was something rather ridiculous in his manner of delivering this last menace—something of the lout of a schoolboy who defies his pedagogue, although he half believes that there may be a thrashing behind it; defies him because his nature is too churlish and too abundant in a swinish sort of courage, born of the sense of a potent vitality, to feel the fear of the result appreciable to a creature of the same courage, but a higher power of imagination.

"'Maybe ye'd like to add to this same collection,' he said, and he said it with one mental arm raised to ward, in a manner of speaking.

"Lynch laughed outright. It might have been a part of his what you Americans call 'bluff,' but I believe it was sheer amusement. I began to be convinced that Lynch possessed a very keen sense of a very dangerous sort of humour.

"'That's just exactly what we want to do, McAdoo,' he answered, and it almost seemed as if he was going to pat the ruffian on the shoulder, 'but we want to take a head or so in return.' He smiled genially into the wicked face, and actually turned his back upon the man and walked in through the gate, as if entering the compound of an old

friend. Perhaps something told him that I had a hand on the butt of my revolver.

"We had entered the stockade, an enclosure of some size, in the middle of which stood a bungalow which had once been pretty, and which was evidently far older than the structure surrounding it. There was not a soul in sight; yet one had the feeling of furtive eyes peering from behind slanted jalousies. Lynch looked about him critically.

"'Quite like an Australian ranch-house, is it not, doctor?' he remarked; then turned sharply to our host. 'Have you ever been in Australia, friend McAdoo?'

"One could see the man's heavy jowl drop a trifle beneath his coarse red beard; his face looked flaccid—just for the second, and then the blood came pouring back until the veins across the side of his forehead became distended. His pale little eyes began to dance, just as those of a hog when he is about to make a rush—you know the look.

"'Where is Mr. Cullen, the missionary?' asked Lynch, sharply, and at this direct question the congestion of McAdoo's face faded in blotches, and the glitter of his eyes changed to a gleam of cunning.

"'He's gone away, leavin' me in charge of the station; and now, if ye'll kindly step inside'—the brute actually mustered a sort of grin, which was no doubt intended for an expression of good-will—'I'll leave ye for a minute or two.'

"'Thank you,' said Lynch, calmly. 'Dr. Leyden will wait here on the veranda, but I believe that I will go with you, if you don't mind. I should like to look around a bit.'

"'There's little enough to see,' growled McAdoo, but his tone was growing wary. 'I'll ask ye to bide here for a bit.'

"'Thanks,' said Lynch, and there was actually a sing-song tone of sarcastic ennui in his voice; 'but I've conceived such a fondness for your society that I really can't bear to have you out of my sight, friend McAdoo. We'll go together; the doctor does not mind being left alone.'

"This to that desperado whom we both believed to be an escaped Australian convict, whose presence in the mission-house was still to be explained. Lynch was armed, of course—armed with one of the big revolvers your cowboys carry, and, in fact, he had been a plainsman for a while after leaving college, and I knew that, for all his languid air, if McAdoo had laid a hand on the butt of either of the two revolvers which he carried he would be a dead man before the weapon was half drawn, for Lynch was a master of your Western American art of lightning extermination. It did not seem to me, however, that this would help matters much, as I had seen that the man kept a swarm of Malays about him; and Malays, even when ill-treated, are apt to be faithful brutes if the master who ill-treats them inspires their respect, as no doubt McAdoo must, or he would have been dead long before.

"McAdoo did not permit himself another exhibition of badly-suppressed rage; the situation was growing too serious for such petty self-indulgence. Instead he assumed an air of awkward good-nature, which was far more sinister.

"'Please yourself,' said he, and walked away toward the gate, with Lynch at his side; this time, however, I observed that my companion went out *last*.

"When they had disappeared I entered the silent house. My fever would not mount until late in the evening, and in the meantime, though very weak, I was able to get about. I went into the first room, which appeared to be a library and living-room. I had been in hundreds of such rooms in mission-houses the world over. The same classic pictures, the same neat rows of classic and unread books, and the same little heaps of much-read periodicals from 'home.' Then there were the local curios draped over the photographs of smug-faced relatives. Everything was in perfect order; there had been little traffic in that room since the departure of the former occupants.

"I passed from that to a room beyond, which I saw at a glance had been the missionary's study. There was here the same hushed waiting. One of the drawers was opened and there was a sharp line of dust across the papers within. There was a native-made waste-basket half filled, and on top was an envelope with an English stamp addressed to 'Rev. R. M. Cullen.'

"A man of method, as the order of his effects proclaimed him to be, would never have left his house without putting away his personal effects, doctor, so I decided to rummage. I knew that missionaries invariably kept journals for the sake of subsequent writing, if nothing else. I reasoned that this diary would be in the desk, probably under lock and key, so I tried the different drawers and found one of them locked. When I had prised it open with my hunting-knife I found the journal."

Leyden paused to light a fresh cigar, which I knew would go out after the first three puffs. Some of the smoke must have found its way into his trachea, for he coughed once or twice before proceeding.

"I am a hardened old campaigner, doctor, and I have never had much sympathy with missionaries, but I will confess that as I read the poor chap's journal my throat swelled until it was difficult to swallow. Perhaps it was because I was weakened by my fever; at any rate, I must confess that when I had finished it the tears were pouring down my face. It was the record of a Christian hero, doctor; a Christian martyr as well, as I discovered on reading the record of the last four days.

"I READ THE POOR CHAP'S JOURNAL."

"First there had been three in the family—the missionary, his wife, and a daughter, whom, as I read on, I discovered to be a deaf-mute. Within the last year the wife had died, and not long after her death McAdoo had come up the river, 'prospecting,' as he said. At this time the missionary was planning to return to England.

"McAdoo had remained a month with the missionary, during which time their relations had grown 'somewhat strained.' He had then departed, as Mr. Cullen hoped, for good, but only a fortnight before our arrival, doctor, he had returned with the news that there was a trading schooner at the mouth of the river, and that the captain had agreed to give Mr. Cullen and his daughter a passage to Batavia, whence they could take a steamer to Amsterdam. McAdoo kindly offered to assume charge of the mission until he should hear from Mr. Cullen. In the meantime, however, the missionary had decided to remain, at hearing which McAdoo 'was unable to conceal his disappointment.'

"The following day McAdoo came to Mr. Cullen and advised him to leave, saying that he feared there was a plot among the natives to kill him. Mr. Cullen scoffed at these fears. The day after that he had a quarrel with McAdoo, and ordered him to leave the premises finally. The last words in the diary were: 'To my infinite relief, the man McAdoo has gone down the river, and I pray that I may never see his wicked face again!'

"I arose quickly, shoved the diary in my pocket, and made for the rear of the house. I passed through what had been the dining-room on my way—ach! that was where the wretch had nested! Something, superstition, distaste—I do not know what—had kept him away from the more intimate retreats of his victim—but the dining-room!—I have seen more cleanly barracoons!

"Rustlings had preceded me as I moved through the house; they do in Oriental houses, you know, doctor, just as they do in the forest—wherever furtive beings hold their existence. Now I moved too rapidly for these rustlings, and in the kitchen I came upon some frightened Dyak servants—three women and an old man.

"'Take me to your mistress,' I said to one of the women, and I said it kindly, but I do not think that I have ever seen more fright on a woman's face. After all, doctor,

to witness the horror of someone else is far more gruesome than the thing itself, is it not?"

I thought of the look I had once seen in the eyes of a man whose shoulder had been carried away by a piece of shrapnel, as he had glanced down and seen his wound.

"Nothing is more contagious than dread," I murmured.

"So I discovered a few moments later," muttered Leyden. "The woman led me to a hut a hundred yards behind the bungalow—a well-furnished hut; I think it may have been the mission hospital—and there I found the daughter—the deaf-mute——

"THERE I FOUND THE DAUGHTER—THE DEAF-MUTE."

"Of course," he went on, in a careless sort of way, "I could talk with her; for although my ten modern languages and some twenty dialects all are spoken with the mouth, there is one dialect which is universal—and that is spoken with the eyes! We had a little conversation in this tongue, and then I sat down beside her and patted her hands and made her actually smile. They are simple folk—those on whom the hand of God has been heavy in this regard. Perhaps they are above these mundane things—but at the time I did not look at it in this way. Instead, I went back to the bungalow and waited with some impatience for the return of Lynch and McAdoo, and—will you believe it, doctor?—just at this time, when I needed myself the most, these accursed plasmodia malariæ, or whatever kind or species of fission-fungi it may be, began to start their segmentation, and segregation, and prolification in my blood-vessels, and I could feel the delirium creeping up my spine to my brain, just as some poor wretch of a Passamaquoddy might have felt the fifty-foot rise of the Fundy tide creeping up his spine when some coterie of tribal enemies had staked him out on the flats at low water, except that in his case it was cold and in mine it was red-hot.

"I had not long to wait, however. Back they came, McAdoo sullen but studious, and Lynch smiling and talking as if he were the honoured guest. I noticed that his holster was unbuckled, however, and while he had been away I had entertained no fears for his safety—because, you see, I had heard no shot. Our co-operation was really quite admirable.

"'Lynch,' said I, and it seemed to me as if my voice came from a very great distance—the fever, doctor, not emotion, I beg you to believe; I was never more composed mentally in my life—'Lynch,' said I, 'will you and Mr. McAdoo kindly come into the library? There are some matters which I wish to discuss with you both.' It was growing dark then, so I clapped my hands—quite softly, but a servant flitted out of the shadow like a bat. The tension was high in that bungalow that night.

"'Bring lights,' I said.

"'And food,' suggested Lynch.

"'The food can wait,' I muttered, fighting

hard against the inclination to sleep—to drowse—to be let alone, to enjoy my intoxication in peace. 'Come into the parlour,' I said, and Lynch told me afterwards that my manner was as snappish as a dog with distemper.

"'After you, friend McAdoo!' said Lynch, rhymingly, and the accursed jingle got caught up in the swirl of ideas racing through my fevered brain, so that while I talked I kept hearing, over and over, 'After you, friend McAdoo—after you, friend McAdoo—after you'—Ugh! What is more frightful than trying to do mental work in the face of a delirium?

"I am not clear as to just what McAdoo said: it was Lynch who made the opening move, and this time he did not say, 'After you, friend McAdoo!' He drew his revolver and waved McAdoo to a large lounging-chair. I shall never forget that chair; it was a home-made, or rather a native-made, chair like those one sees to-day, with a back the angle of which is regulated by a rod behind, which is dropped into notches—you know the kind. At the top there was a little pillow for the head to rest against; a little 'baby-blue' pillow, and it was hollowed in the middle where poor Cullen's head had rested—and worn until the fabric held in a streaky sort of way that showed the white beneath. It was probably made in England by some girl parishioner, and there was something in its homeliness that made me feel as the diary had.

"It was crushed beneath McAdoo's great shoulders as he sank into it—and he did sink, doctor, as if he had been hamstrung. In the middle of the room there was a little bamboo table on which the servant was about to set the lamp, but Lynch motioned to place it on a shelf behind him. He himself sat at the table facing McAdoo, his back straight, as the back of a thoroughbred should be, and the revolver lying in his hand near the middle of the table.

"I walked up to him, staggering a little, and threw down the diary.

"'What is this?' asked Lynch.

"'After you, friend — the diary of the Rev. R. M. Cullen! What do you think it is—a skull?' I snapped. He raised his eyebrows.

"'There is a divan at the end of the room, doctor,' he said, without taking his eyes from McAdoo. 'Lie there, if you please, during our proceedings.' There was a cold, official note in his voice which seemed to recall the shuffle of heavy feet, whispers, whimpers, somnolence, on one side of the room, and nerves stretched like the strings of a violin on the other. Dulled as I was I could see that it brought back something to McAdoo, for it was at these very first words that he began to slump, doubly armed from the start as he had been, surrounded by his servants and in the house which he had claimed as his own.

"Then Lynch began to read—intently, and with no apparent thought of the man opposite him. I had sunk in a heap on the divan, deliciously relaxed, leaving it all to Lynch, and humming to myself, 'After you, friend McAdoo'—to myself, as I thought, until Lynch remarked, coldly, 'Doctor, kindly refrain from interrupting the reading of the testimony.' Then I subsided, very much embarrassed.

"Ach! how I see it now, doctor, just as I saw it then; as if I was standing apart—a fourth person regarding the other three—Lynch with the light behind him, his face in the shadow, carefully reading the journal, and apparently oblivious to the fully-armed giant, who appeared to have shrunk on sinking into the chair of his late victim, apparently oblivious of me also as I lay muttering on the divan at the end of the room and rousing myself at longer intervals as the conflagration within my veins gained headway. The servant in placing the lamp upon the shelf had moved a little clock which had run down, and the jar had set it ticking, and this and the sharp rustle as Lynch turned the leaves were the only noises in that room—unless my mutterings were audible, which may have been.

"Such a fever as mine is like a fire, doctor; it leaps upward, then sinks, flickers, smoulders for a while, and then bursts out to rage with fresh fury. It was in one of these lapses, one of these returns almost to the normal, that Lynch finished his perusal.

"I opened my eyes as he laid down the journal with a smart slap. Lynch had turned half-way in his chair, and the yellow light brought out in sharp profile his straight brow, short, aquiline nose, and firm, legal mouth and chin. There is a forensic type just as there is any other type, and this was Lynch's, except that there was in him an element of the terse and martial rather than the Parliamentary. His revolver was lying in the centre of the table, and his sinewy hands were in front of him, just beneath his chin, the finger-tips touching, the elbows on the arms of his chair.

"McAdoo was in the same position—the position of the rabbit confronted by the stoat, shoulders hunched, head sunk, muscle-heavy arms hanging limp outside the arms of the chair, utterly relaxed, yet held half bent by

the contraction of the biceps; and so utter was this relaxation that the hands seemed swollen, the veins on the backs stretched to bursting. His bloodshot eyes were fastened on the revolver in front of him, which was nickelled and threw the limpid lamplight from its separate planes in steady tongues of flame. Perhaps it was this that held him; the hypnosis; the somnambulizing of the optic nerve.

"'IF YOU MOVE A MUSCLE YOU ARE A DEAD MAN, FRIEND MCADOO,' HE SAID, SOFTLY."

"'Where is the daughter of Robert Cullen?' asked Lynch, crisply. McAdoo started; his great head was raised with a jerk of such suddenness that one could almost hear the creak of the cervical vertebræ. And his voice! Ah, it was ridiculous! You have heard the whistle of this steamer, doctor, when on entering a port the cord is pulled while the whistle is still filled with the water of condensation? It was such a noise.

"'Where is the daughter? Answer me, man!' said Lynch, sharply.

"I clapped my hands, and one of the soft-footed women slithered to the door of the room. It was the same who had taken me to the deaf-mute girl.

"'Bring your mistress hither,' said I. The woman vanished.

"Our speech had brought a change in McAdoo. The lustreless look had left his eyes, and even in my benumbed condition I detected a twitching of his thick fingers.

"'After you——' I began, thickly, then realized that I was talking nonsense; but Lynch also had seen the movement. His hand fell upon the revolver.

"'If you move a muscle you are a dead man, friend McAdoo,' he said, softly. 'I fear that you are no better than a dead man as it is, but I should advise you not to bring the matter to a climax until all the evidence is in.'

"We waited in silence—even the clock had stopped its ticking. The journal was lying on the table. Lynch, I remember, was twisting the ends of his wiry moustache with his free hand. Perhaps the tension had cleared my head; perhaps the drugs, taken, as usual, four hours before the paroxysm was due, were beginning to act; at any rate, my mind was active—abnormally so.

"The crisis had passed with McAdoo; he was no longer held by shock, surprise, rage, the psychic force of the man in front of him, or the hypnotizing force of the shining weapon. The little bullet in the weapon was all that held him now—and I do not think that it would have held him long—in that position, for he had the pluck of a pig, and his eyes were beginning to dance again when there was a rustle in the doorway, and a white-clad figure paused on the threshold.

"I looked at her face, and the sight of it chilled the fever in my blood and whipped the mist of delirium from my brain. When I had seen her before it had been the face of a beautiful child—a frightened, wretched child; but now it was different. Lynch saw it too—just the swiftest glance, and then his keen eyes flew back to the man, who was only awaiting his opportunity. Afterwards I learned that Lynch possessed the science of the sign language practised by these folk; he possessed also the science of developing upon his brain an instantaneous photograph taken with the eyes, and this science made the first unnecessary, for you

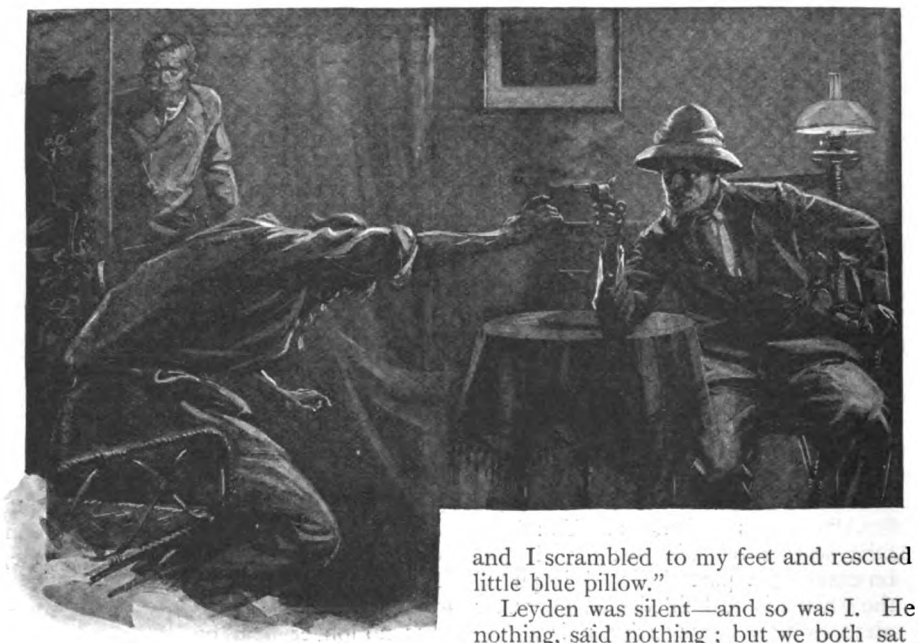
see, doctor, the girl was looking at her father's murderer! Ah! how true it is, as you said a little while ago, that the horror reflected from the eyes of another is far more dreadful than the thing itself!

"Lynch made a movement of dismissal with his hand; a judicial gesture which told me that it was over, the verdict rendered, revolver; then suddenly he paused—and I guessed why.

"'She cannot hear,' I said. 'She is deaf.'

"'That is so—I overlooked the fact,' said Lynch, softly.

"McAdoo was watching Lynch in a fascinated way—and I was watching McAdoo. When the report came he pitched forward,



"HE PITCHED FORWARD AND I SCRAMBLED TO MY FEET."

sentence pronounced—but I was puzzled for the next step.

"'Take her back,' I said to the servant.

"'Dr. Leyden,' said Lynch, 'do you feel that you are in possession of your faculties?' My head was roaring like a cataract, my skin like ice, and my bones were smouldering coals, but my brain was clear—for the moment—too clear.

"'Quite,' I answered, 'in so far as this man is concerned.'

"'What is your opinion? What course would you advise in the matter?'

"'I would advise shooting him,' said I. 'He requires to be shot, and I do not think that we should waste much time about it. If you do not care to shoot him, I will do so myself,' I added. Personally, his death was necessary to our safety in a way, yet that did not occur to me. I was thinking of the diary, the little blue pillow, and the deaf-mute girl.

"'It makes no difference,' said Lynch, and his hand tightened on the stock of the and I scrambled to my feet and rescued the little blue pillow."

Leyden was silent—and so was I. He did nothing, said nothing; but we both sat and watched the growing lights in the sea, the increase in the phosphorescence as the moon set.

"It was really a very simple matter," said Leyden, lightly, "and it has always been a source of satisfaction to me. It was all so sensible; so many fools would have wanted to give the brute a chance. Lynch had the right idea; he did not even invite any closing remarks; the only one that was really *à propos* was made by his Colt and was quite unanswerable.

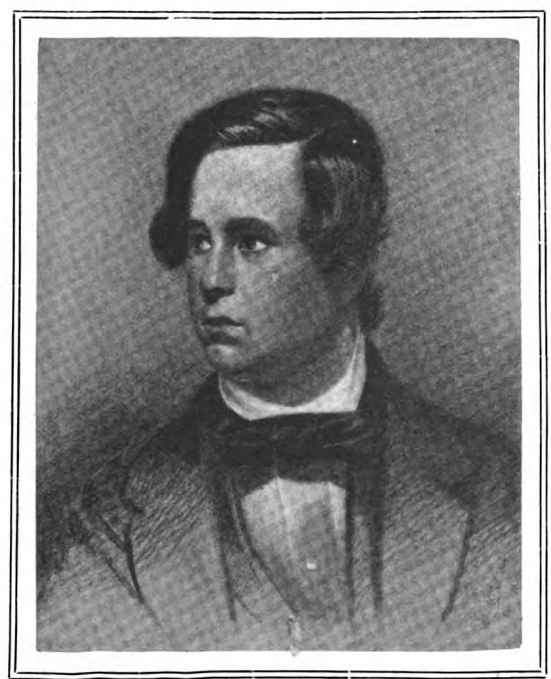
"Would you believe it, doctor, the people were sufficiently Christianized to regard the whole thing as a visitation? Not a soul was in sight when we left, taking the girl with us. Lynch himself conducted her back to England and placed her in an institution.

"Yes, the trip was a success. My anthropologist thought so, I thought so, Lynch thought so, and I have not the slightest doubt that the semi-civilized Dyaks, who still slip through the shadows and peer between the jalousies of the ruined mission-house at the thing which is, perhaps, still held in that ample chair, think so as well."

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Ages—New Series.

SIR JOHN AIRD, Bart., M.P.

SIR JOHN AIRD, first baronet, M.P. for North Paddington, and head of the firm of John Aird and Sons, contractors, was born on the 3rd of December, 1833. His grandfather was a Scottish artisan, who left his native county of Ross and found employment in London on the Regent's Canal, then in course of construction. He lost his life in an accident, leaving behind him a young son who was destined to become the founder of a firm now world-famous.



AGE 16.
From a Drawing by John Orchard.

It was he who was responsible for the building of the International Exhibition in Hyde Park in 1851; but it was his son, the present baronet, who had charge of it, and who superintended the subsequent reconstruction of the building at Sydenham, where it has long since been familiar as the Crystal Palace.

Most of Sir John's boyhood was spent at Greenwich. He was educated privately, and immediately upon leaving school he joined his father in business. The various important works with which he has since been associated include the first waterworks at Amsterdam, Copenhagen, and Berlin; gasworks in Copenhagen, Moscow, and several towns in France, Italy, and Brazil; and the great waterworks at Calcutta. Further, in conjunction with Sir John Kelk, Messrs. Aird carried out the Millwall Docks.

On the death of his father Sir John entered into partnership with Messrs. Lucas Brothers, and the firm became known as Lucas and Aird. Among their undertakings may be mentioned the construction of the Metropolitan and St. John's Wood Railway, the Hammersmith and other extensions of the District Railway, the Royal Albert Docks, Tilbury Docks, and several provincial railways.

But the most colossal piece of work to which Sir John set his hand was the damming of the Nile, by which the superfluous waters of the river when in flood were husbanded in a vast artificial lake one hundred and forty miles long, and afterwards distributed over some hundreds of thousands of acres of land by a huge network of irrigating watercourses. Some idea of the effect of such an achievement on the fertility of Upper Egypt may be gathered from the fact that while the cost of the work was estimated at five millions, over twenty thousand men being engaged in the operations, it was calculated that the benefit

accruing to Egypt was worth eighty millions at the least.

Two dams were constructed. The upper one, which is said to be the largest in the world, is at Assouan, where the first Nile cataract occurs, and the smaller one at Assiout. It was in connection with this stupendous work that Sir John Aird was decorated with the Grand Cordon of the Medjidieh. A very interesting picture in the offices of the firm in Great George Street shows the commencement of this unique construction, while Sir John Aird, easily distinguishable by his flowing beard, is seen in the midst of a group of engineers and officials.

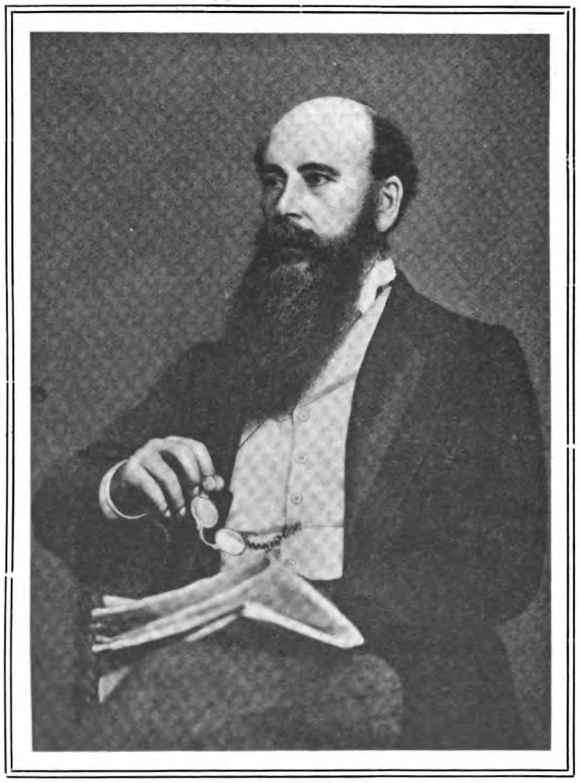
From a Photo. by] AGE 31. *[Reutlinger.*

In 1887 Sir John—then Mr. Aird — was returned as Conservative member for North Paddington. In 1900 he was elected first Mayor of Paddington, and in the following New Year the dignity of a baronetcy was conferred upon him by the late Queen. He is a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Engineer and Railway Volunteer Staff Corps, he is on the Court of Lieutenancy of the City of London, and in Masonry is a Past-Master of the Prince of Wales Lodge and a past Grand Deacon.

In addition he is the inventor of a steam navvy, which was most successfully used in the construction of the Manchester Ship Canal.

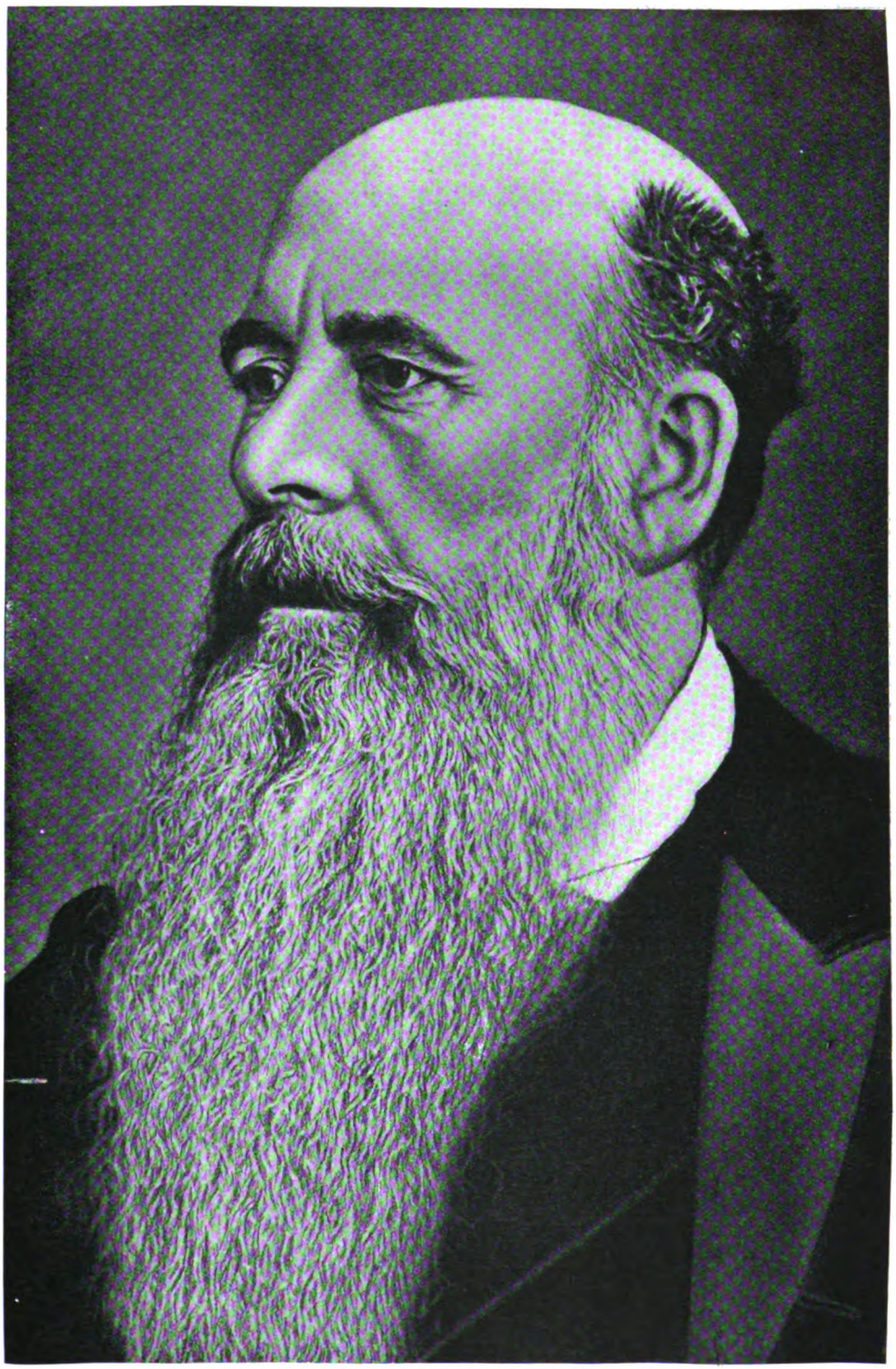
In 1901 it was decided by the City of Bristol to construct a new dock at Avonmouth. It was to be known as the Royal Edward Dock, and the contract was placed with Messrs. John Aird and Sons, the present title of the firm, the first sod being cut by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on March 4th, 1902.

Sir John Aird was married at the early age of twenty-two to the daughter of Mr. Benjamin Smith, of Lewisham, and a son — named John, after his father and grandfather—was born to them in 1861.

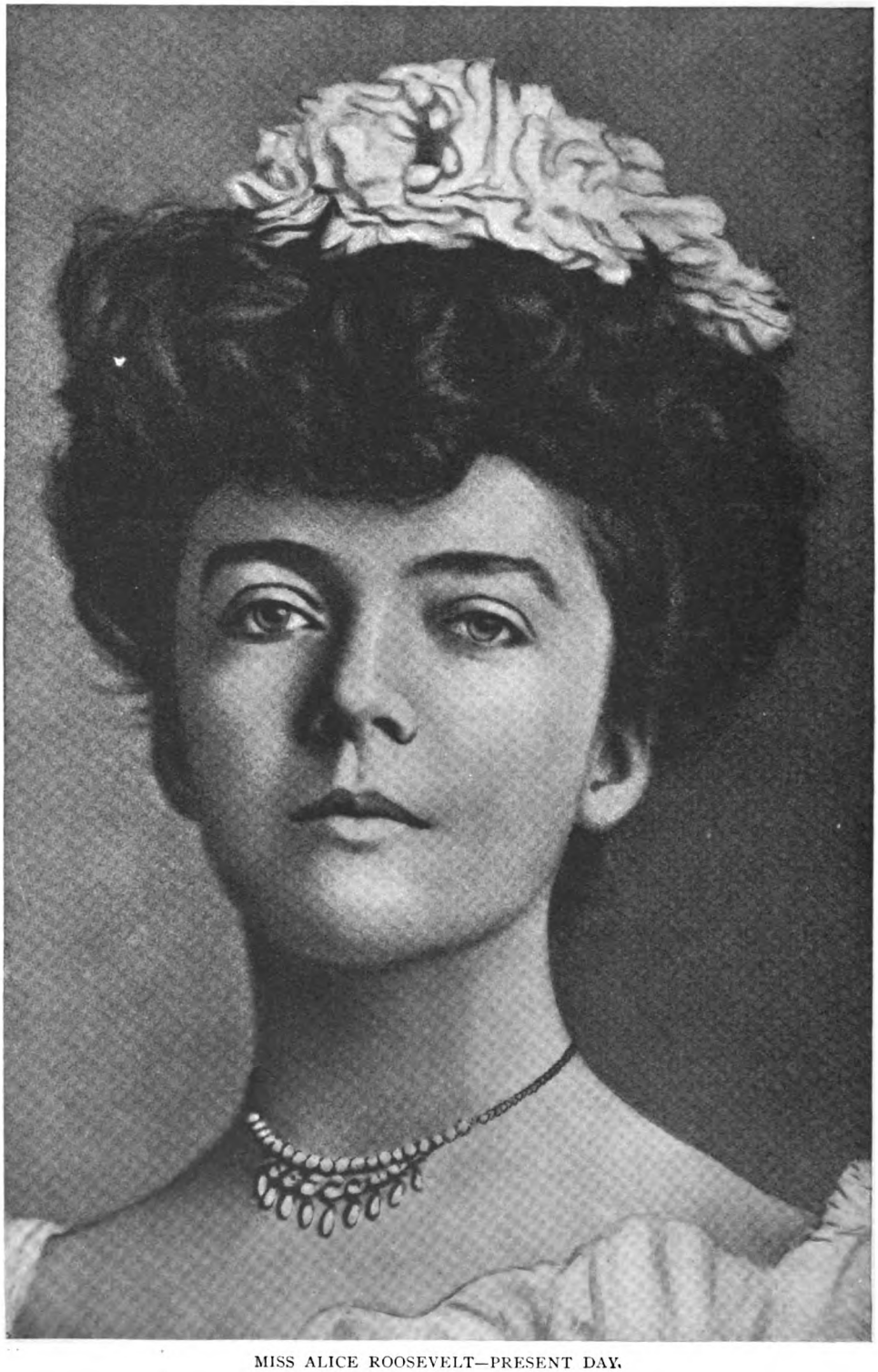


From a] AGE 53. *[Photograph.*

His country seat is at Wilton Park, Beaconsfield, and his beautiful house in Hyde Park Terrace bears witness to his artistic tastes and love of pictures. In the celebrated French Room one wall is almost entirely covered by Mr. Orchardson's picture of Mme. Récamier's salon; and among other well-known pictures in Sir John's possession are Marcus Stone's "Falling Out" and "Reconciliation," Frank Dicksee's "Chivalry," Mr. Briton Rivière's "Sheep Stealer," and Poole's "Lion in the Path."



SIR JOHN AIRD, BART., M.P.—PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.



MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT—PRESENT DAY.
Photo. Copyright by Frances B. Johnston.

MISS ROOSEVELT.

From Photographs supplied by G. G. Bain, New York.

THE young lady who recently received an offer of marriage from the dusky Sultan of Sulu is, through no fault of her own, a victim of high position. Such an offer, if tendered to a maid of less degree, would be laughed at for a day and then forgotten, but when offered to the daughter of the President of the United States it becomes another matter. The Press seizes upon it with avidity. The telegraph buzzes with the delicious bit of gossip, and amused Continents pause to think of consequences.

Well, this daughter of a President is not only pretty, but sensible, and the episode ended—so it is reported — with her sage remark, "I guess the Sultan has enough wives," and the blow to Royalty was softened by diplomacy. The whole thing came about in this way. Miss Alice Roosevelt was, at the time, on an important tour in the Philippine Islands, whither she had gone in the company of Mr. Taft, the present Secretary of War, and late Governor of those troublesome possessions. Everywhere had this party been the recipients of special honour, particularly in their progress to Manila. The Mikado received them at dinner, and for the first time in several hundred years ordered his private park to be opened to foreigners. Later, at a banquet given by Premier Katsura, she had her health proposed by the Premier himself. It was, of course, a tribute to father rather than to daughter, but it made a deep impression. And the party embarked for Manila.

AGE 3.
From a Photograph.

At Jolo the Sultan had arranged an elaborate entertainment in honour of his guests, and after sitting on the grand-stand with Mr. Taft and Miss Roosevelt, and giving them many presents, told the young lady that his people liked her, and asked her to remain. But, as everyone now knows, it was not to be.

Miss Alice Roosevelt is twenty-one, having been born in February, 1884, the only child of her father's first marriage. Her mother was a Miss Lee, of Boston, who died shortly after Alice was born. Thus, from babyhood almost, she has grown up with her father's second family, and, having been carefully trained and educated in

From a] AGE 10. *[Photo.*

AGE 16.
From a Photo. by Clinedinst.

From a] AGE 14. *[Photo.*

her girlhood, dropped happily, on the occasion of her father's advancement, into an important place as "Daughter of the White House." How important it is Americans alone know. For many years the White House had known few children. The last of importance had been "Nellie" Grant, child of the nation, and so beloved that no newspaper of the time was complete without some mention of her daily doings. Maybe you see now why the new "Daughter of the White House" attains to such publicity. When she made her *début* at the New Year's Reception in 1902 the papers were full of it. When, for reasons of State, she failed to attend the Coronation ceremonies, those reasons were given in full. And endless gossip clings to her every movement. If she plays with her Angora cat at Oyster Bay, or rides her Kentucky-bred mare in the park, or travels at unlawful speed in her motor-car, the reporter is there to tell you all about it. And when she goes to the Philippines, the things that happen to her are told to all the world. It is merely because she is the "Daughter of the White House," and she can't help herself.

AGE 20.

From a Photo. by Frances B. Johnston.

She is simply having a good time—that's all. She is attractive, and she knows how to dress. And those who know her best say she is unspoiled by all her honours. Even the visit of Prince Henry to America, when she was asked by the German Emperor to break a bottle of German wine upon the bow of the *Meteor*, did not turn her head. She accepted the position gracefully and fulfilled it gracefully. What the papers said about it didn't matter. The Kaiser, at all events, was pleased, for he gave her a bracelet bearing a miniature of himself set in diamonds.

As becomes the daughter of such a father, Miss Roosevelt takes keen enjoyment in outdoor life, and before she went to Washington had shown great aptitude for golf, tennis, rowing, and other sports. She is also a good horsewoman, and likes a spin with her brothers at Oyster Bay. It was one of these brothers, by the way, whom she helped to nurse back to life when he was ill at Groton School.

Miss Alice is above the medium height, and very graceful. Her eyes are blue, her manner free from affectation. She can talk, paint, play the piano, and she is fond of reading. But she gets little opportunity now to indulge in hobbies. Society has claimed her for the next three years, at least.

MR. RUFUS ISAACS, K.C., M.P.

RUFUS DANIEL ISAACS, K.C., M.P., one of the most youthful and certainly the most picturesque of figures at the English Bar to-day, was born in London on the 10th of October, 1860, being the second son of a successful City fruit merchant. He was educated at University College School, London, and afterwards in Brussels and Hanover, thus acquiring a sound knowledge both of French and German. An amusing and perhaps not uninstructive story, viewed in the light of later events, is told of the commencement of his Brussels school-days. He and his elder brother were placed in the same school, and about a fortnight after their arrival their father was hastily summoned from London by the principal, who explained that the young Isaacs were the brightest and most intelligent boys he had ever seen, but that he could not keep them both—their energy being too much for him. Rufus was therefore removed to another school on the other side of Brussels, and one trusts the pedagogue recovered.

From a Photo. by] AGE 3. *[W. Malby.*

Returning to London in his twentieth year he entered the Stock Exchange, where he worked for some years, being remarkable even then for his mastery of figures. Ultimately he quitted the Stock Exchange for the Bar, to which he was called not long after his marriage in 1887. His wife, *née* Alice Edith Cohen, was also the child of a City merchant.

Mr. Isaacs's progress in his legal career was rapid enough to be almost phenomenal. He took silk in 1898, and his practice to-day is said to equal that of the late Lord Russell of Killowen in its palmiest days. In a knowledge of financial and commercial law he is, perhaps, unsurpassed.

The day and the hour when he became famous would be difficult to quote, but although he had been previously engaged in many celebrated cases, he leapt into special prominence in the Whitaker Wright trial; and his brilliant, searching cross-examinations, so trying to a hostile witness, have passed into a byword. He has on this count been likened to a hawk fixing its prey, and finally swooping down upon it with deadly and unerring aim. His intellectual and somewhat ascetic cast of countenance and piercing black eyes no doubt assist the aptness of the simile.

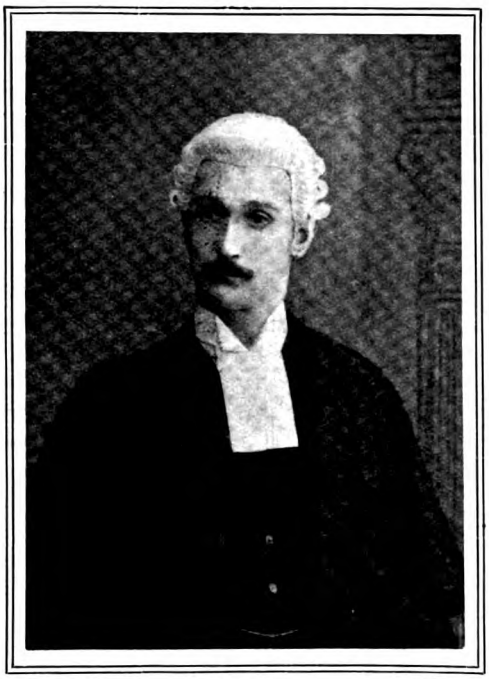
Yet he never bullies a witness. He may be severe at times, but it is never by hectoring that he achieves his end. He prefers rather to issue the courteous invitation, "Come, reason with me and be undone!" He stands, when pleading, with one foot on his seat and an elbow on his knee, and so leans forward and talks to the witness, the judge, or jury, as the case may be, with a charm and fascination of word and manner, backed up by subtle logic and far-reaching knowledge, such as few know how to resist.

Mr. Isaacs has a singularly graceful way of conceding a point in court which strengthens rather than weakens him in the eyes of the jury. Over and over again, in glancing through the reports of the Whitaker Wright trial, one comes across these two sentences:—

Mr. Walton: "I object."

Mr. Isaacs: "I do not insist."

Similarly, in another case, he was pursuing

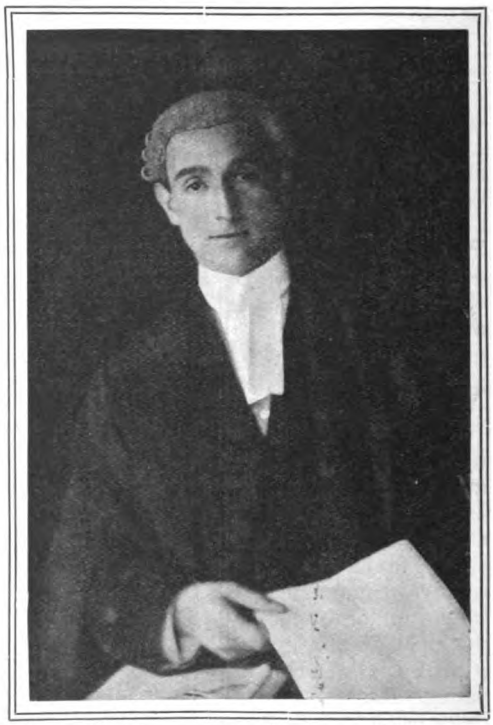


From a Photo. by] AGE 27. *[Walery.*

a line of argument disapproved of by the judge. Mr. Isaacs pressed his point, the judge was equally unyielding, and for a moment extreme tension prevailed in court. Then, with a pleasant laugh, and the remark, "We will not quarrel, my lord," counsel gave way.

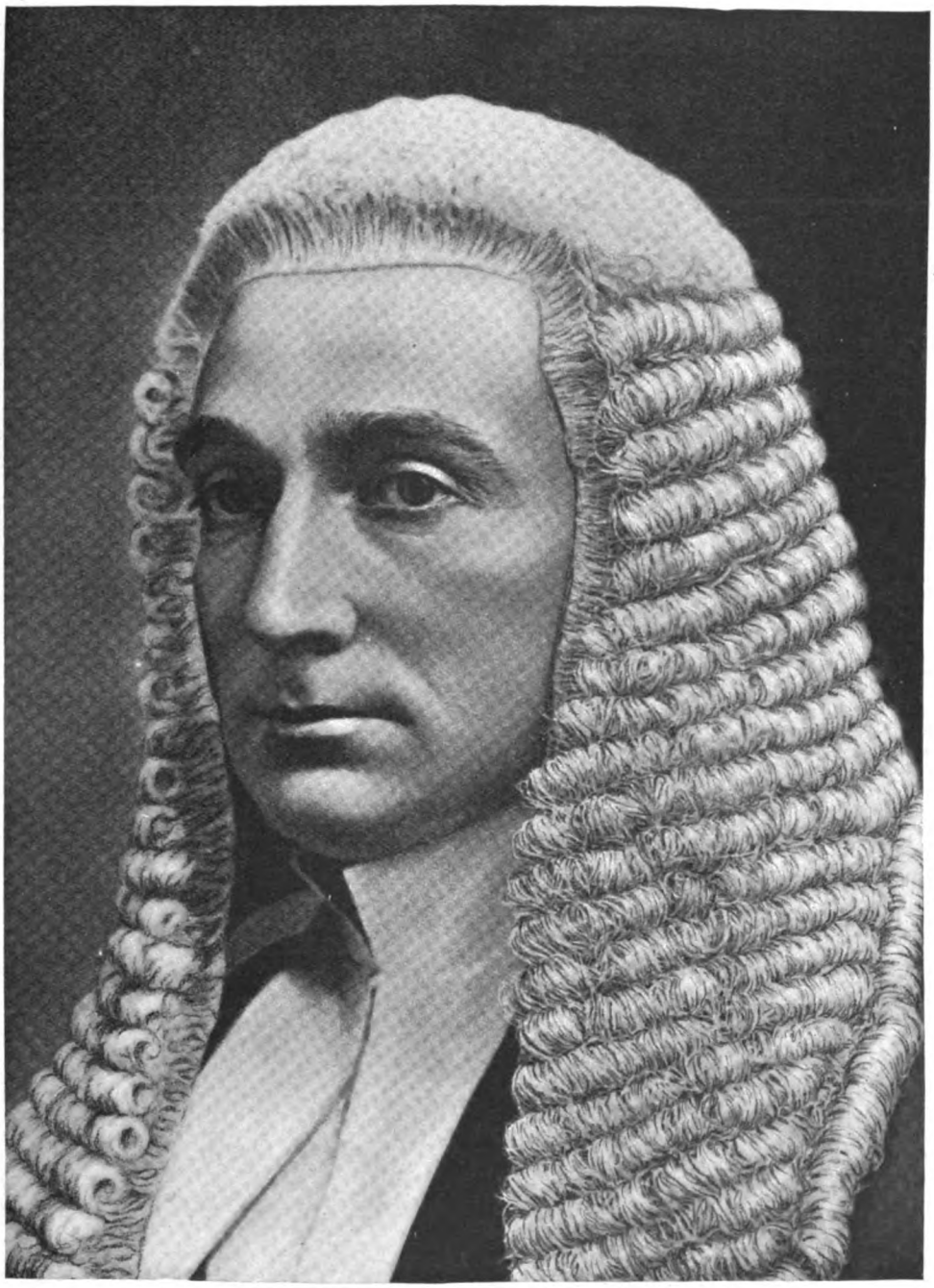
The success which means money spells hard work in most professions, and the popular fallacy that when you have once attained eminence your days of labour are ended is never more strikingly disproved than in the case of a successful barrister. Mr. Isaacs works both day and night. From ten in the morning till four in the afternoon he is in court, and after that consultations with solicitors and clients keep him busy till close on seven o'clock. Then, at the hour when most people abandon themselves either to rest or recreation, he settles down to read briefs for the ensuing day, apparently digesting them in sleep, for he wakes in the morning with all the facts and the details mapped out before his mental vision, and his plan of campaign decided upon. Under the circumstances he has little time to devote to other pursuits, and his work is his only hobby. He does, however, the things that most men do — *i.e.*, plays golf and tennis, cycles, rides, and rows, and he is, as may easily be imagined, a brilliant conversationalist.

Mr. Isaacs was elected Liberal M.P. for Reading in 1904.



From a Photo. by] AGE 38. *[Rita Detmo'd.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 44. *[Walton Adams.*



MR. RUFUS ISAACS, K.C., M.P.—PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Wonders of the World.

LXXXIV.—AN AMERICAN GIRL WHO WILL MARRY AN INDIAN CHIEF.

MISS CORA MARIE ARNOLD, ONE OF THE RICHEST HEIRESSES IN AMERICA, WHO HAS RENOUNCED HER TITLE TO MILLIONS IN ORDER TO MARRY AN INDIAN CHIEF.
From a Photograph.

MISS CORA MARIE ARNOLD, a young and gifted American woman of Denver, and daughter of an old aristocratic family, is the heroine of one of the prettiest romances of modern times.

Miss Arnold is a much-courted belle, and has set the heart of many a swain aching. At last she has surrendered, not to one of her train of admirers, but to an alien. It is a Red Man, Chief Albino Chavarria, of Santa Clara, who has won this fair maid, and in giving her heart into his keeping Miss Arnold also gives up her title to her father's wealth, for Mr. Arnold says that from the moment his daughter becomes Chavarria's wife he will disown her.

She will shortly leave her home at 1,419, Welton Street, Denver, U.S.A., and start her life anew in a little adobe house among the Indians of Santa Clara. The date of the wedding has not yet been announced, but indications point to an early day.

There is no prettier romance found in song or story than that of this lovely heiress and her proud Indian chief. It reads like a page from some old-world fiction.

It was several years ago, when the Indians of Santa Clara camped in Denver while they gave exhibitions of horsemanship, that Miss Arnold met her "soul-mate." She says that she "thrilled" the instant Chief Chavarria vaulted into position on his horse's back, and these lines from Longfellow came to her :—

> As unto the bow the cord is,
> So unto a man is woman.
> Though she bends him she obeys him,
> Though she leads him yet she follows,
> Useless each without the other.

So absorbed was she in watching every movement of the chief that she failed to note how the horses were closing in about her. Around and around raced the steeds and their riders, and Chavarria became lost to view among the flying hoofs, fluttering ribbons, and swinging blankets.

As Miss Arnold turned to rejoin her friends she felt herself lifted from the ground and gently swung aside. On dashed the mounted Indian whose horse in another instant would have flung Miss Arnold to the earth.

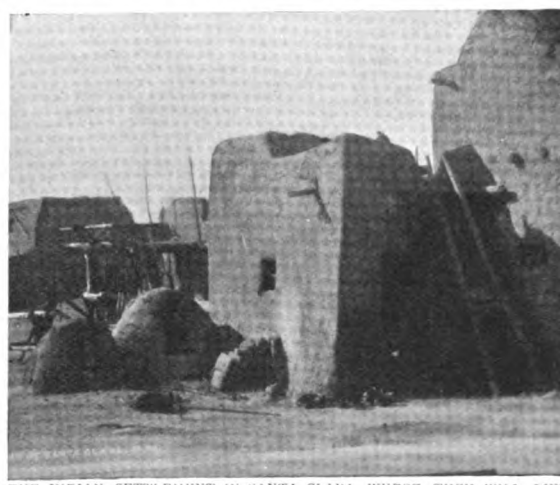
It was Chief Chavarria who had saved her life, and it was on the camping-ground in the

CHIEF ALBINO CHAVARRIA, MISS ARNOLD'S FUTURE HUSBAND.
From a Photograph.

midst of the wild excitement of a horse-race that the first chapter of Miss Arnold's love-story opened.

From this point the story of Miss Arnold's romance may be given to the public in that lady's own words.

After the Festival of Mountains and Plains was over I wandered around with my Kodak taking pictures of groups of the participants, and I must confess to keeping a sharp look-out for Chief Chavarria. Finally I saw him conversing with a young man who I learned was his nephew. Finding that he could speak English, I approached him and asked for what sum his uncle would permit his picture to be taken. The young fellow translated my request and returned to me with permission to take the picture. Albino Chavarria has since told me that he said to his nephew, "I do not want any money; I want her." The nephew, however, was discreet.



THE INDIAN SETTLEMENT IN SANTA CLARA WHERE THEY WILL LIVE WHEN MARRIED.
From a] [Photograph.

The chief was delighted when I promised to send him the pictures if they turned out well. They proved excellent, and I fulfilled my promise. This started a delightful but rather difficult correspondence. I did not know Chavarria's language and he could not write mine. He could write a little Spanish, but this did not help matters, for I was not proficient in that language. Well, I wrote my letters in English and the Government teacher at the *pueblo* translated them into Spanish for Chavarria. He also put the replies into English for me, and thus we grew to know each other.

I told Albino Chavarria that I would study Spanish, and after a while I was able to write directly to him. My letters were full of mistakes, but he could read them, and that was enough. One day a letter came which brought with it the scent of a rose-garden. When I inquired if it were some perfume which had a scent so like a rose, Chavarria told me he had put a fresh rose in the box where he kept his writing-paper. I tell this to show the æsthetic side of the man, a side with which the world never credits an "Indian." People say, in consternation, "How can you marry an Indian?" An Indian! I wish people could feel with me that he of whom I write is not only an Indian, but that he is also a man.

Possibly a brief sketch of the life of Chavarria may give my friends an insight into the character of this man, for whom I have the profoundest respect and in whom I put absolute faith.

When the last century had run about two-thirds of its course a little Indian lad was herding his father's cattle in the valley of the Rio Grande, in Northern New Mexico. His name was Albino Chavarria, and not far away was his home in the *pueblo* of Santa Clara — a little village of adobe houses.

His father, or, to be more exact, his step-father, was somewhat advanced in years, and it was necessary for the little lad to do whatever work required much activity. This cut him off from going to school, but to a child who is fond of study everything helps him on his way. Nature was kind to him. He learned about the things that grow, about animals, and about the stars. His mind was quick and receptive and his memory good. Later, when he had an opportunity to learn from books, the training he had received from Nature was of great help to him.

As he grew older, many a wild, unruly horse knew what it was to come into contact with his power. Then the wild creatures, to their surprise, found they had been struggling against a friend. Kindness has always been one of his chief characteristics.

At the age when most young men are thinking of marrying, Albino Chavarria was working to support his widowed sister and her three little children.

He is loved by all who know him, and I shall find a welcome in Santa Clara among his people for his sake at first, and later, I hope, for my own.

LXXXV.—THE OXEN CAVALRY OF MADAGASCAR.

On the West Coast of Africa under the rule of Madagascar, where no horse can be obtained for love or money, exists what is undoubtedly the strangest military body in the world. Thirty-five swarthy cavalrymen, armed formidably, sit on thirty-five stoical oxen harnessed for battle, and the seventy men and beasts make a spectacle not quickly forgotten as they go through their manœuvres.

The Hon. J. G. Gallieni, Governor-General of Madagascar, instigated this innovation in African warfare, and Lieutenant Sluzansky, of St. Marie de Morvay, a province just outside of Madagascar, was put in charge of the corps. He had been trained with the French troopers who use oxen for mounts, and it was not long before he had his corps of natives well drilled, not only for military duty, but for police work. Thus this unique cavalry serves a double purpose.

THE ONLY OXEN CAVALRY IN THE WORLD.
From a Photograph.

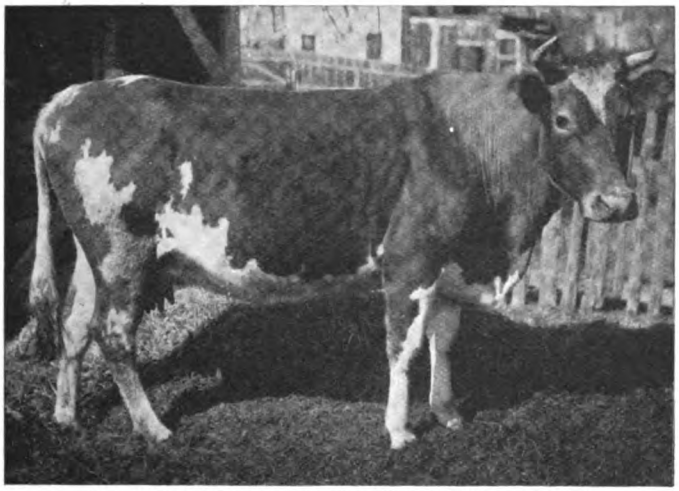
The natives who man these queer beasts, so unlike the Arabic steed famed in song and story, are known as the Sakalavas, and are the most warlike tribe in the country.

These semi-savage soldiers ride barefooted without stirrups. The oxen are neither slow nor easily frightened, and they have proved most intelligent. They are powerful beasts, and possess great fortitude and endurance. Lacking fear in battle, and advancing with great speed upon an opposing army, their horns pointing forward, they would create great havoc among horse cavalry. They soon learn to respond of their own accord to bugle-call, and it is not unusual for a well-trained ox to trot off to roll-call unmounted, if its owner happens to be oversleeping himself.

Charging with heads lowered is part of the drill, and an exciting part, too, for the onlooker. A band of natives mounted on their oxen stand at attention some hundred feet apart from a like number similarly mounted. At the given signal they rush at each other, the oxen with their heads lowered ready to strike, the natives with their spears grasped firmly and eyes fixed on the oncoming "foe." They come to a sudden halt about three feet apart, wheel, and canter back to position, where they right-about-face and make ready for the second charge. To one watching it seems as though the two corps must of a certainty go crashing into each other, and this is what sometimes does happen in the early drills. These accidents never result in serious mishaps, however, and amid great yelling of natives, sounding of bugles, snorting and stamping of oxen, the cavalry is always brought back to position and order once more wrought out of chaos.

The natives soon learn to mount, vault, dismount, and wheel, and the oxen are never many lessons behind them. Three months is the time allowed in the training of this cavalry, and they are always ready for exhibition drill at the end of that time.

LXXXVI.—ANIMALS OF FORTUNE.



BESS, THE COW WHO HAS A THOUSAND DOLLARS IN THE BANK.
From a Photograph.

PENNSYLVANIA has four favoured animals, beasts that will go down in the history of the brute creation as the moneyed Crœsuses of their family. They are, respectively, one horse, one cow, and two cats. They are all heirs or heiresses in their own right.

Ten thousand American dollars have been willed to the horse, or, more correctly speaking, the use of an estate valued at that sum; the cats have fallen heir and heiress respectively to about the same amount; and there is deposited a thousand dollars in hard cash in a Philadelphia bank to the credit of Bess, the cow.

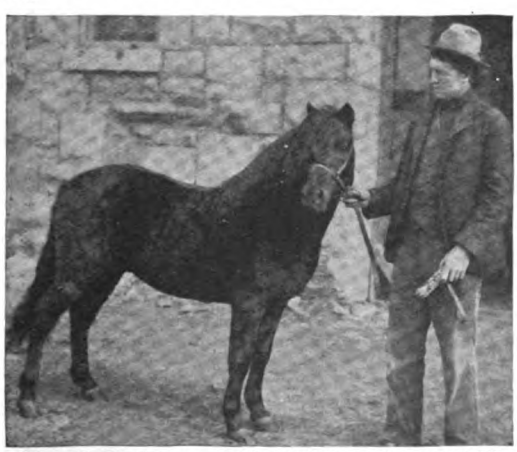
This cow is a fine Jersey, owned by Mrs. George Chew, of Germantown, and because she saved the life of her owner's only grandson she will live a life of ease.

When little Harold Chew was a baby of three weeks he became so ill that the physicians ordered him to be put on a diet of one cow's milk. Cow after cow was tried, only to be rejected despairingly as her milk disagreed with baby Harold.

Finally Bess was secured, and the babe took as kindly to her milk as do most children to their natural food. Upon this milk the youngster flourished and grew. When he was a sturdy boy of two years Bess was pensioned by the grateful grandmother, one thousand dollars (£200) being put to her account in a Philadelphia bank. She and her offspring are to be placed at the service of the sick babies in the vicinity, not one cent being charged for the milk sought for the little ones. Thus Bess is a philanthropist as well as an heiress.

When she has outlived her usefulness the one thousand dollars with accumulated interest will be used to keep her in comfort. It is not believed that the principal will have to be touched; the capital will be handed down to the daughter who takes her place, and so the fund will be kept for the cows and the babies.

The lucky horse is Bill by name, and he was the favourite of Mrs. Alexander Snodgrass, of York, Pa. When Mrs. Snodgrass's will was read after her recent death, this is the clause that created talk: "To my



From a Photograph.]

BILL, AND THE HOUSE AND ESTATE TO WHICH HE WAS LEFT HEIR. [*From a Photograph.*

horse, Bill, I bequeath my entire ten thousand dollars (two thousand pounds) estate, to be held in trust during his life by my nephew, George Snodgrass."

The will went on to state that Bill should receive every luxury and should be accorded full run of the York farm, or, if removed to the farm of Mr. George Snodgrass, he should have his stall and stable arranged just as he had always been accustomed to them. He is to receive a "loving burial" at death.

BLACKIE, ONE OF THE HEIRS TO THE THREE-STORY HOUSE.
From a Photograph.

A plain marble slab, with date of birth and death and the one inscription, "Bill, a faithful friend," is to mark his resting-place. Small wonder that Bill is to-day the most extensively-talked-of horse in the States.

Now, while Bill is enjoying a life of luxury in York, Pinkie and Blackie are dwelling in equally sumptuous ease in Wilkesbarre. They are not Angora cats either, nor yet beauties, nor even prize-winners in the pedigree line, these favoured pets, but just plain cats. But one is an heir, the other an heiress, in his and her own right.

These two were the household companions

PINKIE, THE OTHER HEIR TO THE HOUSE.
From a Photograph.

THE HOUSE LEFT TO THE TWO CATS.
From a Photograph.

of Mr. Benjamin Dilley, recently deceased, a well-known philanthropist of Wilkesbarre, and during his life they had every luxury known to catdom. His will leaves to them the home they have known from kittenhood and the constant attendance of the housekeeper, who is familiar with their likes and dislikes, and who is accustomed to pamper them as though they were favoured mortals.

Blackie and Pinkie are still in the flower of their youth, so they will hold undisputed sway of their sumptuous homes for many years to come, unless some unforeseen accident occurs.

Very different is the comfort of their present existence to that of their kittenhood, or perhaps we should limit the comparison to Pinkie, for Blackie was a well-cared-for kitten.

Both these cats are Jerseyites. It was a stormy summer evening when Pinkie, so called because of the colour of her little cold nose, made her appearance in the Dilley family.

The Dilleys were passing the summer at

their cottage at Atlantic City, and Mrs. Dilley had just stepped out on the piazza to note the progress of the storm, when she heard a plaintive "meow," and found a much-bedraggled, very forlorn-looking little kitten rubbing coaxingly against her feet.

The little animal was fed and housed for the night, and as no owner put in a claim she soon became a member of the Dilley household.

The following year, upon going again to their cottage at the seaside, the Dilleys were presented with a little coal-black kitten, which soon made friends with Pinkie.

After a while there came a litter of kittens, three of which, when they were grown sufficiently to leave home, were taken by Mr. Dilley to his place of business. They frisked around his office as much at home in the business world as were their parents in the social, in Market Street. These three cats have also been provided for in Mr. Dilley's will.

Blackie is distinguished for his cleverness, and two of his tricks are often spoken of by friends of Mr. Dilley, with whom it was a case of "love me, love my cats." One relates to a trick he played on Pinkie. This latter puss was sleeping soundly upon a cushion to which Blackie had taken a fancy. He endeavoured without success to drive her off. Finding force and coaxing without avail, he evidently decided to try strategy. Giving a "meow," he raced off down the front stairs. Of course, Pinkie scampered after to discover the cause of the excitement. Blackie tore through the lower hall out into the kitchen, up the back stairs, and into the sitting-room, where he calmly took possession of the coveted cushion. Pretty clever for an ordinary cat!

LXXXVII.—THE DON'T-WORRY CLUB.

"WHAT'S wrong with you?" once asked Talleyrand, coming upon a friend who looked harassed. Already the dukedom had been wrenched from the First Napoleon's favourite Minister. But the circumstance never got the upper hand of Talleyrand.

From a] THE DON'T-WORRY CLUB ON AN OUTING. *[Photograph.*

"Enough, I should say," answered the friend, gloomily. "I'm worrying my life out. Can you advise me?"

Quick as a flash Talleyrand replied, "Go on; worry your life out if you enjoy that sort of death. Some people do. If you do not enjoy it, stop it. Other people do that. Looking at it from a common-sense viewpoint, what do you gain by encouraging such a disease? Stop it. That's my advice."

"Yes, stop it; that's the advice of the Don't-Worry Club of Philadelphia," remarked Mr. F. J. Dormer when interviewed regarding this remarkable organization. "'Don't worry,'—that's our watchword; and, although this Philadelphia club is the only one of its

kind in existence, we are anxious to make it national—international, for that matter. It has only one rule—'Don't worry.' That rule must be strictly adhered to, however. It must be carried out in spirit as well as in the letter. The laugh which is forced to the lips must eventually come from the heart, from the philosophical mind.

THE BANJO AND GLEE MEMBERS OF THE DON'T-WORRY CLUB.
From a Photograph.

"There are at present seventy-five members in our Don't-Worry Club, and it goes without saying that they are jolly good fellows. We have regular weekly meetings, but the rules of the club are for every-day use and not only for meeting nights. A heavy fine is imposed upon every member found guilty of worrying. If he becomes an old offender he is expelled, with the blessed privilege of nominating someone else more worthy to take his chair. Every member, therefore, is a detective on the watch for offenders; this acts as a stimulus to each and all not to offend. An expelled member may be put up for re-election and voted in if he shows that he has mended his ways, for it is not the object of the club to limit its membership. Rather the reverse. 'The more the merrier' is, indeed, our motto.

"Our regular meeting nights are for the purpose of investigating the troubles of the members of the club and of devising ways and means of lightening them. By this it will be seen that the club does not make its members heedless of the cares of the world. It enables them to look all such worries squarely in the face, and to put up a cheerful fight against them.

"Every member of the Don't-Worry Club is encouraged to relate on meeting nights any troubles, financial, social, or personal, which may have befallen him during the week, the only stipulation being that he must relate them in a frank, honest manner, free from any tinge of whining or grumbling. It is then the delight of the other members of the club to offer substantial suggestions for relief. As many heads are better than one in any kind of problem, a fellow who comes to the club just on the ragged edge of worry never fails to leave it cheered and confident, ready to meet the world with a courageous smile once more.

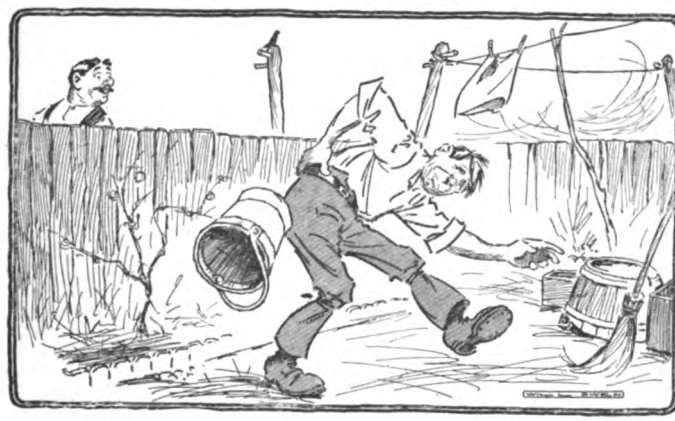
"It is a pretty generally acknowledged fact that Fate oftenest tosses her golden apples to those who snap their fingers and laugh at her slaps. And so the Don't-Worry Club is a pretty flourishing organization.

"We have physicians, professors, bankers, business men, men of affairs—in fact, all kinds and conditions of men—in our club, and there is not a situation that cannot be met. A man out of work and down on his luck does not remain so long if he belongs to the Don't-Worry Club, for we are banded together to help each other, and when seventy-four men start out to help the seventy-fifth there is always something to be done, and that right quickly.

"Another rule of the club is that no man shall take his worries home. He has to pledge himself to encourage cheerful conversation in the home. If he recounts any bit of ill-luck to his family it must be done cheerfully and in the spirit of confidence that it can be dispelled, and not from a desire to grumble. Each member is put on his honour in this respect. Also each member pledges himself to look about him and to lighten in any way possible another man's burdens, whether he belongs to the Don't-Worry Club or not.

"The wives of the members are becoming enamoured of the idea and have formed a ladies' auxiliary, with the same rules and same mottoes as those of the parent club."

THE CONSTABLE'S MOVE



BY

W·W·JACOBS

MR. BOB GRUMMIT sat in the kitchen with his corduroy-clad legs stretched on the fender. His wife's half-eaten dinner was getting cold on the table; Mr. Grummit, who was badly in need of cheering up, finished her half-empty glass of beer and wiped his lips with the back of his hand.

"Come away, I tell you," he called. "D'ye hear? Come away. You'll be locked up if you don't."

He gave a little laugh at the sarcasm, and sticking his short pipe in his mouth lurched slowly to the front-room door and scowled at his wife as she lurked at the back of the window watching intently the furniture which was being carried in next door.

"Come away or else you'll be locked up," repeated Mr. Grummit. "You mustn't look at policemen's furniture; it's agin the law."

Mrs. Grummit made no reply, but, throwing appearances to the winds, stepped to the window until her nose touched, as a walnut sideboard with bevelled glass back was tenderly borne inside under the personal supervision of Police-Constable Evans.

"They'll be 'aving a pianner next," said the indignant Mr. Grummit, peering from the depths of the room.

"They've got one," responded his wife; "there's the end of it stickin' up in the van."

Mr. Grummit advanced and regarded the end fixedly. "Did you throw all them tin cans and things into their yard wot I told you to?" he demanded.

"He picked up three of 'em while I was upstairs," replied his wife. "I 'eard 'im tell her that they'd come in handy for paint and things."

"That's 'ow coppers get on and buy pianners," said the incensed Mr. Grummit, "sneaking other people's property. I didn't tell you to throw good 'uns over, did I? Wot d'ye mean by it?"

Mrs. Grummit made no reply, but watched with bated breath the triumphal entrance of the piano. The carmen set it tenderly on the narrow footpath, while P.C. Evans, stooping low, examined it at all points, and Mrs. Evans, raising the lid, struck a few careless chords.

"Showing off," explained Mrs. Grummit, with a half turn; "and she's got fingers like carrots."

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"It's a disgrace to Mulberry Gardens to 'ave a copper come and live in it," said the indignant Grummit; "and to come and live next to *me*!—that's what I can't get over. To come and live next door to a man wot has been fined twice, and both times wrong. Why, for two pins I'd go in and smash 'is pianner first and 'im after it. He won't live 'ere long, you take my word for it."

"Why not?" inquired his wife.

"Why?" repeated Mr. Grummit. "Why? Why, becos I'll make the place too 'ot to hold him. Ain't there enough houses in Tunwich without 'im a-coming and living next door to me?"

For a whole week the brain concealed in Mr. Grummit's bullet-shaped head worked in vain, and his temper got correspondingly bad. The day after the Evans' arrival he had found his yard littered with tins which he recognised as old acquaintances, and since that time they had travelled backwards and forwards with monotonous regularity. They sometimes made as many as three journeys a day, and on one occasion the heavens opened to drop a battered tin bucket on the back of Mr. Grummit as he was tying his bootlace. Five minutes later he spoke of the outrage to Mr. Evans, who had come out to admire the sunset.

"I heard something fall," said the constable, eyeing the pail curiously.

"You threw it," said Mr. Grummit, breathing furiously.

"Me? Nonsense," said the other, easily. "I was having tea in the parlour with my wife and my mother-in-law, and my brother Joe and his young lady."

"Any more of 'em?" demanded the hapless Mr. Grummit, aghast at this list of witnesses for an alibi.

"It ain't a bad pail, if you look at it properly," said the constable. "I should keep it if I was you; unless the owner offers a reward for it. It'll hold enough water for your wants."

Mr. Grummit flung indoors and, after wasting some time concocting impossible measures of retaliation with his sympathetic partner, went off to discuss affairs with his intimates at the Bricklayers' Arms. The company, although unanimously agreeing that Mr. Evans ought to be boiled, were miserably deficient in ideas as to the means by which such a desirable end was to be attained.

"Make 'im a laughing-stock, that's the best thing," said an elderly labourer. "The police don't like being laughed at."

"'Ow?" demanded Mr. Grummit, with some asperity.

"There's plenty o' ways," said the old man. "I should find 'em out fast enough if I 'ad a bucket dropped on my back, I know."

Mr. Grummit made a retort the feebleness of which was somewhat balanced by its ferocity, and subsided into glum silence. His back still ached, but, despite that aid to intellectual effort, the only ways he could imagine of making the constable look foolish contained an almost certain risk of hard labour for himself.

He pondered the question for a week, and meanwhile the tins—to the secret disappointment of Mr. Evans—remained untouched in his yard. For the whole of the time he went about looking, as Mrs. Grummit expressed it, as though his dinner had disagreed with him.

"I've been talking to old Bill Smith," he said, suddenly, as he came in one night.

Mrs. Grummit looked up, and noticed with wifely pleasure that he was looking almost cheerful.

"He's given me a tip," said Mr. Grummit, with a faint smile; "a copper mustn't come into a free-born Englishman's 'ouse unless he's invited."

"Wot of it?" inquired his wife. "You wasn't thinking of asking him in, was you?"

Mr. Grummit regarded her almost playfully. "If a copper comes in without being told to," he continued, "he gets into trouble for it. Now d'ye see?"

"But he won't come," said the puzzled Mrs. Grummit.

Mr. Grummit winked. "Yes 'e will if you scream loud enough," he retorted. "Where's the copper-stick?"

"Have you gone mad?" demanded his wife, "or do you think I 'ave?"

"You go up into the bedroom," said Mr. Grummit, emphasizing his remarks with his forefinger. "I come up and beat the bed black and blue with the copper-stick; you scream for mercy and call out 'Help!' 'Murder!' and things like that. Don't call out 'Police!' cos Bill ain't sure about that part. Evans comes bursting in to save your life—I'll leave the door on the latch—and there you are. He's sure to get into trouble for it. Bill said so. He's made a study o' that sort o' thing."

Mrs. Grummit pondered this simple plan so long that her husband began to lose patience. At last, against her better sense, she rose and fetched the weapon in question.

"And you be careful what you're hitting," she said, as they went upstairs to bed. "We'd better have 'igh words first, I s'pose?"

"You pitch into me with your tongue," said Mr. Grummit, amiably.

Mrs. Grummit, first listening to make sure that the constable and his wife were in the bedroom the other side of the flimsy wall, complied, and in a voice that rose gradually to a piercing falsetto told Mr. Grummit things that had been rankling in her mind for some months. She raked up misdemeanours that he had long since forgotten, and, not content with that, had a fling at the entire Grummit family, beginning with her mother-in-law and ending with Mr. Grummit's youngest sister. The hand that held the copper-stick itched.

"Any more to say?" demanded Mr. Grummit, advancing upon her.

Mrs. Grummit emitted a genuine shriek, and Mr. Grummit, suddenly remembering himself, stopped short and attacked the bed with extraordinary fury. The room resounded with the blows, and the efforts of Mrs. Grummit were a revelation even to her husband.

"I can hear 'im moving," whispered Mr. Grummit, pausing to take breath.

"MR. GRUMMIT, SUDDENLY REMEMBERING HIMSELF, STOPPED SHORT AND ATTACKED THE BED WITH EXTRAORDINARY FURY."

"*Mur—der!*" wailed his wife. "*Help! Help!*"

Mr. Grummit, changing the stick into his left hand, renewed the attack; Mrs. Grummit, whose voice was becoming exhausted, sought a temporary relief in moans.

"Is—he—deaf?" panted the wife-beater, "or wot?"

He knocked over a chair, and Mrs. Grummit contrived another frenzied scream. A loud knocking sounded on the wall.

"*Hel—lp!*" moaned Mrs. Grummit.

"Halloa, there!" came the voice of the constable. "Why don't you keep that baby quiet? We can't get a wink of sleep."

Mr. Grummit dropped the stick on the bed and turned a dazed face to his wife.

"He—he's afraid—to come in," he gasped. "Keep it up, old gal."

He took up the stick again and Mrs. Grummit did her best, but the heart had gone out of the thing, and he was about to give up the task as hopeless when the door below was heard to open with a bang.

"Here he is," cried the jubilant Grummit. "Now!"

His wife responded, and at the same moment the bedroom door was flung open, and her brother, who had been hastily fetched by the neighbours on the other side, burst into the room and with one hearty blow sent Mr. Grummit sprawling.

"Hit my sister, will you?" he roared, as the astounded Mr. Grummit rose. "Take that!"

Mr. Grummit took it, and several other favours, while his wife, tugging at her brother, endeavoured to explain. It was not, however, until Mr. Grummit claimed the usual sanctuary of the defeated by refusing to rise that she could make herself heard.

"Joke?" repeated her brother, incredulously. "*Joke?*"

Mrs. Grummit in a husky voice explained.

Her brother passed from incredulity to amazement and from amazement to mirth. He sat down gurgling, and the indignant face of the injured Grummit only added to his distress.

"Best joke I ever heard in my life," he said, wiping his eyes. "Don't look at me like that, Bob; I can't bear it."

"Get off 'ome," responded Mr. Grummit, glowering at him.

"There's a crowd outside, and half the doors in the place open," said the other. "Well, it's a good job there's no 'arm done. So long."

He passed, beaming, down the stairs, and Mr. Grummit, drawing near the window, heard him explaining in a broken voice to the neighbours outside. Strong men patted him on the back and urged him gruffly to say what he had to say and laugh afterwards. Mr. Grummit turned from the window, and in a slow and stately fashion prepared to retire for the night. Even the sudden and startling disappearance of Mrs. Grummit as she got into bed failed to move him.

"The bed's broke, Bob," she said, faintly.

"Beds won't last for ever," he said, shortly; "sleep on the floor."

Mrs. Grummit clambered out, and after some trouble secured the bedclothes and made up a bed in a corner of the room. In a short time she was fast asleep; but her husband, broad awake, spent the night in devising further impracticable schemes for the discomfiture of the foe next door.

He saw Mr. Evans next morning as he passed on his way to work. The constable was at the door, smoking, in his shirt-sleeves, and Mr. Grummit felt instinctively that he was waiting there to see him pass.

"I heard you last night," said the constable, playfully. "My word! Good *gracious!*"

"Wot's the matter with you?" demanded Mr. Grummit, stopping short.

The constable stared at him. "She has been knocking you about," he gasped. "Why, it must ha' been *you* screaming, then! I thought it sounded loud. Why don't you go and get a summons and have her locked up? I should be pleased to take her."

Mr. Grummit faced him, quivering with passion. "Wot would it cost if I set about you?" he demanded, huskily.

"Two months," said Mr. Evans, smiling serenely; "p'r'aps three."

Mr. Grummit hesitated and his fists clenched nervously. The constable, lounging against his door-post, surveyed him with a dispassionate smile. "That would be besides what you'd get from me," he said, softly.

"Come out in the road," said Mr. Grummit, with sudden violence.

"It's agin the rules," said Mr. Evans; "sorry I can't. Why not go and ask your wife's brother to oblige you?"

He went in laughing and closed the door, and Mr. Grummit, after a frenzied outburst, proceeded on his way, returning the smiles of such acquaintances as he passed with an icy stare or a strongly-worded offer to make them laugh the other side of their face. The rest of the day he spent in working so hard that he had no time to reply to the anxious inquiries of his fellow-workmen.

"'I HEARD YOU LAST NIGHT,' SAID THE CONSTABLE, PLAYFULLY."

He came home at night glum and silent, the hardship of not being able to give Mr. Evans his deserts without incurring hard labour having weighed on his spirits all day. To avoid the annoyance of the piano next door, which was slowly and reluctantly yielding up "The Last Rose of Summer" note by note, he went out at the back, and the first thing he saw was Mr. Evans mending his path with tins and other bric-à-brac.

"Nothing like it," said the constable, looking up. "Your missus gave 'em to us this morning. A little gravel on top, and there you are."

He turned whistling to his work again, and the other, after endeavouring in vain to frame a suitable reply, took a seat on an inverted wash-tub and lit his pipe. His one hope was that Constable Evans was going to try and cultivate a garden.

The hope was realized a few days later, and Mr. Grummit at the back window sat gloating over a dozen fine geraniums, some lobelias and calceolarias, which decorated the constable's plot of ground. He could not sleep for thinking of them.

He rose early the next morning and, after remarking to Mrs. Grummit that Mr. Evans's flowers looked as though they wanted rain, went off to his work. The cloud which had been on his spirits for some time had lifted, and he whistled as he walked. The sight of flowers in front windows added to his good humour.

He was still in good spirits when he left off work that afternoon, but some slight hesitation about returning home sent him to the Bricklayers' Arms instead. He stayed there until closing time, and then, being still disinclined for home, paid a visit to Bill Smith, who lived the other side of Tunwich. By the time he started for home it was nearly midnight.

The outskirts of the town were deserted and the houses in darkness. The clock of Tunwich church struck twelve, and the last stroke was just dying away as he turned a corner and ran almost into the arms of the man he had been trying to avoid.

"Halloa!" said Constable Evans, sharply. "Here, I want a word with you."

Mr. Grummit quailed. "With me, sir?" he said, with involuntary respect.

"What have you been doing to my flowers?" demanded the other, hotly.

"Flowers?" repeated Mr. Grummit, as though the word were new to him. "Flowers? What flowers?"

"You know well enough," retorted the constable. "You got over my fence last night and smashed all my flowers down."

"You be careful wot you're saying," urged Mr. Grummit. "Why, I love flowers. You don't mean to tell me that all them beautiful flowers wot you put in so careful 'as been spoiled?"

"You know all about it," said the constable, choking. "I shall take out a summons against you for it."

"Ho!" said Mr. Grummit. "And wot time do you say it was when I done it?"

"Never you mind the time," said the other.

"Cos it's important," said Mr. Grummit. "My wife's brother—the one you're so fond of—slept in my 'ouse last night. He was ill arf the night, pore chap; but, come to think of it, it'll make 'im a good witness for my innocence."

"If I wasn't a policeman," said Mr. Evans, speaking with great deliberation, "I'd take hold o' you, Bob Grummit, and I'd give you the biggest hiding you've ever had in your life."

"If you wasn't a policeman," said Mr. Grummit, yearningly, "I'd arf murder you."

The two men eyed each other wistfully, loth to part.

"If I gave you what you deserve I should get into trouble," said the constable.

"If I gave you a quarter of wot you ought to 'ave I should go to quod," sighed Mr. Grummit.

"I wouldn't put you there," said the constable, earnestly; "I swear I wouldn't."

"Everything's beautiful and quiet," said Mr. Grummit, trembling with eagerness, "and I wouldn't say a word to a soul. I'll take my solemn davit I wouldn't."

"When I think o' my garden——" began the constable. With a sudden movement he knocked off Mr. Grummit's cap, and then, seizing him by the coat, began to hustle him along the road. In the twinkling of an eye they had closed.

Tunwich church chimed the half-hour as they finished, and Mr. Grummit, forgetting his own injuries, stood smiling at the wreck before him. The constable's helmet had been smashed and trodden on; his uniform was torn and covered with blood and dirt, and his good looks marred for a fortnight at least. He stooped with a groan, and, recovering his helmet, tried mechanically to punch it into shape. He stuck the battered relic on his head, and Mr. Grummit fell back awed, despite himself.

"It was a fair fight," he stammered.

The constable waved him away. "Get out o' my sight before I change my mind,"

he said, fiercely; "and mind, if you say a word about this it'll be the worse for you."

"Do you think I've gone mad?" said the other. He took another look at his victim and, turning away, danced fantastically along the road home. The constable, making his way to a gas-lamp, began to inspect damages.

They were worse even than he had thought, and, leaning against the lamp-post, he sought in vain for an explanation that, in the absence of a prisoner, would satisfy the inspector. A button which was hanging by a thread fell tinkling on to the footpath, and he had just picked it up and placed it in his pocket when a faint and distant outcry broke upon his ears.

He turned and walked as rapidly as his condition would permit in the direction of the noise. It became louder and more imperative, and cries of "Police!" became distinctly audible. He quickened into a run, and turning a corner beheld a little knot of people standing at the gate of a large house. Other people only partially clad were hastening towards them. The constable arrived out of breath.

"Better late than never," said the owner of the house, sarcastically.

Mr. Evans, breathing painfully, supported himself with his hand on the fence.

"They went that way, but I suppose you didn't see them," continued the householder. "Halloa!" he added, as somebody opened the hall door and the constable's damaged condition became visible in the gas-light. "Are you hurt?"

"Yes," said Mr. Evans, who was trying hard to think clearly.

To gain time he blew a loud call on his whistle.

"IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE THEY HAD CLOSED."

"The rascals!" continued the other. "I think I should know the big chap with a beard again, but the others were too quick for me."

Mr. Evans blew his whistle again—thoughtfully. The opportunity seemed too good to lose.

"Did they get anything?" he inquired.

"Not a thing," said the owner, triumphantly. "I was disturbed just in time."

The constable gave a slight gulp. "I saw the three running by the side of the road," he said, slowly. "Their behaviour seemed suspicious, so I collared the big one, but they set on me like wild cats. They had me down three times; the last time I laid my head open against the kerb, and when I came to my senses again they had gone."

He took off his battered helmet with a flourish and, amid a murmur of sympathy, displayed a nasty cut on his head. A sergeant and a constable, both running, appeared round the corner and made towards them.

"Get back to the station and make your report," said the former, as Constable Evans, in a somewhat defiant voice, repeated his story. "You've done your best; I can see that."

Mr. Evans, enacting to perfection the part of a wounded hero, limped painfully off, praying devoutly as he went that the criminals might make good their escape. If not, he reflected that the word of a policeman was at least equal to that of three burglars.

He repeated his story at the station, and, after having his head dressed, was sent home and advised to keep himself quiet for a day or two. He was off duty for four days, and, the *Tunwich Gazette* having devoted a

"HE TOOK OFF HIS BATTERED HELMET AND DISPLAYED A NASTY CUT ON HIS HEAD."

column to the affair, headed "A Gallant Constable," modestly secluded himself from the public gaze for the whole of that time.

To Mr. Grummit, who had read the article in question until he could have repeated it backwards, this modesty was particularly trying. The constable's yard was deserted and the front door ever closed. Once Mr. Grummit even went so far as to tap with his nails on the front parlour window, and the only response was the sudden lowering of the blind. It was not until a week afterwards that his eyes were gladdened by a sight of the constable sitting in his yard; and fearing that even then he might escape him, he ran out on tip-toe and put his face over the fence before the latter was aware of his presence.

"Wot about that 'ere burglary?" he demanded, in truculent tones.

"Good evening, Grummit," said the constable, with a patronizing air.

"Wot about that burglary?" repeated Mr. Grummit, with a scowl. "I don't believe you ever saw a burglar."

Mr. Evans rose and stretched himself gracefully. "You'd better run indoors, my good man," he said, slowly.

"Telling all them lies about burglars," continued the indignant Mr. Grummit, producing his newspaper and waving it. "Why, *I* gave you that black eye, *I* smashed your 'elmet, *I* cut your silly 'ead open, *I*——"

"You've been drinking," said the other, severely.

"You mean to say I didn't?" demanded Mr. Grummit, ferociously.

Mr. Evans came closer and eyed him steadily. "I don't know what you're talking about," he said, calmly.

Mr. Grummit, about to speak, stopped appalled at such hardihood.

"Of course, if you mean to say that you were one o' them burglars," continued the constable, "why, say it and I'll take you with pleasure. Come to think of it, I did seem to remember one o' their voices."

Mr. Grummit, with his eyes fixed on the other's, backed a couple of yards and breathed heavily.

"About your height, too, he was," mused the constable. "I hope for your sake you haven't been saying to anybody else what you said to me just now."

Mr. Grummit shook his head. "Not a word," he faltered.

"That's all right, then," said Mr. Evans. "I shouldn't like to be hard on a neighbour; not that we shall be neighbours much longer."

Mr. Grummit, feeling that a reply was expected of him, gave utterance to a feeble "Oh!"

"No," said Mr. Evans, looking round disparagingly. "It ain't good enough for us now; I was promoted to sergeant this morning. A sergeant can't live in a common place like this."

Mr. Grummit, a prey to a sickening fear, drew near the fence again. "A—a sergeant?" he stammered.

Mr. Evans smiled and gazed carefully at a distant cloud. "For my bravery with them burglars the other night, Grummit," he said, modestly. "I might have waited years if it hadn't been for them."

He nodded to the frantic Grummit and turned away; Mr. Grummit, without any adieu at all, turned and crept back to the house.

Teaching French Pronunciation by Machinery.

By Grace Ellison.

IT is an extraordinary fact that the Englishman—"*qui peut tout*," as our neighbours on the other side of the Channel now so graciously admit—still remains a deplorable linguist. But that is not altogether his fault; it is rather his misfortune. Wherever he goes he generally finds someone who can speak his own native tongue, and when he does not he gets out of the difficulty so easily that it is not surprising to hear him remark, "I really cannot spare the time for languages."

A Parisian once asked a well-known French philologist if he had ever heard anything more pitiful than an Englishman murdering French. "Yes," he replied; "a Frenchman murdering English," and there is more than a grain of truth in the statement. The two languages are so entirely different that, where accent is at all a consideration, both nations require long, careful, and accurate study to bring them anywhere near the desired end. Foreigners, even after a long sojourn in Paris, are unable to speak French correctly. "How do you account for this?" I asked Abbé Rousselot, when I had the pleasure of speaking to him in his laboratory at the Collège de France, and of being initiated into some of the mysteries of what might practically be called the new science of "practical or experimental phonetics."

THE INVENTOR, ABBÉ ROUSSELOT.
From a Photo. by L. Blanc, Paris.

"Simply because they have no ear," was the reply. "The master, as a rule, pronounces the word, possibly without knowing its mechanism himself; then the pupil gropes about till he is able to utter something like the same sound, but in nine cases out of ten he does not hear the difference. It is as if a violinist stood behind a screen, played an air, and then, without giving his pupil any music, requested him to play the same piece. How many would be able to do it?"

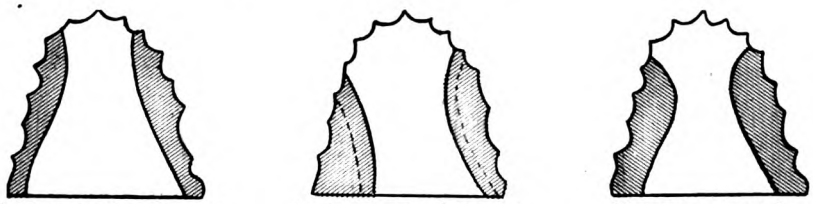
Abbé Rousselot is a very interesting personage and well known in the Parisian University circle. From an early age he had a decided taste for languages, but his great ambition was to become a missionary. However, he was persuaded to join a teaching order, and when writing his thesis on the dialect of his own native village, Cellefrouin, in Charente, he discovered that the study of the mechanism of languages should be of the highest possible scientific value. From that moment he has always kept this idea in view. Day after day one will find him working away in his laboratory on the perfection of his science and inventing new instruments, with the aid of which he has done so much to benefit suffering humanity.

For besides his lectures at the Catholic University and the Collège de France, in conjunction with Dr. Marcel Natier he has founded the "Institut de Larangologie et Orthophonie," which now receives a Government grant, and where, with the assistance of instruments, it is possible to define and correct with precision impediments of speech, defects of hearing, and many troubles which come from improper breathing. The correct pronunciation of foreign languages, too, is a great feature with Abbé Rousselot, whose unique and wonderful instruments well deserved the "Grand Prix" they won at the Paris Exhibition of 1900.

Always keeping in mind that speech and hearing are closely allied, Abbé Rousselot concluded that as the ear is naturally a lazy organ, and must be forced to work, the first step in that direction should be to appeal to the eye. Coming from a part of France where the exact value of the liquid L is known and appreciated, Abbé Rousselot once tried to make some Parisians hear the difference between the two L's. But it was impossible. The difference they could not hear they had to be shown, and the result of this was the utilization of the artificial palate,

which English people have found so useful in learning to speak French.

The palate is made in the same way as a plate for false teeth, from a model of the mouth in gutta-percha, and is generally black.



First attempt—the tongue too much lengthened. Another attempt—the tongue too short. The correct pronunciation.

MARKINGS LEFT ON THE ARTIFICIAL PALATE BY AN ENGLISH GIRL'S ATTEMPTS TO PRONOUNCE THE FRENCH "CH."

After covering it with kaolin powder, the mistress places it in her mouth and produces the sound. The pupil does the same; then, when the two palates are compared, one can see exactly what movements the tongue has made and exactly where it came in contact with the roof of the mouth. Above are the attempts of an English girl at the pronunciation of the French CH.

At her first attempt at CH, it will be seen, she lengthened her tongue too much; then, when this error was pointed out to her, the next sound was too broad; but the young lady understood what was wanted, and her third attempt was successful. With the pronunciation of S the tongue at first unduly touches the front of the palate; then the fear of touching too much in front makes the person keep the tongue too far back, but the happy mean is quickly found.

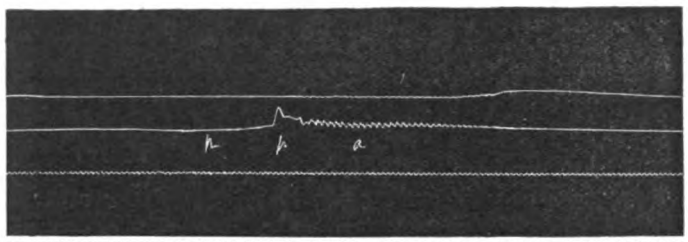
"One never quite loses one's accent when speaking a foreign language," says Abbé Rousselot, "but a great number of the commonest faults could be avoided if a student were shown exactly where he went wrong. For instance, from the pronunciation of the French TR one can generally detect an Englishman, and, after all, it is a very trifling fault, the T being usually too weak and too backward."

Englishmen and Germans make no difference between the Y in "il y a" and the GN in "agneau," but there is a difference which can be seen with the palate. To pass on, then, to the other instruments.

Abbé Rousselot once consented to give a course of lectures at the University of Greifswald, and was then able to experiment and draw very valuable conclusions on the German methods of pronouncing French. For this he used chiefly his instrument for writing speech. With its assistance he was able to ascertain exactly how much breath the Germans waste in articulating the mutes, the extraordinary force with which they pronounce accentuated syllables, the insufficient nasality in the nasal sounds, and compare the results with experiments he had already made with Englishmen, Russians, Danes, and Hungarians.

The machine is very interesting and very cleverly constructed. As can be seen from the accompanying illustration, the person about to perform the experiment is seated in front of a revolving cylinder, which is covered with white paper blackened with the smoke of a taper. The sound received from the lips passes into a mouthpiece, and is led by an indiarubber tube into an elastic-sided air-case or drum, which is called the "tambour inscripteur." This obeys all the different pressions by putting a small but very sensitive lever into work, a lever which is a reed with its end sharpened into a pen, and this marks its every displacement on the smoked paper. The sound received from the nose passes by a little glass olive, and is led by another indiarubber tube into a "tambour inscripteur,"

From a] THE MACHINE FOR WRITING SPEECH. [*Photograph.*



A SPECIMEN OF THE WRITING MADE ON THE SMOKED PAPER BY THE PRONUNCIATION OF THE LETTERS "PA."

with pen attached, and a third indiarubber tube with a "tambour inscripteur" and pen is held against the larynx by an indiarubber cravat. Thus can be registered simultaneously every movement of the tongue, lips, and chest, and every vibration of the larynx. The cylinder is kept in motion by a clockwork system, the movement being regulated by two little wings. If the writing is to be kept it is cut off, dipped into varnish, and hung up to dry.

If imitation be the highest form of flattery, then English people should surely be flattered by the number of foreigners in Paris who insist on passing as British subjects. Indeed, so prevalent has the custom become that, wherever British nationality is to be taken as sole guarantee for admittance to a public function, a passport has now to be demanded by the British Embassy. On one occasion a gentleman visited Abbé Rousselot and gave his nationality as American. Always keen to perform new experiments to the advancement of his science, Abbé Rousselot thought it would be interesting to compare this gentleman's pronunciation with other examples of American-English which he had already obtained. After the writing had been examined it was found that all his sounds and vibrations were German. There was no possibility of concealing his nationality any longer, and the gentleman confessed that his father was German, although he himself had passed for years, both in New York and Paris, as American.

When I first had the pleasure of visiting Abbé Rousselot another abbé was present, and welcomed a foreigner with almost as much zeal as the Abbé Rousselot himself. After a few moments' conversation with him, however, he looked disappointed, and frankly confessed that my French was not bad enough to allow of very valuable experiments. Abbé Rousselot himself said nothing beyond requesting me to articulate "Papa part pour Paris" into the mouthpiece of a spirometer. Then, when he had performed the same experiment himself, it was seen that I had used just twice the amount of breath necessary to pronounce this sentence correctly.

In the following illustration the little girl has not used enough breath for the correct pronunciation of the English consonants, as less breath is expired in pronouncing French consonants than English and German. The mistress is showing her the difference by measuring, with the assistance of a spirometer, exactly how much breath should be employed in pronouncing English, French, and German consonants.

Another instrument which has been most useful in pointing out to English people the weakness of their labial articulation is the manometer. A rubber ball is placed at the end of a rubber tube, which is fastened on to a J-shaped glass tube filled with a red liquid and placed in front of a white ruler. The mistress places the rubber ball in her mouth, and the movement of her tongue and lips forces the liquid up the long arm of the tube. In the illustration it goes right to the top.

MISTRESS SHOWING LITTLE GIRL WITH A SPIROMETER EXACTLY HOW MUCH BREATH OUGHT TO BE EXPIRED IN ORDER TO PRONOUNCE CORRECTLY THE ENGLISH CONSONANTS AND THE SAME IN FRENCH. *From a] [Photograph.*

THE MISTRESS IS EXAMINING THE TWO PALATES WHICH ARE HERE SHOWN. THE PUPIL HAS PRONOUNCED A FRENCH "J" (THE LOWER DESIGN) INSTEAD OF THE ENGLISH "S" IN "PLEASURE" (UPPER DESIGN).
From Photographs.

The pupil does the same, and, as she has seen exactly how far the liquid should rise when the words are properly articulated, she can see exactly where she goes wrong.

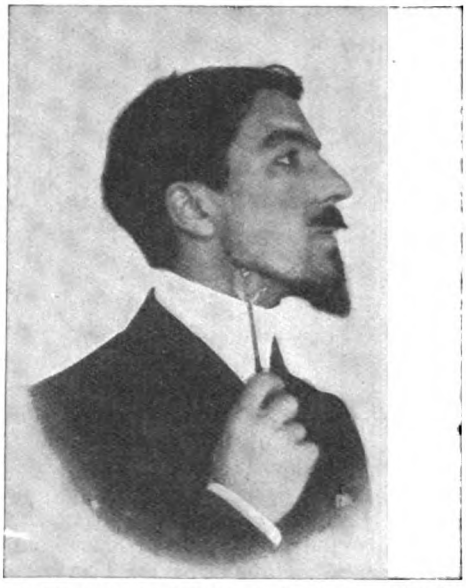
The "tambour inscripteur" is used to prevent nasality. The apparatus consists of a rubber ball connected to a drum by a rubber tube. A lever attached to the drum makes a pointer record its displacements on a dial face, the smallest quantity of air being sufficient to set the lever in motion. The mistress asks the little girl to pronounce a sentence in which there is not a single nasal sound; for example, "Papa part ce soir pour Paris." At first the nasal sound is recorded on the dial face, but the fault is quickly corrected and the lever does not move.

But there are instruments which do not always rely on the eye to detect the faults, as, for example, the "signal du larynx" and the "diapason," where the errors are heard, and the "guide langue," which places the tongue in a correct position for the pronunciation of certain sounds. The "signal du larynx" is an instrument which is made of metal, and to this a tiny bell is attached by a small spring. This is held against the cartilage of the larynx, and when the sound OU is properly pronounced the bell will ring.

A small diapason with sliding weights is used to measure the exact volume of the vowel sounds, and thus teach their proper pronunciation. The diapason is held before the mouth, and one has to make the effort

THE PUPIL HAS USED A NASAL SOUND WHICH IS RECORDED BY THE POINTER ON THE DIAL-PLATE.
From a Photograph.

THE PUPIL HAS NOW PRONOUNCED THE WORD CORRECTLY AND THE POINTER HAS NOT MOVED.
From a Photograph.



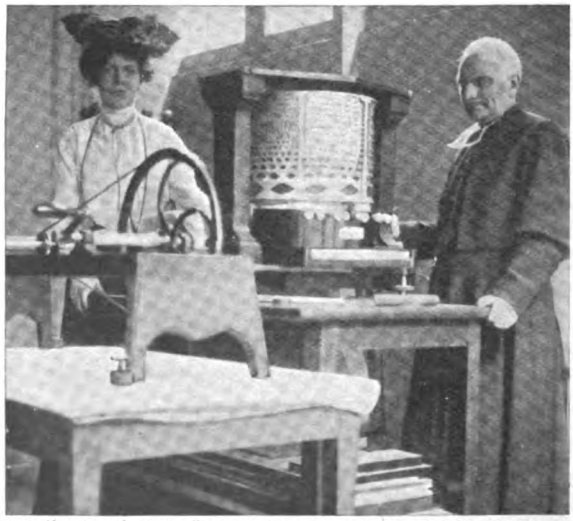
THE LARYNX-SIGNAL AND ITS USE—IF THE WORD "OU" IS PROPERLY PRONOUNCED THE BELL WILL RING.
From a Photograph.

of pronouncing the vowel without actually sounding it. All that is required is the vibration of the air coming from the mouth, so that the number of the vibrations may be registered. The number of vowel vibrations varies according to the different part of France from which a person comes, so, although the English pronunciation of the French vowels is very weak, this could hardly be counted a very grave error. Abbé Rousselot says the correct numbers of simple vibrations in the following sounds are: OU 456, O 912, AI 824, E 3,648, I 7,296, but the Parisian generally puts 1,812 vibrations into his A. The pupil must place her tongue and lips in such a way as to make the diapason resound as much as it did before the mistress's mouth.

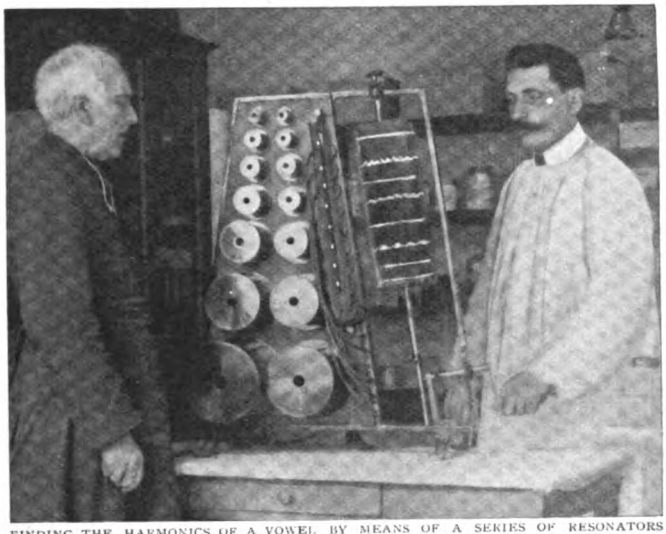
A very curious instrument indeed is the "sirène à ondes," as the name itself suggests. When the outline of a vowel has been obtained with the assistance of the writing-machine already described, the sound can be reproduced by cutting this outline on a metal sheet and then passing the edges of the disk before the vent of a metal air-case, or "porte-vent," as it is called. By comparing this sound with that spoken into the mouthpiece of the writing-machine one can prove if the writing is correct or not. The rotary movement is given to the disk by means of a wheel, and the air is brought from the bellows by an indiarubber tube. With the assistance of the "sirène à ondes" one can reproduce the first sixteen harmonics of a vowel with all their different intensity and phasis. The person on the right of the photograph is turning on the air-tap, whilst the young lady is turning the wheel which sets the sirène in motion.

In the centre of the photograph at the top of the following page will be seen a manometrical capsule and a series of resonators, which together are used to find the harmonics of a vowel. The manometrical capsule is divided into two by a membrane; on one side a small gas jet is burning, on the other may be observed the sonorous vibrations. When in the proximity of the resonators a note is uttered to which they are tuned, they resound, and the movements of the flame produced by the vibrations are received on a revolving mirror. Whilst one person turns the mirror, the other sounds a vowel, the sounds which are in tune with the resonators being marked on the mirror in the form of little teeth, more or less distinct.

Flames, too, are used to teach the proper working of the larynx in the pronunciation of certain sounds. The manometrical capsule is fixed before a mirror, which is kept in motion by a clockwork system. The two tubes which are hanging from the table are



THE "SIRÈNE À ONDES," WHICH REPRODUCES THE SIXTEEN HARMONICS OF A VOWEL.
From a Photograph.



FINDING THE HARMONICS OF A VOWEL BY MEANS OF A SERIES OF RESONATORS AND A MANOMETRICAL CAPSULE. *From a*] [*Photograph.*

connected with the gas, while the other two tubes are placed against the larynx to receive the vibrations, as shown in the picture below. The young lady on the left has been asked to pronounce a German C, but it is Roman, because the larynx vibrated before the consonant was uttered, *i.e.*, while the lips were still shut. The young lady on the right has pronounced a German C, which is produced by the simultaneous action of the larynx and lips.

Of the value of this correct pronunciation of languages, which, after all, Abbé Rousselot calls the "*côté accessoire*" of his work, too much cannot be said. I remember once meeting a lady in Paris who had been teaching French in her own country for years with great success, she said, although possessing not the vaguest notion of its pronunciation. When she found, however, that her position was not so secure as she imagined she decided to go to Paris at once and pass an examination in French. Her literature was good, her composition, grammar, and translation excellent, but her accent was too bad to pass the oral part, which is so important in a French examination. She was at last persuaded to lengthen her stay in Paris and devote her whole attention to pronunciation with Abbé Rousselot's instruments, and, although one could never accuse her of speaking French like a Parisian, she passed a very creditable examination.

"How can a person teach a language without knowing how it is pronounced?" I was once asked; and with reason.

"She teaches as she is taught," I replied; "she knows her grammar, she can translate, and even pass an examination with distinction in languages; and yet, should fate take her to the land where those languages are spoken, she will be unable to make even the smallest request."

The most important part of Abbé Rousselot's work is the successful manner in which he is able to cure defects in hearing, and for this his careful study of phonetics has stood him in great stead. When the drum of the ear has gone a complete cure is impossible, but there are many people whose auditory organs still possess much latent power, and this only needs development.

"To find the evil and then cure it, alas!" says Abbé Rousselot, "is not always possible." At the same time it is satisfactory to note when speaking of this work that, where a complete cure has not been effected, in each case the imperfection has been partly removed.

Abbé Rousselot greatly regrets the inconsistency, and therefore the difficulty, of the pronunciation of our English language for foreigners. "That difficulty overcome," he says, "the English would be even more masters of the world than they are at present."

A FLAME-MANOMETER FOR TEACHING HOW TO PRONOUNCE CERTAIN CONSONANTS. THE LADIES ARE TRYING TO PRONOUNCE THE GERMAN LETTER "C." *From a*] [*Photograph.*

The Life Story of a Hover-Fly.

By John J. Ward,

Author of "Minute Marvels of Nature," "Peeps into Nature's Ways," etc.
Illustrated from Original Photographs by the Author.

PROBABLY everybody who visits a flower garden from early summer until late autumn observes at one time or another some of the numerous species of hover-flies—curious flies which remain poised over flowers by means of the rapid vibrations of their wings, and are often mistaken for wasps owing to their bodies being similarly banded with yellow and black. Not infrequently, indeed, this resemblance to their sting-protected neighbours causes them to be carefully avoided, although they are, in fact, quite harmless.

Even if the garden is only a few square yards in area, and whether it lies at the back or front of the house, provided there are flowers in bloom and the weather is sunny, you are sure to find some of these hover-flies; most probably several species, differing in size and arrangement of colour bandings. For the smaller kinds are not younger examples of the larger forms, as one might at first imagine, but entirely different species; small flies do not grow into larger ones, their full growth being attained when they reach the winged state.

FIG. 1.—THE HOVER-FLY FEEDING ON POLLEN FROM A POPPY-BLOOM.

One of the largest and commonest of these insects amongst British species is shown in illustration Fig. 1, while feeding on nectar and pollen from a poppy-bloom. It is the life story of an individual of this particular species that I propose to relate here, from the moment it leaves its minute and beautiful egg until it acquires its transparent wings, which sustain it in almost motionless poise above the flower-blooms and, should you attempt to touch the insect, convey it away with such extraordinary rapidity that you rarely know in which direction the fly has escaped.

However, before making further reference to this insect, I want to anticipate what I have to say about the hover-fly by reminding you of some other less-inviting insects, which you will have often regretfully noticed on many of your choice plants, known as aphides, or green-fly, or, more familiarly, as "blight." The destructive ravages of the various species of these insects, and the rapid manner in which they multiply, are but too well known to flower growers.

It may not at first be apparent what connection the aphides, or green-fly, have with the hover-fly whose life story I have here to tell, but, for the moment, I must ask my reader to be content with the information that hover-flies are among the most destructive enemies with which aphides have to contend. And, strange as it may seem, although these flies are continually dealing death to the aphides at the rate of many hundreds per hour, yet you never see a fly touch or injure a single aphis; not even if you watch it morning, noon, and night will you detect it in the act. It spends its whole time, when not resting, in swiftly flying from plant to plant, sometimes alighting upon their leaves, but more often upon their flowers, to feed on the pollen and nectar they so abundantly provide.

If we watch one of these flies when poised almost motionless above a plant, we see it suddenly drop in almost hawk-like fashion, generally upon a flower whose bright petals seem to have a particular fascination for it. While we saw it poised above, it was only waiting an opportune moment of paying its visit when the way was clear of bees and the throng of other insects all so busy beneath it. After it has taken its fill of nectar and

pollen it rises again, and, if our eyes are quick enough to follow its sudden manœuvre, we find it almost instantly several yards away, once more poised above another plant. This time it is evidently not attracted by flower-bloom, for it is hovering above the green foliage of a chrysanthemum, whose flowers have yet to develop.

Down it swoops again, upon a leaf this time, and then, after arranging its toilet for a minute or two, it quietly disappears beneath the leaf. After a brief time it comes to the upper surface again, and then once more with a lightning-like movement it has gone—we know not where; but mark that leaf on which we saw it settle, for it has a story to tell.

We carefully examine the leaf, and amongst the closely-arranged hairs on its under side we find a tiny white speck which we have to place beneath a microscope to properly appreciate. There it becomes a beautiful object, indeed, for although it is really only about one-thirtieth of an inch in length, yet it is of a delicate pearly hue, studded with very minute raised points, which, attracting the light, produce a charming effect. In shape it is oblong, tapering at its ends, and lies on one side. In illustration Fig. 2 I have shown it photographed through the microscope; such is the wonderful egg which our hover-fly placed beneath the leaf.

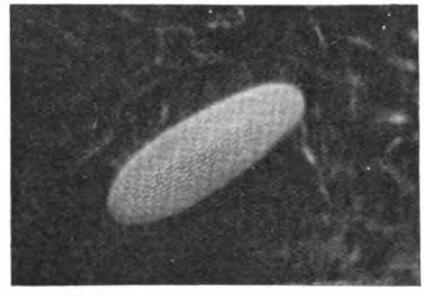


FIG. 2.—A MAGNIFIED VIEW OF THE EGG OF THE HOVER-FLY.

These eggs are deposited about the leaves of numerous kinds of plants by the mother insect, both on upper and under sides of the leaves, the only condition being that aphides infest the plant. And when we look closely at our chrysanthemum branch we find on several of its topmost shoots a sprinkling of these green-fly. Here, then, we have the first stage in the life history of our hover-fly.

THE LARVA OR GRUB.

Three days later the shell at one end of this tiny and beautiful egg bursts open, and from the opening emerges a minute white grub. I was fortunate in happening to look at the egg just when the grub was half-way out, and so was able to watch its first movements. During the three days that the egg had been laid, the few aphides we noticed had multiplied in that rapid and extraordinary manner characteristic of these organisms—of which more anon—and were now abundant.

The young hover-fly grub after it emerged from the egg was, when fully extended, about one-sixteenth of an inch in length, and moved about amongst the hairs of the leaf at a moderately rapid pace for a newly-hatched grub. Eventually it reached the central vein, or midrib, of the leaf. Here it almost immediately came in contact with the extended leg of a full-grown aphis which was quietly feeding, and into this leg it at once plunged its three-pronged beak, or trident. However, the aphis was too strong for its assailant and pulled it all about the leaf in an endeavour to free the leg. Still the grub did not loose its hold, and at last got firmly attached to the leaf by its tail end, and, although the aphis still pulled and struggled, its efforts were of no avail. Through my magnifying lens I could plainly see that the grub was making a good meal from the juices of its victim's leg, although it was working hard for its dinner, owing to the large size of its prey.

After the larva had appeased its first appetite somewhat, it gave in to the struggles of its victim and let it go, and then proceeded to move leisurely along the vein of the leaf, its pointed head continually extended hither and thither in every direction. Presently, while making these thrusts into the surrounding atmosphere, it happened to touch another aphis, and immediately these movements ceased; then before I hardly realized what had taken place the grub had whipped up the aphis—which was a young one—from the leaf in a most business-like fashion, catching it by the back of the head and holding it well away from the leaf, so that its wriggling legs could not get a hold. In this way it had the aphis completely under control, and so held it in the air while sucking its juices. About three parts of an hour later it cast aside the shrunken skin of the aphis, just as we might the rind of an orange.

In illustration Fig. 3 is a novel microscopic photograph of the grub while engaged upon this meal. It is magnified about twenty diameters, but the extent of the magnification can best be judged by thinking of a tiny aphis and the minute hairs on the under

side of a chrysanthemum leaf as they appear to the unaided sight and then looking at the illustration. After the grub had sucked dry this aphis it took a rest for about an hour, and then proceeded on another hunt for prey. Before long it was again performing tactics similar to those I have described above.

During the first day of its existence it sucked dry three aphides, without counting its preliminary taste of the leg of a fourth. The following day it ate at least twice that number; and for ten days it pursued its destructive path amongst the aphides, its appetite ever increasing as time went on. As the grub gets older it becomes of a green colour, with a white or pale yellow stripe running from its pointed head to its tail end, and these colours harmonize so well with the leaves and the prey it seeks that it becomes very inconspicuous amongst its surroundings. In illustration Fig. 4 is shown a full-grown grub of natural size.

FIG. 4.—A FULL-GROWN HOVER-FLY GRUB—NATURAL SIZE.

It is quite an entertainment to watch one of these full-grown grubs prowling about and capturing its prey. I will endeavour to explain its methods of procedure, and illustrate my remarks by means of actual photographs of the grub while so occupied.

In the first place it is interesting to observe that although this grub has to seek and capture aphides, yet it is both blind and footless. Its method of locomotion is curious. It can adhere firmly by the rough edges of the under side of its body, and to move forward it stretches out its head—which is not distinctly marked, being simply a tapering proboscis or forepart carrying a mouth provided with a trident or aphis fork, by

FIG. 3.—THE YOUNG HOVER-FLY GRUB SUCKING THE JUICES OF ITS CAPTURED APHIS — MAGNIFIED ABOUT TWENTY DIAMETERS.

means of which it spears its prey—as far as it can reach, and then digs in its trident, at the same time loosing at its hinder parts and bringing them up, presenting the appearance of being about to turn a somersault, but just as you expect to see this manœuvre, out stretches its head again, and so it moves along in this loop-by-loop fashion. I placed one grub on a sloping sheet of glass to test if it really used its trident for digging into the leaf when moving about, but it made very poor progress, continually rolling down the glass.

In this way, then, it travels about the leaves and branches, and between its loops — while stretching itself out—it waves its head from side to side, making thrusts here, there, and everywhere, for, being blind, it has no idea where its prey is to be found; and if no aphides lie within its reach another loop is made and more thrusts around, and so on until a victim is captured.

In illustration Fig. 5 is given a slightly enlarged view of two grubs while seeking prey; the lowermost and largest is full grown, while the one above it is about half grown. The full-grown example, it will be seen, has speared an aphis from underneath the leaf-stalk; and in Fig. 6 it has withdrawn its head with its victim—which appears as a black spot on the tip of the grub's nose—on its trident. However, it was not in a comfortable position to enjoy its meal, for these grubs always lift their prey with wonderful celerity clear of the leaf or branch on which they find them, and, while standing on nothing but the tail ends of their bodies, suck the juices of their victims, keeping themselves rigid and the prey hoisted in the air until nothing is left but its empty skin, which is then quickly

FIG. 5.—THE LARGE GRUB HAS JUST SPEARED AN APHIS FROM BENEATH THE LEAF-STALK.

FIG. 6.—THE GRUB HAS HERE WITHDRAWN ITS HEAD WITH THE APHIS SPEARED UPON ITS TRIDENT.

thrown on one side. In this case the grub looped itself clear of the axil of the leaf to a more open space, and there it immediately assumed its characteristic attitude when devouring its prey.

From what we have seen it is obvious that the hover-fly grub is one of the best friends that the gardener has, and he should do all in his power to encourage the parent insects by cultivating those flowers on which they like to feed, such as poppies, cornflowers, sweet-sultans, and other compositæ or daisy-like flowers—for, as we have previously observed, when the hover-fly attains its winged state it no longer feeds on aphides.

How effectually these grubs carry on their destructive work amongst the aphides can be readily demonstrated by placing a nearly full-grown grub on a house plant that is thickly infested with these insects, when, in the course of a few hours, probably not a single aphis will be left, although their shrunken skins will be in considerable evidence.

Man's insecticides and fumigating devices sink into insignificance beside the persistent onslaughts of these hover-fly grubs, of which there are many common British species, besides the one considered here, that work similar havoc amongst aphides. For this is Nature's own method of keeping one organism in check by means of another. Of course, there are other insect grubs which co-operate in this same work, such as those of the familiar red and black spotted ladybird-beetles and those of the handsome lacewing-flies, but the hover-flies probably outrival all their compeers in this respect; especially does this apply to the particular species considered here, for it is one of the largest and develops into a grub a good half inch in length, and when full grown it has a most astonishing appetite.

Réaumur has estimated that a single aphis may be progenitor to no fewer than 5,904,900,000 individuals during the few weeks of its life. Even in one day an aphis may produce twenty or more young, all females like herself, which grow to full size at an astonishing rate, and then immediately begin themselves to bud out young, again all females, and these grandchildren are soon budding again. This method of budding reproduction has been shown to continue as far as the twentieth generation, no males appearing until the late autumn broods; from these late broods eggs are produced which carry the species through the winter, and these again in the spring produce the first brood of the budding females.

With such marvellous reproductive resources one can readily understand how the few aphides seen one day on a plant become a multitude a day or so afterwards. The hover-fly, too, is well acquainted with this state of affairs, and while it poises above the plants on its rapidly-vibrating wings its large eye-masses observe amongst the young shoots the few tiny aphides, and then with wonderful instinct it carefully places one or more of its minute and pretty eggs in their near vicinity, apparently with a perfect knowledge that in the course of the three days that its eggs are maturing ample provision will be forthcoming to supply the ever-increasing appetite of its hungry offspring.

After the eggs are deposited it is only a matter of time with the aphides—a time which depends on the number of eggs deposited by the hover-flies; not to mention those of the ladybird-beetles and lacewing-flies. The first day's meal of the hover-fly grub may consist of three aphides, as we have seen, but the nature of its appetite for the last few days of the nine or ten of its existence as a grub is something to delight the heart of the gardener, for aphides disappear as if by magic.

From an estimate I made with a number of full-grown grubs I found that the average rate at which they sucked aphides dry was a little over one hundred per hour each grub. Of course, they have to rest occasionally, but, being blind, night is as good as day to them, so that even allowing half

FIG. 7.—THE GRUB STANDING ON ITS TAIL, IN ITS CHARACTERISTIC FASHION, HOLDING ITS BODY RIGID AND CLEAR OF THE BRANCH, WITH ITS PREY ON THE END OF ITS NOSE.

the twenty-four hours for resting, which would probably be a considerable over-estimate, each full-grown grub would dispose of more than twelve hundred aphides per day. Such is one of the means by which Nature checkmates the rapid increase of the aphides.

At the end of ten days or thereabouts, however, this awful appetite of the grub declines; in short, it turns sick at the sight of aphides, and should any be placed in its way it turns abruptly from them and selects another path, so loathsome have they become. And then it wanders restlessly about the leaves and branches, at last coming to rest in some quiet spot beneath a leaf, or amongst a cluster of leaves. Here it puts away its trident or aphis spear for ever; or perhaps the last purpose served by this organ is to assist in attaching the grub to the leaf, for it is by that end that it at first secures itself.

FIG. 8.—THE PEAR-SHAPED PUPA OR CHRYSALIS OF THE HOVER-FLY, HANGING AMONG THE LEAVES.

Adhering firmly to the leaf, the hind and broader parts of its body are drawn up until the grub becomes somewhat pear-shaped. Its green colour and white band then slowly disappear and give place to a golden-brown hue, its skin at the same time hardening until it becomes of a horny consistency. Such is its pupa or chrysalis, which differs from those of butterflies and moths in that the larva or grub does not moult its skin before becoming a pupa. In this case we have seen that the actual skin of the grub is changed into the pupa or chrysalis shell. In Fig. 8 the pupa is shown hanging amongst the leaves near the central part of the chrysanthemum branch on which it hunted its prey.

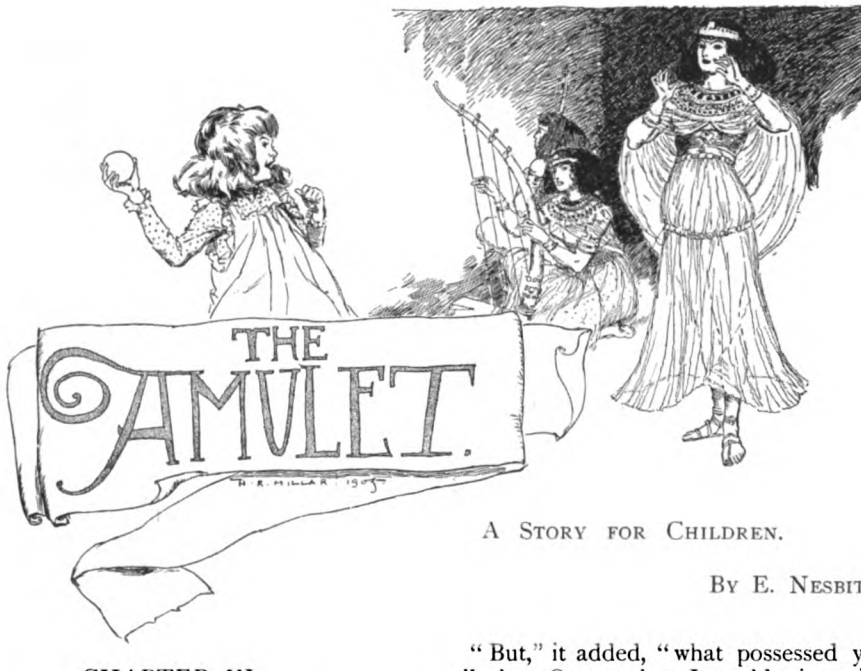
THE PERFECT HOVER-FLY.

Ten days later this golden-brown pupa splits and a large piece of the shell breaks away, and through the opening the shining blue-black hover-fly, with the three interrupted cream-coloured bands across its abdomen (Fig. 9), appears, trim and ready for further service to the gardener by carrying pollen from flower to flower, and so assisting in fertilizing them, and then again, in the case of the female insect, by depositing her tiny eggs with all their potent possibilities amongst his plants.

Thus the development of this species of hover-fly occupies a little over three weeks, and then it is able to reproduce its kind, which allows of several broods appearing during the course of the summer. This also explains why these flies are most abundant during the autumn months.

There is one point in the life history of this insect, however, which I have not been able to clear up either by observation or inquiry—namely, how it tides over the winter. Does an occasional fertilized fly hide away in some sheltered nook, like the familiar wasp, and deposit the first eggs of the summer brood? Or do both male and female insects live through winter and breed in early spring, like some of our familiar butterflies? Or are eggs deposited within the scales of buds, or similar situations, like those of its prey the aphides? Or, again, does its pupa, like that of the orange-tip butterfly, remain attached to stalks and stems throughout the rains, frosts, and snows of winter and spring? Of course, it is possible for the grub to hibernate as many caterpillars do, but this, I think, is probably the least likely solution, while, perhaps, one of the first two suggestions is most probable.

FIG. 9.—THE PERFECT HOVER-FLY—NATURAL SIZE.



A Story for Children.

By E. Nesbit.

CHAPTER VI.

"NOW tell us what happened to you," said Cyril to Jane, when he and the others had told her all about the Queen's talk and the banquet and the variety entertainment, carefully stopping short before the beginning of the dungeon part of the story.

"It wasn't much good going," said Jane, "if you didn't even try to get the amulet."

"We found out it was no go," said Cyril; "it's not to be got in Babylon. It was lost before that. We'll go to some other jolly friendly place, where everyone is kind and pleasant, and look for it there. Now tell about your part."

"Oh," said Jane, "the Queen's man with the smooth face—what was his name?"

"Ritti-Marduk," said Cyril.

"Yes," said Jane; "Ritti-Marduk. He came for me just after the psammead had bitten the guard-of-the-gate's wife's little boy, and he took me to the palace. And we had supper with the new little Queen from Egypt. She *is* a dear—not much older than you. She told me heaps about Egypt. And we played ball after supper. And then the Babylon Queen sent for me. I like her, too. And she talked to the psammead and I went to sleep. And then you woke me up. That's all."

The psammead, roused from its sound sleep, told the same story.

"But," it added, "what possessed you to tell that Queen that I could give wishes? And she's the last person in the world you ought to have told. She's got *the* charm that compels me to give her as many wishes as she likes. She'll be the death of me when she *does* come. I sometimes think you were born without even the most rudimentary imitation of brains."

The children did not know the meaning of "rudimentary," but it sounded a rude, insulting word.

"I don't see that we did any harm," said Cyril, sulkily.

"Oh, no," said the psammead, with withering irony, "not at all! Of course not! Quite the contrary! Exactly so! Only she happened to wish that she might soon find herself in your country. And soon may mean any minute."

"Then it's your fault," said Robert, "because you might just as well have made 'soon' mean some minute next year or next century."

"That's where you, as so often happens, make the mistake," rejoined the sand-fairy. "*I* couldn't mean anything but what *she* meant by 'soon.' It wasn't my wish. And what *she* meant was the minute the King's gone out lion-hunting. So she'll have a whole day to do as she wishes with."

"Well," said Cyril, with a sigh of resignation, "we must do what we can to give her a good time. She was jolly decent to us. I say, suppose we were to go to St. James's

Park after dinner and feed those ducks that we never did feed? After all that Babylon and all those years ago, I feel as if I should like to see something *real*, and *now*. You'll come, psammead?"

"Where's my priceless woven basket of sacred rushes?" asked the psammead, morosely. "I can't go out with nothing on. And I won't, what's more."

And then everybody remembered with pain that the bass bag had, in the hurry of departure from Babylon, not been remembered.

"But it's not so extra precious," said Robert, hastily. "You get them given to you for nothing if you buy fish in Farringdon Market."

"Oh," said the psammead, very crossly indeed, "so you presume on my sublime indifference to the things of this disgusting modern world to fob me off with a travelling equipage that costs you nothing. Very well, I shall go to sand. Please, don't wake me."

And it went then and there to sand, which, as you know, meant to bed. The boys went to St. James's Park to feed the ducks, but they went alone.

Anthea and Jane sat sewing all the afternoon. They cut off half a yard from each of their best green Liberty sashes. A towel cut in two formed a lining, and they sat and sewed and sewed and sewed. What they were making was a bag for the psammead. Each worked at a half of the bag; Jane's half had four-leaved shamrocks embroidered on it. They were the only things she could do (because she had been taught how at school, and, fortunately, some of the silk she had been taught with was left over). And even so, Anthea had to draw the pattern for her. Anthea's side of the bag had letters on it—worked hastily but affectionately in chain-stitch. They were something like this:—

She would have put "Psammead's Travelling Carriage," but she made the letters too big, so there was no room. The bag was made *into* a bag with old nurse's sewing machine, and the strings of it were Anthea's and Jane's best red hair-ribbons.

The travelling carriage was beautiful, but, as Cyril said, they couldn't use it. "We daren't leave home for a single minute now," said he, "for fear that minute should be *the* minute."

"What minute be *what* minute?" asked Jane, impatiently.

"The minute when the Queen of Babylon comes," said Cyril. And then everyone saw it.

For some days life flowed in a very slow, dusty, and uneventful stream. The children could never go out all at once, because they never knew when the King of Babylon would go out lion-hunting and leave his Queen free to pay them that surprise visit to which she was without doubt eagerly looking forward.

So they took it in turns, two and two, to go out and to stay in.

One day Anthea, who had been left alone, having heard the others come in, went down, and before she had had time to hear how they had liked the ducks, a noise arose outside, compared to which wild beasts' noises were gentle as singing-birds'.

"Good gracious!" cried Anthea; "what's that?"

The loud hum of many voices came through the open window. Words could be distinguished: "'Ere's a guy!"

"This ain't November. That ain't no guy. It's a ballet lady, that's what it is."

"Not it—it's a bloomin' looney, I tell you."

Then came a clear voice that they knew.

"Retire, slaves!" it said.

"What's she a-saying?" cried a dozen voices.

"Some blamed foreign lingo," one voice replied.

The children rushed to the door. A crowd was on the road and pavement.

In the middle of the crowd, plainly to be seen from the top of the steps, were the beautiful face and bright veil of the Babylonian Queen.

"Jimminy!" cried Robert, and ran down the steps. "Here she is!

"Here!" he continued, "look out—let the lady pass. She's a friend of ours, coming to see us."

"Nice friend for a respeckable house," snorted a fat woman with marrows on a hand-cart.

All the same the crowd made way a little. The Queen met Robert on the pavement, and Cyril joined them, the psammead bag on his arm.

"THE BABYLONIAN QUEEN."

"Here," he whispered, "here's the psammead; you can get wishes."

"*I* wish you'd come in a different dress, if you *had* to come," said Robert; "but it's no use my wishing anything."

"No," said the Queen. "I wish I was dressed—no, I don't—I wish *they* were dressed properly; then they wouldn't be so silly."

The psammead blew itself out till the bag was a very tight fit for it; and suddenly every man, woman, and child in that crowd felt that it had not enough clothes on. For, of course, the Queen's idea of proper dress was the dress that had been proper for the working classes three thousand years ago in Babylon—and there was not much of it.

"Lawky me," said the marrow-selling woman, "whatever could ha' took me to come out this figure," and she wheeled her cart away very quickly indeed.

"Someone's made a pretty guy of you! Talk of guys!" said a man who sold bootlaces.

"Well, don't you talk," said the man next him. "Look at your own silly legs; and where's your boots?"

"I never come out like this, I'll take my sacred," said the bootlace-seller. "I wasn't quite myself last night, I'll own, but not to dress up like a circus."

The crowd was all talking at once, and getting rather angry. But no one seemed to think of blaming the Queen.

Anthea bounded down the steps and pulled her up; the others followed, and the door was shut.

"Blowed if I can make it out!" they heard. "I'm off home, I am."

And the crowd, coming slowly to the same mind, dispersed, followed by another crowd of persons who were not dressed in what the Queen thought was the proper way.

"We shall have the police here directly," said Anthea, in the tones of despair. "Oh, why did you come dressed like that?"

The Queen leaned against the arm of the horse-hair sofa.

"How else can a Queen dress, I should like to know?" she questioned.

"Our Queen wears things like other people," said Cyril.

"Well, I don't. And I must say," she remarked, in an injured tone, "that you don't seem very glad to see me now I *have* come. But perhaps it's the surprise that makes you behave like this. Yet you ought to be used to surprises. The way you vanished! I shall never forget it. The best magic I've ever seen. How did you do it?"

"Oh, never mind about that now," said Robert. "You see, you've gone and upset all those people, and I expect they'll fetch the police. And we don't want to see you collared and put in prison."

"You can't put Queens in prison," she said, loftily.

"Oh, can't you?" said Cyril. "We cut off a King's head here once."

"In this room? How frightfully interesting!"

"No, no—not in this room; in history."

"'I NEVER COME OUT LIKE THIS,' SAID THE BOOTLACE-SELLER."

"Oh, in *that*," said the Queen, disparagingly. "I thought you'd done it with your own hands."

The girls shuddered.

"What a hideous city yours is," the Queen went on, pleasantly, "and what horrid, ignorant people! Do you know, they actually can't understand a single word I say."

"Can you understand them?" asked Jane.

"Of course not; they speak some vulgar Northern dialect. I can understand *you* quite well."

I really am not going to explain *again* how it was that the children could understand other languages than their own so thoroughly, and talk them, too, so that it felt and sounded just as though they were talking English.

"Well," said Cyril, bluntly, "now you've seen just how horrid it is, don't you think you might as well go home again?"

"Why, I've seen simply nothing yet," said the Queen, arranging her starry veil. "Now I must go and see your King and Queen."

"Nobody's allowed to," said Anthea, in haste. "But look here; we'll take you and show you anything you'd like to see—anything you *can* see," she added, kindly, because she remembered how nice the Queen had been to them in Babylon, even if she had been a little deceitful in the matter of Jane and the psammead.

"There's the Museum," said Cyril, hopefully; "there are lots of things from your country there. If only we could disguise you a little——"

"I know," said Anthea, suddenly. "Mother's old theatre-cloak, and there are a lot of her old hats in the big box."

The blue silk, lace-trimmed cloak did indeed hide some of the Queen's startling splendours, but the hat fitted very badly. It had pink roses in it; and there was something about the coat, or the hat, or the Queen, that made her look somehow not very respectable.

"Oh, never mind," said Anthea, when Cyril whispered this. "The thing is to get her out before nurse has finished her forty winks. I should think she's about got to the thirty-ninth wink by now."

The blue silk cloak and the pink-rosed hat attracted almost as much attention as the Royal costume had done; and the children were uncommonly glad to get out of the noisy streets into the grey quiet of the Museum.

"Parcels and umbrellas to be left here," said a man at a counter. The party had no umbrellas, and the only parcel was the bag containing the psammead, which the Queen had insisted should be brought.

"*I'm* not going to be left," said the psammead, softly, "so don't you think it."

"I'll wait outside," said Anthea, hastily, and went to sit on the seat near the drinking fountain.

"Don't sit so near that nasty fountain," said the creature, crossly; "I might get splashed."

Anthea obediently moved to another seat and waited. Indeed, she waited and waited and waited and waited and waited and waited. The psammead dropped into an uneasy slumber. Anthea had long ceased to watch the swing-door that always let out the wrong person, and was herself almost asleep, and still the others did not come back.

It was with quite a start that Anthea suddenly realized that they *had* come back, and that they were not alone. Behind them was quite a crowd of men in uniform, and

several gentlemen were there. Everyone seemed very angry.

"Now, go," said the nicest of the angry gentlemen. "Take the poor, demented thing home and tell your parents she ought to be properly looked after."

"If you can't get her to go we must send for the police," said the nastiest gentleman.

"But we don't wish to use harsh measures," added the nice one, who was really very nice indeed, and seemed to be over all the others.

"May I speak to my sister a moment first?" asked Robert. The nicest gentleman nodded, and the officials stood round the Queen and the others, forming a sort of guard, while Robert crossed over to Anthea.

"Everything you can think of," he replied to Anthea's glance of inquiry. "Kicked up the most frightful shine in there. Said those necklaces and earrings and things in the glass cases were all hers—would have them out of the cases. Tried to break the glass; she did break one bit! Everybody in the place has been at her. No good. I only got her out by telling her that was the place where they cut Queens' heads off."

"Oh, Bobs, what a whacker!"

"You'd have told a whacking-inger one to get her out. Besides, it wasn't. I meant *mummy* Queens. How do you know they don't cut off mummies' heads to see how the embalming is done? What I want to say is—Can't you get her to go with you quietly?"

"I'll try," said Anthea; and went up to the Queen.

"SHE WAITED AND WAITED AND WAITED."

"Do come home," she said; "the learned gentleman in our house has a much nicer necklace than anything they've got here. Come and see it."

The Queen nodded.

"You see," said the nastiest gentleman, "she does understand English."

"I was talking Babylonian, I think," said Anthea, bashfully.

"My good child," said the nice gentleman, "what you're talking is not Babylonian, but nonsense. You just go home *at once*, and tell your parents exactly what has happened."

Anthea took the Queen's hand and gently pulled her away. The other children followed, and the black crowd of angry gentlemen stood on the steps watching them. It was when the little party of disgraced children, with the Queen who had disgraced them, had reached the middle of the courtyard that her eyes fell on the bag where the psammead was. She stopped short.

"I wish," she said, very loud and clear, "that all those Babylonian things would come out to me here, slowly, so that those dogs and slaves can see the working of the great Queen's magic."

"Oh, you *are* a tiresome woman," said the psammead in its bag, but it puffed itself out.

Next moment there was a crash. The glass swing-doors and all their framework were smashed suddenly and completely. The crowd of angry gentlemen sprang aside when they saw what had done this. But the nastiest of them was not quick enough, and he was roughly pushed out of the way by an enormous stone bull that was floating steadily through the door. It came and stood beside the Queen in the middle of the courtyard.

It was followed by more stone images, by great slabs of carved stone, bricks, helmets, tools, weapons, fetters, wine-jars, bowls, bottles, vases, jugs, saucers, seals, and the round long things, something like rolling-pins, with marks on them like the print of little bird-feet, necklaces, collars, rings, armlets, earrings—heaps and heaps and heaps of things, far more than anyone had time to count, or even to see distinctly.

All the angry gentlemen had abruptly sat down on the Museum steps, except the nice one. He stood with his hands in his pockets, just as though he was quite used to see great stone bulls and all sorts of small Babylonish objects float out into the Museum yard. But he sent a man to close the big iron gates. A journalist who was just leaving the Museum

spoke to Robert as he passed. "Theosophy, I suppose," he said. "Is she Mrs. Besant?"

"*Yes*," said Robert, recklessly.

The journalist passed through the gates just before they were shut. He rushed off to Fleet Street, and his paper got out a new edition within half an hour.

"MRS. BESANT AND THEOSOPHY. Impertinent Miracle at the British Museum."

People saw it in fat black letters on the bills carried by the sellers of newspapers. Some few people who had nothing better to do went down to the Museum on the tops of omnibuses. But by the time they got there there was nothing to be seen. For the Babylonian Queen had suddenly seen the closed gates, had felt the threat of them, and had said: "I wish we were in your house."

And, of course, instantly they were.

The psammead was furious. "Look here," it said, "they'll come after you, and they'll find *me*. There'll be a national cage built for me at Westminster, and I shall have to work at politics. Why couldn't you leave the things in their places?"

"What a temper you have, haven't you?" said the Queen, serenely. "I wish all the things were back in their places. Will *that* do for you?"

The psammead swelled and shrank and spoke very angrily.

"I can't refuse to give your wishes," it said, "but I can bite. And I will if this goes on. Now, then."

"Ah, don't," whispered Anthea, close to its bristling ear; "it's dreadful for us too. Don't *you* desert us. Perhaps she'll wish herself at home again soon."

"Not she," said the psammead, a little less crossly.

"Take me to see your city," said the Queen.

The children looked at each other.

"If we had some money we could take her about in a cab. People wouldn't notice her so much then."

"Sell this," said the Queen, taking a ring from her finger.

"They'd only think we'd stolen it," said Cyril, bitterly, "and put us in prison."

"All roads lead to prison with you, it seems," said the Queen.

"The learned gentleman!" said Anthea, and ran up to him with the ring in her hand.

"IT WAS FOLLOWED BY MORE STONE IMAGES."

"Look here," she said; "will you buy this for a pound?"

"Oh!" he said, in tones of joy and amazement, and took the ring into his hand.

"I'll lend you a pound," said the learned gentleman, "with pleasure; and I'll take care of the ring for you. Who did you say gave it to you?"

"We call her," said Anthea, carefully, "the Queen of Babylon."

"Does she *say* that she's the Queen of Babylon?" he uneasily asked.

"Yes," said Anthea, recklessly.

"This, then, must be thought - transference," he said. "I suppose I have unconsciously influenced *her* too. I never thought my Babylonish studies would bear fruit like this. Horrible! There are more things in Heaven and earth than ——"

"Yes," said Anthea, "heaps more. And the pound is the thing *I* want more than anything on earth."

She took the sovereign and ran down to the others.

And now, from the window of a four-wheeled cab, the Queen of Babylon beheld the wonders of London. Buckingham Palace she thought uninteresting; Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament were little better. But she liked the Tower and the river, and the ships filled her with wonder and delight.

"'I'LL LEND YOU A POUND,' SAID THE LEARNED GENTLEMAN."

"But how badly you keep your slaves. How wretched and poor and neglected they seem!" she said, as the cab rattled along a crowded, dirty street.

"They aren't slaves; they're working people," said Jane.

"Of course they're working people. That's what slaves are. Don't you tell me. Do you suppose I don't know a slave's face when I see it? Why don't their masters see that they're better fed and better clothed? Well, I wish that all these slaves may have in their hands this moment their full of their favourite meat and drink."

Instantly all the people in that street, and in all the other streets where poor people live, found their hands full of things to eat and drink. From the cab-window could be seen persons carrying every kind of food, and bottles and cans as well. Roast meat, fowls, red lobsters, great yellowy crabs, fried fish, boiled pork, beef-steak puddings, baked onions, mutton pies; most of the children had oranges and sweets and cake. It made an enormous change in the look of the street—brightened it up, so to speak, and brightened up, more than you can possibly imagine, the faces of the people.

"Makes a difference, doesn't it?" said the Queen.

"That's the best wish you've had yet," said Jane, with cordial approval.

Just by the Bank the cabman stopped.

"I ain't a-goin' to drive you no farther," he said. "Out you gets."

They got out, rather unwillingly.

"I wants my tea," he said; and they saw that on the box of the cab was a mound of cabbage, with pork-chops and apple sauce, a duck, and a spotted currant pudding, also a large can.

"You pay me my fare," he said, threateningly, and looked down at the mound, muttering again about his tea.

"We'll take another cab," said Cyril, with dignity. "Give me change for a sovereign, if you please."

But the cabman, as it turned out, was not at all a nice character. He took the sovereign, whipped up his horse, and disappeared in the stream of cabs and omnibuses and waggons without giving them any change at all.

Already a little crowd was collecting round the party.

"Come on," said Robert, leading the wrong way.

The crowd round them thickened. They were in a narrow street, where many gentlemen in black coats and without hats were

"ALL THE PEOPLE IN THAT STREET FOUND THEIR HANDS FULL OF THINGS TO EAT AND DRINK."

standing about on the pavement, talking very loudly.

"How ugly their clothes are!" said the Queen of Babylon. "They'd be rather fine men, some of them, if they were dressed decently, especially the ones with the beautiful, long, curved noses. I wish they were dressed like the Babylonians of my Court."

And, of course, they were.

The moment the almost fainting psammead had blown itself out every man in Throgmorton Street appeared abruptly in Babylonian dress, and some who had been thought to be rich appeared dressed only in just a long shirt without sleeves.

Many were carefully powdered, their hair and beards were scented and curled, their garments richly embroidered. They wore rings and armlets, flat gold collars, and swords and impossible-looking head-dresses.

A stupefied silence fell on them.

"I say"—a youth who had always been fair-haired broke that silence—"it's only fancy, of course—something wrong with my eyes—but you chaps do look so rum."

"Rum!" said his friend. "Look at *you!* You in a sash! My hat! And your hair's gone black and you've got a beard. It's my belief we've been poisoned. You do look a jack-ape."

"Old Levinstein don't look so bad. But how was it *done*—that's what I want to know? How *was* it done? Is it conjuring, or what?"

"I only wish," said old Levinstein—he was quite close to the children, and they trembled, because they knew that whatever he wished would come true—"I only wish we knew who'd done it."

And, of course, instantly they did know. They pressed round the Queen.

"Scandalous! Shameful! Ought to be put down by law! Give her in charge! Fetch the police!" two or three hundred voices shouted at once.

The Queen recoiled.

"What is it?" she asked. "They sound like caged lions—lions by the thousand What is it that they say?"

"They say 'police,'" said Cyril, briefly. "I knew they would, sooner or later. And I don't blame them, mind you."

"I wish my guards were here," cried the Queen. The exhausted psammead was panting and trembling, but the Queen's guards in red and green garments and brass and iron gear choked Throgmorton Street, and bared weapons flashed round the Queen.

The members of the Stock Exchange had edged carefully away from the gleaming blades, the mailed figures, the hard, cruel Eastern faces. But Throgmorton Street is narrow, and the crowd was too thick for them to get away as quickly as they wished.

"Kill them!" cried the Queen. "Kill the dogs!"

The guards obeyed.

"It's all a dream," cried Mr. Levinstein, cowering in a doorway behind a clerk.

"It isn't," said the clerk. "It isn't. Oh, my good gracious, those foreign brutes are killing everybody. Henry Hirsch is down now, and Prentice is cut in two—oh, Lord! and Huth, and there goes Lionel Cohen with

"THE GUARDS OBEYED."

his head off, and Guy Rosenthall has lost his head now. A dream? I wish to goodness it *was* all a dream."

And, of course, instantly it was! The entire Stock Exchange rubbed its eyes. No one said a word about it to anyone else. I think I have explained before that business men do not like it to be known that they have been dreaming in business hours, especially mad dreams.

The children were in the dining-room at Fitzroy Street, pale and trembling. The psammead crawled out of the bag and lay flat on the table, its legs stretched out, looking more like a dead hare than anything else.

"Thank goodness that's over," said Anthea.

"She won't come back, will she?" asked Jane, tremulously.

"No," said Cyril; "she's thousands of years ago. But we spent a whole precious pound on her. It'll take all our pocket-money for ages to pay that back."

"Not if it was *all* a dream," said Robert. "The wish said *all* a dream, you know, Panther. You cut up and ask if he lent you anything."

"I beg your pardon," said Anthea, politely, following the sound of her knock into the presence of the learned gentleman. "I'm so sorry to trouble you, but *did* you lend me a pound to-day?"

"No," said he, looking kindly at her through his spectacles. "But it's extraordinary that you should ask me, for I dozed a few moments this afternoon, a thing I very rarely do, and I dreamed quite distinctly that I lent you a sovereign and that you left one of the Queen of Babylon's rings here. The ring was a magnificent specimen." He sighed. "I wish it hadn't been a dream," he said, and smiled. He was really learning to smile quite nicely.

Anthea could not be too thankful that the psammead was not there to grant his wish.

(*To be continued.*)

Curiosities.

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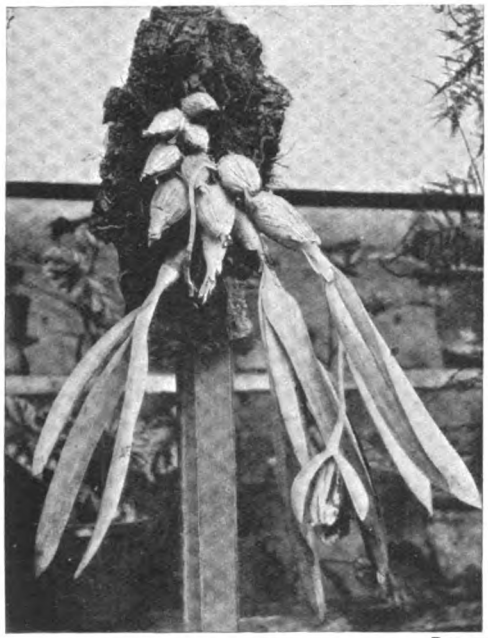
[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

AN ECCENTRIC PLANT.

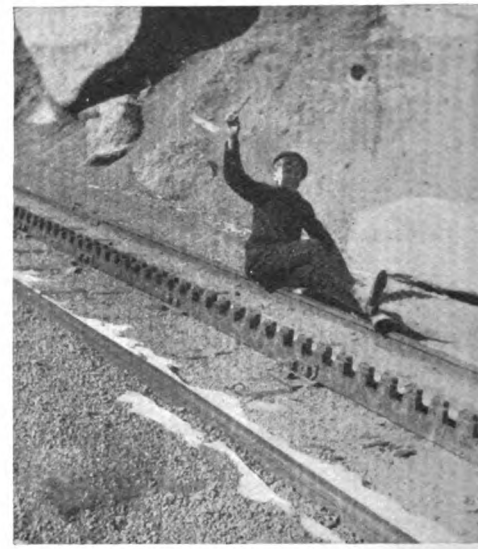
"It sometimes occurs that amongst Nature's organisms we meet with examples which seem to have more or less completely ignored the ordinary rules and conditions laid down for them. Here, for example, is an orchid which apparently holds quite original ideas as to how it should develop—which, in fact, seems to have almost reversed all the normal conditions that govern plant life. Its roots, it will



be seen, spread about a piece of bark in the air, instead of into the soil as ordinary roots. Little or no moisture is required by the plant, for, as the photograph shows, the orchid can flourish well and is quite contented with the piece of dry bark on which it clings. Then, as if to excel these novel efforts, it grows upside down, pointing its leaves towards the ground with its root and bulbs turned upwards. If its position is reversed to that of a normal plant it soon readjusts itself to its topsy-turvy attitude again, and in this position it develops flowers and seed. The orchid is known by the name *Cattleya citrina* and comes from Mexico, but what special benefits it derives from these extraordinary and novel tactics is difficult to understand."—Mr. John J. Ward, Rusinurbe House, Somerset Road, Coventry.

COASTING ON PIKE'S PEAK.

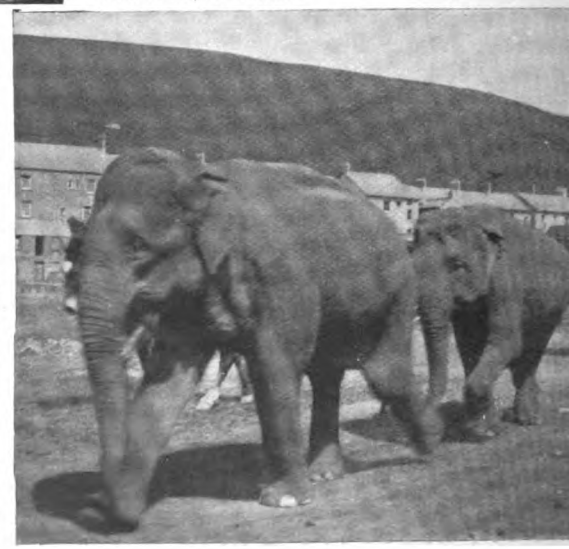
"My photograph shows a form of coasting practised on the log road up Pike's Peak. The coaster sits on a stone which has been placed on the rail, and, balancing himself with

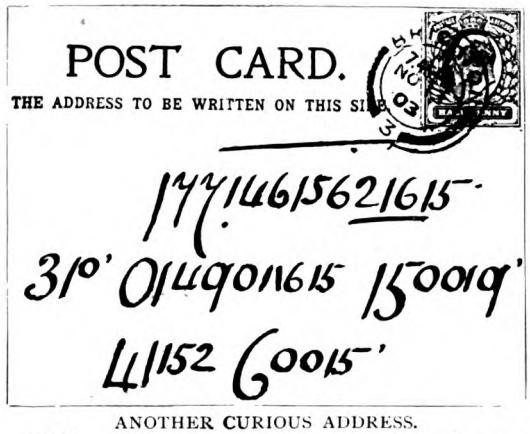


a stick in each hand, slides down the rail. His feet are crossed on the track and he brakes by pressing down on them. As the grade is often as much as 20 per cent., good speeds are obtained."—Mr. John M. Maguire, Ticknor Hall, Colo. College, Colo. Springs, Colorado.

A LIGHT-AND-SHADE FACE.

"I recently took a snap-shot of two elephants walking. On close examination I was surprised to find the exact image of a human face on the head of the second elephant. As a freak of light and shade this would be hard to beat."—Mr. E. Lester, Treherbert, S. Wales.





ANOTHER CURIOUS ADDRESS.

"This post-card was posted here on November 13th and delivered at its proper address the next morning. To read it, turn the figures upside down and hold in front of a looking-glass. The photograph of the post-card was taken by Mr. Holliday, of Winchester."—Mr. H. Ingram Payne, 74, Shaftesbury Road, Brighton.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC PAINTING.

"The photograph I send you to all appearances represents myself having just completed a painting of a

lady's portrait, but this is not really the case. The *modus operandi* was as follows. I borrowed the easel seen in the photograph, and then procured a piece of wood from an old box and covered it with an ordinary white tablecloth, stretching it tightly over the piece of wood and fastening it securely at the back, thus obtaining my 'canvas.' After having placed the 'canvas' on the easel, I was photographed in the position shown, my palette and brushes consisting of nothing more than a small tray and three ordinary lead-pencils. A print was then made from the negative, which, of course, left my 'canvas' quite plain and white. I then printed in the 'painting,' which is really another photo. This was done by placing the print made from the first-named negative over the second one, so that the head and shoulders appeared in the centre of the 'canvas.' A small oval hole, slightly smaller than the 'painting' now appears, was then cut in a sheet of brown paper, and the paper wrapped round the printing frame, so that the hole appeared just over the face and shoulders, by this means ensuring that the head and shoulders only were printed on the 'canvas.'"—Mr. F. Stuart Maudling, 5, Lawn Crescent, Kew Gardens.

"NERVE!"

"I send you a photograph of a feat of balancing by my friend Mr. Powers, the carpenter,

ss. *Alsatia*. Sitting on top of the mast, one hundred and fifty-four feet from the deck, he quietly smokes, while I, hanging on for dear life in the rigging abaft, catch him with my Kodak. The land in front of the vessel's nose is Ship Island, across from Mobile Harbour. Mr. Powers is a skilled mechanic as well as an acrobat."—Mr. Wm. P. McCartney, 2,003½, Second Avenue, Birmingham, Ala.

A CHINESE POCKET-SUNDIAL.

"Below is a photo. of a curio which must have taken the place of a watch for a Chinaman. It consists of two pieces of wood hinged together and opening only to right angles, where they are stopped by a silk cord. This forms the stylus of the sundial, which is figured round the compass sunk in the board. Finding the north by the compass, the time could easily be read on the dial."—Mr. Cecil H. Norton, Brandon Parva Rectory, Wymondham, Norfolk.

To spare much money

if you all, what you are wanting, are procuring you directly from the manufactury, beeing much easily of course of the development the stores on this stile

Most unknown

it is, that the manufactury of musical instruments, which has find in Saxony a splendidly home, has obtained a enormous expansion and the highest development.

Mark-

neukirchen, Saxony, is the central place for the manufactury of musical instruments; and the factory goods are sent all over the world.

Nowhere is to find a shop saling musical instruments who has not bought something from this place.

The undersigned is recommanding his store for every subject in this manner.

The proprietor of the undersigned house, sooner musician, and all his clerks beeing, before musician, can on this reason overtake every garantee for the best execution of all orders.

Catalogues are sent gratis and postfree.

Please to name exactly what instrument would be desired.

Repairs of instruments of all kinds are executed at the lowest prices.

All persons, ordering something in regards of this annonce are receiving a pretty addition.

Wilhelm Herwig in Markneukirchen, Saxony

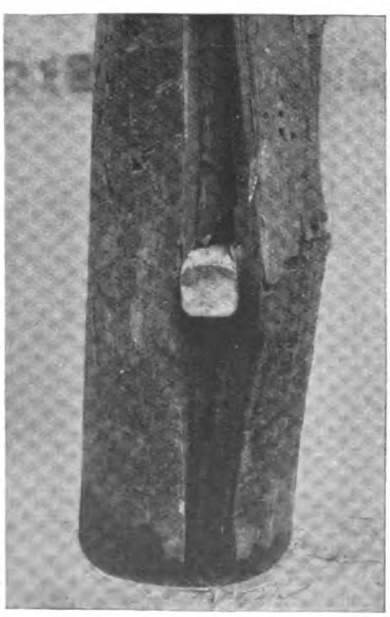
ENGLISH AS SHE IS MURDERED.

"You have on several occasions given amusing examples of 'English as she is murdered' in your 'Curiosities' pages. These specimens were, I believe, in every case the efforts of Chinamen or Japanese. The advertisement reproduced may therefore interest your readers, as it was printed in Germany for the benefit of the British public. I have taken it from a little work entitled 'The New Opera-Glass,' which professes to give a short description (in English) of the best-known operas. I shall say nothing of the extraordinary English used in parts of this book; it simply beggars description."—Mr. Isidore Tom, 30, Drayton Park, Highbury, N.

MAN TURNED INTO STONE.

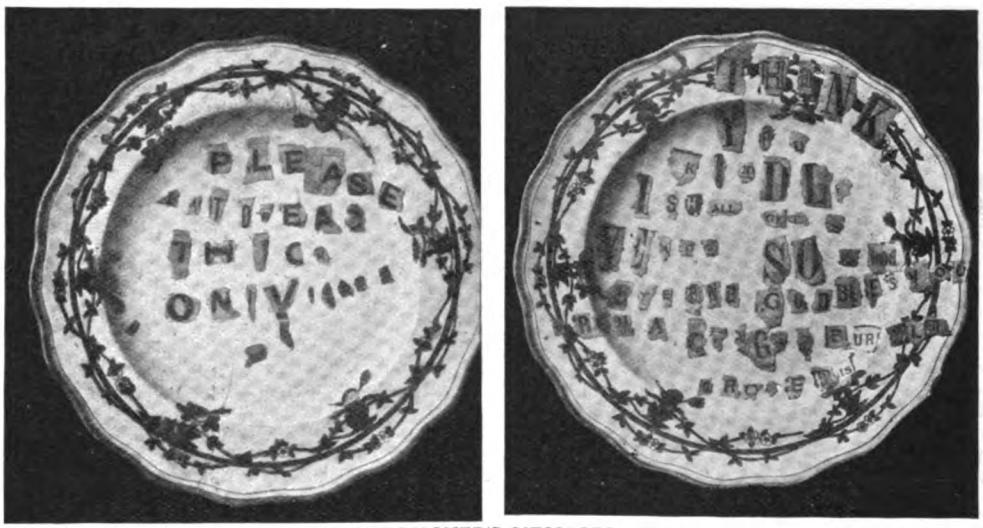
"I send you the photograph of a stone to which the following story is attached. Many centuries ago a man entered Llandyfrydog Church and stole some books from there. He placed these valuable books in a sack and made off. The books were soon missed, a hue and cry was raised, and many persons followed the thief. He soon found out that he was being pursued, and doubled, but it was not long before his pursuers caught him up. They demanded the books, but the thief swore that he hadn't got them, and said that he wished God would turn him into a stone if he had stolen them. No sooner had these fateful words left his lips than he became a stone pillar, and remains so

to this day. I may add that all the Anglesey people believe this very old tradition, and some even aver that after dark this stone turns back into a man and roams about. This tradition is recorded in all the old Welsh story-books, under the title, 'Lleidr Llandyfrydog' ('The Llandyfrydog Thief'), and many persons visit the spot."—Mr. Geo. Anthony Davies, Llandyfrydog Rectory, Llanerchymedd.



THE FEAT OF THE RUNAWAYS.

"I send you a photograph of the lower part of a telegraph pole with a history. On the evening of the 30th of September, 1903, a pair of runaways were seen to be tearing madly down the street, attached to a van belonging to the Queen City Oil Company, of Toronto. Before any further damage could be done the team collided violently with one of the telegraph poles on the pavement, with the astonishing result that the end of the shaft of the van was forced through the middle of the telegraph pole to the extent of forty-five inches. The shaft is three and a half inches by two and seven-eighth inches in thickness and the telegraph pole is thirteen inches in diameter by forty-three inches in circumference. Strange to relate the driver was quite unhurt, and the horses were only slightly cut." — Mr. Fred. S. Morgan, 82½, Ferguson Avenue North, Hamilton, Ontario.



A PRISONER'S MESSAGES.

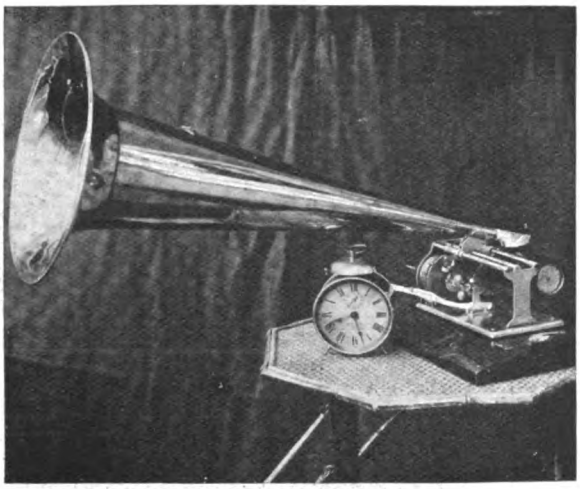
"A man waiting trial for burglary at the assizes sent for three meals from the hotel outside the gaol. When the first plate was returned it bore the message, 'Please cut bread thick; only a poor man.' On the last plate, 'Thank you kindly; I shall get seven years, so good-bye and God bless you, from a caught burglar.—G. Roberts.' The letters had been torn from newspapers and stuck upon the plates. He did not get seven years, as anticipated, but only four."—Mr. P. Stride, 44, Oswald Road, St. Albans, Herts.

THE RESULT OF FRICTION.

"Along many of our canals it is customary to protect protruding corners of bridges from damage which they are subject to by the constant chafing of the ropes. This protection commonly takes the form of an iron bar let into the stonework, and the grooves shown in the photo. are the result of about seven years' wear. This particular bar is slightly more than an inch in diameter, and is to be seen at the little village of Consall, in Churnet Valley, North Staffordshire."—Mr. H. O. Horton, Woodhouse, Longton, Staffs.

A SEA-SNAIL'S DISGUISE.

"A common protective device in the animal world is that of producing inconspicuousness by simulation of general surroundings. Birds coloured to harmonize with the ground and branches amongst which they rest, butterflies and moths whose wings resemble leaves, and other insects that successfully mimic twigs are familiar examples that come readily to mind. However, one would, perhaps, scarcely expect to find sea-snails protected in this manner, yet in Japan, the West Indies, Malacca, and other hot countries certain sea-snails have developed the habit of cementing bits of stones or coral, or the empty shells of other molluscs, to the margins of their own shells as they grow. In this way, in due course, they become clothed with these foreign bodies, and closely resemble the numerous broken and encrusted pieces of rock which surround them on the sea bottom. Thus the animal gains protection from its enemies and fortifies its shell against attack. Some of these molluscs are quite artists in their way, arranging a spiral line of a particular kind of stones around their shells. They are called 'carrier shells,' and the various species of snails show considerable selection in what they gather, some collecting chalk, others stones, and some shells alone. The example illustrated is known by the name *Xenophora pallidula* and comes from Japan. One shows the upper and the other the under side."—Mr. John J. Ward, Rusinurbe House, Somerset Road, Coventry.



THE MORNING WAKER.

"I am a very sound sleeper and cannot wake in the morning, not even an alarum clock being loud enough to rouse me from my slumbers, so I have arranged my graphophone to play at any time I like to set it to. In order to do this I use a clock and a piece of wood to act as a lever. I set the graphophone, then put one end of the wood under the governor spring-screw of the graphophone and the other end on the alarum key, so that when the alarum starts the key goes round and drops the piece of wood. The photograph is by E. S. Hunt."—Mr. J. Leakey, 16, St. Paul's Place, Canonbury, N.

A CURIOUS SIGN-BOARD.

"The notice-board seen in the following picture appears in front of a Cyclists' Rest at Earlswood, a very popular resort for picnics, near Birmingham."—The Rev. Henry M. Frye, 115, Frederick Road, Aston, Birmingham.

WATER BOUQUETS.

The construction of water bouquets was a favourite amusement of a former generation, that might be revived nowadays with advantage. The effect of such bouquets is most charming, the flowers seeming to be encased in a block of clear ice. All that is necessary, in addition to the flowers, are a glass shade and dish, and, of course, a sufficient supply of water. The glass shade must be filled entirely with water, so that not even a single air-bubble remains, and then placed over the bouquet previously arranged on the dish, which serves as a base. It is an application on a large scale of the trick known to most boys by which a tumblerful of water may be held upside down without fear of spilling a drop, if a sheet of paper be first placed over the mouth. An interesting article, giving full particulars how to make water bouquets, by Miss G. E. Moysey, to whom we are indebted for the photograph, was published in the September number of *The Grand Magazine*.

"I WALKED THROUGH A RING OF DETECTIVES INTO THE TRAIN."

(*See page* 489.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxx. NOVEMBER, 1905. No. 179

THE STORY OF MY LIFE.

By FATHER GAPON.

In these concluding chapters of his narrative Father Gapon describes the events which immediately followed the great massacre, his adventurous escape from Russia under the very eyes of the police, and finally gives an interesting forecast of the fate which he believes to be impending over the Czar and his advisers.

CHAPTER XIX.

ARMS! A NARROW ESCAPE.

T last we reached our destination. It was now about 1 p.m. The lady of the house shut me up in a room and gave me some food, which, to my astonishment, I ate with appetite. Then I was given a student's suit of clothes and taken to another house, where I again changed into an ordinary suit; and here I had my beard shaved off. After that I was taken to the house of the famous Russian writer, X——. He was greatly excited at seeing me, and, embracing me, began to cry. He gave me a glass of red wine and pressed me to stay with him; but suddenly the torturing thought overwhelmed me that at that very moment people were dying outside, and I felt I must go and die also. X—— stopped me, and convinced me that it would be better to go with him a little later in the day to a meeting of "intellectuals," after which a secret meeting was to be held to consider the possibility of procuring arms for the people. I, therefore, remained and composed my proclamation, which was worded thus:—

"Comrades, Russian Workmen,—There is no Czar. Between him and the Russian nation torrents of blood have flowed to-day. It is high time for the Russian workmen to begin without him to carry on the struggle for national freedom. You have my blessing for that fight. To-morrow I will be among you. To-day I am busy working for the cause."

Meanwhile X—— began to write an appeal to the civilized world. After that we drove to the building of the Free Economic Society near the Nevsky Prospect. Entering the hall, we found it packed with an excited audience. One speaker after another came upon the platform and reported briefly what they had seen of the events of the day in different districts of the city. At the announcement that the windows of the palace of the Grand Duke Sergius had been broken by the workmen the audience cheered vociferously, and so they did at other reports. But no one, I noticed, suggested that they should come out into the streets and fight beside the workmen.

At last X—— mounted the platform. "Here," he said, "is a letter from Father Gapon. There was a rumour that he was killed. That is not true. He has been at my house." Then he proceeded to read the above proclamation. The audience began to applaud, but X—— indignantly stopped them, asking whether this was a time for cheering, when blood was flowing in the streets. "Here," he added, "is a delegate from Father Gapon, and he asks permission to speak to you."

Thus introduced I went to the platform and spoke a few words. It was not, I said, a time for speech, but a time for action. "The workmen have shown to Russia that they know how to die. But, unhappily, they are unarmed, and with empty hands you cannot fight bayonets and revolvers. It is your turn to help now. Give them the means to procure arms, and the people will do the rest." As I sat down a kindly old gentleman approached and handed me a revolver, saying, "Here is one good weapon, at any rate!"

I think some of those present guessed who I was, but the secret was kept. At the end of the public meeting a few of those who had attended it gathered secretly in a side room, and my friend the engineer was among them. We discussed further the question of obtaining arms and the organization of a popular rising. While we were doing so X—— kept guard at the door. Suddenly a whisper was heard, "The Police!" A writer who was attending the meeting rapidly came to my side, took me by the arm, and hurried me out of the building. He conducted me to his own house in a neighbouring street, and there I wrote a second proclamation to the workmen and another to the troops. In the course of the latter I said:—

"Against soldiers and officers who are

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slaying their innocent brothers, together with the wives and children of these, and against all the oppressors of the people, I utter my pastoral curse. Upon soldiers who help the nation to win liberty I invoke a blessing, and from the military oath of allegiance which they have taken to the traitorous Czar, at whose behest the blood of innocent people has been shed, I do hereby absolve them."

Some copies of these were made at once and signed by me, one copy being sent to a secret printing-office, whence large numbers were afterwards issued.

This done, I was sitting full of anguish and heavy thoughts, when I was aroused by a noise and shrieks from the street. Looking from the window I saw a crowd running in the direction of the Nevsky. Many of the people were shouting in terror. Then I heard again the ghastly crackle of rifle-shots. I could no longer stand there idle; and, in spite of the persuasions of my host, I went out. Directly I had left the house I suddenly became conscious of feeling very strange in my new lay clothes. Soon I came out into the Nevsky Prospect, where there was a sinister solitude. Evidently the Cossacks had just galloped through the street, leaving devastation behind them. I approached the Znamenskaya Church, found a sledge, and ordered the driver to take me to the corner of the Obvodny and Drovianoy canals, where one of the branch head-quarters of the association was situated. The whole district through which we passed was as silent as the grave. We met no one but patrols and encamped soldiers with stacked rifles.

I left the sledge, approached the gates, and found the *dvornik* (porter). It was now pitch-dark, and I was wearing spectacles to aid my disguise. I told the man that I was a newspaper correspondent, and asked him to tell me what was going on at the branch. He replied that everything was quiet and all right.

"Are there any soldiers inside?" I inquired.

"No, sir; none."

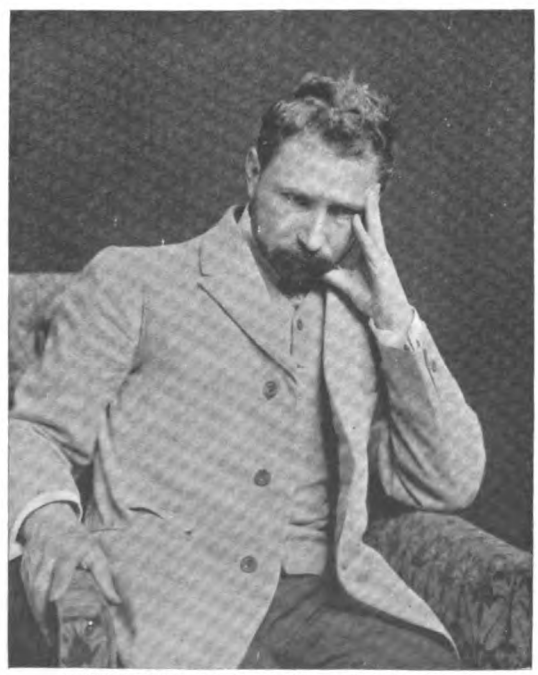
At this moment a tiny boy peeped out from behind the *dvornik* and interrupted in a shrill voice, "Why, little uncle, the courtyard is full of soldiers, and the house too!"

Evidently I was on the verge of a trap, either for myself or for the leaders of the Association generally. I turned slowly away, saying, "Well, if it is impossible to get information it is useless to stay," and lost no time in taking my place in the sledge and driving away. After making a circuitous journey we made for another branch, situated at the corner of the Nevsky and Dechtianay Street, but found it also full of troops. I decided, therefore, to return to my last abode, as midnight was already approaching. My host, who recognised me at once, was at first alarmed to see me so late. At this house I passed the night.

CHAPTER XX.

THE END OF THE SLAUGHTER.

NEXT day I sent some members of the Revolutionary party whom I knew to find out the more important of my workmen who had led the processions of the different branches. Not one of them could be found. Some had been killed or wounded, and others were avoiding their homes for fear of arrest. That day, as well as the following night, the shooting of men and women still continued in the capital, although on a smaller scale. Throughout Sunday night all the streets and bridges were guarded by soldiers. According to my calculations on this fateful Sunday there were between six hundred and nine hundred killed, and at least five



FATHER GAPON IN LAY COSTUME AFTER HIS ESCAPE.
From a Photo. by N. Laboshez.

thousand wounded. The whole town resembled a besieged city. Shops, restaurants, theatres, all were closed. The Czar and the members of his family were still in hiding—nobody knew where at the moment.

On the 24th the Cossacks and police replaced the firing parties of infantry. It was now no longer wholesale assassination, but general attacks upon isolated passengers in different parts of the town and in Basil Island. I have good reason to believe that the armed forces were in many cases made intoxicated by the authorities, and were commonly left without definite instructions. These drunken groups of soldiers, Cossacks, police, and plain-clothes agents, let loose upon the inhabitants of the town, perpetrated cruelties which would be hardly credible without this explanation. I will relate only two or three instances of many which came to my knowledge, and which were proved, later on, by the investigation of the St. Petersburg barristers. A bricklayer, named Bykoff, went out from his house on the Maly Prospect in the evening. The street was unlit and deserted. Suddenly four infantrymen came along, knocked him down, and, while he was lying on the snow, bayoneted him. He lost consciousness, but came to his senses some hours later, and managed to crawl back to his home. His comrades at once took him to the Mary Magdalen Hospital, where, on examination, eleven bayonet wounds were found in the chest and left side, both lungs being pierced.

A student named Potchinkoff, who had come from Archangel that very morning, took a tram at the corner of the Maly Prospect and Fourteenth Street at about 4 p.m. Students, I may interject, are peculiarly obnoxious to the police because of their frequent connection with University troubles and with all efforts to secure popular liberty. As soon as Potchinkoff sat down, somebody shouted out, calling attention to him. Several detectives in plain clothes jumped on to the tram, dragged him off it, knocked him down, and trampled on him till he lost consciousness. He only came to his senses after he had been removed to the hospital. Two men who took his part during this shameful attack were treated similarly. One of them, a young man named Rosoff, who was passing at the time, shouted out, "Stop, you will kill him!" A policeman struck him with his sword on the head, which was fortunately shielded by a fur cap. He managed to run away, and tried to climb over a fence, every other escape being cut off. The policeman caught him, however, and repeatedly struck him, until at last one of the Cossacks said, "Enough!" He was then put in a sledge, and a policeman took him to the hospital. A workman named Stepanoff, seeing a crowd of about ten red-capped dragoons and some hooligans, evidently plain-clothes police, beating this student, asked why he was being struck. Stepanoff was answered by being promptly knocked down and wounded by a number of sword-blows on the head and back, after which he was taken to the police-station, and thence to hospital, where he lay over two weeks.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN HIDING.

DURING the two days following the 22nd I several times changed the place of my abode, as information came to me from all sides that the authorities were eager to catch me and were making energetic search. I still wanted to remain in St. Petersburg, in the hope that the workmen would in some way obtain arms, and that there might be an insurrection. There was more than sufficient evidence that the whole population of the city, except the most immediate servants of the Czar, were not only ripe for revolt, but were burning with a passionate desire to overthrow the auto-bureaucratic system. The few facts already related of the many which I witnessed, or was informed of by witnesses, about the action of the authorities in St. Petersburg during these terrible days prove sufficiently that the people had done everything in their power to give effect to this desire. That is why I thought a rising possible; and, naturally, I considered it my duty to stand in front of any movement of the kind. I had organized and led the people for a peaceful, unarmed demonstration; and, therefore, I thought that it was doubly my duty to lead them also in the only way of hope that now remained open.

But all the sympathizers and friends who hid me during these two days, and especially the great writer already mentioned, were perfectly convinced, and exerted themselves to convince me, that for the moment there was no hope of open resistance, and that the best thing I could do for the sake of the future of my people was to leave the capital in order to avoid arrest, which would be as fatal for them as for me.

"You are needed now for the Revolution, when the time of the people's revenge comes. Go away while we prepare the means of

resistance." I still felt undecided, and wished at least to stay for a time to see if the position cleared up. However, the evening of the 24th put an end to all my hesitation. On that day General Trepoff, who, as I have said, always looked very unfavourably on me, and whom I knew to be a despot of the most cruel and unswerving character, was installed in the Winter Palace and made Dictator of St. Petersburg.

It was thus clear that the Government was resolved to pursue the road of relentless repression, and that the wholesale murder of the last few days had only been an opening chapter of their policy. On the night of the 24th all the members of the Liberal deputation which went at my request to Prince Sviatopolk-Mirski and to M. Witte—Maxim Gorky, the barrister Hessen, the famous historian Karayev, the political writer Peshekonov, Professor Myakotin, Semevsky the historian, Kedrin, a member of the city council—and two others, Pissarev, one of the editors of the Liberal Review *Russian Wealth*, and Sitnikov, a barrister, were arrested and thrown into the fortress. At the same time wholesale arrests began all over the capital, and I learnt that all my best workmen who by good fortune had escaped death had been thrown into prison.

From a] GENERAL TREPOFF. *[Photograph.*

Direct communication between myself and the body of the members of the Association was thus made impossible for the time being. I anxiously endeavoured to obtain information as to the possibility of armed action from the friends, progressive and revolutionary, who were so kindly harbouring me. But every new report was more gloomy than the last. The committee formed at the Free Economic Society had not been able to do anything. It became quite evident that for the moment, though the spirit of revolt in the population was higher than ever before, there was no channel through which it could effectually reveal itself. "You see now," my sympathetic host said, "to attempt anything at present would only be to throw away your life uselessly, perhaps to bring trouble upon us also. Leave the capital, and we will keep up communication with you."

I thought that to resist further would be foolish, and so I unwillingly consented. But where should I go? Some of my new friends suggested a certain place in Finland, others different places in the country near St. Petersburg. But messengers brought us the information that spies were roving everywhere, that the passport examination was being rigidly carried out, and that the police were searching for me on all sides.

At last we chose a hiding-place, and worked out the details of the necessary journey. The Liberal barrister who had helped me so devotedly gave me his own passport, which I promised to return as soon as I was safe.

CHAPTER XXII.

I BEGIN MY ESCAPE.

I AGAIN changed my appearance, putting on pince-nez and a new suit, with a showy overcoat. Early on the morning of January 25th I left my last home, being accompanied by a lady part of the way to the station. I had in my pocket a good revolver, with which I was resolved to defend myself if necessary. It had been arranged that a gentleman should be at the Tsarskoye Selo railway station and should take a ticket for me, which he would hand over to me without observation, while a second friend would be there and would watch the railway officials and warn me if there was anything suspicious.

When I alighted from the sledge I found the station filled with gendarmes and detectives in plain clothes, who peered into the faces of the passengers. Some of them

looked directly into my face. But it was now hardly possible to recognise the bearded priest whom they had known. Several gendarmes of a higher rank were moving to and fro as though hunting for someone. I thought the best chance of getting through would be to assume complete quietness. I stopped a gendarme officer and asked him for a match to light my cigarette. He gave it me; and, having thanked him, I proceeded to walk up and down the platform, twisting my moustache dandy-fashion, and looking anything but what I was. I soon noticed my friend, who, passing me, quickly put the ticket into my hand.

No sooner did my train come in than two gendarmes and a police-spy took up their positions at the doorway and proceeded to take stock of the entering passengers. I safely passed by them, and seated myself in a second-class carriage. The train started; so far all was well. My friend travelled in the next compartment, and so, apparently unknown to each other, we went together for some distance. As soon as a certain station was reached we left the train. My friend again took tickets, giving me one in the same furtive manner, and we started off in a quite different direction. This operation we repeated no fewer than four times. At last, late at night, we reached our destination, having passed the whole day making a zigzag journey, but in point of fact we were still quite near St. Petersburg. Though it was late my friend at once started back for the capital.

I had now to take horses and drive to an estate situated in the midst of a large forest, where stood the house that had been offered to me as a refuge. Before leaving, friends had given me a number of things that might be useful, so I was not without luggage. I called at a house near the station that was indicated to me and asked for a sledge and horses. As usual the host asked who I was, and whither I was going. When I replied that I wanted to buy V.'s estate, his face at once brightened. He began to rain information upon me, and I had solemnly to enter endless details in my note-book about the crops, the markets, and so on. At last I was able to start. Cold and tired, I reached the end of the drive in the middle of the night.

This proved to be a two-storied house, and my good host made me comfortable on the upper floor. Here I found that from the balcony at the back a long ladder gave immediate access to the ground, in case we were suddenly troubled with undesirable visitors. Next day my host drove me in a sledge through the forest, so that I might know the roads in case of necessity; and everything was prepared against the possibility of my retreat being discovered.

Before leaving St. Petersburg it had been arranged that two passports should be sent to me, one for the interior and one for abroad, the latter to be used in the event of the chance of insurrection disappearing altogether. Day after day passed, however, and no news reached me in my solitude. Thus I lived through a week of agony, practising running on snow-shoes during the day, and during the sleepless hours of night being tormented with memories of the past week and with thoughts of what might be going on around my old home. I could not understand why I heard nothing from my friends. Was it possible that all these courageous men and women had been driven into silence again by the ruthless use of brute force? Could it be that Russia had failed to respond to an act which was nearly unique in the annals of human ferocity? Alas, I soon learned that the response had come from the generous heart of my countrymen, but also that the forces of oppression were still irresistible.

After seven days of my stay in the forest a messenger suddenly appeared from St. Petersburg.

"You must fly immediately," he said; "we have reason for thinking that the authorities have got scent of you."

And then he described to me the situation, which appeared so dark that it was decided I should leave for abroad without even waiting for the passport which was to come next morning. It was true that all Russia was in a ferment, and that general strikes on a large scale had broken out in the great towns, both of the north and the south. But these strikes could bear only a peaceful character for lack of arms, and I had to choose between arrest and temporary flight. The messenger sketched out my itinerary and gave me the address of a man who would undertake to smuggle me over the frontier. I was to take the train to Pskoff, and there to book for Warsaw; but on reaching Vilna I was to return to Dvinsk, and thence through Sh—— to the frontier. The train which I had to catch at our neighbouring station was going within a few hours.

A sledge and horses were soon ready. It was pitch dark, and a wild snowstorm was raging. The bitter wind sang wildly through the bare trees of the forest through which we

had to pass. In some places the storm piled up snow-heaps on the road, leaving bare and slippery ice at others. The driver could only go slowly, having the greatest difficulty in seeing the road. The wind penetrated, as it seemed, into the very marrow of my bones, and I soon felt stiff with cold. It seemed as though some diabolical spirits were carrying on carnival all around us. Though it was only a few miles' journey, we soon appeared to have been an endless time about it. I shouted to my man, who was separated from me by only two or three feet, to drive more quickly, but, drowned in the darkness, he made no sign of hearing me. I was becoming more and more impatient, when suddenly the horses stopped and the driver, leaning towards me, said:—

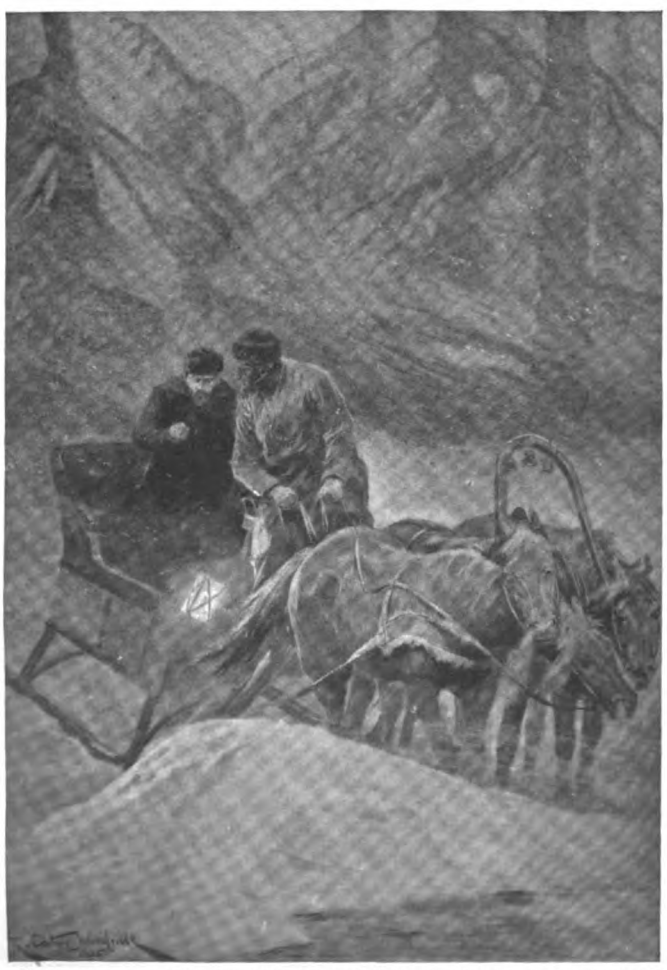
"Barin, we have lost our way."

My spirits, cold enough from the frost, fell still further. "What shall we do?" I asked, catching the man's arm.

"You wait here, Barin, and I will go and try to find the road."

I had to assent, asking him not to go far, and promising to shout, so that he might know where I was. Probably he was not absent more than ten minutes, but it seemed an eternity. I thought it was certain that I should now miss my train. Round the sledge and the horses the wind quickly heaped a mound of snow. The horses breathed heavily, and from time to time raised their feet to shake off the snow that fell upon them. Every few moments I shouted, but could hear no answer. At last the driver suddenly emerged beside me, and exclaimed:—

"We are on the wrong road. We have gone at least three miles out of our way."



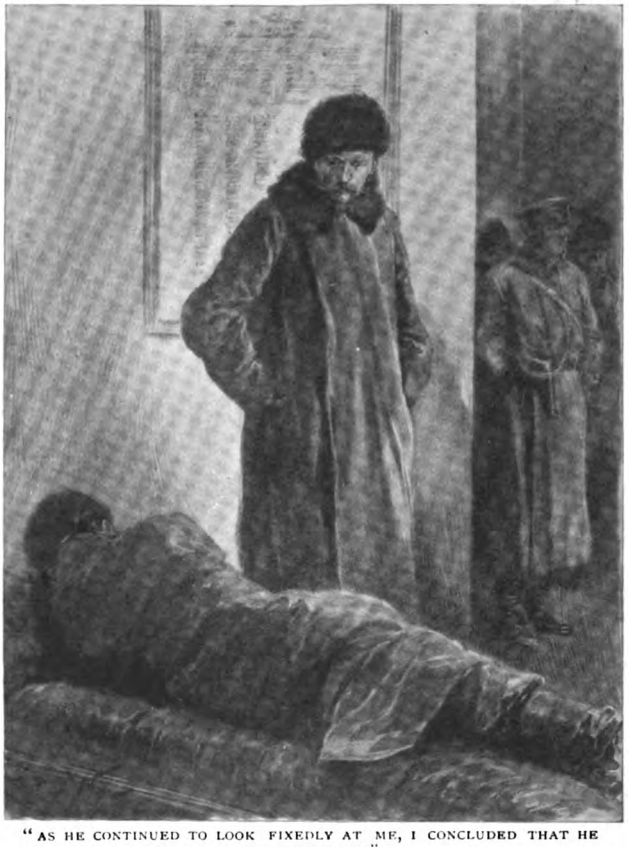
"THE DRIVER, LEANING TOWARDS ME, SAID, 'BARIN, WE HAVE LOST OUR WAY.'"

He resumed his seat, struck the horses, which after a struggle managed to move the sledge, and we made a fresh start. The journey now seemed all the longer; but at last we arrived at the station, half frozen and several hours late. It happened, however, that we were not the only victims of the snowstorm. The railway line had been blocked in many places, and the train delayed; and after all I had to wait for some time.

I have said that I had to change at Pskoff, but we had missed the connection. The next train was to leave nearly seven hours later, and this interval I had to spend as best I could in the station. After a time I was struck by the suspicious conduct of the gendarmes, of whom there is a detachment stationed in every Russian railway station. They seemed to be watching me; and this was the more disconcerting because, according to custom, they might ask me for my passport, and I had none. I should then at once be arrested, even if there were no suspicion of my identity. Handing over

my luggage to a porter, and instructing him to book it for me, I therefore left the station and walked down into the town, where I got some refreshment, and walked about for a long time. Then I returned to the station, having still two hours and a half to wait.

I entered the second-class waiting-room, lay down, and soon forgot myself in thought, until suddenly, as though under some magnetic influence, I lifted my eyes and met the fixed glance of a strange man dressed in plain clothes. His sharp eyes and nose, and his whole appearance, reminded me of an intelligent terrier. As he continued to look fixedly at me, I concluded that he must be a spy. Rising and passing quietly near him, I walked into the third-class waiting-room, where I stretched myself on a bench and shut my eyes. After a time, still affecting sleep, I half-opened my eyes and found him sitting opposite and steadily regarding me. This began to appear alarming, especially as, a moment later, a gendarme entered the room, and the man shook hands with him. Still, I was not interfered with. Perhaps they did not want to arrest me then, thinking that they could do so at the next important station, and so see whether I had not some companions. This idea was confirmed when I looked about for my porter, and found the foxy-faced detective standing with him, examining my tickets.



"AS HE CONTINUED TO LOOK FIXEDLY AT ME, I CONCLUDED THAT HE MUST BE A SPY."

For the second time I walked through a ring of gendarmes and detectives into the train. As I passed I heard one of them ask in a murmur :—

"Is it he?"

And the other answered: "Yes."

I took my place and the train started. So I was still free. But I thought it certain that the detective would telegraph to Warsaw or Vilna, or some intermediate station, that I should be watched and arrested at the right moment. I decided, therefore, to leave the train before such a possibility could arise. For some time this was not to be thought of, as there were several other passengers in my carriage. One by one, however, my neighbours left, and I took out my map and found our whereabouts. It was very difficult to decide where to alight, but at last I determined to get out at the station S——, before reaching the small town of Sh——, and to try my luck.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A RIDE FOR FREEDOM.

BEFORE we reached this point a railway workman entered my compartment. We were quite alone. He had the simple, honest face of that class of workman who had always held my trust and sympathy. Asked where he was going, he replied, "To S——."

"Oh, and I also," I replied, with satisfaction. "I am going there on serious business —in fact a marriage business. But I do not know at what house to stop. Could you advise me?"

My companion answered that he was a native and could find every house in the place blindfold. I then explained to him at some length my embarrassment, how I wanted to come to my prospective bride unexpectedly, to see for myself if everything was really as it had been described to me.

"There will be acquaintances of mine in

the station. Could we not get out by a back way without being noticed? Then you might take me to an inn."

He at first invited me to his own house, but then, remembering that too many people were sleeping there, said he would take me to a little inn near by. I promised him half a rouble for this service and for carrying my baggage, and with this he was evidently pleased. When we reached the station he took my portmanteau, and we plunged at once into the dark street. Changing his mind, he took me to the house of a Pole—"a good man," he said, "who has a very good wife."

She proved, indeed, most hospitable, and soon afterwards her husband returned home. We sat talking for a long time, though it was one o'clock in the morning when I arrived; and the more we talked the more I liked these simple people. I inquired about all sorts of things, and at last, touching upon the subject of Poland, expressed my deep sympathy with that unhappy country and the undeserved suffering of its people. My host's eyes glowed.

"I see you love your people and your country," I added. "What would you do if you were asked to save a man who had been trying, not by words but by deeds, to help the people of Russia, and to work for the emancipation of all its subject peoples?"

"I would do everything," he answered, "and with delight."

"Well," I said, "I am such a man. The detectives are at my heels. I must go over the frontier and leave the country for a time. Yet I cannot go to the station. The only way is to drive to the town of Sh——. Is it far?"

"About two hundred versts" (one hundred and thirty-four miles).

"Would you undertake to get me there?"

"With pleasure. Wherever you like."

Early in the morning he took me to a Jew to hire a sledge and horses. It was bitterly cold weather, and the snow was again falling as we started on our journey. February weather is, indeed, in Russia generally the severest of the year. My overcoat was very fine to look at, but did not keep me warm; and so the Pole gave me a *burka*, a kind of cloak used on rough journeys. Even then I still felt the cold very much. There were mostly no regular roads, and we more than once took the wrong direction. Reaching the next village with difficulty, we had a short rest and hired new horses. There a peasant took the place of the Jew, leaving him to return home. In this way we drove from village to village day and night, choosing so far as possible small hamlets, and having for food only bread, sausages, and some *vodka*.

At one village we called at a *korchma* (inn) and sat down to warm ourselves and get some food. Hardly had we commenced our meal when the door opened and a gendarme entered. He looked at us with suspicion, but said nothing. This prompted us to hurry, and I made an extra payment to obtain a fast horse. At the next inn we stopped to rest the horse, as I intended to take it farther. The landlord, a Jew, looked at me attentively and said:—

"I understand. But this is not the driver you need. You had better take him as far as the village K——, and dismiss him there, and I will give you an address where you can arrange everything that is necessary."

Without doubt he guessed that I was escaping across the frontier. His solicitude touched me, and I gratefully offered him several roubles. But these he indignantly refused, saying, "It is not a question of money." We safely reached the little town of K——, and called at the address which had been given us. I then dismissed the driver, and had a hearty meal with my friend the Pole, who was still accompanying me. Our host was again a Jew, and we were served by his two young daughters, who, as well as their father, evidently understood the state of the case, and tried to show their sympathy. By this time the storm, which had lasted for two days, ceased, and the weather brightened. The roast duck which they gave us, the warm room, and the kindness which these good people showed, were a welcome change after the rough journey of nearly three days which we had made. The father soon brought in our new driver, a middle-aged man with a strong and intelligent face.

As we were making our arrangements a gendarme appeared, and my host scratched his head, and murmured, "The deuce! But do not be afraid, he is only after his three roubles." The gendarme joined us, I offered him a cigarette, and we all four fell into a friendly conversation. After a time my host took the gendarme aside, said a few words, and handed something to him. The man's face brightened, and after a few friendly remarks he shook hands, and saying, "I am honoured with our acquaintance and wish you every success," he left. My host explained that in this village there were no fewer than eight gendarmes, all of whom were in conspiracy with the local smugglers. For

every person who passed through the village on his way to the frontier they received three roubles, which they divided amongst them. Altogether it brought them in a very nice regular income, thanks to which none of them was ever perfectly sober.

Our horses were brought, and presently it turned out that, though we had an excellent driver, he was nevertheless a great drunkard. At every *monopolka* (State drink-shop) he insisted on stopping and imbibing freely. Before starting our host had given us a detailed route, indicating which villages we should avoid because of the police, where we should stop, and so on. Through this woody and mountainous region we drove all night, having several times in the darkness to take peasants with us to show us the road. Next day—after four days and nights of almost incessant driving in the frost—we reached a village situated only a few versts from the frontier, where my friend the Pole had to leave me. We separated with a brotherly embrace, and I then found out the person to whom I had been directed by my friends in St. Petersburg, and who was to smuggle me over the frontier. He turned out to be an extremely cautious man. I spent a few hours with him in his house, but he took me to a neighbour's to spend the night. I left my luggage with him, and it was arranged that it should be taken over the frontier afterwards, and delivered to me if I got across safely.

On the following day I dressed in peasant's clothes, and drove with the smuggler's family to the little village of T——, adjoining the frontier. It was a Sunday, and they went to the village church, leaving me to rest in one of the houses of the village. This came near to being the last day of my life. The intense cold in mid-winter in Russia leads the peasants to hermetically seal their rooms, cementing the double windows, and closing up every possible orifice. I lay down to sleep, grateful for the heat of the stove ; and when, two hours later, the smuggler with his two brothers and father-in-law came from the church to fetch me, they found me in a condition bordering on unconsciousness. They at once opened the folding panes in the windows, and then carried me into the courtyard, where I soon recovered.

The five of us took our places in the sledge, and drove to a house situated close to the frontier line. There I was handed over to a young Pole, who, unfortunately, was not very trustworthy, as it appeared later on. He went out to see the soldier on duty in order to warn him of my passing.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I JUMP THE FRONTIER.

I MUST explain that all along the West Russian frontier a considerable part of the population are professional smugglers, who undertake to get persons, as well as goods, through by making arrangements with the guards on duty. In the evening the persons desiring to get through are assembled, singly or in a company, according to the circumstances, and the guard is paid so much, usually from one to three roubles, for each person. The real danger, therefore, lies rather with the detectives in the neighbouring villages, and also in the fact that sometimes the guards are unexpectedly changed, and then, no arrangements having been made, they carry out their duty and fire upon any illegal wayfarer. It sometimes happens also that a special officer is sent from St. Petersburg because of information that has been

"THEY CARRIED ME INTO THE COURTYARD."

received, and then everything is thrown topsy-turvy.

In former years the contingent of persons smuggled over consisted mainly of peasants or workmen, Jews, Poles, Lithuanians, and others, driven to despair by all sorts of disabilities, and longing to find a refuge in the free world, generally in America. To get a passport means for them to spend much of their little money on passport-taxes and on bribes, without which no official service is performed—often more than a score of roubles. As these poor creatures cannot afford such expense, they prefer the cheaper way, riskier though it be, of "jumping" the frontier. In recent years, however, a larger and larger proportion of those secretly leaving the country consists of political refugees, or young men evading military service and deserting reservists. These cannot get a regular passport in any way. A few of them manage to obtain irregular passports; the others usually pay a high price to the smugglers, who, if they were caught in the act, would be imprisoned and subjected to severe punishment, their families being ruined. This is why they undertake such business only when they are well paid, or when they are themselves practically in the Revolutionary camp and live at the frontier to carry out this service. The smuggling of goods, including Revolutionary literature, is carried on in the same way. It is a very dangerous occupation, and is paid accordingly. For instance, to smuggle into the Empire a *poud* (thirty-six pounds) of prohibited literature costs at the least five guineas, and in many cases ten guineas, or even more. If one remembers how often these bales of literature are seized, or have to be thrown into the rivers or otherwise abandoned by the smugglers, one can easily imagine what a strain the supply, which is in ever-increasing demand, puts upon the resources of the Revolutionary parties.

My guide did not return for a long time. It appeared that he had been drinking with the soldier, and that the operation pleased them both so much that it had to be repeated, and when at last he returned he was absolutely tipsy and incapable of doing anything. I understood from the reproaches of the family that he had spent all the money I gave him for the business. The fellow curled himself up in a corner and went fast asleep. When, after some hours, he woke up and came to his senses he found that the guard had been changed. This news greatly alarmed his family, who felt their duty toward me. But there was no way out of the difficulty except to pass the night where I was.

Early next morning my guide, sober now, woke me up and told me to follow him. We took with us a young boy, about twelve years of age. After a few minutes' walking my guide met a colleague, who said it was impossible now to cross, because there were two soldiers, both strangers, at the frontier post. However, I insisted on going forward. It was very misty, and only about a hundred yards lay between us and the barbed wire which separated Russian territory from Prussia.

I was now in the hands of the small boy. We began to run from one to another of the outlying buildings of the village, hiding behind each as we went. I saw that the business had not been arranged properly, and got my revolver in readiness. Suddenly the boy caught my arm, and in frightened tones cried, "A soldier is behind us!"

Then I heard a shout, "Stop!" I looked behind and saw a soldier about forty yards away, running towards us across the deep snow. We now began to run as fast as we could. But the soldier was overtaking us.

When he was only a few yards away he stumbled and fell at full length. Never was a more fortunate accident.

A moment later we were crawling under the barbed wire, and for the first time in my life I stood outside my native land. I expected a rifle shot, but none came, and we pursued our way. This seemed very strange to me until, later on, I learned that a month before a man had been shot by a Russian soldier when on the other side of the frontier, that the Prussian guards reported the incident to their authorities, and that it gave rise to serious complications, and led to the Russian guards receiving stricter instructions.

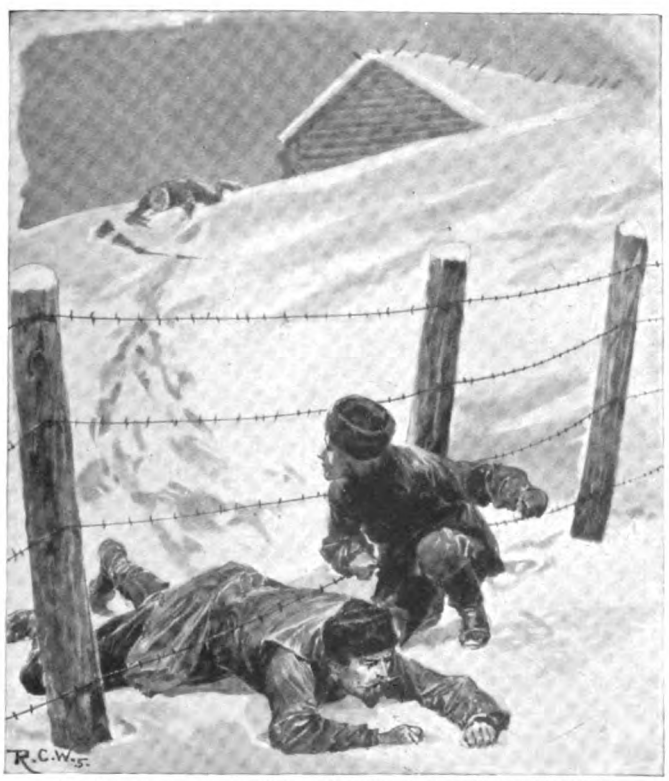
Meanwhile we were running in zigzags towards a house which was to be seen in the distance. When I felt comparatively in safety I asked my little conductor whether he was frightened. "I frightened of a soldier? Never!" he replied, with a rare show of anger.

The house was that of a German, whom we found hospitably disposed. Here, again, I asked for another suit of clothes, in exchange for which I left my own. A pair of horses was brought, and the woman of the house took her place in the sledge with myself and the boy, and left us at the next inn, a distance of about half a mile.

It was here that my smuggler had to bring my luggage, but he had not yet come. At last I breathed freely, and after getting some

food I bade the boy good-bye, giving him a five-rouble note, which he carefully hid in the lining of his coat. After some consideration I decided to wait for my portmanteau.

A couple of hours later a stout man, with



"A MOMENT LATER WE WERE CRAWLING UNDER THE BARBED WIRE."

an arrogant demeanour, came into the inn and approached me, beginning to put questions to me in Russian. "Where are you going?" and "How are things in St. Petersburg?" he asked. I told him I did not know anything about St. Petersburg. But he again more pointedly asked who I was, and I replied that I was a deserter.

"Ah," he said, "I will bring some of your countrymen, who would be pleased to see you," and forthwith he left the inn. The innkeeper beckoned me with her finger, and whispered, "He is an agent of the Russian Police. You had better leave at once." She then called the driver to fetch the horses, but before she had returned the stout man came back, this time with two others. I had been warned that Germany was extraditing deserters, but I had let the word slip out thoughtlessly. It was clear that I must get away at once.

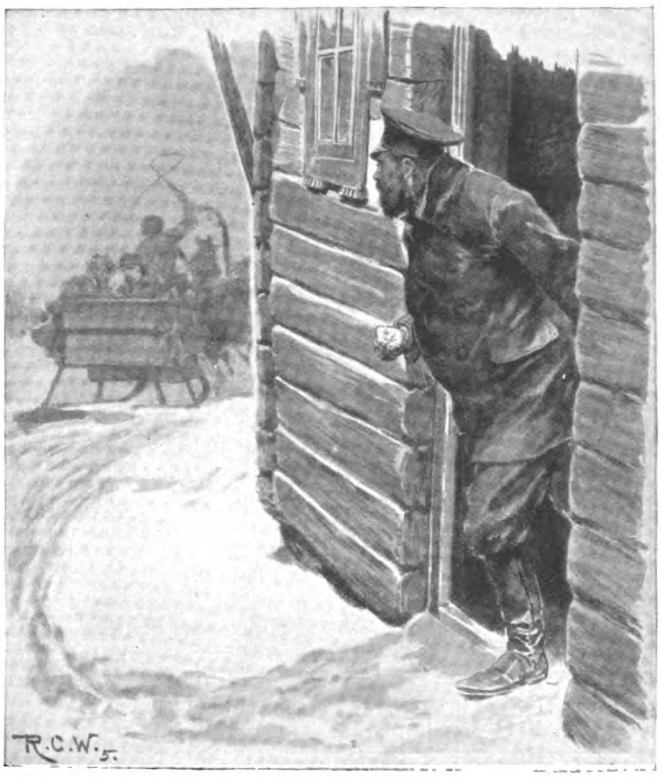
I saw through the window that the horses were being harnessed. The woman who kept the inn came in and engaged the stout man in conversation. Suddenly she said to him, "I forgot to give you a message," and with a significant nod to me, she took him with her into the next room. Pretending to follow them I went to the door, jumped into the sledge, and we made off at full speed. Looking backward I saw the stout man rush out of the inn. But there were no other horses, and we soon were out of sight, making fast toward the town of Tilsit.

The journey passed without further incident. On my arrival, I took the first opportunity of getting shaved; and after that my driver left me at the house of a young man to whom I had been commended by my friends in St. Petersburg. All over his rooms I found heaps of Russian Revolutionary publications. My curiosity was highly excited, but my new host did not know a word of Russian, which is the only language I speak. At last he brought a friend who spoke Russian, a very sympathetic fellow, N——, and I soon saw that I was in a hot-bed of Revolutionary activity. People came and went, packing parcels of clandestine literature, and carrying them away.

I wondered how much my host knew about me, and what he thought of the recent events, towards which I therefore turned the conversation. He showed the utmost interest, and spoke with great sympathy of Father Gapon. I decided to trust myself to him, and, under promise of preserving the secret, told him who I was. He was quite startled and began to question me, evidently rather doubting the truth of what I had said. Convinced at last, he said that he and N—— were both members of the Lettish Social Democratic League.

They gave me a passport, and presently N—— accompanied me to Berlin, whence I intended to go on to Switzerland, as I was afraid that in Germany I should not be safe from arrest and extradition.

After staying one night in Berlin, N——



"WE MADE OFF AT FULL SPEED."

booked for me, and in twenty-four hours I was a free man in a free country.

CHAPTER XXV.

A FORECAST OF EVENTS IN RUSSIA.

I VISITED in turn Switzerland, Paris, London. Everywhere I found an atmosphere of liberty, allowing the peaceful development of the mass of the people, and making impossible any such events as those in which I had taken part during the last few weeks. I was living now in a new world, but only in order to work for the transformation of the old world which I had left behind. Twice I had escaped from death—the first time from the bullets of the soldiers at the Narva Gate; the second time by evading an arrest which would have certainly finished cruelly for me in the dungeons of St. Peter and St. Paul, or the Schlüsselburg. But I felt now more than ever that my life belonged to my people, and that I must devote all my energies to preparing for the moment when I should be able to return to my workmen and lead them with certainty on the path toward liberty and welfare.

Several months have passed, bringing this day nearer. The massacres of January were a revelation which brought about a complete change in the mind of the nation. This act of the Czar's Government proved to be a finishing stroke to the many years of educational work which had been carried on at so much sacrifice by the Revolutionary parties, by the many years of misrule and its sequel of misery and suffering, and last, but not least, by the criminal and senseless war, which was as much hated by the whole people as it was harmful to them. The despotism of the last century has made famine a national institution among us; it has brought the State finances to the verge of bankruptcy; it has destroyed the very foundation of peasant agriculture; it has ruined thousands upon thousands of the best lives of our youth. At the moment when the whole nation was clamouring for a change of policy, for a respite, at least from the baneful oppression to which it had been so long subjected, at this moment the paternal Government of the Czar had found nothing better to do than to waste millions on the building of railways, fortresses, and warships in foreign lands, and then to begin a war which was unprecedented as well by its military disasters as the degree of corruption and incapacity it revealed. I say that the events of January 22nd were the finishing stroke by which the true meaning of these things was brought home to the minds of the people. It was a definite and irrevocable lesson, as everything that has followed proves beyond doubt. With unexampled solidarity one town after another responded to the shouts of horror of the workmen of the capital, and struck work or the performance of their professional duties—teachers, barristers, journalists, as well as skilled and unskilled labourers, beginning with Moscow and Riga and rolling southward to the industrial regions of the Steppes of the Black Sea, and even into the mountains of the Caucasus.

To appreciate rightly this movement one must take into account the amount of suffer-

ing which such strikes entail. Remember that the immense majority of Russian workmen have no savings, that they live from hand to mouth, and rarely have clothing or furniture that can be pawned or sold. These strikes have often lasted for weeks and even months, amid the cries of famished children and the sobs of heart-broken mothers.

Soon the peasants joined the revolt. An agrarian war broke out in numerous districts, especially in the Baltic and Central provinces, around Odessa, and in the Caucasus; and after being extinguished with bloodshed in one place broke out in another, always more fiercely than before and on a larger scale. Here, too, this Government has done everything to increase the horrors of the situation. By order of the Ministers and of the superior heads of the Orthodox priesthood, the village policeman and priests have incited the peasants against the "intellectuals," the doctors who nursed and the students who helped them in famine years against those of the landlords who were not good or liberal.

In many places the higher administration of the provinces has organized bands of hooligans, whom we call "black hundreds," who call themselves "Russian men"; and these they have incited to attacks on the educated classes and on all non-Orthodox peoples, especially the Jews and Armenians, telling them that these people have been bought by Japanese or English gold to ruin their country. As a result, many of the landlords have fled from their domains into the towns; and not finding safety even there, they too have been forced to procure arms for themselves and to organize secret defence committees.

This agrarian crisis is one of the reasons why the Zemstvo movement has gained so much strength, and why many of the more liberal nobles have taken a bolder part in it. The Jews, Poles, and Armenians have shown still greater energy. The wholesale massacre of these unhappy races is arranged by the Government in a systematic, almost a scientific, way. The massacres of the Armenians in Baku, Batoum, Tiflis, and other towns to which I have referred; the massacres of Jews, reports of which we receive almost daily now; the wholesale slaughter of Poles and Jews in Lodz, where the people actually rose in open insurrection—these crimes have established already a sporadic civil war throughout the length of Russia.

And yet this is only the beginning. Forcing every class of the Russian nation and every race inhabiting the country to train themselves for military resistance, and making a question of life and death of it, the Government is preparing for a revolution before which the great French Revolution will appear as a game of Lilliputians. For what have the Czar and the bureaucracy done to alleviate the horrors of the coming crisis? Absolutely nothing. Every decree of reform that has been issued has been at once spoiled by some trick, and always by the fact that its realization was confided to the same agents whose crimes are crying to Heaven for vengeance.

Thus the Czar granted in February last a decree of religious toleration. But this does not permit freedom of religious discussion; it does not touch at all six millions of Jews and many millions of Mohammedans and other non-Christian peoples; and such partial freedom as is granted to the Christian creeds is, in numberless cases, reduced to a dead letter by the local officials not having received instructions. Who, indeed, can force them to apply the decree when all publicity is forbidden? Again, the Elective Assembly which the Czar granted in August is a shameless mockery of real Parliamentary institutions, as well as of the national demand for constitutional government. It does not confide to the people any rights at all, and the Assembly will be constructed in such a way as to form a new weapon to strengthen the Throne and the bureaucracy.

And now, as I write, the news reaches me that the crops have failed in twenty-eight provinces—that is, in the larger half of the Empire—through the lack of labour and cultivation, and that vast tracts of the country are threatened with famine. Who will come to the help of the ten millions of peasants who are already beginning to starve in many districts? And whence can the salvation of my people come if the nation will not rise, armed as best it may, determined to chase away the blasphemous Czar and his satraps at any price of blood it may cost?

Fortunately this price may be less than might have been expected some time ago. There are already numerous signs that the forces of the Government are getting more and more sick of the task of killing their brethren. The mutiny of the *Kniaz Potemkin* and the *Georgey Pobyedonostsets* (what an irony of fate for the Procurator of the Holy Synod!) of the *Pruth* and the destroyers, and practically, though perhaps less openly, of the whole of the fleet, has already deprived the Czar of one mighty arm; and now every day

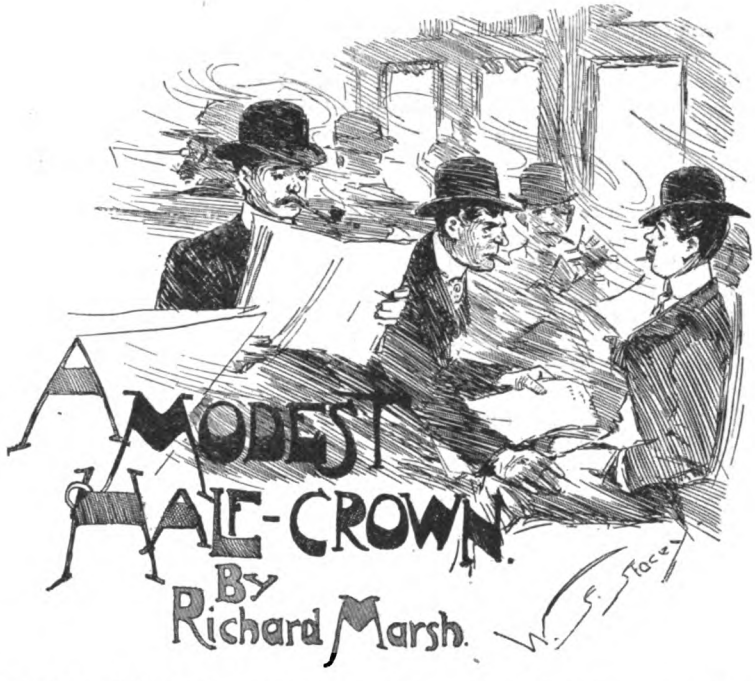
there are more and more numerous signs that the second and still more formidable weapon, the army, is beginning to yield to the atmosphere of revolt by which it is enveloped. If not in the towns, at least in the villages, the soldiers fraternize with the people; and in this way the agrarian war of which I have spoken will have a fatal influence on them. It is, of course, impossible to expect that the general outbreak will wait till the whole army mutinies. It is an elemental force which gets stronger the more often it is repressed, and grows in this very exercise. The only thing that the leaders of the Revolutionary movement can do is to organize this elemental force so as to deal the blow more quickly, to make the duration of the struggle shorter, to avoid innocent bloodshed, to achieve an effect as decisive and as favourable to the masses as circumstances permit. It is to encompass these ends that I have directed my activity since I left Russia.

Before I end my story I may be asked how long this contest may continue, and what are the chances of the classes in which I am most interested—the workmen and the peasants. If the Czar would promptly display some wisdom, of which during his reign there has as yet been no sign, and if he would voluntarily grant the Russian people the necessary freedom to work out their own destinies, a revolution might, even now, be avoided, and the dynasty might possibly be saved to enjoy the position of a limited monarchy. But what reason have we to hope for such a manly and intelligent act on the part of the Czar? He has never for a single moment succeeded in getting free from the influence of Pobyedonostseff, and such ruthless oppressors as Plehve and Trepoff.

There might be another possibility. If the Czar would not give by one decisive act full political freedom to all his subjects, he might discriminate and devolve a part of his power upon the upper classes on condition of receiving an indemnity for himself and his former servants; and he might differentiate between the various classes by a skilful gradation of rights and privileges. By such measures, as well as by real agrarian reforms, by the lessening of taxation that falls upon the peasants, by lowering the protectionist tariff, and by reforming the whole administration he might weaken very much the forces of the opposition. In this way the support of the upper and middle classes might be won and, for a time, the bitterness of the peasants softened. But even so, the revolution would be only adjourned for a few years. It would be in no way destroyed, because the chief support of the Revolutionary movement lies in the industrial classes, who would go on agitating with as much energy as ever. The agrarian reforms would soon prove hollow, because a Parliament composed mainly of landlords and merchants would frustrate any real attempt in this direction. Apart from this consideration, such a policy would require a mature sense of statesmanship, real courage, and skill. The so-called Constitution which the Czar promised on August 19th shows no traces of these qualities.

FATHER GAPON'S CHILDREN, MARONSIA AND ALEXEY, AND HIS BROTHER JACOB. *From a Photo. by] [Chmielewski, Poltava.*

I may say, therefore, with certainty that the struggle is quickly approaching its inevitable crisis; that Nicholas II. is preparing for himself the fate which befell a certain English King and a certain French King long ago, and that such members of his dynasty as escape unhurt from the throes of the revolution may, on some day in the not very distant future, find themselves exiles upon some Western shore.



I HAVE been having an insight into life—right into the very heart of it. It was a Monday morning, and as we were going up in the train to business a party named Hitchcock leaned over, and he laid his hand on my knee.

"Sam Briggs," he said, "do you want to make your fortune?"

"Well, Mr. Hitchcock," I replied to him, "I've no particular objection, not that I know of. Were you thinking of showing me how to do it?"

"I was," he said, "and I am. Back Solomon for the Park Hill Stakes."

With that I looked his way, and I showed him how you wink with your left eye.

"Thank you, Mr. Hitchcock," I remarked. "I'm obliged to you; but I don't happen to be a racing man. I've seen too much of it."

"I'm not asking you to be a racing man," he went on, as if he was very much in earnest. "Nothing of the sort. I'm simply saying to you that if you want to turn half a crown into twenty-five shillings I'm giving you a chance to do it. A chance? I'm giving you a dead certainty; that's all I say, and it strikes me that that's about enough."

"I suppose," I observed, more for the sake of carrying on the conversation than anything else, "Solomon is a horse?"

"Oh, yes, he's a horse right enough; he is a horse, he is."

"And the Park Hill Stakes is a race?"

"Yes, and so's the Park Hill Stakes a race; run this afternoon at 2.30. Mind you, Solomon belongs to a stable with which I'm in constant communication; and when I say to you for the Park Hill Stakes he can't lose I'm only telling you the truth. He'll start at about 10 to 1; so that half a crown's worth five-and-twenty shillings."

"Is it?" I said; and looked thoughtful.

Then someone else chipped in, and then another, as chaps will when they are going up to business in the train, and a conversation's started. Presently pretty nearly all the lot of them were talking together. I don't quite know how it happened, but the end of it was that when I got out at my station Hitchcock had half a crown of mine in his trouser pocket, and I was backing Solomon for the Park Hill Stakes.

Before I had put my foot on the platform I was sorry. I was a bit short that week. Money was wanted for one or two things. I knew no more about horse-racing than a bull's hind leg; and to think that, with funds

as they were, I had been such a soft as to hand over half a crown of mine to a man like Hitchcock, of whom I knew only a little more than I did about horse-racing—when I did come to think of it, it made me wild. I felt like going straight back and telling him that if he would shell out one-and-three he might keep the other half for his pains, and then something would be saved from the fire. But, of course, that was out of the question. All I could do was to wait until I had a chance to kick myself on the quiet.

That afternoon I was going to the Garden on an errand for the firm, when, as I was crossing Blackfriars Bridge, who should I all but run up against but Hitchcock? At sight of me he stopped.

"Well," he burst out, "what do you think of it?"

"Think of what?" I asked, feeling that if I had to tell him what I thought of that lost half-crown he might not like it.

"Haven't you seen?"

"Seen what?"

He stared.

"You're a rum one. Mean to say you don't know? Then I'll tell you. Look at that." He took a paper out of his pocket and held it out in front of me, pointing at something in it with his finger. "There you are—the 2.30 winner. 'Park Hill Stakes.—Solomon 1, Endive 2, Aristo 3. Won in a canter.' Now who's who?"

I could not quite make out what he meant. I took the paper into my own hand and read it for myself.

"Do you mean to say," I put it to him, "that I've won?—that the horse has won which I had half a crown on?"

"That's exactly what I do mean. Can't you see for yourself? Didn't I tell you he was a certainty? Now your half-crown's a sovereign."

"A sovereign? I thought you said it was worth five-and-twenty shillings?"

"Ah, that's where I was wrong—that was my one mistake. When I came to try I found that I couldn't get more than 7 to 1 nohow. Seven half-crowns are seventeen-and-six, and your own half-crown makes a sovereign; here's the brief to prove it."

He gave me a piece of pasteboard, on the back of which was printed, "Ernest Stollery, 37, Effingham Road, S.W.—Mondays." And on the front was written, "Park Hill Stakes.—7 to 1 Solomon—2s. 6d."

"What's this?" I asked. Never having seen anything of the sort in my life before it was only natural that I should ask, though Hitchcock did smile.

"Well, Sam Briggs," he said, "you are a simple youth." He might find I was not so simple as he thought; however, I let him go on. "That's your contract note—what sporting men call your 'brief.' That shows that you had half a crown on Solomon at 7 to 1. Here you are, here's its fellow; I had half a dollar of my own on; we take a pound apiece."

He pulled out a piece of pasteboard, which was just like the one he had handed me.

"Where's my sovereign?" I asked.

"You'll have it next Monday; don't you see what's printed in the corner there?—'Mondays'; that's Stollery's settling day."

"Why should I wait for my coin till Monday? He's had my half-crown, cash down."

"My dear chap, how you do talk; you don't understand. A man with a business like Stollery can't keep forking out after every race; he's bound to have a regular day; there's his standing accounts. Don't you be afraid for your money; Ernest Stollery's as safe as the Bank of England, and as straight. Why, he's what you might call a friend of my own. Really, his house is the Old Dun Cow, but, of course, he couldn't give that as his address; it wouldn't do—you know what I mean; but there it is. You'll have your postal order, or your cheque, or what not—he gives cheques for all sums over a pound—by the first post on Tuesday morning, as safe as houses, and safer than some."

I would sooner have had the coin there and then, but as it seemed that there was no getting it I did not mind admitting that an extra sovereign on Tuesday morning would come in most convenient. Hitchcock fell in by my side, and we went over Blackfriars Bridge together. He said, just as we were getting on to the Embankment:—

"What I want to know is, what objection have you to our turning our sovereigns into five-pound notes?"

"I've no objection," I told him, "not the least in the world."

"Spoken like a man, and a sportsman! Then, in that case, I may as well tell you that I know something for the Billingshurst Plate which is as good as Solomon was to-day, and perhaps better."

"Do you mean more betting?" I inquired of him; because, when he talked of turning our sovereigns into five-pound notes, it was not anything of that sort I had had in my head when I mentioned that I had no objection.

"Certainly—if you can call it betting when it's a dead cert. I've got some private information about to-morrow—special information."

"Where did you get it from?"

"Ah, where did I? There's a good many would like to know; but that's my business. It's about an animal which could win at any weight; and, mind you, she's carrying five pounds less than she ought. See what I mean?"

I did not, exactly; but, as it seemed that it would not be much use my saying so, I let him go on—for one reason, because I could not stop him. He put his hand up to his mouth, and he leaned over towards me as if he were afraid of being overheard, and he said:—

"The Maiden's Prayer."

"Is that his name?"

"Her name, my boy, hers; she's a lady—a filly—A1. The only thing is, she'll be a bit short."

"Not tall enough, you mean?"

He laughed; I did not know what at, but from the way in which he behaved something seemed to be amusing him. Some of the people who were passing stared.

"Something seems to tickle you," I remarked.

"You are so funny," he said, stopping himself with difficulty. "You are so full of humour, Briggs." Then off he went again. "It wasn't her size I was alluding to when I talked about her being short—that's all right enough; but her price—her market price, my boy. At present she's at 11 to 2, and she may go shorter, but, after all, when it's a certainty what does it matter? All you have to do is to rake it in—and we'll rake it in."

I was not so sure of that myself, and I dropped a hint to that effect when we parted on Waterloo Bridge. But he hopped on to a 'bus, and was off before I could say all that I really wanted to. I had had my little flutter, as it were, against my will; and I had had enough. What I wanted was my sovereign—it would have come in handy for one or two reasons just then. In fact, my feeling was that I should have been willing to sell it for fifteen shillings, cash down, and so be shut of the whole thing, if I could only have found a customer.

However, the next morning, when the train got into the station, there was Hitchcock hanging out of the window and calling to me like mad. Of course, I squeezed myself into his compartment—there were about fourteen in it already—and almost before I was in he said to me:—

"We're on!"

"On what?"

"The Maiden's Prayer."

"How much?"

"The lot."

"What," I said, "do you mean to tell me that you've bet a sovereign of mine on a horse?"

"I do," he said. "We're going for the gloves, that's what we're going for."

"THERE WAS HITCHCOCK HANGING OUT OF THE WINDOW AND CALLING TO ME LIKE MAD."

"Then I'm very sorry to hear it," I remarked. "That sovereign would have come in useful; now, I suppose, it's done for."

"Don't talk silly," he said. "You're a pretty sort of sportsman."

"I don't care what I am," I told him. "What I wanted was that sovereign, so now you've got it."

"You'll talk different when you see the numbers go up. Just now you don't know what you are saying."

I could have said something to him; only I did not want to have an argument in the train, so I let it alone. That day, for the first time in my life, I found myself taking an interest in horse-racing; to that extent that that afternoon I went out expressly to buy a ha'penny paper. The first thing I saw, among the "Stop Press" news, was this:—

"Billingshurst Plate.—Maiden's Prayer 1, Cortina 2, Shafto 3. Won easily. Seven ran."

When I saw it something queer seemed to go up and down my back. As I was still staring Mr. Charles Potter, one of our firm, came up.

"HAVE YOU BEEN BETTING, YOU YOUNG RASCAL?"

"What's the matter?" he asked. He saw the paper in my hand, and he twigged in an instant what I was looking at, surprising me. "Have you been betting, you young rascal?"

"Well, sir," I said, hardly knowing what to say, yet not wanting to tell an untruth, "a friend of mine did put a little on for me."

"And the little's lost?"

"No, sir; not if what I can make out from the paper's right, and The Maiden's Prayer's won the Billingshurst Plate."

"Did your friend put you on The Maiden's Prayer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I wish he had put me on; I was on a brute which was not even placed."

He went stamping off into his office in what struck me as being quite a temper. What he said filled me with amazement. It is true that Mr. Charles was the youngest and the liveliest; but it was generally understood in the office that all the firm were most particular. I had no idea that any of them—even Mr. Charles—had anything to do with horses.

That night we left early, and when I got out there was Hitchcock waiting for me on the pavement.

"Well," he began, "now who was talking silly? Now who was wrong in going for the gloves? What's that?"

He thrust into my fingers a piece of pasteboard like the one he had given me yesterday; only what was written on it was different, like this: "Billingshurst Plate.—7 to 2 Maiden's Prayer—£1." He went on:—

"As you see, and as I told you, the price was a bit short; but even 7 to 2's not to be sneezed at, considering that we win three-pound-ten, which, with a sovereign yesterday, makes four and a half good golden sovereigns. What, ho!"

I felt myself that it was What, ho! Four-pound-ten — coming from half a crown—certainly was altogether beyond anything I had expected, and so I as good as told him. He went on:—

"What I'm going to do is to stand myself a pair of trousers in honour of the event. If you look at these I have on you'll see I want 'em, and, strictly between ourselves, they're the only pair I have."

In that case he certainly did want them; anything shabbier than those he was wearing you could hardly want to see.

"And I would suggest," he added, "that you should stand yourself a pair as well; you could do with them even if you have a box-ful. You always ought to mark an occasion like this—everyone ought; and what's the matter with a pair of trousers?"

Nothing, so far as I could see. The idea struck me as a good one. Thank goodness I was not reduced to one pair only; but, at the same time, an extra pair of trousers never did any harm to anyone.

"We'll order a pair apiece," he said, "made to measure—none of your ready-mades—and we'll tell 'em to have 'em ready for Tuesday, so that we can pay for them when we get our cheques from Stollery. The question is, do you know a tailor who can make trousers—garments, mind you, which will do us credit when we've got them on?"

I did. I knew a tailor from whom I had had clothes more than once—very nice ones, too. To him I took Hitchcock. I chose a pair at fourteen-and-six—sort of dove colour, with a thin blue stripe, very neat indeed. Hitchcock's were eighteen-and-six; evidently he was one of those who, when he could fly, flew high. He said that you might as well have a good pair while you were about it; though, so far as that went, I could not see that his were any better than mine. However, there it was; we were measured, and the trousers were to be ready—and were to be paid for—on the Tuesday following.

When we got outside Hitchcock said to me:—

"I say, Briggs, you couldn't lend me two or three shillings till Tuesday? I'm very short, old man."

"If you're shorter than me," I answered, "you must be. I'm that pushed myself this week that how I'm going to manage till Saturday is what I'm wondering."

He looked at me to see if I was in earnest; and when he saw that I was, we parted.

The next day—being Wednesday—I saw nothing of him as I went up to business, but about midday the boy came and said that someone wanted to see me; and when I got out there was Hitchcock standing on the pavement.

"Halloa!" I cried, "what's up?"

Because, directly I saw him, I knew that something was.

"Well," he began, passing his hand across his chin, which wanted shaving, "last night I went down to the Old Dun Cow to have a chat with Mr. Stollery, and I had a drink with him; in fact, I fancy I must have had three or four."

"I thought you had no money?"

"I met a friend," he said, "by accident."

"And, I suppose, by accident, you got a bit out of him?"

Hitchcock coughed.

"That's exactly what I did do; and now, strictly between ourselves, I rather wish I hadn't."

"Perhaps that's what he'll be wishing before he's done with you."

Hitchcock tried to look as if I had hurt his feelings.

"That remark's uncalled for. It's my intention to pay him punctually on Tuesday morning; that is"—he coughed again—"if it all comes right."

"If all what comes right?" I asked. I could see from his manner there was something behind. "Out with it—what's up? I can't stand here all day; I've got my work to do."

"Well, it's this way." He looked about him as if he was trying to find he did not quite know what. Then he went on with a rush. "As I was saying, last night I had a drink or two with Mr. Stollery down at the Old Dun Cow, and there were some other gentlemen there with whom I had a little conversation, and—and, to cut a long story short, we're on Mark Antony."

"What?" I cried. "We're on Mark Antony—both the two of us?" He edged away as if he was afraid I should hit him. "Who's Mark Antony?"

"It's the name of an animal which I'm free to confess I never heard of before last night, but which I see from the paper is running this afternoon in the Esher Handicap."

"And how much of my money have you put on this horse you never heard of?"

"The lot—nine pound—four-ten apiece. Here—here's your brief."

I took the piece of pasteboard he handed me, but I never looked at it. Just then I was called into the office, and back I had to go, luckily for him. At the very least he would have heard a few plain words. My feelings were beyond anything. When I thought of the pair of trousers I had ordered, and of what I had planned to do with the rest of the four-pound-ten, and of how, through getting among a lot of drinking vagabonds, he had thrown it all away on a brute which, for all he knew, had not four legs to stand on—well, there, I could have hit him.

It was a busy day at the office, and things were not made easier by the worry I was in.

We were still hard at it when, latish in the afternoon, who should come bursting into the office, without a with-your-leave or by-your-leave, but Hitchcock himself? Before all the other chaps he caught hold of my hand and started shaking it as it never had been shaken before.

"We're millionaires, Sam Briggs," he cried, "and don't you forget it. There's no man in London—there's no man in England wishes to conceal the truth; and I do not mind owning that, when I got a fair grasp of the situation, in a manner of speaking it knocked the wind right out of me. I dumped down on to a stool and stared; at the moment it was all I was fit for. Fifteen guineas! I had never had so much money all at once—my salary being paid weekly—in the whole of my life; and I don't believe Hitchcock ever had either. To hear

"'WE'RE MILLIONAIRES, SAM BRIGGS,' HE CRIED."

—if it comes to that, there's no man in the whole British Empire who's got such an eye and nose for a horse as I have; I've always maintained it, and now it's proved! Thirty-one-pound-ten is what we've won—fifteen guineas apiece. We're millionaires, my boy, that's what we are."

He was in such a state of excitement that it was hard to make out what he was after; but, by degrees, when he had cooled down a bit it became plain enough—if a thing like that ever could be called plain. It seemed that this horse, of whom he had never heard before last night, and on whom he had staked our all, had actually won—"romped in," he put it. At 5 to 2 we had won eleven-pound-five each, which with our original four-pound-ten made fifteen guineas. All come from half a crown! I am not one who him talk you would have thought that it was all his cleverness had done it.

"There's no one living," he told us, "has a keener sense of perception for a horse that's bound to win than I have. The only marvel is that I haven't made my fortune before to-day."

When the other chaps understood what had happened they all wanted me to stand them something; if I had won the National Debt they could not have wanted me to be more generous. Hitchcock pulled out a couple of sovereigns.

"Briggs," he said, "I've got a couple of shiners from a friend, as you may say, on account. Here's one of them for you—let's celebrate. An occasion like this ought to be celebrated; it must be—it shall be; and these friends of yours shall celebrate it with us."

"Hear, hear!" said the friends; or words to that effect. For my part I could not help feeling that he was more free-handed with my money than I should have been; especially as the kind of celebration he was thinking about I never did care for. However, there it was, and I was in for it.

"We'll begin," he went on, "by treating ourselves to a suit of clothes. Last night it was trousers; but what is the finest pair of trousers when you haven't got a coat and waistcoat to wear with them? And when I tell you that the only articles of that kind I own I'm wearing, you'll know what I mean."

We did; it only needed half a glance in his direction to know that. Round to the tailor's we went—six of us. I chose a suit in a tasty shade of light brown—champagne tint, the tailor called it. Sixty-three shillings it was to cost; and though it was more than I cared to pay for a suit of clothes, in a general way, at the same time I could not help owning that one was worth it. Four guineas Hitchcock was to pay for his; the more I saw of him the plainer I could see that he was one of that sort who, when he did go it, went it. Then nothing would satisfy him but that he should stand one of the four chaps who had come with us a fancy waistcoat. They tossed who should have it; and, after a little unpleasantness as to whether Flinders had his halfpenny down flat on the counter, Percy Saunders won. He picked out a startler; one of the kind you could see from the other side of London Bridge in a fog.

The rest of that night is one of my bitterest recollections; though I have been told that I seemed cheerful enough at the time. Flinders turned rusty, owing to the remarks which had been made about his style of tossing, and he went off; and Tommy Wood, who was his particular chum, went with him; and if I had had sense enough I should have gone too, but I had not. I do not know what time it was when we got down to the Old Dun Cow, but I know that when we did get there Hitchcock introduced me to Mr. Stollery, who turned out to be six-foot-four and a retired pugilist.

Very friendly he was when he saw what manner of man I was. He asked Hitchcock and me into his private room to have a bit of supper; I don't know what had become of Percy Saunders and the other chap; I rather fancy we had dropped them somewhere on the way. There were a good many people in Mr. Stollery's private room, though there was not much in the way of what you could exactly call supper. The talk was all about racing and horses, and someone mentioned a horse named Tintack. Of course, I had never heard the creature's name before, and never wanted to again; the whole talk was so much double Dutch to me. I do not know what it was, but something induced me to express my opinion to the effect that Tintack was the finest horse at present on the Turf, though I knew no more about it than a baby.

Hitchcock, who was sitting by me, said that my opinion was one in which he had every confidence; and, what was more, he was willing to back it to any amount. What induced him to make a remark like that is more than I can say. However, I believe I said that Hitchcock's sentiments were mine. Then Mr. Stollery asked me if I was willing to prove it by backing Tintack at S.P. for the Putney Plate, which was a race I had never heard of. I wanted to know what he meant by S.P., not hinting at never having heard of the Putney Plate. Some of them laughed, and Mr. Stollery said he meant at starting price. I told him I did not care what he meant, but that I would put my boots on Tintack, and, if he liked, my shirt as well.

My old dad let me in when I did get home. I rather fancy he made a few remarks. The next morning I never felt worse in my life; I got up to the office feeling not worth a row of pins. I made up my mind that henceforward horse-racing and I were strangers. When I got out about five for a cup of tea—I had had no lunch, I had not seemed as if I wanted any—and found Hitchcock standing on the pavement I could have thrown something at him, if there had been anything to throw. He fell in by my side without any invitation from me, and off we went together as if we were brothers, which we were very far from being. Not a word was spoken till we were sitting down to tea. I had a sort of general idea that he was looking about as much of a funeral as I was, and his first words showed it.

"There's something fatal about us," he said.

"Mr. Hitchcock," I replied, "there will be if our acquaintance continues. Since I handed you that half-crown on Monday morning I have not known what it is to have a peaceful hour. I must ask you to consider our social intercourse closed."

He sighed, and put his hand up to his head as if it ached. I dare say it did. Ache was not a word which would properly describe what I was feeling.

"Seventy-five guineas," he observed, "is what we've won."

I put down the cup of tea which I was raising to my lips, and I stared at him.

"Perhaps," I remarked, "you'll repeat that observation, and explain it."

"Tintack's won," he groaned; it was more like a groan than anything else I could think of.

"What?" I gasped; a gasp was all I felt equal to.

"I should think," he went on, "that when Stollery heard it he nearly dropped down dead. I'd have given a trifle to have seen his face. Briggs, we're haunted; especially me. We sit here as men of means, men of substance; and it all comes from a modest half-crown."

"Do you think he'll pay?"

"Pay? He'll pay all right; what we've got to do is to make him pay enough. I tell you that I'm haunted. What do you think I did last night? Dreamt! All night I kept on dreaming!"

"I never got so far as that," I said; "never slept a wink."

At that time of speaking it seemed to me that I had not slept for weeks.

"I might just as well not have had a wink for all the rest I got. Dream, dream, dream—I could do nothing else but dream. And what do you think I dreamt?"

I did not care. It didn't interest me—nothing did; not though I was worth five-and-seventy guineas.

"I dreamt that Saltpetre would win the Hyde Park Cup. What do you think of that?"

I did not think anything. I told him so.

"Don't talk to me about horses. I never want to hear a horse's name again; I'm clean off."

"So am I, when I've had this one more plunge. But, Briggs, don't you see that we shall be running against fate if we don't act upon this tip? I'm as certain that Saltpetre'll win the Hyde Park Cup as I am that I am sitting here. I'm going to put my lot on him, and you're going to put yours; we're going to turn our pocketful into a cartload. It's the chance of our lives; we're in the vein, we can't go wrong. We're going to give Stollery the worst Monday he ever had. You mark my words and see."

I did not want to argue; I was in no mood for it. I let him talk. So far as I could make out he was talking silly nonsense, but I let it go. All I wanted was another seidlitz powder—even a cup of tea was beyond me—and a quiet night. I had the seidlitz powder, and I wish I could say I had the quiet night. But the fact is, there was a little friction at home, and that did not make me any better. The next morning, instead of feeling like going up to town, I felt more like going into a hospital. Not having an extra strong constitution, and being used to regular ways, I suppose that what I had gone through had put me off my balance altogether. When I did arrive at the office I was not easy to get on with, and so some of them appeared to think. I seemed to be having words with someone all day long. When I went out to tea and again found Hitchcock waiting for me on the pavement it was all I could do to keep my hands from off him. I cut him short before he had a chance to speak.

"'BRIGGS,' HE SAID, 'WE'VE PULLED IT OFF AGAIN.'"

"Look here," I told him, "the less I see of you the better. I've seen too much of you already, and if you so much as name the word 'horse-racing' there's no knowing what mayn't happen."

"Briggs," he said—he took me by the arm, I could feel his fingers trembling as they gripped me; it was easy to see what was the

matter with him — "we've pulled it off again."

"Where were you last night?" I asked him.

"I went down to see Mr. Stollery on the little matter of business about which I spoke to you yesterday."

"A little matter of business! Don't talk to me about your little matter of business, or about your Mr. Stollery either. I'm below par myself, thanks to you, but it strikes me that you're very nearly a case for the hospital. Take your hand off my arm and let me go; if I must talk to you I'll talk to you some other time—I'm in a hurry."

"One moment, Briggs, one moment! I tell you we've pulled it off again—Saltpetre's won."

"Well, what if he has?"

"What if he has?" He came closer to me; I could see that he was trembling all over; even his voice was shaky. "We've won three hundred guineas apiece, that's 'what if he has?'"

"Three hundred guineas!"

"Three hundred guineas, besides the seventy-five we had. We're worth seven hundred and fifty guineas—the two of us—as we stand here. On Tuesday morning we shall each of us be able to put his hand into his trouser pocket and draw out a big handful of golden sovereigns!"

The tears stood in his eyes—I saw them. What is more, I began to understand that it was not all because of what he had been swallowing. I felt a bit shivery-shaky myself—more than a bit. Three hundred and seventy-five guineas!—all my own! Right there and then I started thinking what a man could do with such a fortune. I had to; I could not help it—it came over me all of a rush. Do with it! What could he not do with it? He could do pretty nearly everything! I could buy myself a home—a tip-top home. I could marry. Why, if I had only had half the money a few days before, I knew of a young lady who might be calling herself the future Mrs. Sam Briggs at that very moment.

"Are you sure we've won it?"

"Sure!—my dear boy! Saltpetre won anyhow!—and here's the brief."

He handed me—still all of a shake—the usual piece of pasteboard.

"But will Stollery be able to pay the money?"

"Of course he'll be able to pay it; it'll be a mere flea-bite to him! If it were ten times the sum he wouldn't turn a hair! There's only—there's only one thing."

"What's that?"

I saw, on the instant, there was more in his tone than met the eye.

"Well, it's this way. I've made a little engagement for you—in fact, for both the two of us—for to-morrow."

"What's the engagement?"

"We're going down with Mr. Stollery—as his guests, mind you; as his particular friends—to Kempton Park."

"Not much we're not; at least I'm not. I'm not going with Mr. Stollery, and I'm not going to Kempton Park."

"But, Briggs, it's like this. I've been having a little chat with him; in fact, I've just come from him. No one could be pleasanter; some men, you know, would be nasty if they'd lost all that money; but there's nothing of that about him, not a mite. 'Hitchcock,' he said—I'm giving you his words—'you and your friend have won my coin, a sackful, but you're welcome; I pay with a smile, as those who know me will tell you. All I ask is that you and your friend shall come down with me to-morrow to Kempton; I'll drive you myself, it sha'n't cost you a penny, nothing shall. I liked your friend Briggs, what I saw of him; he's a gentleman with whom I wouldn't mind being seen on any racecourse in England. You tell him from me that, as I've made a rich man of him'—and he has, you know, Briggs, he has; he's made rich men of both of us; seven hundred and fifty guineas we're worth, as we're standing here—'I sha'n't take it nicely if he doesn't come. Hitchcock,' he said, and he clapped his hand upon my shoulder—you know what a hand he's got; he pretty nearly doubled me up—'I'll put it to you plainly, and you'll put it plainly to your friend Briggs; if you want all that fortune out of me on Monday, you'll both of you come down with me to Kempton Park to-morrow; see?' I did see. There was something about the way in which he spoke which made me feel—strongly—that it would be the part of policy for us to go. We want his money, and we don't want to offend him till we've got it. So if I were you I should smooth up matters with your people in the office somehow; because I've arranged that we shall both of us be down at the Old Dun Cow ready to start at 10.15 sharp."

Nice ideas he seemed to have of business—to say nothing of Stollery—to think that a man could treat himself to a day off whenever the fancy took him. But, as it happened, things had been smoothed already, because that very afternoon Mr. Charles had remarked

to me, with what struck me as a twinkle in his eye, that as I seemed a trifle peaked a day's rest might do me good, and I might have it on the Saturday if I felt I wanted it. There did not seem to be much prospect of what might be termed rest in going down with Mr. Stollery to Kempton Park, and if I had had my choice I would not have gone near either of them. But, so far as I could judge from Hitchcock's manner, it was not a case of choosing. If I wanted that three hundred and seventy-five guineas without any fuss I should have to be civil to Mr. Stollery. And as I did want it, very badly—every time I thought of it my heart seemed to jump up into my mouth—why, there I was.

"'I DRINK YOUR HEALTH, MR. BRIGGS,' HE WENT ON, 'AND I ASK YOU TO DRINK MINE.'"

The weather that Saturday was the last kind of weather I should have chosen to go racing in. As I wanted to do honour to the occasion, of course I put my best clothes on, though anything less suited to light grey tweeds and patent leathers than the cold wind which was blowing, and the nasty drizzle which kept on coming down, it would be hard to find. When I got to the starting-point I found that we were going down in an open waggonette, which, as I had not brought an overcoat, looked as if it were going to be nice for me. Hitchcock had a new suit on; I do not know where he got it from, and I did not ask; but it was not the one he had ordered at my tailor's. There were ten of us going down, besides Mr. Stollery, and when they saw me they all of them seemed interested. Mr. Stollery introduced me.

"This is Mr. Sam Briggs," he said, "a young sportsman who as nearly as possible has broke me, and I shouldn't be surprised if, by the time we come back from Kempton, he's done it quite." Oh, he was an artful one, was Stollery! "I drink your health, Mr. Briggs," he went on, "and I ask you, sir, to drink mine."

I drank it in a glass of champagne.

"What do you think of that champagne?" he asked one of his friends who was smoking one of the very biggest cigars I ever saw in a gentleman's mouth.

"Very extraordinary," replied his friend.

"I sell that champagne at sixpence a glass across the counter, and I could let you have it wholesale at twenty-seven shillings a dozen."

"Could you?" said his friend. "It's a most extraordinary wine."

Perhaps it was because it was such an extraordinary wine that, by the time we started, I did not seem to notice what the weather was like. Long before we got to

Kempton Park it would not have made much difference to me if it had been coming down in bucketfuls. I do not know how often we pulled up on the road, but I should not think we passed much at which we could pull up. Before starting I had made up my mind that I would not have a bet—not one; but before we reached the course I do not know how many bets I had made. And when I was on the course it seemed to me that I was backing everything for every race and losing every time. I suppose sometimes something must have won; but, from what I could gather, it was always the one animal I was not on.

I never shall forget that day—never; what I can remember of it, which isn't much. Oh, dear, how they did cut me up between them! I can see it now; I could see it even at the time. But what could a young fellow do in a crowd like that? That was what Hitchcock and I were there for, to be cut up; and we were, in style. They treated him just as they did me. His friend Stollery was a beauty. So were his friend's friends—all beauties.

One of the last things I can recollect is a race being run, and Stollery coming up to me and saying:—

"Owed you three hundred and seventy five guineas, did I? Well, now I don't, we're quits; I don't owe you a blessed farthing. And so, Mr. Sam Briggs, I'll wish you a very good day."

I believe he picked me up, and I suppose he put me down, but I do not know where. The next thing I do remember is someone holding me by the collar of my coat, and finding it was a policeman.

"Now, my lad," he said, "you can't sleep here all night, and it's well for you you can't—you'd be dead in the morning."

All the racing seemed to be over, and all the people seemed to be gone.

"I don't want to sleep here all night," I told him; "I want to go home."

"And so you shall," he said. "And this is the nearest way.'

He led me to the gate. Outside it there was Hitchcock. I stared at the sight he was.

"Hitchcock," I asked him, "where's your coat?"

"That's what I was wondering," he replied. "I know I had it on. At the same time—and begging your pardon, Briggs—where's your hat?"

I put my hand up to my head and found it was not there. I did not know what had become of it, and I did not seem to mind.

"What we have to find out," said Hitchcock, "is how we're going to get home. Have you any money?"

Money! Someone had taken from me everything that was worth the taking, even to my collar and tie, only they had left me my coat, which was more than they had Hitchcock. I do not know how I did get home—I lost Hitchcock, or else I left him somewhere on the way—but I did get home at last, and my old dad let me in. I can fancy what his face was like when he saw me by the few remarks which he made next day.

That was the first time I ever had anything to do with horse-racing, and it will be the last. Never again! A modest half-crown was all it cost me in money, but I am ashamed of myself when I think of what it cost me in other ways. Three hundred and seventy-five guineas was what I was worth once, and I should not be surprised if it was not the best thing that could have happened that I never got the money. Stollery and his friends would never have left me alone; much good it would have done me. I have not spoken to Hitchcock since; but the other day I saw him running beside a cab which had luggage on the top. He did not see me; perhaps because he did not want to. He had his coat—such a coat as it was—turned up to his neck; and there was a look about him altogether which sent a cold shiver up and down my back.

What the World Drinks.

By George Lynch.

WHEN, some time ago, I wrote an article in The Strand on "Dining Round the World," the subject was such a big one that I was compelled to confine myself to what people eat for dinner and how they eat it. Except those who are doing a course of Banting, most people in the world drink something with their meals, and a great portion of the world's population punctuate the hours by having drinks between times. Tea is the punctuating material of the world's majority, being, as it is, the greatest drink on earth.

The finest tea in the world is consumed by the nobility and millionaires of Russia and the peasantry of the extreme west of Ireland. I know many houses in England where, although one is never offered any but the choicest wines, the hostess will give you tea that is positively execrable. The Russians drink the caravan tea infused in the samovar in a strong decoction, from glasses, with boiling water added, and slices of lemon with sugar. It is of a bright golden colour, and delightfully refreshing.

"THE RUSSIANS DRINK THE CARAVAN TEA INFUSED IN THE SAMOVAR."

The Irish peasant brews the best that India or Ceylon grows, in an earthenware teapot coloured by old age and use, like his or her old "dhudeen" or clay pipe, and it stews on the hob of the open fireplace, nestling cosily to the warmth of the smouldering turf. There is "eatin' and dhrinkin'" in that tea, and it can brew on regardless of the five or six minutes' limit after which tannic acid is evolved, and which is supposed to have such a bad effect on meat in the stomach. If there is none there it cannot do much injury; and with these people Christmas Day and Easter Sunday are probably the only days in the year it would get a chance.

If it be so injurious to drink tea with meat, I wonder why it is that the population of Australia survives. Throughout that country tea is served with lunch and dinner at hotels and restaurants, as well as in private houses. The cup of tea is put down next one's plate just as much a matter of course as a glass of iced water is in the States, and is naturally included in the price of the meal.

The excellent tea now being grown in Natal is so rich in tannin that the infusion has to be poured right off the leaves after two or three minutes, or it would be undrinkable. If I were asked what was the single drink I enjoyed most in my life, I would unhesitatingly say it was a cup of Natal tea that I got in Durban. I had been three months in hospital with an attack of enteric and two relapses, and during that time was fed principally on slops with some Benger's food occasionally. Then dawned the long-looked-for day when I was to be allowed to return to civilized food and get my first cup of tea and slice of bread and butter. Two of my companions had reached the same stage, and our three living skeletons were lifted out on to the balcony of that house high up on the Brea overlooking the rich tropical

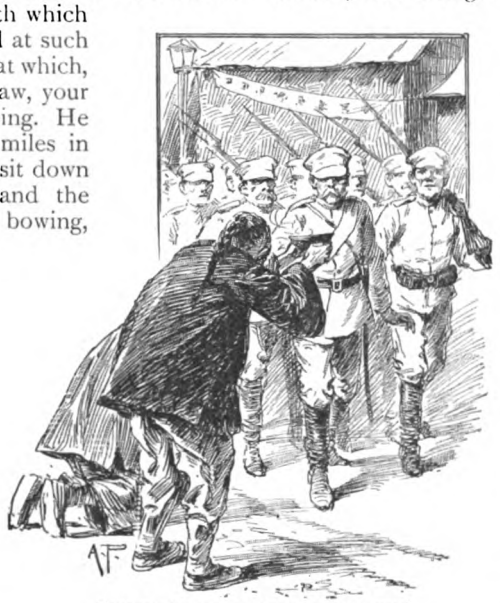
"IT STEWS ON THE HOB OF THE OPEN FIREPLACE."

trees. How jealously we watched that each cup—our limit—was filled! And then the aroma!—and then! But my pen fails.

Tea is the best thing to march on, hot if you can, but cold if you can't. I never endured such intense heat as on the march up to Pekin to the relief of the Legations in 1900, when Indian soldiers and even Japanese fell out at every march along those terrible roads, which were like canals of heavy, stagnant, dust-laden air, between the high walls of kowliang on either side. The population of the whole countryside had fled before the advancing Allies, except some old people who could not get away. As a propitiatory offering these always held out the bowl of tea, and there was sanctuary in the cup to all these dusty, parched-throated Tommies of the allied armies.

"HOW JEALOUSLY WE WATCHED THAT EACH CUP WAS FILLED!"

The first time I visited Japan, in order to see something of the real life of the country I walked across the island of Yedo from Kobe to Aminohashidate, on the north coast. On that walking tour I soon learned the value of the little tea-houses with which all the roads are dotted at such frequent intervals, and at which, if you travel by rickshaw, your man is so fond of stopping. He will do perhaps thirty miles in the day, but when you sit down for a few moments and the mesan, smiling and bowing, slides a tray along the mat towards you with a small pot of tea and tiny cups, you discover, after you have had one or two, why he has the power of such endurance. It tastes like slightly-flavoured hot water, but has a wonderfully refreshing and stimulating effect. In the recent campaign in Manchuria most of the Japanese soldiers carried tea in their water-bottles, and many an acceptable drink have I had from them. It is a tip for our Tommies. The contents of a soldier's water-bottle are bound to be lukewarm, but lukewarm tea is better than lukewarm water.



"THERE WAS SANCTUARY IN THE CUP."

The Russians, in addition to tea, have a most excellent, practically non-alcoholic, drink called kvass, which I am surprised is not introduced into this country by someone who wants to fill a long-felt want and make a fortune at the same time. I well remember my first acquaintance with it. I was having lunch at the Metropole Restaurant in Irkutsk, Siberia, one day when I noticed a number of people around drinking what I took to be Guinness's stout. I told the waiter to bring me a bottle, and he brought one. When it came to paying, I found I was charged three roubles, or six shillings, for it. I remonstrated, and he brought the wine list and pointed out the price of it, which was three roubles, sure enough. On asking him if all these people were paying that price, he explained that it was kvass they were drinking. The next time I ordered kvass, and found it to be the most excellent substitute for stout, as well as the best temperance drink I had ever tasted. It is made from fermented brown bread, and is highly nutritious. There is "eatin' and dhrinkin'" in it. It is just what the quay labourer about the docks wants — and wants badly. There is also a much lighter description, of the

colour of light claret or raspberry vinegar, which is not at all bad, although not equal to the other. I hope the man who first makes a fortune by carrying out my suggestion and manufacturing kvass in England will not forget who gave him the hint. If, after tea, it is the favourite beverage of one hundred

A NOSEBAG AS A DRINK-COOLER.

and fifty millions of people, there ought to be something in it.

While on the subject of temperance drinks, I know of nothing better for a torrid heat, nothing more refreshing and luxurious, than squeezed limes and iced soda-water, or, when limes are not available, Montserrat lime-juice cordial is just as good. I wish, however, someone would give me the recipe for icing drinks when ice is not available.

I remember making experiments on the subject with poor George W. Steevens in some of our ample leisure during the siege of Ladysmith, and I think the best results were obtained by putting the soda-water bottles into a nosebag filled with straw, pouring water on it, and then hanging it in the sun and getting a Kaffir boy to swing it. It was curious that we had plenty of soda-water during the siege, as a local manufacturer kept working, but whisky went to real famine prices, the last case of Dewar selling for sixty pounds. Sparklets I have found useful when campaigning. The bottle and its ammunition take up little room, and if one is brought down to the elemental basis of water, most people prefer it aerated.

When travelling I have always found it a pretty sound principle to go in for the wine or drink of the country. It will generally be found to suit the climate and have subtle sympathies with its surroundings. For instance, saki, which may be considered the wine of Japan and tastes like dry sherry warmed, one can hardly imagine drinking outside Japan. There it is delicious, but some that I brought to England had lost all its character and did not seem to taste like the same thing. Perhaps the honourable saki requires the dainty taper fingers of the Geisha whose duty it is to pour it out of the porcelain bottle and see that the tiny cups of the guests on whom she is waiting are kept replenished. Similarly that incandescent spirit vodka tastes almost explosively violent outside Russia; but is quite grateful and comforting when the north-east wind is blowing like a sleet of razor-blades across the snowy steppes.

Only in one place did I find the wine of the country such as I could not bring myself to drink, because I saw the method of its manufacture. That was in Samoa. It is made out of a small black nut. Some girls sit round a large wooden bowl and chew the nuts

"THE HONOURABLE SAKI."

thoroughly, and then spit the result into the bowl. The liquor is allowed to ferment, and I believe makes a very potent drink.

Amongst other accomplishments which our allies, the Japanese, have learned from

us is the taste for whisky and soda, as may be observed by any visitor to one of their clubs in Tokio; and they have two most excellent mineral waters — Tansan and Hirano—which command an immense sale. These most artistic people have acquired quite American ideas of advertising, so we see, on the sides of the high wooded hills near Shimonoseki, colossal advertisements of Tansan, visible for miles in the inland sea, as well as along the railway lines, where the watery rice-fields are vocal with its praises, just as are the fields of merrie England about soap and liver pills. Our civilization has a deal to answer for.

Speaking of advertisements, I remember once getting shaved at a little barber's shop in Kioto. The man could not speak a word of English, but when I was leaving he produced a board and an ink-brush, and motioned me to write a sign for him for his shop-front. I wrote, "Good shave given here and a free drink for one penny." A week later he was profuse in his thanks for the custom it had attracted amongst visitors.

The custom of giving a free lunch to the buyer of a drink, which obtains in various parts of America, is to be seen at its highest development in the city of San Francisco. There are restaurants there where one gets a good square meal excellently cooked on buying a bottle of beer, a half-bottle of wine, or any of the made-up drinks, without any appreciable addition being made to the price. But food is cheap in 'Frisco. The last time I was there a friend was complaining that he had to feed his pigs on peaches, because when sent to market the price he got did not pay the carriage. I heard of an American tramp complaining, "What I want to find is a place where when you buy a five-cent lunch they give you free drinks." That place I found in Bulgaria, which is a country of extremely cheap abundance. At the villages along the Turkish frontier during the disturbances in Macedonia, when the countries were on the brink of war, one was given as much red wine as one could drink, thrown in with a meal that only cost a very few pence. It was vintage time, and at the back of every cabaret boys, women, and men were to be seen pounding the luscious grapes in what looked like primitive churns, and so abundant was the harvest that there was difficulty in finding vessels to hold the wine. The peasantry said it was a portent of coming war.

"BOYS, WOMEN, AND MEN WERE TO BE SEEN POUNDING THE LUSCIOUS GRAPES."

What a far cry from there to Western Australia, the land of the great thirst, upon large tracts of which no rain ever falls—where the meagre gum-trees strike roots a hundred feet down for moisture. The natives of Western Australia, rapidly dying out, are the lowest type of humanity I have ever seen, and there is something sinisterly pathetic in the way they guard the secret of their "nammah-holes," where in the clefts of the rocks lie the pools of noisome water, and in the way they restrict the increase of their population by reason of the scarcity of the water supply.

I remember one evening in the desert, when camping at a mine where a rich seam of gold quartz was lying exposed, but useless, because the nearest water was fifty miles away, we were visited by a family of these niggers. They were eight in number, and their only garments were a suit of European clothes distributed amongst them. The grandmother, a grizzled old gin, had been apportioned the waistcoat, and a granddaughter and grandson a sock each. In singularly expressive pantomime, which the miners understood perfectly, they told of having found the body of a man who had been bushed. It is curious how, towards the last stages of that lingering and terrible death, the lost one starts tramping round in a circle, and, as delirium sets in, begins to shed his clothes, so that when found the bodies are invariably naked. I have noticed a similar instinct possess soldiers dying from their wounds on the battlefield.

There are no more decent fellows to be found in the world than the genuine old prospectors and miners one meets in Australia and elsewhere on the frontier-fringe of civilization. The greater part of their existence is spent working in solitude, inspired by an eternal and undying hope. The sobriety of their habits is the direct contrary to that of the cook whose mistress, when writing her "character," mentioned that she had known her "to be frequently sober." Yet these men when they do drink go about it in a deliberate and whole-hearted manner. On the whole, I don't know if they are not better than the chronic British bar-loafer with iridescent nose, who has to maintain a sort of alcoholic equilibrium by the imbibition of frequent whiskies and sodas, or his pale-faced American counterpart who, with cocktails, high-balls, or rye straight beneath the surface of an impassive exterior, gives constant liquid sustenance to a chronic ingrowing "Jag."

"WE WERE VISITED BY A FAMILY OF NIGGERS."

Although the amounts spent in drink in the United Kingdom are sufficiently enormous, yet I think there is no question but that excessive drinking is decreasing. In society, contrary to the custom over fifty years ago, it is now considered the very worst of bad form; and the fate of the man who after dinner would have any difficulty in saying "British constitution" with anything but crystalline distinctness would be relegation to that limbo to which "complete outsiders" are condemned.

Then, to take another class; compare a Bank Holiday crowd, say on Hampstead Heath, of to-day with one of ten or twenty years ago, and the signs of improvement are obvious. It no longer seems a desirable and almost necessary part of the adequate celebration of the holiday that the men should consider it incumbent on them to return at least half intoxicated.

In the East, in China particularly, opium takes the place occupied by spirits among Anglo-Saxons. The Orientals do not drink in the sense that the word has come to be used when it is equivalent to drinking to excess. On a holiday, say in Tokio, one never sees a drunken man. Eueno or Shiba Park will be thronged with thousands who take their pleasures less sadly than we do, for they are always gay—not boisterously, but with an almost constant rippling laughter. Tea, and a few tiny cups of saki, perhaps, are all they take. Throughout China it is always tea.

Apropos of smoking, the fine and delicate appreciation of the most exquisite wines has unquestionably been interfered with by the advent of the cigarette and cigar after dinner. Either is sacrilege to claret. It would be like throwing pearls before swine to offer a fine brand of champagne to men who were smoking, and yet how many of one's average guests are just longing for that after-dinner cigarette, even before the dinner is over?

The perfect non-alcoholic drink of the world remains yet to be discovered. If I were a philanthropic millionaire who had made my money out of other men's brains, or by making other men sweat for my profit, as some of our millionaires have done, I would offer a great prize for its discovery.

The cry "I thirst!" still goes up from the world's calvary—from the lips of those who struggle and labour under heavy burdens no less than from those who use drink as a hyphen of good-fellowship, or of all who take refuge in it to dull the pain of failure or deaden the tortures of despair.

The Colonel's Verdict.

By James Workman.

A YOUNG girl stood on the veranda of a farmhouse in a district in the north of Cape Colony, which had been occupied and practically annexed by the Boers soon after the war broke out. Her eyes instinctively turned towards the south, but with a listless and indifferent expression. They no longer sparkled with excitement, as they had done a few months before, when almost every day she expected to catch a glimpse of the long brown columns of British infantry winding among the kopjes and across the veldt. A large force lay behind the adjoining hills, almost within striking distance, but the days merged into weeks and the weeks glided into months, and there was still no sign of even a scout or a patrol. It was no wonder that she had little hope of seeing the long-expected troops, especially as rumours of British reverses, grossly exaggerated by the Dutch Press, were being diligently circulated throughout the neighbourhood.

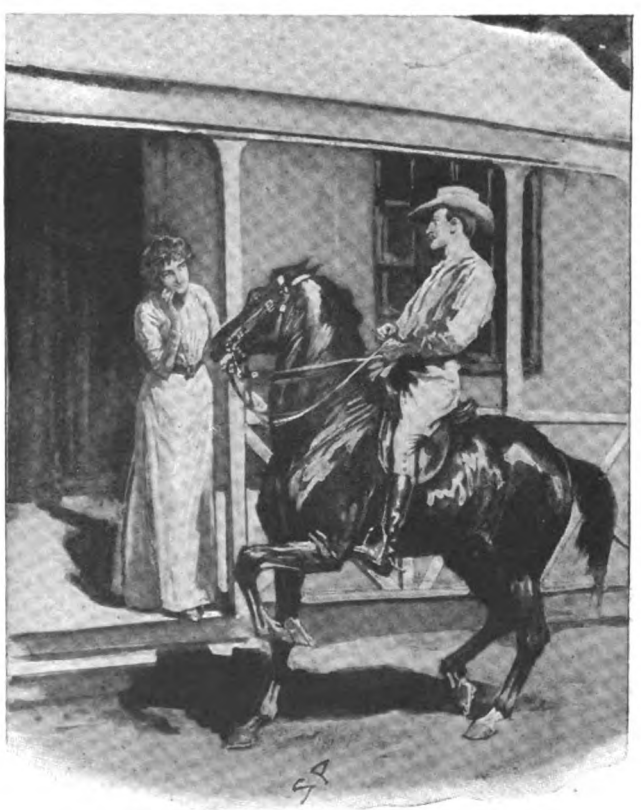
Yet as her eyes swept the horizon she suddenly started and flushed and leaned eagerly forward. The British were still invisible, but her heart could hardly have leapt more joyously at the sight of the advancing columns. Far away on a distant ridge she perceived the figure of a horseman, which at the first glance she was almost sure she recognised. When he presently turned and waved his hand she had no longer any doubt as to his identity, and, after giving a quick look behind to see that no one was watching, she waved her handkerchief vigorously in reply. Instantly he wheeled round and came galloping towards her. As he neared the foot of the slope he was lost to view behind the rising ground, covered with scrub and boulders, which hid the rough cart-track that did duty for a road; but in a few minutes she heard the hammering of his horse's hoofs, and presently he swept round a clump of trees and came full speed towards the house. His bronzed, handsome face, with its well-cut features and clear grey eyes, and his tall, athletic figure made an attractive picture as he reined up laughingly in front of her. Maggie blushed rosily, and her eyes were shining with delight, though again she gave a swift glance behind her.

"Alf!" she exclaimed, breathlessly.

He looked, as she had done, with a half-guilty, half-humorous expression at the open doorway.

"I—I suppose I shouldn't have come," he said, penitently; "but when I saw you I couldn't resist bringing you the good news."

"The good news. What news, Alf?"



"HE REINED UP LAUGHINGLY IN FRONT OF HER."

"They're coming; they're coming at last, Maggie."

"Who? The British?"

"Yes, thank goodness. I could see them from the hill—a company or so of infantry. They were going in the direction of my place, and I must hurry away to meet them. I dare say they'll come along here afterwards. Isn't that good news, Maggie?"

"Oh, yes, yes; it's just splendid. Thank you so much for coming to tell me. You'll —you'll come again soon, won't you?'

"Yes, yes. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, good-bye."

With a bow and a smile and a clatter of swift hoofs he was gone.

She watched him go with parted lips, dimpled cheeks, and laughing eyes; caught and returned the last wave of his hand as he whisked out of sight, and then dashed into the house.

"Father, father!" she cried; "where are you?"

She pounced on a burly figure that, spectacles on nose, was nodding in an easy chair over a three months' old newspaper, and, catching hold of his hands, tried to drag him out of his seat while, still only half awake, he gazed at her in speechless bewilderment. She was indeed a perpetual source of astonishment to him. She had gone away a little child, left motherless by the death of his wife, to be brought up by relatives in England, and had returned to him a year ago a tall, slender girl of eighteen, wholly charming and lovable, but amusingly incomprehensible, from a masculine point of view, in her more impulsive and excitable moods.

"Wake up, dad," she exclaimed; "wake up, wake up, wake up! I've news—great news, glorious news! The British are coming. They're really coming at last, and you must come on the veranda and help me to look out for them."

"But, my dear child," expostulated her father, when he had been hauled outside and dumped into a seat, "are you quite sure about it? We've heard they were coming at least a score of times, and yet they never came."

"Yes, I'm quite sure. There isn't the least doubt about it," she rejoined, and as she spoke she pointed to a flagstaff that stood in front of the house. "Before night you'll see the Union Jack of Old England fluttering at the top of that pole as sure as my name's Maggie."

He was watching her dubiously, and noticed that she kept her face half turned away from him.

"Who brought this news, Maggie?" he asked, suspiciously.

Her cheeks flushed and she hung her head, though her eyes were twinkling mischievously.

"Who—who brought it, dad?" she stammered.

"Yes. Was it—was it——"

"Yes, it was."

"It was Alf Watson?"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry to hear it, Maggie," he said, gravely. "I thought you clearly understood that I did not approve of your acquaintance with Alf Watson."

"But why, dad?"

"Well, I've heard some very queer rumours about him. I shall not tell you what they are until I know definitely whether they are true or not. I may tell you this, however: if these reports are true I would rather see you in your grave than the wife of Alf Watson."

It was very rarely that the big, good-natured man looked so grim or spoke so sternly, and for a moment Maggie was awed into silence.

"Well, whatever they are, dad," she said, at length, "you may take my word for it that they are absolutely untrue."

In spite of himself he couldn't help smiling.

"I suppose if you saw him with your own eyes stealing a horse, or forging a cheque, or picking a pocket, you wouldn't admit that he was guilty?" he said, presently.

"He never could be guilty of doing anything of the kind,' rejoined Maggie, indignantly; "so it would be quite impossible for me to see him do it."

Again he could not repress a smile at this quaint specimen of feminine logic.

"Well, well," he said, quietly, "we won't discuss the question any further just at present, but don't forget that I shall be seriously displeased if you speak to Alf Watson again until I give you permission. Now I've got some things to look after, and I can't stop here all day. I don't believe the troops are coming, but if you see anything of them you can let me know."

Maggie had listened to him with demure solemnity, but when he rose and entered the house her eyes began to twinkle and a dimple stole into her cheek. She had implicit faith in her ability to get her own way in the end, and believed that with a little judicious

coaxing and wheedling her father's prejudices against Alf would very soon disappear. It was therefore with a light heart that she began once more to look out for the troops. But an hour or two went by, and still there was no sign of them, and at last she subsided into a chair with a book in her hand, beginning to fear that after all Alf must have been mistaken, or that, at any rate, they were not coming in that direction. Then suddenly she leapt to her feet, listened intently, and rushed to the door.

"Father!" she cried. "Quick! quick! They're coming; I'm sure I can hear them coming."

Her father hurried out and glanced at her reproachfully, failing to see or hear anything to account for her excitement.

"Why, child ——" he began.

"Hush! hush! Listen!" she interposed, holding up her hand.

Then, in the sudden, breathless silence that ensued they could hear, faint and far away, but coming nearer and growing loûder every moment, the steady tramp, tramp, tramp of marching feet. Maggie stood with parted lips and flashing eyes, tremulous, eager, expectant. Her father's bronzed face had visibly paled, and his hands gripped the rail of the veranda till the knuckles stood out white; for beneath his placid exterior, though few would have guessed it, there glowed the flame of a passionate patriotism.

"Do you hear?" said Maggie, almost in a whisper. "They are coming, really coming."

"Yes," said her father, in a voice that had a strange quiver in it, "they are coming at last."

Then he glanced at the flagstaff.

"'DO YOU HEAR?' SAID MAGGIE. 'THEY ARE COMING, REALLY COMING.'"

"You've forgotten the flag, child," he added; and Maggie dashed into the house, dragged from its hiding-place a resplendent Union Jack which she had long been secretly manufacturing for such an occasion, and hoisted it on the staff. And even as it broke out and fluttered gaily in the sunshine they came—not in the splendour of scarlet and pipe-clay and gold braid, but helmeted, khaki-clad, dusty, weary, and footsore, the much-enduring, indomitable, irrepressible British infantry. A mist gathered before the eyes that watched the advance of the war-worn, tattered figures. It was, indeed, a proud and happy moment for those whose loyalty and faith in the courage and perseverance of their countrymen had never wavered in spite of the malicious falsehoods, the jeers and insults of the open enemies and would-be traitors who surrounded them.

But if Maggie's pride and joy at the sight of the soldiers were great, perhaps their pleasure at beholding her was even greater. The whole company fell promptly in love with her. To these ragged, unshaven warriors, who for many months had seen no woman but half-clothed Kaffirs or mighty Dutch vrows, the lithe, slim young girl, in her dainty garments, with her fair hair and sweet, refined face, was a vision of wonder and delight. The cheery, clear-eyed, bronzed young subalterns gazed at her with respectful but almost ludicrously open admiration, and considered that Captain Hartley was taking a mean advantage of his seniority in contriving to monopolize her attention.

She would have been something more or less than feminine if she had not enjoyed the

situation; but, discovering that the captain had decided to camp by the farm during the night, she hurried away to see that refreshments were prepared immediately. The officers were soon enjoying a substantial meal that seemed positively luxurious to them after having lived for weary weeks mainly on bully beef and muddy water. When they had finished, and were placidly puffing cigars on the veranda, the captain said, casually:—

"By the way, you don't happen to have a shed or outhouse of any kind where I could stow a prisoner, do you?"

"Oh, we've a shed that would do, I dare say," rejoined Maxwell.

"You see," continued the captain, "we're out on a bit of a raiding expedition, gathering in suspects and Mausers and so forth, and we picked up one fellow on the way."

"Dutchman, I suppose?"

"No; the beastly part of it is that he's a Britisher. He's ridden over to the camp pretty frequently, and we got hints that he was giving information to the Boers, and they certainly seemed to be up-to-date with regard to our little plans. We couldn't move a man or a gun but they appeared to know all about it beforehand. Well, we just called in on our way, and, of course, he was rather more innocent than a new born babe. So then we poked about the place just to collect a little evidence, and then we walked him off."

"Did you get any evidence against him?" asked Maxwell.

"Yes; we discovered two or three Mausers, any number of cartridges, and a scrap of half-burnt paper containing part of a letter signed by the Boer commandant, thanking someone—no doubt our enterprising young friend—for information received."

"And he's an Englishman?" asked Maggie, with flashing eyes.

"Yes. Rather sickening, isn't it?"

"Oh, I couldn't have believed it possible," she exclaimed. "Such men are not fit to live."

"I quite agree with you, Miss Maxwell. Just have the fellow brought along here, Jackson, and we'll shut him up for the night. I certainly think he deserves to be shot, and for my part I hope he will be."

"Shooting's too good for him," said Maxwell, grimly. "It's the death of a soldier, and this man's a criminal of the vilest type."

"He is, indeed," cried Maggie, excitedly. "A man who would be so base and vile as to betray his countrymen at a time like this deserves to be——"

She stopped suddenly as though struck dumb, staring before her with a death-white face and eyes wide with horror and amazement. The prisoner, guarded by a couple of soldiers with fixed bayonets, had been marched up to the veranda, and stood in front of her.

It was Alf!

For a moment she sat there stunned and bewildered, deprived of the power of speech or movement. Then she slowly rose to her feet "There—there must be some mistake, captain," she said, breathlessly. "I—we know this gentleman very well. It is quite impossible that he—that he could be guilty of——"

But her father laid his hand on her arm and put her gently on one side.

"'THERE—THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE, CAPTAIN,' SHE SAID, BREATHLESSLY."

"Hush, Maggie," he said, not unkindly, but with an ominous expression on his grim, pale face. "This is not a matter for a child like you to meddle with. It's quite true this man was at one time a friend of ours, captain; but that was before I had reason to suspect that he was—well, what he has proved to be. From what I have heard I think it not only possible that he may be guilty, but I have very little doubt that he is."

Alf, almost beside himself with shame and indignation, winced perceptibly at this merciless attack. He was about to make a savage reply, but the words died on his lips at the sight of Maggie's quivering white face and tear-filled eyes.

"I hope before long to prove that you have cruelly misjudged me, Mr. Maxwell," he said, quietly, "and I think you will live to regret very sincerely what you have just said."

As he spoke he glanced appealingly at the captain, who hurriedly ordered him to be removed. An embarrassing silence followed his disappearance. Maggie struggled to speak, to appeal to her father, to the captain, to assert her belief in Alf's innocence, to denounce the cruelty and injustice of assuming his guilt on what seemed to her such trivial and insufficient evidence; but her trembling lips were unable to articulate a word, and she fled to her own room in a paroxysm of grief and despair. It was indeed heart-breaking that the day she had looked forward to with such joy and enthusiasm should have so tragic an ending; that Alf, accused of treachery and disloyalty, should be a prisoner in the hands of the troops for whose coming she had watched with such passionate longing for so many weary months.

And what of the future? If Alf, though innocent—and she at least had not the slightest doubt that he was—should be unable to prove his innocence, what would happen then? Had she not herself declared that anyone proved guilty of the vile treachery of which he was accused was unfit to live? Others would think the same. He might be tried by court-martial, by officers who honestly believed that he was the cause of their plans being discovered and thwarted, and therefore responsible for the futile manœuvres, and above all the useless bloodshed that had ensued. No doubt those who had already circulated, probably to conceal their own disloyalty, the lying reports which had led to his arrest would be only too willing to bear false witness against him. In that tragic moment it seemed to her that there could be but one ending to it all. He would be found guilty and shot; she was absolutely sure of it.

As the conviction forced itself upon her she sprang shuddering to her feet. What was she doing there, wasting the precious moments in useless grief, when it might be in her power to aid him? There was only one thing to be done. She must help him to escape in order that he might keep out of the way until he had secured unquestionable proofs of his innocence. She moved rapidly to the door, and then suddenly stopped, overwhelmed by a sense of her own helplessness. What was she going to do? How was it possible for her to accomplish such a task? She had no plan of action, no idea of how she was to set about it.

She went back to the window that commanded a view of the isolated shed in which Alf was confined. In the swiftly gathering dusk she could perceive the dim figure of a sentry pacing slowly to and fro before the door. The sight filled her with despair. While he remained there how could she possibly assist Alf to escape? The thought of her impotence turned her sick at heart, and minute after minute she stood vainly striving to hit upon some scheme that would not be utterly futile and absurd. Her mind remained a blank, and she was moving hopelessly away when suddenly she started, stood for a moment thinking, and then glided swiftly from the room.

In the meantime the sun had set, and the night came clear and calm, the lovely southern stars gleaming and quivering like jewels in the cloudless sky. The officers, weary with the day's long tramp, were still smoking placidly on the veranda. Most of the soldiers, after a hearty meal, had wrapped themselves in their blankets and were slumbering peacefully. Before the door of the corrugated iron shed paced the sentry, a tall, strapping young Irishman named Tim Kelly. Tim was tired, hungry, and thirsty, for by some unlucky chance he had been forgotten in the distribution of rations; and as he paced about beneath the stars he wished the prisoner was "at the back of beyond, sure he did!" so that he might get something to eat and drink, and join the now audible slumbers of his happier comrades.

And then, as Tim subsequently informed his companions, there appeared suddenly, "as if she'd dropped from the blessed heavens," a ministering angel with a low, sweet voice and a face like a picture, and eyes that were brighter than the stars that were shining up above, and inquired whether he

wasn't very hungry, and expressed her belief that it was a great shame that he should have to walk up and down without any refreshment after a long day's march. Then, showing herself delightfully practical for an angelic visitant, she hinted that he should no longer continue to suffer, and promptly vanished. She soon reappeared, however, and told him that if he slipped into the side door of the house and into the first room on the right he would find a cup of hot coffee and plenty of cold meat and bread. The prospect was too alluring to be resisted. Satisfying himself that the door of the shed was still securely fastened on the outside, and having expressed, in the choice figures of speech that flow so readily from an Irish tongue, a wish that her life in this world and the next might be one long dream of happiness, Tim hurried stealthily away. The moment he had disappeared Maggie rushed to the door, unfastened it, and threw it open. A figure was visible inside the shed, which was faintly illumined by a lantern.

"'ALF, ARE YOU THERE?' SHE WHISPERED."

"Alf, are you there?" she whispered, breathlessly.

In a moment he was beside her.

"Why, Maggie, is it you?" he exclaimed, in amazement.

"Yes, yes," she answered, hurriedly. "I—I thought they might shoot you, Alf, and I—I couldn't bear it. I felt as if I should die if I didn't do something to help you. I got the sentry out of the way, and—— But you mustn't wait here, Alf. You must go away at once. There is not an instant to lose."

"But you don't believe me guilty, Maggie, do you?"

"Oh, no, no; but you mustn't explain now—you mustn't stop to speak to me now; you must—— Hush, what's that? Alf, he's coming—the sentry's coming back. Quick, quick! Go, for pity's sake, go!"

For one moment he stood hesitating, and then darted away among the bushes. Indeed, there was no time to waste. Tim Kelly, gulping down the scalding coffee, had suddenly, he hardly knew why, become suspicious, and his boots were clearly audible as he hurried back to his post. But Maggie was safe in the house and Alf a hundred yards away before he had discovered that the shed was empty and had given the alarm.

The camp was at once aroused and the fugitive instantly pursued; but eventually the soldiers came straggling back, and reported that the prisoner had disappeared and in all probability got clear away. Tim Kelly was thereupon brought before the angry captain and closely cross-questioned. But Tim, though grieved at the duplicity of the "swate young woman" who had deceived him, had not the heart to give her away. He was obliged to admit that he had been lured from his post "for the half of a second, sir"; but he contrived to give a totally wrong impression of the sex and appearance of the person who had tricked him. He was promptly placed under arrest, and the captain strode indignantly towards the house and into the sitting-room, which was occupied by Maggie and her father.

"I presume you are aware," he said, curtly, "that the prisoner Watson has contrived to escape, and I must insist on you

informing me instantly who it was that helped him to do so. I may tell you plainly that I'm determined to get at the root of the matter, if I have to arrest you and every person in this house."

Maxwell rose to his feet, astonished at the captain's peremptory voice and manner.

"Captain Hartley," he said, with a quiet dignity that impressed even the angry officer, "you've got your duty to do, and you're bound to do it, but you can take my word for it—and there isn't a man that knows me for fifty miles round, though I say it myself, that wouldn't take it—that neither I nor anyone belonging to me has had any hand or part in this——"

He stopped suddenly, for Maggie, pale and quivering with agitation, had laid her hand on his arm.

"Don't, father," she faltered, in a trembling voice; "don't say that. It was—it was I that helped Alf to escape."

"You, child!" exclaimed her father, as though unable to believe the evidence of his own senses, while Hartley stared at her in bewilderment.

"Yes," she stammered, awed by a look in her father's eyes she had never seen there before. "I—I couldn't bear to think he might be shot when—when I knew he was innocent."

"Innocent indeed!" cried her father. "Who ever heard of an innocent man sneaking away in that cowardly fashion?"

"Precisely so," said the captain. "As far as I am concerned I haven't the least doubt of his guilt. What I fear is that we shall have still more substantial proofs of it before the night's over. There's a big Boer laager at Kruger's Kop. If he gets a horse at his own farm he could reach it in half an hour's ride and let them know that we've only a small force here without any guns. We've some ugly country to cross before we get back to camp. I shall start the moment the moon rises. I'd start at once, but there are one or two places on the road where we might be butchered like sheep if they pounced on us in the dark."

Maggie instantly rose from her seat, and faced him with flashing eyes.

"Do you mean to suggest," she exclaimed, "that Alf Watson has gone to tell the Boers you are here, and to induce them to attack you?"

"To be quite frank with you, I do, Miss Maxwell," rejoined the captain, bluntly.

"If that is your only cause for alarm," she replied, excitedly, "you can set your mind at rest. I am absolutely certain that he has done nothing of the kind."

The captain made an impatient gesture and turned away. Her father looked at her sternly.

"That will do, Maggie," he said, angrily. "The man is guilty; there isn't an impartial jury in the world that wouldn't pronounce him guilty."

But Maggie was past being silenced, even by her father's anger.

"I don't care what any of you say," she exclaimed. "He is innocent, I tell you; I know he is innocent."

Then she broke down, buried her face in her hands, and fled from the room.

The minutes crawled drearily by, and it was a relief to everyone when the moon rose and the troops fell in for the march back to camp. The captain came up to the house to say good-bye. He had begun to feel a genuine liking and respect for Maxwell, and his natural irritation at Maggie's conduct was gradually merging into a half-humorous admiration for her pluck and loyalty.

"Well, we're off at last," he said, "and I must thank you heartily for all your kindness. You may be sure I shall do my best to make as light of this little affair as possible; and as my gloomy forebodings have not been fulfilled, it's quite possible you may not hear anything more about it. Please tell Miss Maxwell from me that——"

He stopped suddenly, for the silence was abruptly broken by the loud and incessant cracking of rifles, and every bush and boulder, on flank, front, and rear, was lit up with tongues of flame.

"By Jove, they're on us!" he exclaimed. "It's just what I expected. That scoundrel has betrayed us."

He darted off towards the troops, and as Maxwell stood gazing after him he felt a hand laid on his arm. Turning round he saw that Maggie was beside him.

"Father," she exclaimed, "why are they firing? What does it mean?"

"What does it mean?" he rejoined, bitterly. "Why, it means that Alf Watson has done just what the captain said he would do—galloped off to the Boers to tell them there were only a handful of men here without any guns—that's what it means."

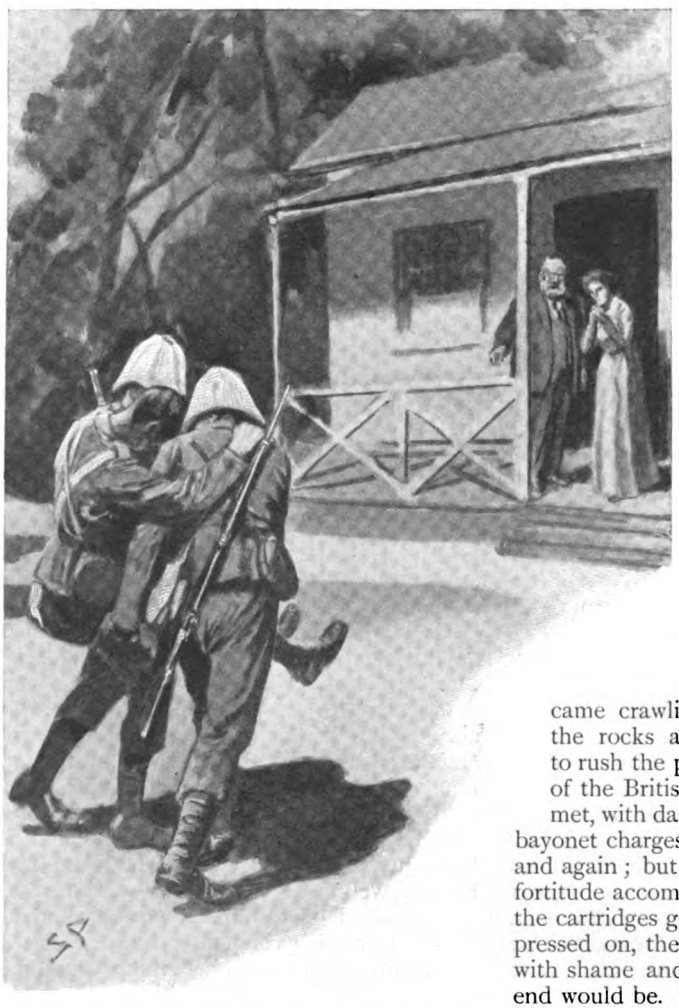
"Oh, no, no; don't say that, father," she sobbed; "you'll break my heart if you say that. I—I can't believe it."

"It matters little whether you believe it or not," he answered, grimly. "It's the truth. You should have made a white flag

instead of a Union Jack, Maggie. It'll be needed."

"But won't the troops drive them away, father?" cried the girl, in agony.

"They'll do all that brave men can do,



"HE POINTED TO A COUPLE OF MEN WHO WERE TRAMPING HEAVILY TOWARDS THE HOUSE."

Heaven knows," he answered, gloomily; "but what's the use of it when the odds are ten to one? Besides, if the firing goes on at this rate they won't have a cartridge left by daybreak. If the troops at the camp get to know what's going on, and start at once to the rescue, it's just possible they may arrive in time; but the chances are they'll hear nothing about the matter until it's all over."

"But why can't someone be sent to let them know?" exclaimed Maggie.

"Why?" retorted her father, impatiently. "Because the Boers are swarming all round us, and no man breathing could manage to get through them. Half an hour ago it might have been done. I'd have tried it myself. It's too late now."

"But can nothing be done?" exclaimed Maggie, despairingly. "Can we do nothing?"

"I'm afraid there's only one thing left for you and me to do," rejoined her father, sadly, and he pointed to a couple of men who were tramping heavily towards the house. As he spoke they emerged from the shade of the trees, and the moonlight fell full on the death-white face of the inanimate figure they were carrying between them. "We can, perhaps, do a little to help the wounded."

From that time wounded soldiers were constantly brought to the house, and Maggie and her father were fully occupied in trying to allay their sufferings. The firing went on all night, and towards daybreak the Boers came crawling nearer and nearer among the rocks and scrub, evidently intending to rush the position when the ammunition of the British was exhausted. They were met, with dauntless courage, with desperate bayonet charges that drove them back again and again; but what could the most splendid fortitude accomplish against such odds? As the cartridges grew fewer and the enemy still pressed on, the men were beside themselves with shame and rage, knowing well what the end would be.

At the first faint glimmer of dawn there came a lull in the firing, and the officers gathered at the house and held a hurried council of war. They spoke in low voices, glancing furtively at each other with gloomy, haggard faces—the faces of proud, brave men placed by adverse fortune in a position which left no alternative to annihilation but surrender. They had done all that mortal men could do to avert the disaster, and, in spite of wounds and exhaustion, would willingly have gone on fighting to the last gasp, but for the conviction that they had no right to sacrifice the lives of their gallant soldiers in an utterly

hopeless struggle. The captain with a stifled groan led the way outside.

"The day is breaking," he said. "If there is no relief force in sight, I suppose we'll just have to give in."

Maggie, faint with watching by the wounded and longing to get a breath of fresh air, was standing on the veranda as they came out. Intensely loyal, the thought of the disaster that was about to befall her countrymen cut her to the heart, and it was bitter as death to her that she should be looked upon as the cause of it. Tears gathered in her eyes as the sun, peering above the distant hills, shone gaily on the flag which was still fluttering bravely overhead, the flag which she had made herself and hoisted with such joyous enthusiasm.

The captain glanced hopelessly round the silent and apparently deserted hills, and then waved his hand towards the Union Jack.

"Haul it down," he said, in a shaking voice, "and—and hoist the white flag."

Lieutenant Jackson moved towards it, and as he did so Maggie started and uttered an exclamation of astonishment. The lieutenant raised his hand, and in another moment the flag would have been down when she caught him by the arm.

"Stop!" she cried. "Look, look there!"

The officers followed the direction of her finger, and an involuntary cry escaped their lips. The level rays of the sun glittered on a hundred lance-points as a body of khaki-clad horsemen came galloping over a low ridge to the west. There was also a gleam of naked steel far away to the east, and presently long lines of infantry skirmishers came swarming over the southern hills. Almost simultaneously the soldiers had recognised their comrades, and the air rang with frantic cheers, while the Boers, threatened on front and flank, were galloping away as fast as their horses could take them.

In a few minutes more a group of officers, heading the relief force, came flying along the road, almost mobbed by the cheering soldiers, and reined up before the veranda.

A handsome, grey-moustached colonel swung out of his saddle and grasped the captain by the hand.

"That was a narrow squeak, Hartley," he said. "I suppose your ammunition was pretty nearly gone?"

"Yes," rejoined the captain; "in a few minutes more you'd have been too late. How in the name of all that's miraculous did you get to know we were in such a fix?"

"Oh, a fellow came galloping into the camp like a madman to tell us that all the Boers for twenty miles round were swarming about you, and that if we didn't hurry up they'd gather you in to a dead certainty. Where is the fellow? Oh, there he is. The men have got to know, and they're nearly pulling him to pieces. Don't wonder at it, by Jove! But for him you'd all be toddling off to Pretoria."

The captain had knocked about the world

"COOL SMILING, ERECT, RODE ALF WATSON."

a good deal, and had seen many a strange thing in his day. He was not easily thrown off his balance, but now he stood staring before him with round eyes and drooping jaw. Through the cheering mob of soldiers, frantically waving their helmets on the point of their bayonets, cool, smiling, erect, rode Alf Watson.

"He says," continued the colonel, with a twinkle in his eye, "that he knew the beggars had spotted you on the march, and were sure to have a go at you, but that you'd got it into your head he was a spy, and wouldn't have believed him if he'd told you. So with the help of some young lady—quite a romantic sort of business, isn't it?—he managed to escape, get hold of a horse, and ride helter-skelter across the veldt to bring us to the rescue."

"But we found Mausers and cartridges and a letter from the Boer commandant on his farm," stammered the captain.

"Ah, yes, just so," rejoined the colonel; "but it turns out they belonged to a Dutchman he employed as an assistant. The fellow was captured by one of our patrols last night, and when he heard that Watson was suspected he had the decency to make a clean breast of it."

"Excuse me a minute, sir," exclaimed the captain. Once convinced that he had made a blunder he was not the man to do things by halves. He strode impulsively forward and caught Alf by the hand.

"Look here, Watson," he said, "I don't know what in the world I'm going to say to you."

"Then don't say anything, my dear sir," laughed Alf. "If I'd been in your place I'd have done exactly the same thing.'

"Well, all I can say is," rejoined the captain, "that if I could distribute V.C.'s at my own sweet will I'd give one to this young lady"—he waved his hand towards the blushing, tearful, smiling Maggie—"and another to you. If it hadn't been for you two we should have been on our way to Pretoria. After this, Miss Maxwell, I shall never trust a man's reason against a woman's instinct as long as I live. Now, then, boys, three cheers for both of them. Hip, hip, hurrah!"

As the cheers died away the colonel, who had been watching Maggie with a very pleasant smile, turned to Maxwell.

"So this is the young lady who was so loyal to her friend and ran the risk of a court-martial to prove it," he said. "Have you the good fortune to be her father?"

"Aye," rejoined Maxwell, whose good-humoured face was glowing with pride and joy. "She believed in him and I didn't, and she was right, thank goodness, and I was wrong; and I suppose there's only one way for me to make my peace with them."

And then, to Maggie's mingled shame and delight, he placed her hand in Alf's; and the cheers broke out again, none being louder than those which proceeded from the throat of Private Tim Kelly, who had been set at liberty when every available man was required to beat back the Boers, and shrewdly suspected that he was likely to hear no more of his share of the adventure.

"That's better than a V.C., my lad," said the colonel, patting Alf on the back; and no one disagreed with him who looked at Maggie's shy, happy face, and knew how brave and loyal she had been through the dark hours of that tragic night.

"Any need to court-martial Miss Maxwell, do you think, sir?" laughed the captain.

"Well," said the colonel, glancing with twinkling eyes at the smiling faces around him, "the verdict of the Court, as at present constituted, seems to be that, though the prisoner is unquestionably guilty, she is dismissed without a stain upon her character. It's a totally new kind of verdict, but it's the only one that appears to fit the circumstances of the case."

English Sports Amongst Savages.

By Rupert J. King.

IT is the great secular mission of the British race, according to a modern philosopher, to spread the cult of the bath-tub, cricket, and the top-hat throughout the benighted regions of the universe. Perhaps our votaries of cricket, football, and tennis do not realize how widely these pastimes have spread or into what dark and distant corners the seed of British sport has fallen and, what is more, taken root. A striking example of this is furnished in a letter to the writer from Mr. Davis, a factor in the Hudson's Bay Company's service at Moose Factory. A few seasons ago the company's ship *Prince Rupert* was ice-bound for several days in the Straits and the crew were permitted to roam at will. A party of four wandered over the ice a distance of some miles until they came across a numerous gathering of Esquimaux, with whom they hoped to strike up a trade. The aborigines seemed to be in a state of commotion—either a fight was in progress or some singular native rites or festivities were being performed. The English sailors stole up unperceived, and from a hillock of snow watched the proceedings. A male Esquimaux, armed with a rude club, stood at one end of an open space, while opposite him another man hurled what appeared to be iron weights, or metal discs of some kind, at his body.

Sometimes the man with the bludgeon would strike wildly at these objects, at other times he would appear to be dodging them. When he hit them he commenced a rude, grotesque dance backwards and forwards. At last one of the missiles took him in the pit of the stomach with such force that but for a thick coating of fur he would probably not have enjoyed his dinner of whale-blubber for a month. Whereupon the air was deafened with shrieks and yells by the spectators, which did not subside until the fragments of iron had all been collected and the disabled man was again ready for the ceremony. Eventually a missile struck the little pyramid of snow just in the rear of the man with the club. The deafening commotion began anew, the man staggered away from the little cross he had been defending, and his place was taken by another and yet another. This second successor was not so fortunate, inasmuch as he received a nasty blow on the temple from what appeared to be a section of a pound shot, and was laid low and bleeding. Instead, however, of his receiving any succour, the Esquimaux brave who had thus brutally

ESQUIMAUX CRICKET, PLAYED WITH A CLUB AND A POUND SHOT.

assaulted him became the recipient of a thousand attentions. He was surrounded by at least twenty of those assisting at this curious, bloodthirsty ceremony and pressed to partake of certain little gifts, such as knives, beads, and carved gewgaws, not to mention certain sips of fluid from a bottle, which, according to the narrator, in no wise tended to lessen the hilarity of the crowd. The grotesque scene was at its height when the English sailors were perceived. A cry, whether of joy or rage, was set up, and several Esquimaux began to run towards them. The Jack Tars were on the point of taking to their heels when in the mingled shouts they thought they could detect the words in English, "Stop, stop! we good friends." It turned out that one of the natives had a fairly good command of English, and, addressing the oldest member of the crew, he shook hands and said, "We most glad you come. We trouble much and want much explain. You have seen what we do just now?"

"Yes. Esquimaux war-dance, wasn't it?"

The native looked puzzled.

"We do not war-dance in front of white men," he said, with simple dignity. "Me want much ask you question. We no see company's new play for many, many moons, and we forgot how de play goes. Um man say he dance, um man say he run, when gospel man's cross seem hit and fall down be'ind. Wot you say to dat, eh?"

The sailors addressed grinned and scratched their heads, and their spokesman, after a brief delay, said:—

"You've come to the wrong shop, mate; I tell you we don't know anything about your Esquimaux customs and such like, and so we can't help you."

"No, no!" exclaimed the interpreter, raising his arms, in repudiation of the idea. "Dis no Esquimaux man t'ing at all—dis game b'long to white company's men—dis crick-crick, me tells you. You not know crick-crick?"

The shadow of disdain lingered for a moment on two score swarthy faces, until a mariner slapped his thigh and cried out:—

"Lor', love us, Bill, I believe he means *cricket!* Them pore heathens think they've been a-playin' cricket!"

The four sailors looked at one another for a moment, and then the secret of the whole sanguinary performance with the trader's weights and sliced cannon-balls dawned upon them, and they lay down then and there in the snow and rolled about and chuckled until their sides fairly ached. When, concludes our narrator, the *Prince Rupert* finally broke loose and sailed away, the Esquimaux tribe of Frobisher Inlet had a complete new set of rules to play the Englishman's game which would probably stagger the authorities at Lord's and the Oval.

The above plain, unvarnished tale recalls the extraordinary Gold Coast experiences of Lieutenant Brainard, of H.M.S. *Scorpion*, who accompanied the Senegambian mission of 1852. In the spells of rest from threatening, cajoling, or making treaties with the black cannibals of the interior, the party frequently indulged in congenial pastimes. One of the younger members of the mission, a Rugby boy, had packed a football amongst his luggage, with the proud boast that he would be the first man to introduce the Rugby game into the heart of Africa. Accordingly a scratch game was got up at Matani, and played before the King or chief of the visiting tribe, and at least a thousand of his subjects. The affair was received with immense enthusiasm by the negroes, and it made a deep impression upon the sable monarch. Evidently he thought the entire game was symbolical—an orgy typifying the wonderful white man's religion. If he did imbibe the notion it was not lessened when the football was brought to him, and Brainard, with the interpreter's assistance, undertook to explain its composition.

"This, your Majesty," the interpreter said, "is the bladder of a swine. We breathe into it with the breath of our bodies, and lo! it becomes round like the sun."

"The bladder of a swine!" exclaimed the King; "then the swine is your enemy, is it not so?"

"That depends," it was explained; "you see ——"

"But when a white man hates a man does he not call him a swine?"

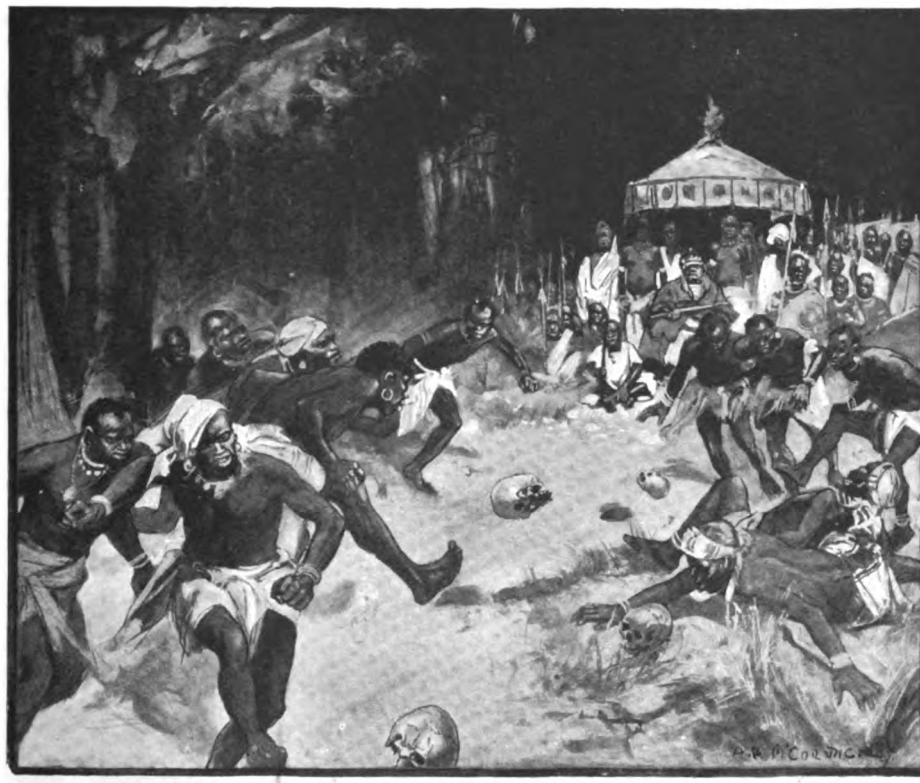
"Some do."

"Then the Matani, who war with my people, are swine?"

"Well, I suppose you might call them so," it was admitted, "but that has nothing to do with football. You see, when the ball has been kicked through the goal——"

But the monarch did not care to hear any more. He retired to his hut, lost in thought.

Two months later the same expedition, on the way back to Cape Coast Castle, passed through a more northerly part of the Umbaba country. They were well received by their old friend the chief, who got up a feast in their honour. In the midst of the feast a



FOOTBALL PLAYED BY WEST AFRICAN SAVAGES, WITH THE SKULLS OF THEIR ENEMIES FOR BALLS.

troop of naked blacks burst upon the scene, kicking a score or so of yellowish-grey objects before them. These objects were human skulls. The yells they emitted meanwhile were deafening; backwards and forwards they swayed, always kicking the objects before them and high into the air. The monarch smiling broadly, looked at the white men for their approval.

"Is it not great—your football?" he asked

"Yes," was the answer; "but the rules say——"

"Never mind the rules. The Umbaba makes his own laws. The chief thing is the swine, of which we have nineteen, while the white man uses but one ball in his game. That is because we have more enemies or perhaps we are fleeter of foot." Then the chief went on to explain: "Some time back we had a battle and slew nineteen Matani, and afterwards we had a feast on the field of battle. The Matani threaten revenge, but they are only swine. And look! See how we kick and trample them now under foot."

But the lieutenant and his companions did not look any more. They were far too horrified and disgusted as they realized the impracticability of teaching an Anglo-Saxon game, in all its innocence and simplicity, to a bloodthirsty African savage brought up upon cannibalism and mystic rites.

The ancient and royal game of golf has made such enormous strides in popularity in America, not merely in the Eastern States, but even in the remoter south and south-west, that it is not surprising it should have captivated the fancy of the aborigines. It is reported that sets of golf-clubs find a ready sale in the Indian Territory, a good driver or brassy being an acceptable present to a brave whose ancestors were expert wielders of the tomahawk. At the same time it must be confessed that amongst these south-west tribes the original use of the implements of the game is sadly perverted. A visitor to the Kiowa agency in Oklahoma noticed several Comanches carrying golf-clubs under the impression that they were the walking-stick of the white man in the cities. "All the swell members of the agency carry a brassy," explained the agent; "they think it is the hall mark of civilization. When you ask them if they play golf, they say, 'Oh, yes; we often take a walk, but we too tired now.

Come again next week, we walk with you.' Then they will step aside and swing the club a little, lopping off any adjacent vegetation, just to let you know that they are quite in the swim. But the Comanche out here is too proud and too lazy to tackle golf as a game. If he really took to it he would probably use the irons as the Irishman uses the shillelagh—to break his rival's head with. That would be the game for him." Nevertheless, the Red man of the north really plays and thoroughly enjoys the game, in such places as he has been privileged to learn it. A visitor to the Blackfeet Reservation in Montana in the autumn of 1903 reports having witnessed a most spirited game. "Golf is much better suited to the Indian of to-day than his old game of lacrosse. I noticed very few subtleties in the game. After the champion, Spotted Horse, drove off it was a long stretch of clear prairie, with only here and there a shrub. So that the game resolved itself into a chase of the ball for a couple of miles and return, the one who did it in the fewest strokes being the winner. I saw some really capital drives—several well over three hundred yards, I should think. The only feature that was quite new and characteristic about the game was the infernal row that all the spectators kept up during the play. The position for a drive was the signal for a perfect bedlam of yells and howling, which ought to, but apparently did not, disconcert the player. I hope one day to see some of these golfing Blackfeet brought east, where their long drives, if nothing else, would create a sensation." A party of golfing Red men at St. Andrews, for example, certainly would make the Caledonian fathers of "gowf" turn in their graves!

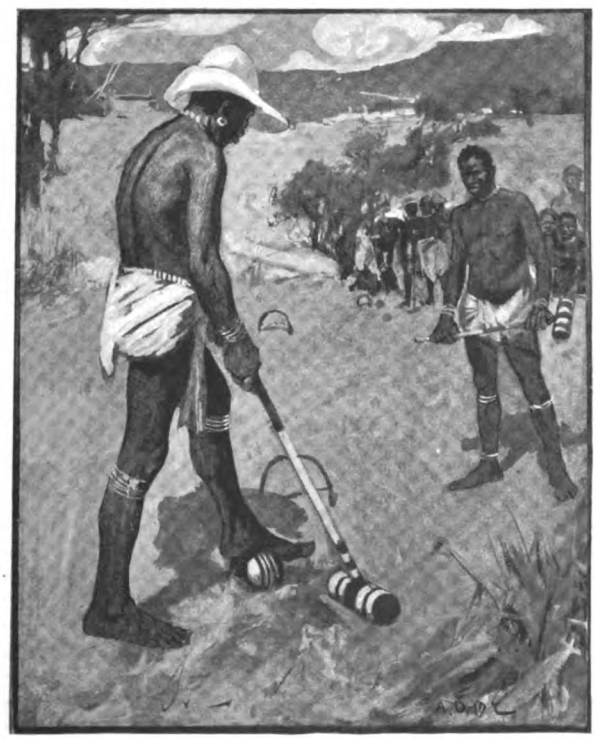
After this it is nothing to be told that tennis has invaded Tibet, for Mr. J. R. Ranald has described how a present of a tennis set which had been much used at one of the Burmese stations was gratefully accepted by one of the leading Tibetan officials last year, and about Christmas-time proved a source of great entertainment to himself and his family, although their proficiency in handling the racquet was at last accounts of the most elementary description. This is not the only tennis played in the land of the Lamas, however, for a London firm has received within the past two years orders for more than a dozen complete sets, so that tennis in Tibet promises to become in time almost a national pastime.

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS PLAYING GOLF.

The lower picture on the next page is drawn from a snap-shot taken by a missionary

TENNIS IN TIBET.

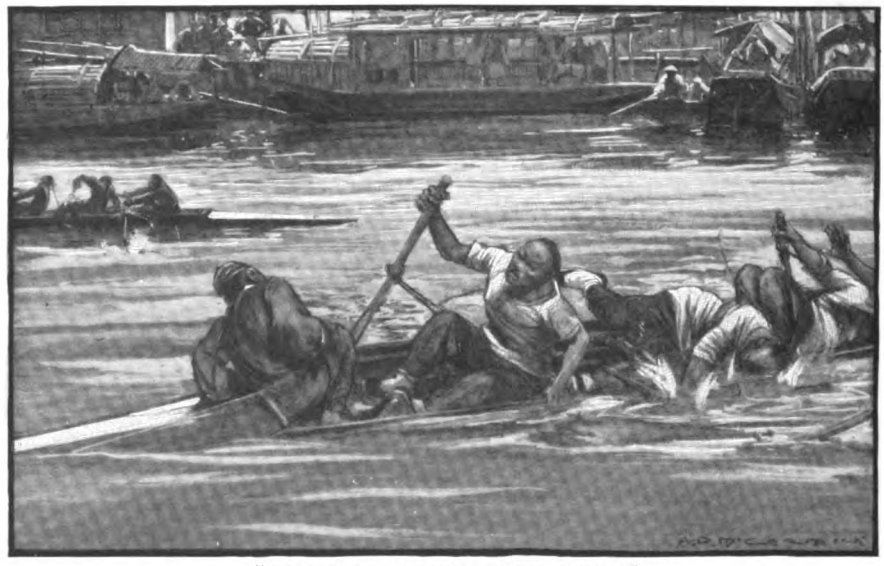
in Zululand. The reverend gentleman and his lady were very fond of croquet, and managed to form a very fair croquet lawn near their dwelling. Two of their black servants—and staunchest converts — used to watch the progress of the game with intense interest, until they finally believed they had mastered its intricacies — if there are any intricacies in croquet. One day one of the men came to the missionary and told him that there was to be a great meeting and festival of their tribe some miles distant, and they wished to be present. They also had an invitation for the missionary and his wife, but supposed they would not care to go. "I should like it very much," was the reply; "we will both go with you." There was some hesitation on the spokesman's part, and finally he said that he had wanted the loan of the croquet set in order to display the game to their brother Zulus, and so become the heroes of the occasion. Permission was readily granted



ZULUS PLAYING CROQUET.

on condition that no wrongful use should be made of the balls or mallets, for the missionary had a vision of the balls being used as missiles and the mallets as effective skull-openers. He duly set out with a party of several natives for the rendezvous. "My two blacks," he writes, "were, indeed, the heroes of the day, although I by no means approved of their attribution of strange, uncanny virtues to the coloured balls. They said a magician had cast a spell over the balls and that each represented a human life. 'This is me,' said one, pointing to the red ball, 'and that is my father' (the blue ball), 'and that is my brother and my sister. We go through these hoops and whoever gets to the post first reaches Heaven first.' I could hardly sanction this theology, but together with several hundred Zulus I watched the game with deep interest and was considerably relieved to find that my servant's father —a very aged man—reached the Celestial goal first, which was as it should have been, considering his years and the fact that he had been properly baptized. Only I took care, when I came to speak to the assemblage, to make a more useful parable out of the game than my black fellow had done."

It is doubtful if the Chinaman will ever take to sculling on the English principle, but it will not be for want of acquaintanceship at close quarters with the sport, both at Hong-Kong and Shanghai. Twenty years ago it occurred to a member of the Shanghai Rowing Club that it would be a good joke to arrange a match between two rival crews of natives, many of whom were firmly convinced that they could row as well as any Europeans. The race, of course, turned out a screaming farce, as did another of a similar kind rowed since at San Francisco. It nevertheless proved a victory for the English and American coolie against French, German, and Dutch coolie, although three members of the former crew fell into the water and were with difficulty rescued from a watery grave.



"THE RACE TURNED OUT A SCREAMING FARCE."

A Family Skeleton.

By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds (G. M. Robins).

IT was one of a row of tidy wee villas—red brick, with stucco and timbered gables, and bay-windows with awe-inspiring strips of stained glass in the top panes. There was bottle-glass in the panels — five inches wide — of the front door. There was a white barge-board of Gothic proclivities on the porch; there was a tessellated pavement from the doorway to the front gate, and the name—Belvedere—was painted in Old English characters on the lintel. The prospect consisted solely of a row of opposite villas, so exactly like their *vis-à-vis* as almost to produce the illusion that one was looking in the glass all day, so the name might or might not be considered a misnomer, according to taste in prospects.

The little woman who stood gazing wistfully from the bay-window down towards the end of the road where the trams plied along the main thoroughfare must have been pretty once. In fact, she was pretty now, though no longer young. Her small, delicate-featured face wore a look of strain. She was nicely dressed, evidently to receive company. Her collar was of real lace, and her brooch real gold. The little parlour in which she stood was quite prettily furnished in the taste of the eighties—with "art" saddle-bag furniture, and a black and gold chimney mirror, all over little shelves.

There was a good fire, before which reposed a dish of muffins; a plentiful tea was spread upon the table.

A pleasant-looking man, not much over fifty, sat enjoying his pipe in all the consciousness of respite which Saturday afternoon brings to the suburbs. He was the kind of man whom you meet in his thousands anywhere that the tramways run. The kind who, if ever he had ambitions, has realized very long ago that his sole hope of daily bread lay in stifling them. A modest prosperity had evidently been the result of this man's routine life. Comfort and a sweet-faced wife are no bad things, even if you live in one of a row of little red villas.

"There goes the postman," said the little woman, thoughtfully. "Ruby'll come on the next tram, I shouldn't wonder."

"Why don't you sit down, ma?" asked her husband, raising his eyes over the rim of his glasses to study her, evidently slightly puzzled. "You're not a restless woman as a rule, but to-day you're like a cat in a strange house." There was a Persian cat lying across his knees in typical repose. Evidently he was a gentle, domestic, companionable kind of man. His little wife's face twitched.

"It does seem to excite me a bit," she slowly said, "for our little Ruby to be bringing home a young gentleman." She blushed charmingly, looking quite young as she did so, then abruptly turned away, and for the third time altered the relative positions of the jam and the shrimps upon the table.

Her husband had not returned to his paper, but continued to contemplate her fixedly. "Ruby's got a home to bring him to, ma," he said at last, in a voice touched with some note of memory, or of tenderness.

She nodded silently, twisting her lips into a smile; then turned away with a suddenness which suggested that she was concealing tears. He was still watching her. At last—"Ma! Come here. Come here to me," he said.

She came. He took her hand, looking up inquiringly. Like a girl she suddenly slipped to her knees, hiding her face on his shoulder.

"You're as romantic as ever, child," he said.

"Oh, Walter, it's not that! It's something else! It's something I've had on my mind this week, never daring to speak to you of it, and yet longing to. I—I—ought to tell you now, before he comes, or you'll be taken unawares. What do you suppose is this young gentleman's name that Ruby is so took up with?"

"Well?" he queried, anxiously. "I thought you didn't know."

"I did know! It's *Delavine!* Worse than that—it's *Percy Delavine.*"

"Hey!" He sat stiffly upright in his chair. With one hand he fondled his little wife's still abundant hair. His expression was that of one who recalls a disagreeable association. "There's more than one Delavine," he said, slowly.

"But Percy! It's such a very uncommon name, both together. I never came across it but that once, did you?"

"Never," he owned. There was a silence. She knelt beside his chair, looking down, fondling the cat's paws.

"Don't you go fancying the worst, ma! Why, if that man had a son, he'd be rich—

he wouldn't be looking our Ruby's way. Did Ruby tell you much about him?"

"She said he told her he was overseer in a big business. But I don't fancy they've got to particulars yet. Walter, if he seems set on her, you'll have to find out all about him."

"I shall. The girl's got a good home, and a good berth in the Post Office. She's not for the first one that comes along."

As he spoke there was the sound of a latch-key in the front door, and of a girl's low, pleasant laugh.

"They've come! She's brought him! Oh, Walter, if it was to come out—if it was to come out"—she paused, and ended in a dramatic whisper—"I could never look my own child in the face again!"

Her face was white as ashes.

"Tut, tut; don't you bother, ma!"

The door opened, and Ruby Linley walked in, followed by a thick-set young man, with merry eyes and a sensible face.

"This is Mr. Delavine, ma, dear," said Ruby prettily. "Mr. Delavine, these are my parents."

They all shook hands, with the anxious politeness and ceremony which belong to their class, assuring each other of their pleasure in meeting, and inducting the visitor into the best chair.

"RUBY LINLEY WALKED IN, FOLLOWED BY A THICK-SET YOUNG MAN."

Ruby was a very stylish young woman, with the delicacy of tinting so characteristic of the London girl clerk. Her clothes were becoming and not at all showy, and her manners evidently the result of careful training.

She slipped away to remove her hat, and Mr. Linley, clearing his throat, began conscientiously to make himself agreeable to his visitor.

"Surprisingly cold for May?" he observed.

"Yes, and the wind's keen! Your fire's pleasant!" cheerfully said Mr. Delavine.

His host regarded him with a careful air of detachment.

"Londoner?" he asked, almost languidly.

"Well, we don't call ourselves London," was the reply. "Chingford, you know. It's a pretty neighbourhood. I am hoping, as the season advances, to persuade Miss Linley to make a little expedition on her bicycle to come and see us."

"Parents livin'?"

"Not my mother. My gov.'s hearty, I'm glad to say. He's retired from business. Made a bit, and prefers the country. He's well content down there."

"You carryin' it on?"

"What, the business? Not me! I didn't take to that kind of line, which is what made him sell it——"

He broke off, for at the moment Ruby reappeared, her pretty hair charmingly arranged, and the white lace of her dainty blouse so fresh that you quite forgot that her coat and skirt had cost seventeen shillings and elevenpence in the High Street.

The girl, occupied with her lover, did not note the whiteness of her mother's face nor the drawn look about her father's mouth.

"We were talking," said young Delavine, as they sat down to the well-spread board, "of my gov'nor's business. It was a curious one, too. I wouldn't mind saying"—he glanced round with a mischievous smile—"that you'd none of you guess it, not in three guesses each."

"Oh, do let us try!" cried Ruby.

"Shrimps, Mr. Delavine?" eagerly cut in her mother. "They are real and fresh, I'll answer for it. What do you think of Ruby going out shrimping last August at Yarmouth? A splendid catch she made—she and Mr. Batts, a gentleman friend of ours."

"I've no doubt but what Batts enjoyed it;

at least, I know I should in his place," said the young man, with a simplicity and heartiness that did him credit. "So you like the seaside, Miss Ruby?"

"Oh, I'm all for the country," answered the girl, her thoughts successfully diverted from the mysterious calling of Delavine *père*. "If it wasn't for my work I'd like to live in the country always. My mother is not a Londoner by rights, either. She came from Norfolk—didn't you, ma?"

"Like to live a little way out?" asked Delavine of the girl, with palpable anxiety as to the reply.

She nodded emphatically, adding, with a little shamefaced laugh, "I should like to keep chickens—and pigs."

He was evidently both amused and pleased. "Look here," he said, "they've got a cow as well down at Chingford. You bike down, I'll teach you to milk. I do most of the gardening myself."

"You'd teach me to milk a cow!" cried the girl, enchanted.

"Not in that Bond Street gown," he returned, admiringly. "I thought you were far too big a swell to go in for such countrified concerns."

"You should see her in August," said the proud father. "No Bond Street about then, is there, Ruby, when you and me goes cycling?"

"Or—Mr. Batts," said Percy, jealously. "I'll lay Batts never milked a cow, now, come!"

Ruby laughed out, clear and sweet.

"He's afraid o' cows!" she cried.

Her father's eyes twinkled.

"I'm afraid that settled poor Batts's hash for him," he said. "We met some cows in a lane and he—well, he sort of got astride the hedge."

It was Delavine's turn to laugh. "Then I bear him no grudge, poor chap!" He looked across the table at Ruby. "Ever been to the Isle of Man?"

No, she never had, but would love to.

"Always thought," he said, abstractedly, "that it 'ud be a picked place for a honeymoon."

This was travelling at a faster pace than Ruby had bargained for. To turn the subject, she harked back to the three guesses. "Now I'm going to guess your pa's business. He was a—let's see—an artist?"

"Oh, come! I told you he made enough out of it to retire on!" cried Percy, humorously.

"Well, let me think. An actor!"

"Wrong again."

"I've only one more guess! Something out of the common? I've got it! A jockey!"

"You've had your three and you're nowhere near. Now it's Mrs. Linley's turn."

"Yes, ma, now it's your turn. Why, whatever——"

Ruby rose hastily from the table, alarmed at her mother's white face.

"It's nothing, dear. I always do suffer a bit the first few warm days," said the little woman, faintly. "But I never could guess anything in my life. Ask pa."

"Guess a man's business?" said Mr. Linley, reflectively. "Ought to see the man first, you know. I should guess he invented a pill or a patent medicine."

"Not a bad guess, but not very near the mark," said Mr. Delavine, good-humouredly.

Little Mrs. Linley's colour was returning. "Are we going to be told in the end?" she demanded; "that's what I want to know. Suppose we all guess wrong, are we to be told?"

"I'll tell you now, for I see Miss Ruby's on thorns, and it doesn't do to keep a lady in suspense. My father was a matrimonial agent; he had a bureau for arranging marriages."

"I said you were not well, ma, dear. Why didn't you ask me to open the window?" cried Ruby, rising in consternation.

There was a little flutter while Mrs. Linley was laid upon the saddle-bag sofa, salts were produced, and air admitted.

"She's hardly ever taken like this," said Ruby, with affection and solicitude, which were manifestly genuine. "I've never known her to faint, that I remember. Pa, take Mr. Delavine into the garden to see my rabbits and I'll get her round in no time."

"You do seem fond of your mother," observed Percy, later on, when Ruby had joined him in the tiny, trim garden, and her father had strolled away.

"Fond? I should think so! Never girl had a better home than mine! It's the truth I'm telling you; I never heard one of them give the other an angry word, all the years I've lived!"

"They're an advertisement for matrimony," said the young man, wistfully.

She laughed a little. "Your father might have put 'em in a glass case," she said, mischievously. "Just fancy, what a funny business! I don't wonder you didn't care about going into it."

"Why?" He fixed her with bold, steady eyes.

"Marriages made up that way don't seem the right kind to me," she said, faltering a little, and with looks downcast.

"Some of 'em turned out better than you'd expect. My father always begged 'em to write after a twelvemonth and tell him how they were getting on. He's got a lot of their letters, pasted in a book; and some are amusing reading. If you could bike over next week I could show you some curios! But the bad side of the business was, people told such lies—misrepresented their position, and all that. I couldn't stick it, I tell you. But see here; are you coming over to have a look at my people? I've seen yours and, I tell you straight, I like 'em very much."

"I'm sure I'm glad you're pleased," said Ruby, with a suspicion of irony.

He came a little nearer. "Will you come?"

"At this season of the year," said Ruby, sedately, "the weather's too uncertain to be making outdoor plans"

"But I'm not uncertain," he said, in a low voice. "And if it's wet, there's the train. Don't you want to milk that cow?"

"Oh, to milk the cow!" said Ruby, relenting, colouring, and smiling adorably.

Spring had come at last with a burst, and all the sweeter for its long delay. When the "biking" expedition came off the following week there was only one flaw in Ruby's happiness.

Her father and mother, hitherto so sympathetic and so devoted, were unaccountably cold upon the subject of her lover.

Poor little ma! Her first wild impulse had been to forbid the young man the house altogether. But both her sense of justice and her ambition were too strong for her. He was such an eligible young fellow; there was not a word she could say against him; and she could not hide from her heart the conviction that Ruby loved him.

The girl, of course, attributed the uncomfortable state of things to the fact that her parents were miserable at the thought of losing her, and all the week she strove to surround them with loving observances and to console them by every means in her power.

At half-past two on Saturday her lover arrived to fetch her in smart cycling trim; and when she went into the parlour in her pretty new hat, to bid her mother good-bye, she found her struggling with an uncontrollable access of weeping.

She vehemently motioned to the girl to join her lover, darting from the room and upstairs to indulge her grief in private.

Ruby's pretty face was quite clouded as she wheeled her smart little machine down the tessellated pavement to where young Delavine stood impatient. She was a really nice girl, and she was unprepared for the distress she was evidently causing.

But the day was beautifully fine, her sweetheart was beside her, and she could not long remain cast down.

By the time they arrived at the gay Chingford homestead, with its snug outbuildings and trim garden, she was radiant; and her appearance was pleasing to the portly and dressy old gentleman who, with Percy's sister Gladys, was awaiting them.

Mr. Delavine senior did not convey the idea of one interested in rural pursuits. He retained the elegant manners of his calling, and was more like a shop-walker in a fashion-

"SHE HAD A MILKING LESSON, WITH ONE OF GLADYS'S LARGE APRONS PINNED OVER HER FASHIONABLE ATTIRE."

able West-end drapery establishment than a country gentleman. But Ruby soon found that the elegance was merely superficial, and that at heart he was as honest and natural as his son, though evidently a shrewd man of business.

The visitor was cordially greeted and hospitably entertained. As promised, she had a milking lesson, with one of Gladys's large aprons pinned over her fashionable attire. A syllabub was concocted in her honour, and she herself milked the patient Jersey into the bowl of wine.

The weather was so balmy that Percy suggested they both should go and sit in the garden after tea. Gladys had her fowls to feed and the old gentleman his pipe to smoke, so they went unchaperoned; and in case they should be dull, as he gravely observed, Percy took with him the book of letters which he had promised to show to Ruby.

"This book," he explained, as they sat down on a sheltered seat near a bed of fine and fragrant wallflowers, "is what dad calls 'The Sunny Side.' It only contains the records of the matches that turned out well."

"'WHY, I SHOULDN'T LIKE MA TO SEE THIS,' SHE SAID, SLOWLY."

They made very merry together over its contents. Each letter was pasted carefully in, below the newspaper cutting in which the writer had first made known his or her desires. Nine out of ten stipulated for means, some for beauty, some for a good cook. It was amusing that, to judge from the letters below, they all seemed to have finally settled upon somebody not even faintly resembling what they had first applied for, but nevertheless to be fairly well satisfied.

"This is the nicest we've come to yet," said Ruby presently, pausing before the following:—

Young man, steady, church-goer, who can just afford to keep a wife, wants to meet a good, sensible girl, who is not afraid of poverty.—W. L.

"There," said Ruby, "I think only the right kind of girl would answer that. He doesn't delude them about loving hearts, or every comfort. Let's read the letter, and see what answers he got. Why, it's just like my father's writing. Oh, good gracious! Why, Mr. Delavine, the signature's Walter Linley!"

"H a l l o a!" said Percy.

Ruby sat bewildered. "Why, I shouldn't like ma to see this," she said, slowly. "You mind, we must keep this dark. I suppose, when he was young, he thought he'd have a lark before settling down! Oh, pa, we've caught you out! I'll read the letter and see what it says:—

"DEAR SIR,—With a grateful heart I take up my pen on the anniversary of my wedding-day, to send you heartfelt thanks, as I understand you like to be told how a match turns out.

"I have only the best to say.

"My wife is a treasure, and I am more happy than I thought to be in this world, being so friendless. Three days ago my wife gave birth to a little daughter, a pretty, healthy child, to whom we intend to give the name of Ruby, as a virtuous wife is far above rubies.

"My wife resigned her post as saleswoman at Messrs. Flounce and Frill's about eight months ago, and as my salary has been raised, I hope she will not need to go to work any more. Our respect and gratitude, honoured sir, will always be yours.—Sir, your obliged, "WALTER LINLEY."

"Ma, too!" gasped Ruby, and she was as white as a sheet. Her eye sought Percy's.

He, as the less deeply concerned, had read on, ahead of her, the letter over-page, which was that in which the future Mrs. Linley had answered the advertisement. He took Ruby's cold and trembling hand firmly in his own while he pointed to the artless handwriting, almost that of a child.

"Read that," he said, softly.

"HONOURED SIR,—If genuine, I wish to reply to the young gentleman W. L. who wants a girl not afraid of being poor. I don't fear poverty, but I fear loneliness. I am working alone in this big city. I have no home, no friends. I am small, but healthy, and I am a good worker. Sir, I beg you to say nothing of this if the young man is not to be trusted. I am a girl that has been carefully brought up, and I fear to disgrace my dead mother.

"Please let me trust you. I feel I do wrong in writing, but the loneliness is so hard to bear.—Your obedient servant,

"GRACE BROWN."

Ruby, as she read, saw vividly before her the tears, the inexplicable misery of her mother during the last few days. It was, perhaps, only human that her first thought should be for herself—the possible downfall of her own happiness.

She had opened the book with good-humoured contempt, much as one stands before a cage of monkeys in the Zoo to watch the gambols of a class of beings ludicrously below oneself.

And here, among the rest, grinning at her through the bars, were her own honoured parents, whom she had set upon a pedestal far above human weakness. Her sense of degradation was sharp and profound.

She withdrew her hand from Percy's, fumbled in her bodice for her tiny muslin handkerchief, and furtively wiped her eyes. Then, summoning all her pride, she closed the bulging book, rose, and, swallowing with a great effort the lump in her throat, said:—

"Dear me, how time flies! I ought to be thinking about getting home, Mr. Delavine."

Percy stood up, too. Without asking any permission, he put his hand under Ruby's chin and turned up her reluctant face.

"Ruby," he said, and his voice was hoarse with feeling, "there's not many left now as simple as the two that wrote those letters."

She broke away with a laugh suspiciously like a sob.

"Simple! I believe you!" she said, a little wildly. "And to think of their simpleness being pasted in a book for folks to laugh at. Oh, it *hurts!*"

"Ruby, did you see me laugh at them?"

"N-no; you're a gentleman," she admitted, falteringly.

"I couldn't laugh at them, I was too busy thinking about something else," he said, reflectively. "I was thinking how I always disliked my father's way of business, and how, all the time, my chance of happiness was hidden away in the pages of that old book. I expect you know I love you and want to marry you, don't you, Ruby? But if I felt like that before, I feel a thousand times more so to-day, now I know the kind of folks you come of. There, don't cry, my girl—let's kiss away the tears, and go and tell dad and Gladys that it's all right."

In the parlour at Belvedere the waning daylight illumined two haggard faces. The little ma, shrinking in a corner, neglected her needle and stared fixedly before her. Her husband paced to and fro, or stopped to stare from the window.

"We couldn't have done anything to stop it," he presently broke out, as if she had accused him of something. "It's just fate!"

"She said," whispered his wife, with dry lips, "as he'd promised to show her a book full of letters from the happy couples. Remember that letter you wrote him a day or two after she was b-born, Walter?"

"Gracie!"

He came and clasped her close. "I always told you 'twas Providence led you to answer that advertisement," he whispered, between kisses. "Lord love you, you've been the making of me!"

"And—and—if our ch-child comes back to us despising us—or comes to tell us that his family looks down on us, and that we've been her ruin—a pair of the fools that helped to make his father——"

"Well, if she does," he tenderly said, "if the worst comes to the very worst, Gracie, my girl, we've got each other."

She cried more quietly and less bitterly after that.

"It's—it's the fibs we've told her," she whispered, presently. "She was always such a one for romance, and would know how we got acquainted, and all about it. I—never knew what an imagination I had till I took to making up all about your seeing me go to and from my work, and meeting by chance at Miss Simpson's, who's dead."

"Well, it was most of it true, only it was by appointment we met at Miss Simpson's.

I did lie in wait to get a look at you without your knowing it, as soon as I got your address. And I thought you was a fairy as you stood on the doorstep, looking this way and that, so timid——"

"Fairy? 'Twas more like a thief I felt! It seemed to me I daren't look anybody in the face. I thought the very paving stones knew as I had answered a mat—matrimonial advertisement!"

"Well, ma, I ain't ashamed of it," said the man, patiently, "whatever our daughter may be."

So they talked on, while darkness fell; and

"'WELL, MA, I AIN'T ASHAMED OF IT,' SAID THE MAN, PATIENTLY."

they made no light, but sat quietly in the May dusk, watching the strip of stars above the roof of the opposite villas, with faithful hearts that went back to the first sweetness of belonging to each other, the first glamour of setting up house together in two rooms—the rapture of maternity, the moving into larger premises, the purchase, through a building society, of their present elegant abode. All the little, tender things that make up life and constitute the sum of earthly joy had been theirs. This overclouding of shame made it seem to them as if their precious happiness had been ill-gotten.

At last the melodious chiming of bicycle bells aroused them and they started up to see two lamps, very close together, moving up the road in the velvet darkness.

Ruby dismounted in haste, flew up the path, and fell into her mother's arms.

"Oh, mother, I've had such a lovely day! And I'm engaged to be married to Percy!" gasped the girl, with a tender clinging of loving arms which dispelled at once the graver part of the mother's dread.

Later, when lamps were kindled and they were discussing an excellent lobster salad, in the first pause left by the outpourings of the two happy young creatures, Walter Linley said with admirable indifference:—

"By-the-bye, did you find time to look at the book with the matrimonial curios in it?"

"Oh," said Ruby, lightly, with a glance at Percy, so swift that it passed unnoticed, "Mr. Delavine has destroyed them. Said he felt they were sacred things, private to him and them that wrote them, so he's done away with them; and for my part I think he was quite right."

There was a short silence.

"In my opinion that shows very good feeling on your father's part, sir—very good indeed," observed Walter Linley, clearing his throat and smiling his approbation.

The little ma was dimpling and sparkling and looking ten years younger all in a moment. She went up behind her husband and put her trembling hands upon his shoulders. Her daughter tenderly regarded her as she gaily said:—

"Don't you think, pa, dear, we might open that bottle of port and drink the young people's health?"

"I'll give you a toast," cried their future son-in-law, rising with enthusiasm: "May we be as happy as you are! The same happiness as what you have! We don't ask better, do we, Ruby?"

STRAND CLUB

V.

AT the last meeting of the Club Wornung was unanimously chosen to fill the chair. The proper moment having arrived in the history of the evening, and a dense nicotian fog beginning to obscure the features of some of the more remote convives, Wornung arose and, in a voice trembling with emotion, said he had an important communication to make.

"I hold a paper in my hand. It has been forwarded to us by the intelligent authorities at St. Martin's-le-Grand. The envelope in which it was enclosed shows that it has been received by *Punch*, the War Office, and the Judicial Bench, and rejected in turn by each. It seems to be in the nature of a memorial from America."

Garry: What address does it bear?

The Chairman: It is addressed to "The Master and Warden of the Jokesmiths' Company, London, England."

Omnes: Read it out.

The Chairman: It begins thus: "Greeting. From the Amalgamated Order of Jokesmiths of America. We believe that the time has now arrived when some systematic attempt should be made to limit and restrict the supply of the detached humorous products of commerce, the smoking-room, and the dinner-table. Otherwise, there is grave danger of an international joke famine. (Hear, hear.) Steps should also be taken to improve the breed. Degenerate and emaciated jokes should be carefully weeded out. A close season should be instituted for all quips and jests dealing with mothers-in-law, old maids, penurious Caledonians, and a bride's first culinary attempts. In this connection we append a list of subjects with the suggested prescribed and proscribed seasons."

Emberton: I suppose War Office jokes would be a hardy annual?

Hesketh: No. Traps should be set only from the first to the second of April consecutively. But I don't think much of the idea. It would seriously interfere with the prosperity of some of our leading comedies, comic weeklies, and professional and private humorists, and would throw hundreds of honest, simple-minded men out of work. I don't believe in any interference with the growth of the chestnut tree. Yet the other day I heard a story which may be new to

you. There was a peppery little colonel, whose height was something about five feet. One day he wasted a good deal of time and some energy examining a squad of recruits. He stopped opposite one tall private.

"Here," he cried, peremptorily, "what do you mean by holding your head down like that? Hold it up!"

The man raised it a bit.

"Higher, man; higher!" said the colonel.

Whereupon the young private lifted his head another inch. "Will this do?" he asked.

"No, no; higher!" roared his officer.

"Higher? Well, good-bye, colonel," responded the man, lifting his features into the air, "I'll never see *you* again!"

The Chairman: I call upon Mr. Frank Reynolds to shed a little light upon the episode which Mr. Hesketh has narrated.

FRANK REYNOLDS'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE STORY OF THE TALL RECRUIT.

What the result of this "call" was may be seen in the popular artist's spirited sketch herewith.

It was now Mr. D. B. Waters's turn to entertain the company, and he forthwith proceeded to the easel, and, while actively engaged in producing his pictorial effort with a preternaturally lengthy piece of black chalk, told the following anecdote.

Waters: You know the hold bridge has on some people. The other evening, after three or four spirited rubbers, a lady asked a widow how many children she had. "Four above and six below," she responded, absently.

Hobart: Ah, that reminds me. The other day a young lady entered a tram. Immediately a very polite gentleman arose.

D. B. WATERS'S ILLUSTRATION TO HIS OWN STORY OF THE BRIDGE-PLAYING WIDOW.

LEWIS BAUMER'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE STORY OF THE POLITE PASSENGER.

"Oh, please, don't rise," she said. "I would just as soon stand."

But the gentleman continued to stand and look nervous. He tried to pass her.

"I beg, I implore you will sit down again. Please do."

Now, what could he do?

"Very well, miss," he murmured. "Only this happens to be my street and I'm in a fearful hurry. Still, to oblige a lady——" And he reseated himself.

The voice of the gifted Hobart had hardly ceased to reverberate when the draughtsman Baumer was at work with his crayon, with the above result.

Billson: Speaking of grocers——

Garry is a severe stickler for form. He objected to the phrase. "Nobody was speaking of grocers," he said. "The subject is not before the Club." Billson then said he was reverting to Hesketh's original motion. Garry urged that that had been previously dealt with and was not before the Club; that Billson flattered himself if he thought he could revive a defunct resolution or, as he put it, "discover the secret of perpetual motion." So Billson agreed to change the form thus.

Billson: I suppose some people will always talk ambiguously. A certain shopkeeper the other day advertised for an assistant, and when a candidate presented himself he said:—

"Yes; I want a bright young man, to be partly outdoors and partly behind the counter."

The youth looked rather alarmed for a moment, and then murmured:—

"W'y, guv'nor, what becomes of me when the door slams?"

Tom Browne hereupon stepped to the board and produced the following excellent sketch.

Emberton: I heard a true story the other day. At a charity *fête* a pretty woman passed the plate to a stingy millionaire, who muttered:—

"I have nothing."

"Then take something, my good man. I'm collecting for the poor."

TOM BROWNE'S DRAWING OF THE AMBIGUOUS GROCER.

MILLAR'S NOTION OF THE LADY AND THE STINGY MILLIONAIRE.

Millar, being called upon to handle the crayon, proceeded to bring into existence the drawing which is reproduced above.

Garry: Here is a story which our friend Harrison will be able to illustrate with effect. A newly-recovered patient, looking over his garden gate, observed his doctor passing. "Good morning, doctor," he said. "You'll be glad to know that, owing to my not having taken any of the medicine you sent me, I am all right again. Still, it was not wasted; the bottles came in remarkably handy." And he indicated the tops of the garden walls, which were protected with fragments of broken glass.

Harrison having produced a characteristic sketch of the scene, Mentors took up the word.

Mentors: Here is my contribution. A

PEARS'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE BOY AND THE BABY.

HARRISON'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE STORY OF THE PATIENT WHO FOUND A GOOD USE FOR HIS MEDICINE.

small boy of six was taken to see the new baby.

"Oh, mummy," he cried, "it hasn't any teeth. And it hasn't any hair!"

Nobody spoke, and after a moment he continued:—

"Mummy, we've been cheated. It's an old baby!"

Pears then proceeded to the board, and the drawing shown above was the result.

Mr. Bruce being called upon by the Chairman obliged with the following:—

WATERS'S ILLUSTRATION TO THE STORY OF THE ECHO WITH A SCOTCH ACCENT.

"Do you hear that echo?" asked the Cumberland guide.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" said the tourist.

"Now listen. The sound—'Fare you well!'—repeats itself from crag to crag for miles until it reaches the Border. Then it returns—with a strong Scotch accent."

Waters was called on for his second sketch that evening.

Bentwell: A friend of mine, a physician, recently returned from a week's shooting in Scotland. A friend stopped and spoke to him.

"Kill much?" he asked, anxiously.

"No; hardly anything."

"Well, well. It's too bad. You could have done better than that by staying at home and attending to your regular business."

An excellent sketch by Harry Furniss concluded the efforts of the evening.

HARRY FURNISS'S DRAWING FOR THE STORY OF THE DOCTOR WHO OUGHT TO HAVE STOPPED AT HOME.

"*Portrait of a Spanish Lady.*"

By Winifred Graham.

"SO the O'Briens have been obliged to give in at last!" said Mrs. Egerton, opening a catalogue among her morning letters. "They have warded off their creditors long enough, and now apparently see the necessity of raising some money. They are having a sale of their pictures."

Mr. Egerton looked up from his paper as he replied:—

"O'Brien has the worst reputation in the City, but I believe he owns some really good pictures. It might be worth my while walking over to Old Rumford House and having a look round."

"Yes, do go, and take Doria with you. The sale is to-day."

A little girl, soberly eating porridge, looked up with a sudden brightening of deep grey eyes.

"Isn't it rather a long walk for such small feet?" said her father.

"No; I often go as far," declared the child, "often and often and often!"

She spoke with all the eagerness of anticipation, for she loved going out with her father, and this was Saturday—a whole holiday.

"Very well; Doria and I will sample the O'Briens' art collection. I feel rather curious to see Old Rumford House. I hear they have let the place go to rack and ruin, though they have only been there a couple of years."

The Egertons were the leaders of society in the country neighbourhood in which they lived. Mrs. Egerton had all the charm of a society woman who has touched the deeper depths in experience and reached the higher planes of thought. She occupied herself with charitable works, and proved an ideal mother to the one little girl, who regarded her with an almost passionate devotion.

The Egertons had never called on the O'Briens, who came to Old Rumford House without introductions, and were looked on with suspicion by the county families. Stories of their escapades, their unpaid extravagances, and heavy debts were rife. It seemed to Doria a very exciting event to enter the shady portals of the O'Briens' private domain.

"I shouldn't like to have to sell our pictures," she said, as she ran up the broad staircase and glanced at the portraits of her ancestors. The familiar faces seemed like friends; they were dearer to the child than all the curios and specimens of antique carving in her house. "Pictures were more alive," she thought; "what was the good of china, for instance? A little blue vase, or a cup and saucer in a cabinet, could not eye you with the intelligence of those dear old people on the walls."

"I'm going out with daddy," she told her nurse. "Dress me quickly; I mustn't keep him waiting."

She was all impatience as she wriggled her curly head into a scarlet tam-o'-shanter cap, while nurse buttoned up her small red coat. She wore a very short pleated skirt, and high brown boots which took a long time lacing.

Outside the spring called. Birds and flowers, leaf and blade, told the story with song, with colour, with an almost impertinent growing and brazen development. The scent of hyacinths possessed the air; crimson-leafed, golden-hearted japonica decked the garden wall.

Doria skipped away joyfully when her toilet was completed, looking like a bright poppy nodding in the wind.

She found her mother in a sunny boudoir facing south, with large, open windows to let in all the dancing beams. The writing-table at which Mrs. Egerton sat showed she had interests outside her own house, and was a busy, philanthropic woman.

"Is father ready?" asked Doria.

"I think so. He has just gone out towards the stables."

The child leant a moment by her mother's arm and surveyed the desk. "What a lot of letters!" she sighed. "Shall I have to write as many when I grow up?"

"Perhaps. By the way, you must soon give me the money you have collected for the poor consumptives. I shall be sending our subscriptions in a day or two."

Doria thought rather dolefully of the money-box on her nursery mantelpiece. She was afraid her collecting had proved rather a failure.

"It's only a very little," she confessed, blushing suddenly. "I think I must sell a picture or something to make it more."

Mrs. Egerton smiled, noting the look of anxiety on the child's sensitive face.

"'IT'S ONLY A VERY LITTLE,' SHE CONFESSED."

"You've got sales on the brain!" she said, kissing her. "There—run along; I hear father calling."

The little girl scampered away, her mind a jumble of ideas. She was picturing the walk through the fields, wondering if they would take the dogs, and hoping it did not hurt much to have consumption.

She started off at a brisk pace by her father's side. He was always a fast walker, and Doria trotted cheerfully along, untiring in her conversation.

"Of course I know why you are going to buy one of Mr. O'Brien's pictures," she announced, in a tone of wisdom.

Her father looked curious.

"Well, I may buy several, and I may take none," he replied. "It all depends whether I like them."

"Oh! then you have something else for mother to-morrow?"

"My dear child, I don't know what you mean!"

"You—you haven't forgotten?"

An expression of deep concern crept into Doria's eyes.

"Forgotten what?"

"Mother's birthday. I have been thinking about it for ages. It made the consumptives' money-box a little short saving up to get her a present."

"Good gracious! I never can remember anniversaries. It had entirely escaped me."

Doria looked quite pained and shocked as her father admitted the fact. Her generous child's heart fluttered at the mere thought of to-morrow dawning without father even knowing he ought to say, "Many happy returns." The merry eyes grew strangely grave. How near—how terribly near he had been to neglecting mother! Poor father! He must be feeling very bad about it. She sought to comfort him by speaking reassuringly.

"It won't really matter, daddy. You will get the loveliest picture we can find and give it to her in the morning. Mother loves pictures more than anything."

"Yes, I believe you're right. They are her special fancy. We'll look out for something she is sure to like."

The quest increased in interest and Doria's cheeks glowed as they neared Old Rumford House. She pressed her father's hand excitedly, keeping her fingers tight in his.

At last they reached the garden, an untidy wilderness of weeds and shrubs. The house seemed frowning upon them, even under the soothing influence of a sunny spring morning. The windows were sadly in need of cleaning, and looked bare in their curtainless condition. Inside, the hall had an imposing air. It suggested a limited affluence which could not reach to the grounds outside. All the sumptuous furniture of former palmy days found a home just within the gabled entrance to Old Rumford House.

The pictures were on show in a large, empty room, and groups of people discussed their merits while the auctioneer from London partook of light refreshments.

Mr. O'Brien appeared to be on particularly friendly terms with the latter.

Doria wandered round, feasting her wide grey eyes on many curious paintings. All the time she was saying to herself, "Which would mother like best?"

Suddenly her eyes were attracted by a dark, mysterious face looking out of a heavy frame. Just a small woman's head in shadow, with a white, gleaming neck covered with jewels. Doria stood quite still, staring at the attractive work of art. Mr. Egerton, approving her

taste, paused also, and referred to his catalogue.

"Portrait of a Spanish Lady."

Her corsage of black lace and the sombre background threw up a magnificent necklace of pearls, each row caught together by enormous emeralds encircled with diamonds, while a splendid tiara of emeralds and brilliants crowned her dark hair, from which a graceful piece of black lace floated to her shoulders.

"Like it?" queried Mr. Egerton, with a curious look at the child's rapt expression.

"Best of all," gasped Doria, breathlessly.

"Not a bad judge," said an old gentleman who knew her father, and paused to criticise the "Portrait of a Spanish Lady."

"Why, surely that must be a genuine Velazquez!"

Mr. O'Brien bustled up and smiled blandly. "We think so," he declared, "but, unfortunately, we cannot guarantee it."

Mr. Egerton, who was a connoisseur, kept his own counsel, and determined to bid for the picture.

"Take that to mother," whispered Doria, coaxingly. "It will do beautifully."

The Spanish face had caught the child's fancy, captivating her imagination. When the sale began, and the pictures were put up for auction, she sat in a silent transport of expectation, waiting for the strange dark lady's turn.

"You will buy the one I like, won't you, father?" she whispered.

"Probably," he answered, with a reassuring smile.

It seemed to Doria an eternity before the thrilling instant came; then she stood up, that she might get a better view of mother's birthday present.

"Bid, father," she urged; "bid hard!"

The words were spoken in an audible whisper.

"Be quiet," he said, sternly, and frowned at Doria.

She held her breath. It seemed to her childish imagination one of the greatest moments of her life, waiting to see if father would get mother's picture after all. To Doria all the joy of to-morrow hung in the balance. If the wonderful dark eyes of the Spanish lady could not be there to smile a birthday greeting—if father had no gift to offer, then indeed the morning would be branded with the lamentable stamp of failure.

When at last the picture was knocked down to Mr. Egerton, a sigh of relief from Doria resounded through the room.

"It's our own, our very own, isn't it, daddy?" she whispered.

"Yes," he answered, amused at her flaming cheeks and sparkling, elated eyes.

He had bought it at a fair price—more than the value of a copy and less than that of an original. In his own mind he felt convinced the work was a Velazquez; if so, the bargain was a good one. Should he be mistaken he had, at any rate, a most excellent, though very expensive, copy.

"We'll put it on mother's chair for her to see the first thing when she comes down to breakfast," Doria said, already making plans in her quick, intelligent way. "Afterwards it must hang in her boudoir, or perhaps stand on an easel."

The child's devotion to her mother was the dominating note in her young life. Even now she could hardly believe father had really forgotten the birthday. She lost interest in the sale once the Spanish lady's fate was sealed and there could be no further doubt as to the picture's ultimate destination. She swung her legs so that she kicked the old gentleman in the front row, but he smiled, and did not appear to mind. He remembered he called the little girl "not a bad judge," struck by her appreciation of the weird but fascinating "Spanish Lady."

When her father rose to go Doria sprang up and made a bound across the room to where the picture stood against the wall.

Mr. O'Brien followed quickly.

"You can't take it away," he said, imperiously, waving the child aside. Then, turning suavely to Mr. Egerton, with quite a different manner, which suggested the shop-walker in his most affable mood, he spoke with emphasis:—

"Of course, the picture will be sent. I could not dream of letting you carry it!"

For a moment Mr. Egerton felt suspicious; he remembered O'Brien's reputation, and hesitated.

"For fear of any mistake or confusion," continued the late owner of the picture, "it might be as well to write your name and address on the back of the canvas."

The suggestion certainly sounded straight enough. Mr. Egerton inwardly rebuked himself for an unjust thought.

"Oh, father, it mightn't come in time," whispered Doria.

Mr. O'Brien was slightly deaf, and could not hear what she said.

"It shall be delivered at your house by eleven o'clock to-morrow."

"That would do all right," replied Mr. Egerton.

Doria's face fell. Her lip trembled and the joy faded suddenly from her eyes. The little things of later life are the great things of childhood, and once again she felt father was slighting the birthday morning. If mother came down to breakfast and found nothing she would think she was forgotten, and to tell her a present was coming later would be to spoil the surprise. The child pushed breathlessly forward, her hand on the frame.

"Let me carry it home," she pleaded.

Mr. Egerton smiled. "Your small arms would soon tire," he said.

"Oh, no; oh, no; they wouldn't indeed!" Doria persisted.

Mr. O'Brien looked distinctly annoyed at the little girl's interference, keeping his frowns for her, and still bestowing a genial affability upon Mr. Egerton.

Propping the picture on his knee, the master of Old Rumford House signalled to an attendant to bring pen and ink.

"Write your name and leave the rest to me," he said. "Your daughter hardly realizes the task she suggests undertaking. Why, she could not carry it farther than the lodge."

"You don't know how strong I am," protested Doria, determined to fight for mother till the last.

What matter if her arms became strained and weary? To prevent mother being disappointed she would willingly suffer. Her evident resolution surprised Mr. Egerton, for he had never considered Doria a child of determined opinions, bent upon getting her own way. He saw at once her heart was set on taking the picture away, even if she had to carry it herself over rough fields. Mr. O'Brien had equally resolved to frustrate her desire, for what reason it was impossible to guess. Doria's father stood back, and, secretly amused, allowed the child and man to argue the matter out. Mr. O'Brien might have been battling for his life, so convinced was he that the "Portrait of a Spanish Lady" must be sent carefully packed in a proper case, and not carried away by a child, with merely a piece of ordinary brown paper and string to protect it from the elements.

"'YOU CAN'T TAKE IT AWAY,' HE SAID, IMPERIOUSLY."

"It might rain," he said; "and then what would little Miss Egerton do?"

"Stand under a tree till it stopped," she replied.

For every protest Doria had an answer; she trembled as she spoke, fearing failure.

After all, it must mean a great deal to her, for the flushed cheek had grown pale with anxiety. She turned to her father a pair of entreating eyes, in which the tears shone. Suddenly he realized his child's wish was no selfish one. She had thought all along of her mother, and the birthday morning which he had forgotten. Mr. Egerton, fond as he was of Doria, had a stern nature. He thought he would test her devotion and see if really she could carry the picture unaided.

"Very well," he said; "bring it along yourself, if you're so wonderfully energetic!"

A ray of light broke over Doria's face. Intense relief, rather than the triumph of conquest, irradiated her features. Mr. O'Brien looked thunder, his expression of fury being quite disproportionate to the occasion. Once more he endeavoured to frustrate Doria's purpose, but now she had her father on her side there was little left to say. She grasped in both arms the beloved possession, bearing it away joyfully, followed by the vindictive glances of Mr. O'Brien.

"Do you really think you can manage it?" queried Mr. Egerton, as she went carefully down the steps. "There is still time to change your mind."

"Oh, don't trouble about me," answered Doria, airily; then repeated with conviction, "You have no idea how strong I am."

Mr. Egerton watched curiously the child's progress. That the task she had undertaken was a difficult one, Doria never doubted for a moment. Very soon the damp drops stood out upon her forehead; she talked less, because her breathing came more quickly and she was so very hot. The burden seemed to grow heavier every moment; first her arms ached alone, then her whole body. Every responsive nerve quivered in sympathy, but by no word or gesture did she betray her physical discomfort. Whenever her father looked down on her she smiled up at him, and he pretended not to notice her steps grew involuntarily slower. At last Doria paused, and waited a few minutes to regain her breath. "It's quite a long way, is'nt it?" she stammered.

"I thought you would find it so," replied her father.

"But I'm very glad I brought the picture; I can manage it if I keep on resting," she added, cheerfully. "Mother will have such a nice birthday morning now!"

It struck Mr. Egerton he would have a pretty little story to tell his wife in connection with the picture—the story of the child's pluck and loving forethought. Doria put self entirely aside; the little sacrifice had been wholly willing. Smilingly he took the picture from her exhausted arms.

"After all," he said, "I think I am rather the stronger of the two."

On his return he went straight to his study and wrote to an expert, asking him to call the following day and examine the picture. Mrs. Egerton was out, so Doria had no difficulty in concealing the "Portrait of a Spanish Lady."

"THE BURDEN SEEMED TO GROW HEAVIER EVERY MOMENT."

The birthday morning brought unlimited delight to Doria. Whether Mr. Egerton broke faith and told his wife of the child's excitement will never be known, but certainly Doria was not disappointed in her mother's rapturous exclamations when first she sighted the dark face and gleaming jewels of the Spanish belle. When, later, the expert arrived, curiosity and anticipation ran high.

"I have not the smallest doubt," he said, "it is a genuine Velazquez, but I should like to take it out of the frame and examine it more thoroughly."

The removing of the canvas proved a sensational event, for the frame gave up not one picture alone, but two separate similar portraits of a Spanish lady, so alike that only a trained eye could detect the copy from the original. The outer picture, the undoubted work of Velazquez; the duplicate beneath, a clever replica, upon the back of which Mr. O'Brien had almost induced Mr. Egerton to write his name, his object being, of course, to keep the original and send him the copy.

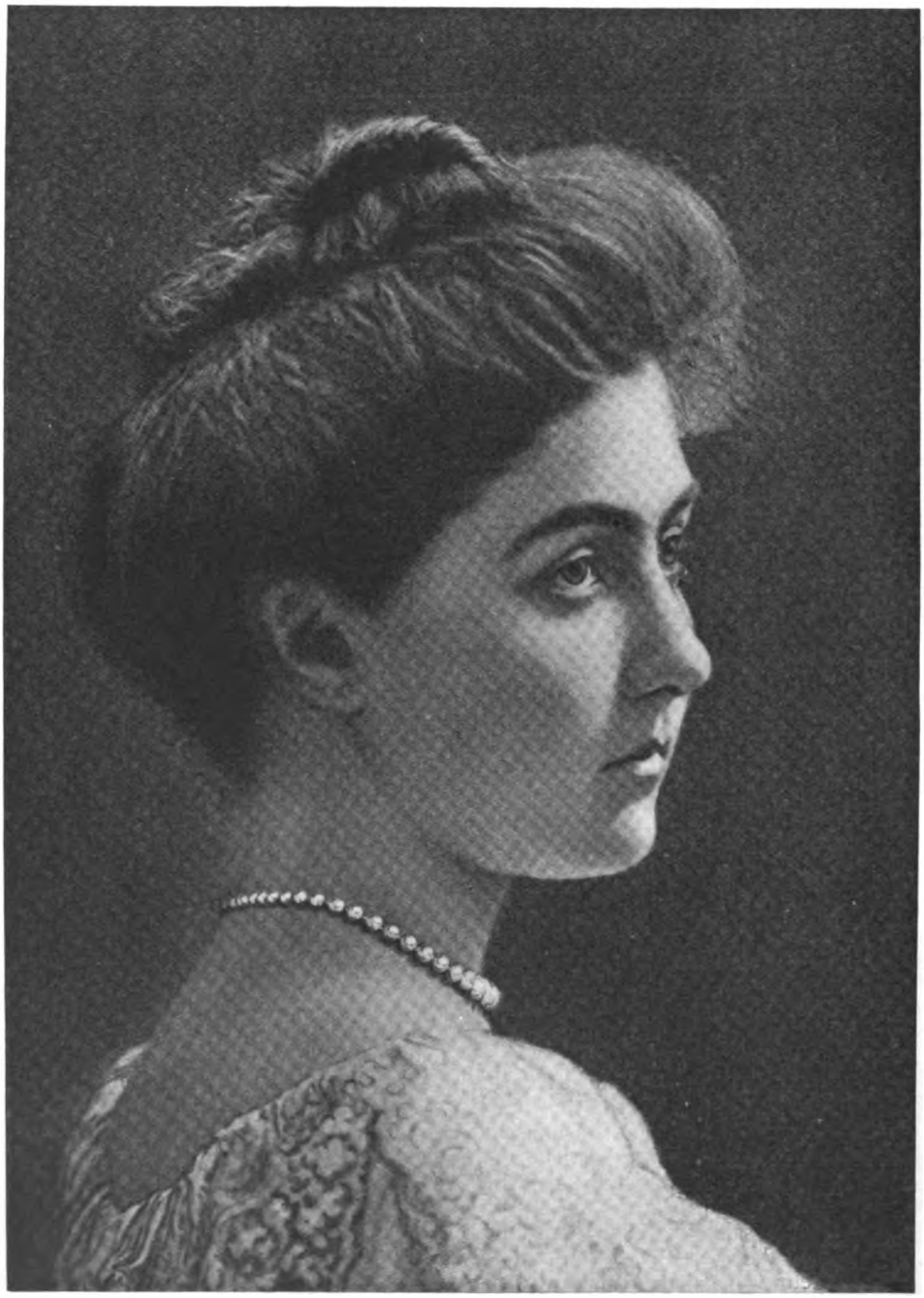
"I should have been beautifully duped but for this child!" declared Doria's father. "No wonder O'Brien was furious, after preparing such a neat swindle."

"I didn't know there was any trick about it," said Doria, afraid of winning undeserved merit. "I only thought of mother's birthday."

"The second picture shall be your own," Mrs. Egerton told her. "What would you like to do with it?"

"Might I give it to the consumptives to hang in their home, or sell?" she asked.

"Certainly; but to sell as a copy," laughed her mother. "Good though the charity is, I fear we mustn't lend them our Velazquez with the trick frame!"



PRINCESS VICTORIA PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT—PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by Lafayette.

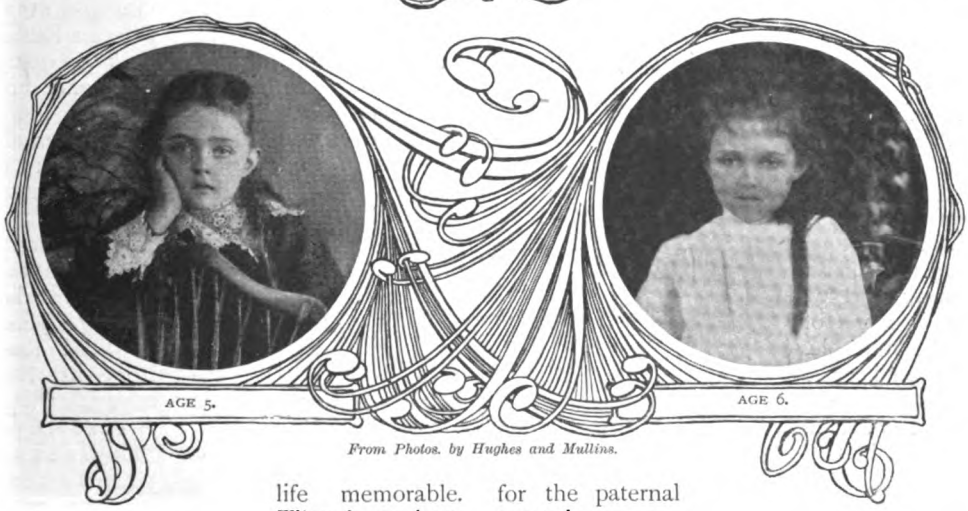
Portraits of Celebrities at Different Ages—New Series.

PRINCESS VICTORIA PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT

ROYAL children are much the same as other children. Theirs is a special training, it is true, and the main object of all their education and bringing up is to fit them perfectly for the important social and political duties which they may at any moment be called upon to perform. Beyond this they are as others.

As a matter of fact, the Connaught children have been particularly like other children. Could the walls of Bagshot House speak, they would have some interesting stories to tell of trouble in the nursery, and of all the other things that go to make a child's life memorable. They have been brought up sound, healthy English children. They have been allowed to enjoy the freedom of outdoor life to the full, and have lacked nothing that could make their childhood days happy to look back upon. That they possess to the present day a simple, unaffected manner is no surprise. They had lived intimately with their father and mother, and have felt something better than the influence of a mere governess. Did not an old servant of the Duke of Connaught once say of his master, "I have known the Duke for the last forty years, and all the time I have been in attendance on him I have never heard him utter one unkind word or exhibit the least trace of ill-temper." So much for the paternal example.

AGE 8 MONTHS.



AGE 5. AGE 6.

From Photos. by Hughes and Mullins.

Any account of the short career of the Princess Patricia, who is not yet twenty years

AGE 12.
From a Photo. by H. S. Mendelsohn.

AGE 15.
From a Photo. by H. S. Mendelsohn.

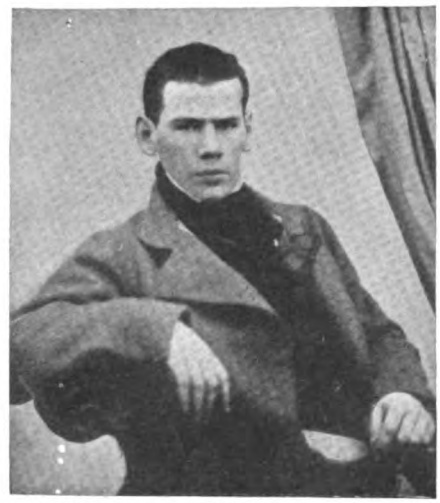
of age, would be incomplete without some reference to this family influence, which has played no small part in making her one of the best-loved of our princesses. She is the youngest of three children, the eldest of whom, Princess Margaret, married Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. In the home circle Patricia has always been called "Pat," and to some of her intimate friends is known familiarly as "Paddy"—nicknames which, if any proof were needed of her popularity, would certainly supply it. And, having had the blessed fortune to be born on St. Patrick's Day, she is a pet of the Irish people, who tell her she has found the four-leafed shamrock and that she is going to be lucky all her life. That she is pretty no one who looks at her pictures needs to be told, and that in her sweet demureness lurks an abundance of good humour one glance at her bright eyes proves conclusively. In fact, since her babyhood to the present day "Pat" has been making friends.

AGE 18.
From a Photo. by H. S. Mendelsohn.

Since her brother has become a man of affairs in which he has proved his early promise by the able performance of several delicate public duties, and her sister has entered the married state, Princess Patricia has become more and more the comrade of her mother, and they do much visiting together. This autumn they spent some time in the north and for two days were the guests of Lord Rosebery at Dalmeny, where their Royal Highnesses planted a tree as a memento of their visit. Both are fond of motoring.

COUNT TOLSTOY.

TOLSTOY seems to have entered into the quiet evening of his days. His voice is almost silent. A little while ago, it is true—at the beginning of the present frightful war — he burst out in passionate protest against "the universal stupefaction and brutalization of men," but since that single flash from the smouldering fire, that righteous anger of a noble mind, the world has seen little of the Tolstoy flame. It seems to indicate that his work is done. He is old. At seventy-seven he is bent with work in the fields, at the bench, and over the writing-desk. Fifty years have passed since, as a young officer, he fought in the Crimean trenches and became a convert to those Christian doctrines to which he has devoted his life. It required a high order of mind to put into practice the Sermon on the Mount in the centre of a cold and selfish aristocracy. Never for a moment has he wavered in his convictions or his courage since. He has done his best to show his fellowmen that, as he thinks, their civilization is a mockery of Christianity, and to teach them that human happiness can be achieved only by the socialism of Christ. He has not flinched from setting an example, and has given up his lands, has discarded the fine robes of the nobleman for the coarse smock of the peasant, and has refused money for the labour of his hand. He has stripped his room of furniture, his table of sweets, and has gone into the fields and the workshop to earn his right to eat. There are some who scoff at him and point a finger at his early riotous life, saying, "How can such a man preach?" Yet such ideals, persistently sought with such sincerity, could not but move his fellows.



From a] AGE 20. *[Photograph.*

At his town house in Moscow, or at his country home farther south, the old man performs his daily round. He keeps open

From a] AGE 23. *[Photograph.*

From a] AGE 27. *[Photograph.*

From a] AGE 29. *[Photograph.*

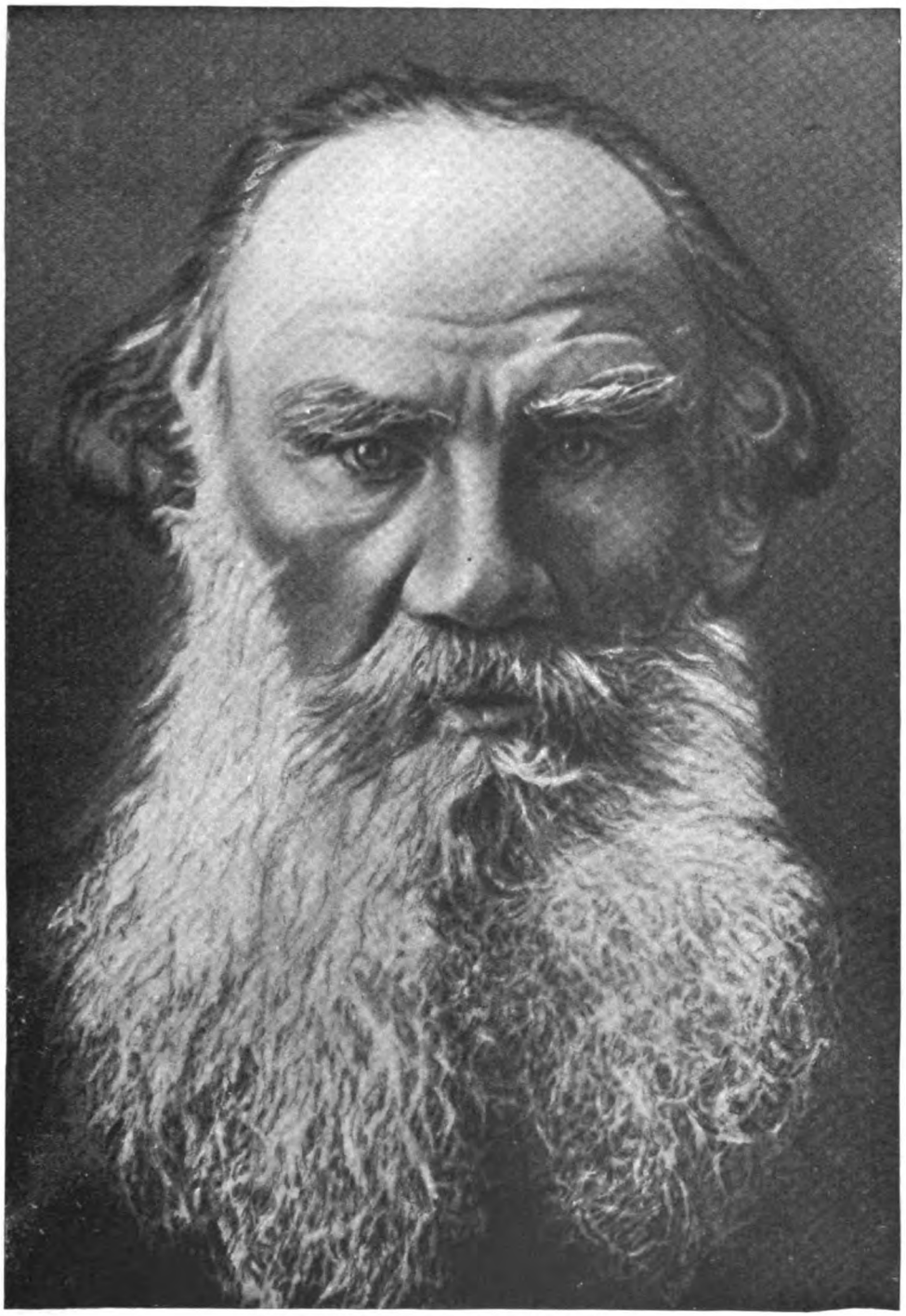
From a] AGE 38. *[Photograph.*

house, and welcomes his visitors with the grand courtesy of the noble. Tall, gaunt, and shaggy though he be, his peasant's dress cannot hide the aristocrat. His kindly eyes peep from under big, bushy brows, his broad chin is hidden in a mighty beard, and his whole appearance is rugged and uncouth. Yet gesture and spoken word both proclaim the culture which blouse and boots belie.

Tolstoy receives his guests in a big spare room, almost bare of furniture. The Countess, on the other hand, receives her husband's guests in a drawing-room furnished with refinement and liberality. The contrast is striking and somewhat puzzling unless one knows that the Countess—though no wife was ever more loyal to her husband—does not share the Tolstoyan creed. Tolstoy never interferes with personal liberty, and his wife does as she likes. Freedom of thought and action is, indeed, a vital tenet of his creed, and he has witnessed his eight children, with one exception, grow up to reject his teachings. That exception is a daughter.

From a] AGE 48. *[Photograph.*

Considering the violence of Tolstoy's utterances, the Russian Government has dealt leniently with him, and he himself has said that he used to wonder every morning when he woke up why he was not on the road to Siberia. Some say he has a powerful friend at Court. It was Alexander III. who said that, whilst Tolstoy lived, he should never lose his liberty, and it is believed that his immunity from arrest is due to the present Czar. Moreover, there is said to be a strong feminine influence behind him, for the Countess has many friends in St. Petersburg who would help to preserve his liberty. It was she, for instance, who persuaded the Government to save Tolstoy against himself by holding in trust some lands which he proposed to give to peasants, and who secured certain copyrights which the novelist would have given away.



COUNT TOLSTOY—PRESENT DAY.
From a Photograph.

Portraits of Famous Dogs.

By Rudolph de Cordova.

"LOVE me, love my dog," is a proverb which may not inaptly have occurred to the famous men and women to whom great painters have given a mortal immortality by representing them with the pets they loved so well in their life. Indeed, were anecdotes of the dogs in question as readily discovered as their portraits, one of the most fascinating books ever given to the public might be compiled, for who is there in the world who has not a soft spot in his heart for "the friend of man"?

How many dogs have saved the lives of their masters it would be impossible to say. One, however, may well claim to have played an important part in the history of the Netherlands, seeing that it saved the life of that William Prince of Orange surnamed the Silent who was the founder of the Dutch Republic. It happened at the Siege of Mons in September, 1572. One night the Spaniards under General Romero decided to make a sally into his camp. In order to distinguish each other in the dark, possibly also to prevent any noise if they touched each other, the invaders put their shirts over their armour and carried their desperate intention into effect. William's little spaniel always slept by his side, and though the Spaniards made so little noise that they were able to enter the camp without awakening the soldiers, they were not so quiet as not to disturb the dog. With a curious instinct of danger which seems to be possessed by many of the species, the dog seemed to smell danger. It was awake in an instant and began barking. The noise, however, did not wake the Prince, so the dog began scratching him. Still the Prince would not awaken, so the animal jumped on his face and thus succeeded in its endeavour. It did not take the Prince more than a moment to realize his danger. His horse was always saddled in readiness for emergencies, and was, as usual, tethered by the tent. William leaped on it and managed to get away under cover of the darkness, though history is silent as to whether he took the dog with him or not. For the sake of human nature it is to be hoped he did, as but for the little spaniel he must assuredly have been killed with the rest of his companions.

WILLIAM THE SILENT'S DOG, WHICH SAVED HIS LIFE AND WHICH ALWAYS APPEARS ON HIS STATUES.
From a Photo. of his Statue at The Hague.

In remembrance of his dog, William, whenever he was sculptured, never failed to have it lying at his feet in memory of the incident. His wishes in this matter were respected after his death. On his tomb in the church at Delft the spaniel is represented crouched at his feet. Another example is shown in the accompanying illustration.

Many of our own Sovereigns have been fond of dogs, notably the line of Stuarts. In this respect King Edward, who possesses the peculiar personal fascination which distinguished that family of his ancestors, resembles them, for His Majesty and the Queen are both known to be devoted to dogs, as Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort used to be.

Eos was the Prince Consort's favourite greyhound, which was painted by Sir Edwin Landseer, both alone and with the Princess Alice, in 1844, only a short time before the death of the animal, to which a monument was erected on one of the slopes of Windsor Castle. There, too, may be seen monuments

to certain other canine pets of the Royal Family, among them Dash, the favourite spaniel of the Duchess of Kent.

So fond of Eos was Prince Albert that when Landseer was painting its portrait—the one here reproduced — the Queen wished His Royal Highness's hat and gloves to be introduced into the picture, and had them sent to Landseer's studio. One day a groom arrived unexpectedly at the studio, having ridden in hot haste from the Palace to fetch the hat and gloves, because a terrible state as to what he would say, for he was passionately devoted to the animal, which was his constant companion. When he heard that the dog was dead he was in a frenzy of fury, and it has even been said that he threatened to have the man killed who did it. The King's anger was only allayed when he heard it was the Queen. Then he sent her a diamond worth two thousand pounds "as a legacy from the dead dog," with a message that he forgave her and would never love her worse for what she had done.

From the Painting by] EOS, PRINCE ALBERT'S FAVOURITE DOG. *[Sir E. Landseer, R.A.*

the Prince had asked for those special articles, and the Queen did not wish him to discover that they had been removed.

While small dogs seem to be the pets of the Royal Family at present—for the Queen has frequently been photographed with a spaniel—Charles I. always used to say he preferred the greyhound to the spaniel, as "it has the good nature of the other without the fawning." Large dogs played an important part in the pictures of Charles I. and his children as painted by Vandyck.

James I.'s love of dogs was so great that when he desired to mark his partiality for anyone he did so by referring to a dog. In this way he used to call the Queen his "dear little Beagle," while the Duke of Buckingham was his "dog Steenie," and Lord Cranborne was generally known as "the King's Beagle."

One day, while out hunting, the Queen, by accident, shot James's best dog. She was in

Among other notable dogs was that of Henry III., whose picture he himself designed and ordered to be executed by "Master William the Painter," a Westminster monk. It represented the King being rescued from his seditious subjects by dogs. This picture was placed in his wardrobe, so that he might see it whenever he washed his hands and face.

No more beautiful story showing the affection which exists between human beings and dogs has ever been told than that of the pet which belonged to the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. The record of its tender affection is to be found in the following letter endorsed in Lord Burghley's hand, and forwarded to Queen Elizabeth from Fotheringay:—

"Then one of the executioners pulling off her garters espied her little dogg, which was crept under her clothes, which could not be gotten forth but by force, yet afterwards

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS AND HER PET DOG, WHICH WOULD NOT LEAVE HER ON THE SCAFFOLD.
From a Painting.

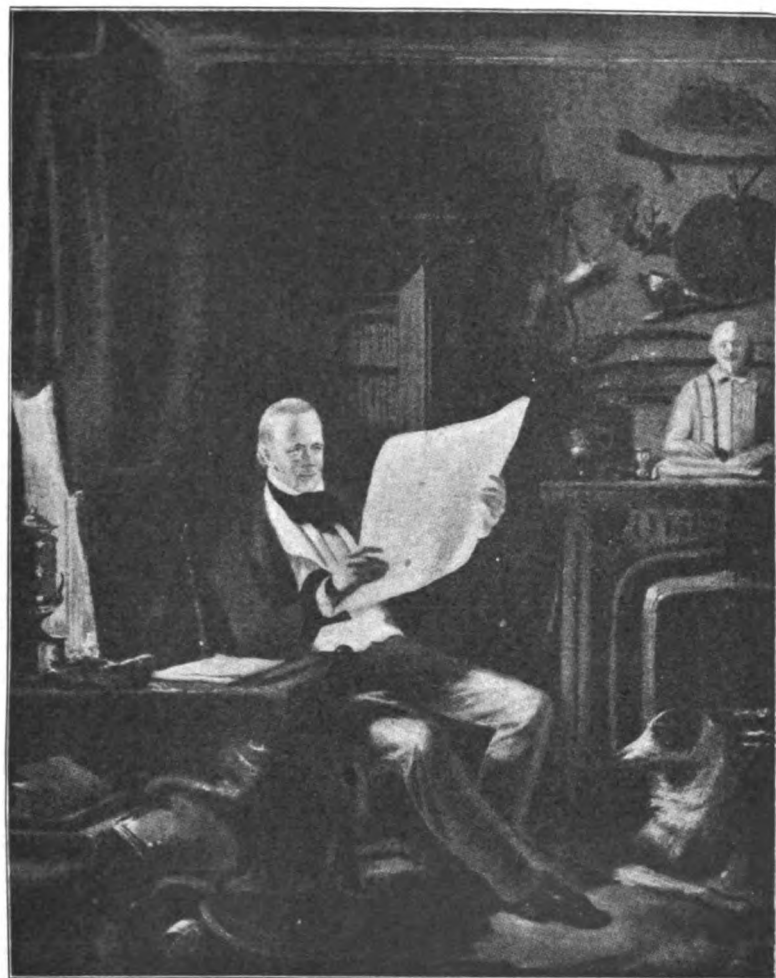
would not departe from the dead corpse, but came and lay between her head and her shoulders, which being imbrued with her bloode was caryed away and washed, as all things ells were that had any bloode was either burned or clean washed."

In the history of dogs whose sense of danger caused them to save their masters' lives, Bevis, who saved the life of Sir Henry Lee, naturally occupies a prominent position. Its portrait with its master was painted by Sir Antonio More, who later on painted his own portrait with a precisely similar dog, a Cheshire mastiff. The belief of Viscount Dillon, who owns the portrait of Sir Henry Lee and Bevis, is that after the picture was finished, in 1568, Sir Henry gave a dog of the kind to the artist. The story goes that Sir Henry Lee, of Ditchley, Oxfordshire, had a mastiff which was exceedingly attached to him, though at first he cared little or nothing for the animal. Sir Henry's valet was a young Italian, for whom he had a particular regard. The dog used to sleep in a kennel outside the house, but one night, without any apparent reason, when Sir Henry was going to bed it followed him upstairs and went into his room. Sir Henry ordered the valet to turn Bevis out. No sooner was it outside the room, however, than it began scratching at the door. It refused to go away, and at length Sir Henry told the servant to open the door. As soon as it was admitted it went under the bed and was perfectly still. A little while after the valet left the room and Sir Henry went to bed. In the middle of the night he was awakened by the screams of a man and the hoarse baying of the dog. He jumped out of bed, lighted the candle, and to his amazement saw the valet on the ground with the dog standing over him. It was no easy task to separate them, but at length he succeeded, and the valet, to account

BEVIS, THE DOG OF SIR HENRY LEE, WHOSE LIFE HE SAVED.
From the Painting by Sir Antonio More. By kind permission of the Right Hon. Viscount Dillon.

for his presence, said that he was awakened by a noise in his master's room, and when he went to see what was the matter the dog flew at him. The story, however, did not satisfy Sir Henry, and under his cross-examination the valet confessed that he had really entered the room with the intention of murdering his master and robbing the house, but that the attack of the dog prevented him carrying out his design.

It was to commemorate the deed of gratitude he owed the animal that Sir Henry gave Sir Antonio More the commission to paint the animal's picture, to which he gave the title "More Faithful than Favoured."



From the Painting by] MAIDA, SIR WALTER SCOTT'S FAVOURITE DOG. *[Sir William Allan, R.A.*

It was on this story that Sir Walter Scott founded "Woodstock," though he used his own dog, Maida, given him by the Chief of Glengarry, as the prototype from which he drew the characteristics of Bevis. Of all the men to whom animals go by instinct, there surely never was one of whom they were fonder than Sir Walter, for it was said of him that he never was five minutes anywhere before the pets found out his kindness towards them. Of all the dogs Scott possessed, Maida and Camp were probably the two to which he was most attached, though it may be a libel on the others to say so. It was about 1816 that Maida entered his household, for in that year he wrote: "I have got from my friend Glengarry the noblest dog ever seen on the Border since Johnnie Armstrong's time. He is between the wolf and deer hound, about six feet long from tip of nose to tail, and strong and high in proportion. He is quite gentle and a great favourite, and will eat off his plate without troubling to put his paw on table or chair."

Maida had one characteristic. It could never bear to sit still for long at a time. One rainy day, when Scott, with his face swollen with toothache, was writing the opening chapters of "The Antiquary," Sir Adam Ferguson was sitting with the author. Maida was as usual in the room and in a fidgety humour.

"Eh, Adam, the puir brute's just wearying to get out," Sir Walter would say, and Sir Adam would get up and let Maida out. The next minute, hearing Maida scratching at the window, Sir Walter would look up with, "Eh, Adam, the puir brute's just crying to come in," so Sir Adam had to keep getting up and opening and shutting the window for the dog,

which was wet and muddy, and every time the window was open a blast of raw chill air filled the room.

Whenever Maida wanted to go out of the room he would bang at the door with his huge paw, and whatever he was doing Sir Walter never hesitated to leave it in order to get up and open the door, so that his pet might not be kept waiting.

In Castle Street a fat tom-cat, Hinse of Hinsefeldt, always sat on the top of the library ladder when Maida was in the room. As soon, however, as Maida went out, Hinse used to get down the ladder and mount guard on a footstool near his master until Maida returned.

It was characteristic of Scott that his hands were never idle. When he was not writing he used to amuse himself folding letter covers or rolling paper into spills, which the people of those days used instead of matches. When there was no more paper at hand he used to snap his fingers, a signal which Maida always took to arise from the hearth-rug on which he was lying, and to go to Sir Walter and place his head on his knee in order to be caressed and fondled.

When Scott sat for his portrait—which is given on the preceding page — Maida sat too, and in his diary Sir Walter wrote on one occasion: "I am as tired of the operation as old Maida, who has been sketched so often. He gets up and walks off with signs of loathing when he sees an artist unfurl his paper and handle his brushes." Maida died in 1824, and his death was noted by Sir Walter Scott in a letter to his second son, Charles, under the date of October 22nd: "Maida died quietly in his straw last week after a good supper, which, considering his weak state, was rather a deliverance."

COUNT D'ORSAY'S FRENCH POODLE, WHOSE ATTITUDE SUGGESTED "THE LORD CHANCELLOR."
From the Painting by Sir E. Landseer, R.A.

One of Landseer's famous models was Count d'Orsay's French poodle, which the painter saw resting on the table in exactly the position depicted in the above picture. Lord Lyndhurst, who had already been and was destined again to be Lord Chancellor, remarked, "What a capital Lord Chancellor." Land-

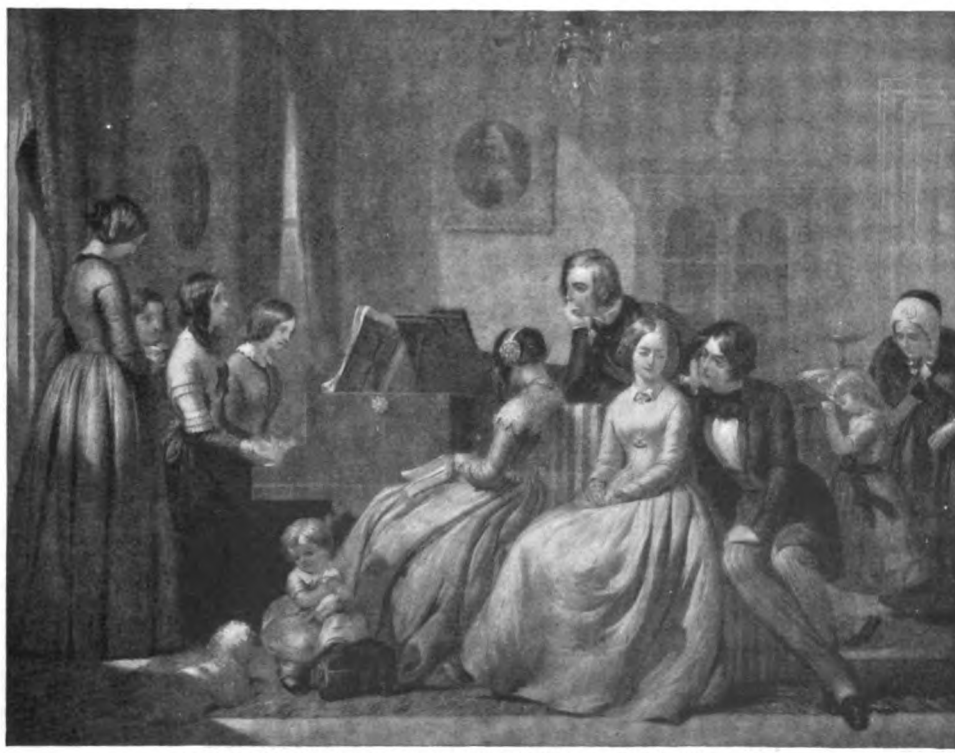
seer began working at once and completed the picture very quickly, which he subsequently called "Laying Down the Law." Its present form is due to the fact that the then Duke of Devonshire secured it, and got Landseer to introduce his Blenheim spaniel into it.

Scarcely second to Scott in his love for dogs was Dickens, the first of whose animals of any note was Timber, a white shaggy terrier given him by Mr. Mitchell, a comedian, when he was in America.

A curiously interesting fact in connection with Dickens is that while he was meditating the opening of "Martin Chuzzlewit" Tennyson was his favourite reading. In a picture, "The Duet," by Mr. Frank Stone, the father of Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., the dog was painted from Timber, and the figure leaning on the piano was painted from Tennyson. At Broadstairs Timber was, as Dickens wrote, "in the highest spirits and jumps about, as Mr. Kenwigs would say, 'perpetivally.'"

A couple of years later, when Dickens was at Albaro, where "the flies mustered strong too, and the mosquitoes," so that at night he had to lie "covered up with gauze, like meat in a safe," Timber had a bad time, for in one of his letters Dickens wrote: "Timber has had every hair on his body cut off because of the fleas, and he looks like the ghost of a drowned dog come out of a pond after a week or so. It is very awful to see him slide into a room. He knows the change upon him, and is always turning round to look for himself. I think he'll die of grief."

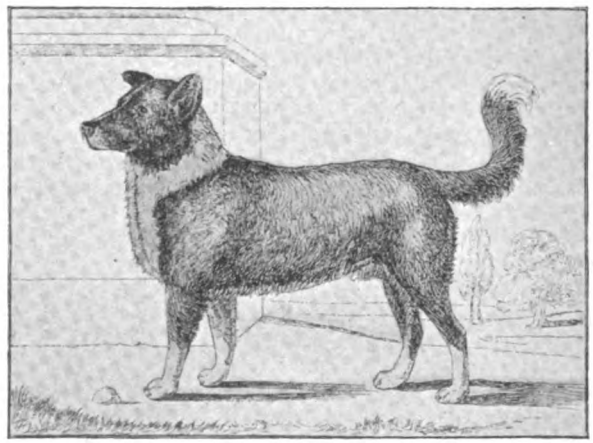
No such tragedy, however, occurred, for three weeks later Dickens wrote: "Timber's hair is growing again, so that you can dimly perceive him to be a dog. The fleas only keep three of his legs off the ground now, and he sometimes moves of his own accord to some place where they don't want to go." The dog slowly recovered, and the plague can hardly be said to have threatened its life, for it died of old age in Boulogne.



THE LITTLE TERRIER IN THIS PICTURE IS CHARLES DICKENS'S DOG TIMBER.
From the Painting "The Duet," by Frank Stone, A.R.A.

Timber and Linda (the latter another of the novelist's many dogs) were with Dickens on that occasion when he was frost-bitten and had to limp home a distance of three miles. "Boisterous as they were," said Mr. Forster, in Dickens's "Life," "the sudden change brought them to a standstill, and they crept by his side for the rest of the

journey. Dickens was greatly moved by the circumstance and often referred to it, declaring that Timber's look was one of sympathy as well as fear, while Linda was wholly struck down."

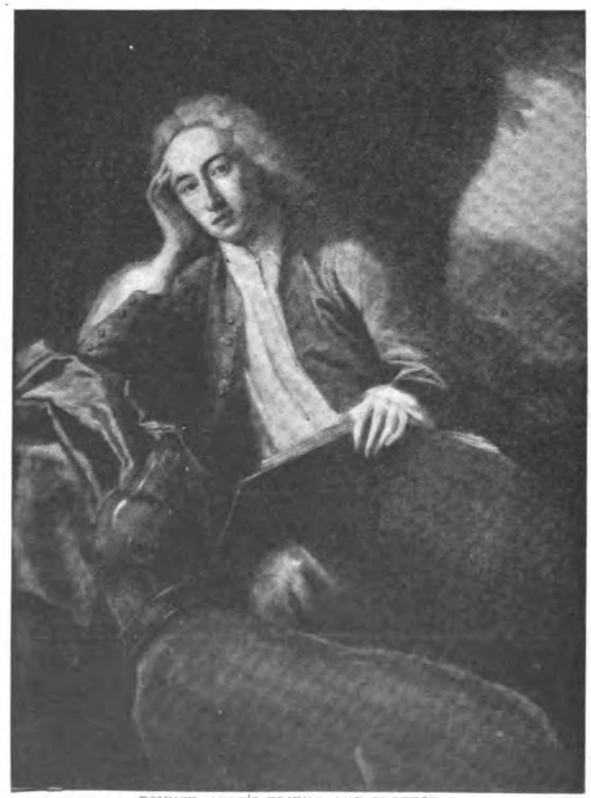


BOATSWAIN, LORD BYRON'S NEWFOUNDLAND, OF WHICH HE WAS SO FOND THAT HE DESIRED TO BE BURIED BY HIS SIDE.
Reproduced from the Definitive Edition of the works of Lord Byron by permission of Mr. Murray.

Certainly not less interesting among literary dogs is Byron's Newfoundland, Boatswain. The poet was so fond of it that Moore states that Byron inserted into his will of 1811 a clause to the effect that he was to be buried by the side of Boatswain. The animal had all the life-saving capacity for which its species is renowned, and often, while staying at Newstead Abbey, Byron would purposely fall out of his boat, as if by accident, just for the pleasure of seeing Boatswain plunge into the water and drag him to the shore.

Boatswain was not without a rival, or at all events without thinking that he had one, in a ferocious bull mastiff named Nelson. One day, when Byron and Moore were at Harrogate, Nelson managed to get its muzzle off. It sought an opportunity for picking a quarrel with Boatswain, or determined that the moment was auspicious for settling past grievances. Anyway, Nelson went for Boatswain and Boatswain went for Nelson. They nearly tore each other to pieces while Byron and Moore, assisted by Byron's valet and the waiters, all tried to separate them, and only managed to do so when they succeeded in forcing the poker and tongs into their mouths and choking them off.

Boatswain had evidently great powers of instinct or reasoning, as was manifested by its behaviour towards Lady Byron's little fox-terrier, Gilpin. The big dog hated the little one and delighted in worrying it. On one occasion when Byron went to Cambridge Gilpin was sent to a tenant at Newstead to remain there until Byron's return, while Boatswain was given in charge of a servant. The next day Boatswain disappeared and, though searched for everywhere, could not be found. That night, however, the dog returned home bringing with him the little fox-terrier from Newstead.



BOUNCE, POPE'S FRIEND AND PROTECTOR.
From the Painting by Richardson. By kind permission of the Right Hon. Viscount Cobham.

From that day Gilpin was Boatswain's beloved friend and had Boatswain for a protector against all other dogs for

the rest of its life. When Boatswain died Byron himself wrote its epitaph: "Near this spot are deposited the remains of one who possessed beauty without vanity, strength without insolence, courage without ferocity, and all the virtues of man without his vices. This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery if inscribed over human ashes, is but a just tribute to the memory of Boatswain, a dog who was born at Newfoundland, May, 1803, and died at Newstead Abbey, Nov. 18th, 1808."

However much Pope may have believed that the proper study of mankind is man, he devoted not a little of his time to studying the ways of his great Danish dog, Bounce, with which he had his portrait painted by Richardson. When people whom he put into the "Dunciad" were infuriated with him he always took Bounce as a protection against them when he went for a walk. When the dog died Pope wanted to put over its grave a white marble monument with the words "Oh, rare Bounce," inscribed over it, and was only prevented by the thought that people would imagine he meant it as a means of ridiculing the epitaph, "Oh, rare Ben Jonson!"

A story has been told that Bounce saved Pope's life in exactly the same way as Bevis did Sir Henry Lee's, but so far as can be ascertained the episode rests on the authority of only one man.

Bounce was, however, an animal of considerable importance in the Pope household, as may be judged by the fact that Gay addressed the following lines to him:—

Yet Master Pope, whom truth and sense
Shall call their friend some ages hence,
Though now on loftier themes he sings
Than to bestow a word on kings;
Has sworn by Styx (sticks) the poet's oath
And dread of dogs and poets both;
Man and his works he'll soon renounce,
And roar in numbers worthy Bounce.

SIRRAH, THE SHEEPDOG OF JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Bounce was, however, not the only one of Pope's dogs, for Frederick Prince of Wales gave him a dog, on whose collar was inscribed the well-known couplet:—

I am His Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?

In the history of English letters, James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, occupies a distinct position, and his favourite dog, Sirrah, fills a scarcely less notable one. Truth to say, Sirrah must have been an unprepossessing creature, for its description is as "a surly, unsociable dog, which disdained all caresses" but was devoted to its master. The first time they met the animal was being led by a drover, and James Hogg bought it. "He was hungry and lean; all over black, a grim face striped with dark brown. I gave twenty-one shillings for him."

A remarkable proof of the dog's sagacity is furnished by the following anecdote. One particular night, when Hogg and his assistant were out on the hills with a large flock of sheep, about seven hundred lambs broke up and scattered in three directions among the hills. "Sirrah, my man, they're a' awa'," said Hogg, speaking as if to a human being, and sheepdogs are, it must be admitted, almost human in their intelligence, according to the stories told of them. Sirrah did not wait to hear any more, but was off in a moment. He evidently knew what was expected of him and started to do it. Hogg and his assistant watched all that night, but could not see anything of the lambs or of the dog. Just, however, as they were giving up in despair and they had decided to go home and tell their master the whole flock of valuable lambs was lost, the sun rose, and not far off they saw Sirrah, who had gathered together every one of the wanderers, and had with unerring instinct driven them all back to the spot from which they had originally started.

LAFAYETTE.

AND THE STORY OF THE MAN WHO WAS HIS FRIEND.

By Max Pemberton.

CHAPTER XXX.

JOY AND SORROW.

THE French writer, Montaigne, has said that the most profound joy has more of gravity than of gaiety in it.

Had he been with my good fellows upon the road to Brussels the day after we fled from Sedan this opinion of his must have given way to another. A merrier company never passed upon a high road. What wild songs of student days we sang; how many were the jests which passed; what good cups of wine we drank at remote hostels; what mutual expressions of good-will and rejoicing came naturally to our lips!

That, however, which contributed beyond all to my own satisfaction was little Pauline's changed demeanour and the pleasure which these new scenes afforded her. Not once now did she speak of Belgium in other words than those which told of her gratitude. Worshipped by every man who rode with her, she became the very life and soul of the company; and I make sure that the music of her voice, the youth of love in her eyes, and the happy words of consolation she knew so well how to utter, were an inspiration of courage even to the General himself.

He had come up with us at the inn as he promised, and there resting for twenty hours, so greatly fatigued were we all by the haste and length of our previous journeys, we did not take horse again until eight o'clock of the following morning. Thereafter no considerable halt was proposed until we had come to the town of Namur, where we believed the outposts of the Austrian army, under the Duke of Brunswick, to be. In this we proved mistaken, as you shall see, and riding down that very day to the town of Rochefort, where we determined to take a second breakfast in the French fashion, what should happen but that we were challenged suddenly by a troop of dragoons who were out for their morning exercise.

The officer in charge of these proved to be a Frenchman of renown, Maréchal Bergamet. I did not look for any trouble with him; nor, I make sure, had the thought of such a thing entered General Lafayette's head. No sooner, however, had we given our names than the old soldier's manner changed immediately, and he was up in arms like a game-cock defending a brood.

"M. de Lafayette—and what does M. de Lafayette in Belgium?" he asked; and, without waiting for a rejoinder, continued immediately, "This is news indeed, Marquis. It must go to the Duke at once."

"THIS IS NEWS INDEED, MARQUIS."

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"Such is my wish," replied General Lafayette, with much dignity. "Since I no longer serve the King of France, my only desire is to pass through Belgium as a humble traveller. The Duke, I am sure, will not forbid me that."

"We shall see—we shall see," was the dry retort; and while it was uttered the dragoons began to close up around us in a way far from reassuring. Alarming as this manœuvre was, I cannot say that I regarded it with any concern. We were without passports, and could not go on until we had them. General Lafayette's apostasy must be welcomed by the foes of France, and the delay, in any case, would be brief. Thus I reasoned. You shall see how false the event proved it.

Well, we all rode together into the town of Rochefort, and there were permitted to get the breakfast we so sadly needed. If we had half a houseful of dragoons for company, none of our fellows made any bones about it; while even the General held it to be no more than an officious act upon their officer's part.

"De Pusy is to go to Namur for our passes," said he; "we ourselves should arrive there by to-morrow at the latest. After all, time is of little consequence to us—although I would well be at Brussels, where madame and the children are to join me. They cannot make any difficulty," he persisted. "Here is one of the wolves who no longer trouble the shepherds. What cause have they to quarrel with him?"

I agreed with this, and, Pauline taking up the thread of it, we spoke of Mme. de Lafayette's journey to Brussels and of the day when he would be with his children again. I could see that my dear wife endeavoured to keep him from those thoughts of his own exile and fall which must sooner or later so greatly distress him.

In some way this unselfishness of hers appeared to me to be a good thing. Had I loved her less, memories of those dark hours of the night when she had spoken of evil impending, and even of our possible separation, would have troubled me not at all. As it was they came ever and anon like clouds upon the sky of my happiness—voices to ask, "Is it well with her? Is the gate of danger really passed by?"

These fears, I say, haunted me and would not be turned aside. Now that we had left France, as I believed for ever, an intense longing for her sweet company in my own dear land came upon me and would not be denied. I found myself drawing her close to me from time to time and looking into her black eyes as though to read their secrets. But they baffled me as ever they had done.

Did she laugh now at her own dream, or was this but a brave woman's courage defying it? I believe it to have been the latter. Once I remember, when General Lafayette had gone out to talk to the sentries who paced the street before the door of the inn, she turned to me and, lifting her lips, kissed my own almost with passionate ardour.

"Zaida," she exclaimed, "will you remember me always?"

"To my life's end, Pauline. How could I forget?"

"I shall leave you a little while, Zaida," she continued. "What is after is hidden from me—but I am going away from you. When you think of me let it be in our little garden amid the roses. Zaida, I was happy in England. How well if we had never left it, Zaida!"

I told her that if she willed it I would carry her back to England again; but she protested that it must be to America first; and then, breaking from me as though to cloak some new emotion, she ran into the road after General Lafayette.

"We must watch him, Zaida," she cried, as she went, laughing at my surprise. "I do believe he would go back to Paris without us. Oh, he is a very helpless man, and I will be a mother to him."

She was out and away before I could reply; and for a little while I remained in talk with Le Brun and old Gervais as to the time which must elapse before we got our passports, and by what road we should ride to Brussels afterwards. In the midst of which in comes Georges of Bayonne with the intelligence that we were to proceed instantly to Liége and there report ourselves to the proper authorities.

"Liége is no road to Brussels," said I. "Are we sheep that must march before every dog that barks?"

Old Gervais said, "To the deuce with their Liége!" but the sudden entrance of dragoons, who informed us that our horses were at the door, cut his pious reflections short; and, sure enough, there we all were riding out again like whipped schoolboys before ten minutes had passed.

"What means it? What child's trick is this?" I asked the General.

He could only shake his head and protest his ignorance.

"They say that the order has come from head-quarters. We are to go to Liége and

there get passports. I confess that this news disquiets me, but explanations should easily make it better. As we said at the inn, Zaida, time is of little account to us. If madame and the children arrive at Brussels before us they will know where to await me. It is natural, I suppose, that the aristocrats should be afraid of me. We must suffer yet a little while on their account, it appears."

I replied that for my own part the delay angered me beyond endurance; and in some confidence I spoke of little Pauline's foreboding and her sure belief that she would never go to America with me. To this he answered that women are often troubled by such fancies; "and be assured," said he, "that whatever may befall you and me in Belgium, Pauline of St. Jean de Luz will suffer nothing thereby. My own opinion is that we are the victims of a misunderstanding which will speedily be explained. There can be no other reasonable supposition."

"If that be so," said I, "yonder fellows who gallop after us may bring the news of it. Draw rein a moment, General. Surely men would not ride like that unless urgency sat behind them. Is not that rogue upon the black horse known to you? I seem to have seen his face somewhere."

"That is the Marquis Armand de Sevigny," said he; yet so quietly that, Heaven knows, he could not have understood what the words meant to me.

Let me go back a brief instant and speak more intimately of this scene, momentous beyond any I have lived through; more terrible to me than any memory of my life.

We had ridden out some hours from the inn at Rochefort and had come to a diminutive hamlet with an ancient bridge that spanned a little river. I remember well a turn of the road beyond the bridge, with a church spire peeping above a clump of trees, and the stables of an inn abutting upon the highway. Behind us the white road lay straight as an arrow for many miles. Some of the dragoons who escorted us lagged upon this; others were already ahead calling for wine at the inn door.

"TURNING ABOUT IN MY SADDLE, I OBSERVED A MIGHTY CLOUD OF DUST FLOATING AWAY OVER THE IMMENSE PASTURES."

At this very moment a distant sound of galloping fell upon ears quick to catch such sounds and to apprehend their meaning. But had our ears been less vigilant, our eyes would quickly have told us the news. Turning about in my saddle, I observed a mighty cloud of dust floating away over the immense pastures; and from this there emerged presently a troop of men in blue and silver uniforms—Prussians I should have

said at a glance, but with Frenchmen among them. Of the latter one was the man whose face should have been familiar enough to me. I had first seen him at the village of Barham in Kent. I met him now, the last time that he and I would ever meet, here at this lonely hamlet upon the road to Liége; and meeting him I said, "Her dream was true; Heaven help us both, for this is the hour."

The troop, I say, rode down upon us like a whirlwind. What with the dust and the clamour, the astonishment of our escort and our own amazement, nothing could be heard or seen for some moments but the guttural exclamations of excited Germans and the threatening attitude of the soldiers about us. As for the man, Armand de Sevigny, he neither showed exultation at our capture nor remembrance of our quarrel; but, sitting quite still upon his horse, he gazed intently at my dear wife and never once took his eyes from her face. Had a stranger witnessed the meeting of those two, he would have said that they were strangers of whom the man had been struck by the young girl's beauty and she by his curiosity. Not pale or trembling as she had been an hour ago, but flushed and defiant and contemptuous, Pauline waited for him to speak. In this, however, he disappointed her, and the two were still face to face and silent when a man in authority (whom I learned afterwards to be a staff-officer from the Duke of Saxe-Teschen) rode up to General Lafayette and instantly demanded his sword.

"My master, the Duke," he said, speaking the French tongue as they speak it across the Rhine—"my master, the Duke, will reconsider his decision when you are willing to reconsider your opinions, General. As to the army treasure which you bring from Sedan, that must be handed over to me personally. I see that it has not accompanied you," he continued, with a smile, "but no doubt you will be willing to change the name of its destination for such consideration as I am instructed, upon compliance, to show you."

"A STAFF-OFFICER FROM THE DUKE OF SAXE-TESCHEN RODE UP TO GENERAL LAFAYETTE AND INSTANTLY DEMANDED HIS SWORD."

Well, I have never seen a finer thing than the expression upon General Lafayette's face when these infamous words were spoken. The invitation to him to recant the opinions of a lifetime; the suggestion that in quitting France he had carried off the army chests with him, could not fail to provoke that mirthful contempt in which none excelled him.

"Your gracious master," he said, "is, I perceive, a man of discernment. For his fine sense of that which is due to my honour and his own, I thank him. Allow me, sir, to ask a question in my turn. Am I to infer that, if the Duke of Saxe-Teschen had been in my place, he would have stolen the military chests of the army? Sir, I compliment him upon his candour. There is much

merit in an army chest if you be the guardian of it. Let him repair to Sedan and he will be able to correct my forgetfulness."

This reflection upon the Prussian army, afraid from the beginning to meet Lafayette upon the soil of France, stung this coxcomb of a man to the quick. I saw him bite his lip almost to the point of bleeding; but fearing, perhaps, to commit himself further before the troop, he merely bowed his head and answered, with unexpected restraint:—

"Your words shall be faithfully reported to the Duke. Do not be astonished, sir, if you find him a poor listener. There are others of your company whom I must consider as my prisoners. Let them answer to their names as I call them."

He had a slip of paper in his hand, and now he began to call certain of us out to him, beginning with Lameth, then naming De Pusy and Maubourg; and lastly, to my very great astonishment, calling my own name, which he pronounced so ill that he had to repeat it before I understood him.

"What does your Duke of Saxe-Teschen with me?" I asked; "does he know that I am an American citizen?"

He dismissed the protest with a wave of his fat hand.

"When the time comes the fact will not be forgotten. There are others here with whom we have no concern"—he indicated my own servants and looked hard, I thought, at Pauline herself—"they will be conducted to the frontier under escort. M. de Sevigny, this is your affair," he said, addressing the man for the first time "you will take as many troopers as will be necessary and see that the Duke's instructions are faithfully obeyed."

I controlled myself with what command of temper I could—though, Heaven knows, my very brain seemed on fire; and, pushing my horse across to him, I said very earnestly:—

"That lady is my wife. Where I go, she goes. The Duke, your master, has no quarrel with me and none with her. Let us understand it beyond cavil," I continued, the heat of my passion growing; "unless madame accompanies me, I will not stir a step for all the Dukes in Austria. You will not deny me this," I said; "it can be nothing to you whether she go or stay—and, sir, it is all the world to me."

He shrugged his shoulders and made to turn away; but I had his bridle-rein and held him there while I continued.

"I am an American citizen and your country is at peace with mine. What forbids me this journey through your dominions? If you doubt me, let messengers go to the American Agency in Paris, to Gouverneur Morris or Mr. Jefferson. Sir, it is not to be supposed that my wife can enter France again in safety; and no man with any heart would think of such a thing. You have a house of your own and those who are dear to you within it, maybe. Hear me, for pity's sake. Do not commit this crime against our common humanity. I pledge myself that madame shall go to England without any delay. Sir, it must be so—a soldier could not speak the word which would send a woman to death."

My words were coming near to choking me by this time, as the full meaning of this black hour began to be understood by me. As for the good fellows who had ridden with me from Touraine, their murmurs, at first scarcely audible, now began to express themselves in angry threats and even in a more ominous rattling of scabbards. The General alone remained calm; but there lay that behind his words which spoke of an emotion which only the deepest love could provoke.

"Sir," he said, "Mr. Kay has reason upon his side. The Duke can name no cause of complaint against this lady. As the wife of an American citizen, she is under the protection of the American Agency. I beg you reconsider a decision which may cost two countries much. You would not have it said that the Duke of Brunswick makes war upon women."

The man heard him with a contemptuous smile and a curled lip which spake his answer before his tongue had uttered it.

"I would have it said, sir," he rejoined, "that the Duke's orders are obeyed wherever they are uttered. The responsibility shall be upon my shoulders. Let the lady go to her friends in Sedan. We have women enough in Brussels."

"By all that is sacred," cried I, "she shall not stir a step. Or if she go, some shall pay for it. Le Brun, stand by me in this. Gervais, Georges, I count upon you——"

The words fell from my lips in a torrent. My sword was drawn, and all the madness of love and despair came upon me like a tempest. Had there been a thousand men around, fear of them would not have kept me back. Driving my horse forward, I struck the Duke's officer with my left hand and sent him reeling from the saddle. The angry shouts from his troop, General Lafayette's remonstrance, little Pauline's distress, her entreaty that I would forbear stayed me not at all. For an instant I saw her white

"I STRUCK THE DUKE'S OFFICER WITH MY LEFT HAND AND SENT HIM REELING FROM THE SADDLE."

face—the face of a child who has learned how to suffer—just as I had seen it upon that unforgotten day at St. Jean de Luz when she spoke of her father and the love she bore him. Upon her lips I seemed to read her words of eternal farewell. Then the dragoons closed about me; and going down heavily, my horse beneath, it seemed to me that destiny would be more merciful than they, and that in death I had found deliverance.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PRISONERS OF STATE.

I HAVE always held it to be a true saying that a man's private griefs, however much he may be stricken by them or whatever loss they may bring upon him, should hold no conspicuous place in the story of his life. For the sorrow assuredly will be real to him alone and is best locked in the secret chamber of his heart; while all the world has its own trials and is little ready to bear patiently the recital of another's. By which precept I am led to bid none be eloquent but that man whose eloquence can move others to joy. There are hours so sacred to us that none but the vulgar would pry into them. We best bear our burdens apart, in the lonely house which sorrow builds for us.

My story was broken upon the road to Liége; if tears blotted the pages that rightly should follow after; if a grief so poignant dictated them that the years have not lifted the shadows of it, who would be the better for their perusal? These pages I lay aside where no other eye but mine shall fall upon them. He who shared captivity with me has set mankind a brave example of reticence and fortitude. I can do no better than to follow it.

I say that my narrative was broken upon the road to Liége. Let me take it up, not at Namur, where we were confronted by the Prince Charles of Austria; not at Nivelles, where General Lafayette might have purchased liberty by a word; but in the fortress of the ancient town of Magdebourg, where for many months I lay in a damp and narrow cell beneath the outer ramparts; in a hole so black and wet and stifling that a dog might hardly have lived therein—a foul den so terrible to my memory that age has given me a child's fear of the darkness, and I would not live in a sunless land for a king's ransom. And for what had this punishment fallen upon me? For being the friend of General Lafayette, and by him named the friend of liberty.

The letters I wrote to Gouverneur Morris in Paris were never delivered. My very name was not for a long while revealed to the colonel of the fortress in which they imprisoned me. I had become a number, dead to the world and to my very gaolers.

Now this was at Magdebourg, to which fortress we had been conveyed from Wesel

in the month of March in the year 1793. Lameth, threatened by that dread disease, consumption, had already been released. I knew not whether De Pusy and Maubourg shared our captivity; but that General Lafayette was near me his own face told me every day.

There upon the far side of a dark corridor, to which feeble rays of daylight came, but never a ray of the sunshine—there at the grating of such a foul den as my own I saw him every day.

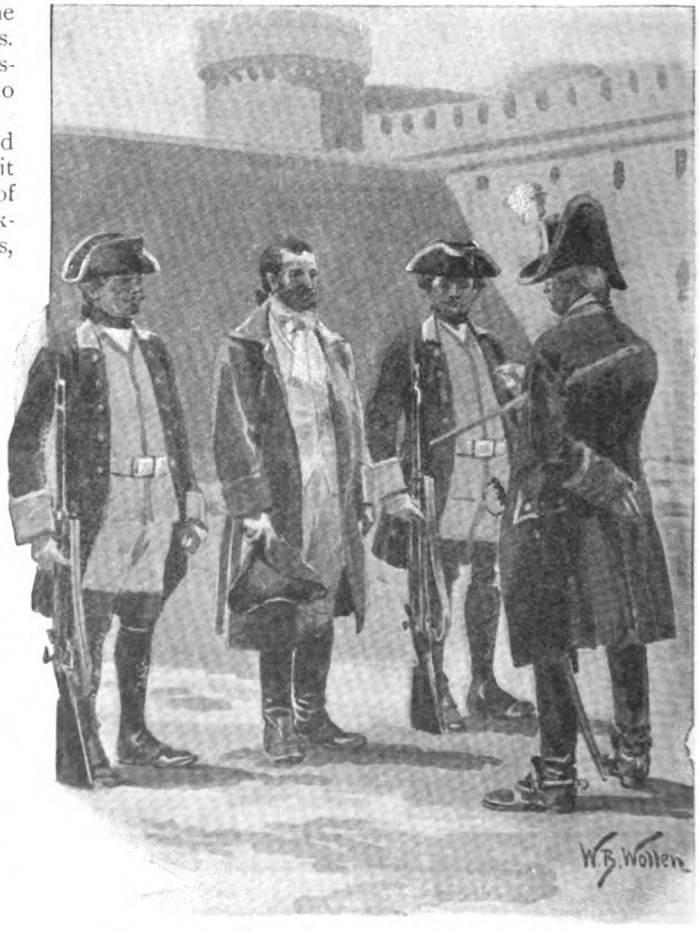
No word passed between us. Warders armed with muskets forbade us to open our lips; and yet it was much to have him near me, to reflect upon his courage, to be sure that he still lived. Dearly had his sacrifice cost him. Sometimes I could not bring myself to believe that I looked upon the hero of Barren Hill or stood so near to a man who had been named the saviour of France. Ragged, woebegone, silent — it was the old Lafayette none the less. And even his presence whispered the word "courage" to me.

Heaven knows I needed such a word as that. Had it been otherwise the torment of those sunless days, the blackness of those waking nights, would have robbed me of all reason. What thoughts of the world without came to me; what hopes and fears, what terrible imaginings! My beloved wife — how was it with her? Had Le Brun saved her in that great hour as he had twice saved her before? Was old Gervais of Blois near by her? What had Georges of Bayonne done for one he worshipped? The black silence answered me; or the patter of the rats running across my prone body. My gaolers might have been men of stone. They spoke to me but thrice in the five months of my imprisonment. The first command that I received from them bade me go out into the courtyard to see some soldiers flogged.

I am at a loss even to this day to tell you what purpose this cruel exhibition served, or what lesson our captors desired it to teach. M. de Lafayette, I learned afterwards, was carried to the courtyard, as I had been, thrice in a month to see men stripped to the waist and beaten with whips so heavy and leaded that many died under their lashes. On such a day as this I first saw the sun after many weeks. When next they led me out it was to be told by the Governor of Magdebourg himself that certain of my friends had been conspiring to bring about M. de Lafayette's freedom and my own.

"Let me hear of your tampering with anyone, writing any letter, or failing to obey any regulation, and I will have you shot upon the instant," said he.

I could only reply that a man interned five feet below the soil, in a cell as black as night,



"'I WILL HAVE YOU SHOT UPON THE INSTANT,' SAID HE."

might as well hope to climb a mountain as to have converse with his friends.

"Sir," I said, "the severity with which you treat me will some day serve you ill. I am an American citizen, and have never lifted a hand against your countrymen in all my life. But I am a man, as you are; and could you but tell me what has befallen my beloved wife in France, then, indeed, would I forget the wrongs that have been done me in this place."

I do not know what led me to unburden myself to this man, or what I hoped from his sympathy. Martinet as I found him, a German soldier and typical of his people, some kindliness in the glance he turned upon me led me to the confession. Nor did his uncouth reply discourage me. I left him believing that he would not be found without goodwill toward me. The days to come proved that I was not mistaken.

"Your affairs can be nothing to me," he said, sharply; "see to it that I have no cause of complaint. Your treatment may depend upon your behaviour. I can promise nothing whatever."

"HE OPENED HIS VEST AND SHOWED ME A PAPER."

Here was little enough to go upon if you will, and yet my persistency remained. "This man has loved some woman," I said; "my story goes to his heart." What I hoped of it, I cannot tell you. I believed that I had made a friend; and in that faith was returning to my prison, when, for a brief instant, I found myself alone by the grating of General Lafayette's cell, and, speaking in a whisper, I called him to the bars.

"Old comrade, it is I, Zaida. Let me touch your hand. Say that it is well with you."

I thrust my hands between the bars and pressed both his own. Looking thus closely at him, that which astonished me chiefly was the little change I found in him. Neither the humiliation of his situation nor the rigour of his punishment had abated his courage or wounded his health. Here was the General Lafayette of Barren Hill, brave and alert and kindly as of yore—the man who had fought the Red-Caps in Paris and believed that he would fight them yet again.

"How should it be ill with me while you are near?" he said; "what has a man to complain of when his friends are with him? Have I not brought this upon you, Zaida? You suffer for my sake, old comrade; but you shall share the joy with me. Say first that you forgive me, and all the rest will be easy."

I answered him, in truth, that none but children would waste the precious moments speaking of forgiveness between two friends who would lay down their lives each for the other; a rejoinder he scarcely heeded, I think, for, drawing me closer to the bars and speaking into my very ear, he then opened his vest not more than a thumb's breadth and showed me a paper that lay concealed therein.

"Our friends are not idle," he said; "this is to say that General Washington himself has written to Vienna and to Potsdam. Madame, my wife, paid heavily that it should be brought to me. We are to go to Holland and thence to America, if the

petition be answered favourably. Failing that, there are other ways. Your old comrade, Le Brun——"

He pressed his face to the very bars, so intent was he to speak of this thing, and I could see how the story excited him. But it was not to be. Whatever story of Le Brun he had to tell me must remain that day untold. A step upon the flags of the corridor warned us both that our gaolers had returned, and, with a warm clasp of my hand, he drew back into the shadows. Judge, however, in what a state of hope and expectancy I returned to my cell. Freedom! Could a whisper of a promise, then, so quicken a man's pulse and stir his blood? Liberty—did God in His good providence design that I should go free to find my little wife waiting for me beyond the gates? In my new exaltation I declared it to be so. There is but a narrow gulf between joy and sorrow in a prison cell. Who will blame me if I crossed it in my dreams that night, and, clasping my beloved in my arms, wept lonely tears because the morrow would give her back to me?

CHAPTER XXXII.

I HEAR OF MY WIFE.

I WAS already free in my imagination, abroad upon a good horse or walking the decks of the great ship which should carry me to America. Ah, fate ironical, what a prisoner's dream was that! For three long months after I had spoken to M. de Lafayette I saw none but the faces of my gaolers—and no man spoke a word to me. Even my dear friend no longer stood at the bars of his cell to bid me take courage. They had taken him to another place in the fortress, and I remained utterly alone.

Three months of darkness—day but a ray of wan light upon the stones; night but long hours of dreams and longing. Sometimes the spirit of my hope fled afar and left me with nothing but the desire of death.

All prisoners, it may be, have suffered such hours as these. I will pass them by to speak of a day when, no longer blind to my condition, one of the warders bade me follow him to the Governor's room, and I came face to face with that man of iron for the second time—the last I was to see him in all my life. The room to which they led me opened out upon the ramparts of the prison, beneath which both General Lafayette and myself had been confined.

A full half-hour must have passed before the Governor came to me; and when he entered I did not hear his step, so intent was I upon that panorama of the river and the fields. When he touched me upon the shoulder I perceived that he had not come alone; for a servant attended him with a flask of wine and some fruit upon a dish, and his first act was to pour me out a brimming glass and bid me drink it. "But have a care," said he, "for that is a Rhine wine which goes quickly to the head." The servant being withdrawn, the Governor bade me sit at the table and spoke at once of the business upon which he had summoned me.

"You have good friends in Paris," said he. "I make sure you could name them to me if I put you to the point."

"Sir," said I, "a man's best friend is the woman who loves him—but I do not forget the others. You are speaking, perchance, of Gaspard Le Brun, or that fine old soldier Gervais of Blois? Can you convey a word from me to them——?"

He raised his hand to cut me short.

"I speak of none of those. You are an American and should look first to America. Can you think of none who would befriend you there?"

"Of so many," said I, "that a book would scarce hold their names. I will even dare to name General Washington among the number."

He smiled a little dryly.

"Your friend has nothing of the soldier in him, I understand. They speak of him as a droll who has made Paris laugh when she had the leisure to become human. Perhaps you do not know such a man."

"Sir," said I, "you would not be thinking of a lean Quaker they call Gad Grimshaw? Is it indeed he?"

"No other. If friendship be obstinacy, this fellow is your very Jonathan. Why, sir, my Government would pay a thousand crowns to the man who would rid them of this pestilent fellow."

I suppose that my face showed him the pleasure with which I heard his news. Old Gad Grimshaw, of Philadelphia!—that he should be the only one to act for me in prison. Incredible it appeared. And what, then, had become of Le Brun, of Gervais and Georges? What had become of them? Was it that they were the sentinels of my little wife's safety and so close pressed that the hazard of their own fortunes was no less than my own. I concluded that it must be so.

"There is little harm in Gad Grimshaw while you lock up the widows," said I. "If

it be possible to tell him of my gratitude, I shall be under some obligation if you will do so. My anxieties lie elsewhere, and you, sir, will not think ill of me for that. My dear wife is but a child still. I can ill bear tidings of my friends when none of her reach me."

I had always believed this Governor to be a true man at heart, and I did not change my opinion of him while I made this confession. Eyes blue as an English lad's were turned upon me when he replied; and if he avoided my question, I perceived none the less that he would have been willing to answer it.

"Mr. Kay," said he, "men speak of Paris nowadays with bated breath. Since Frenchmen murdered their King——"

I looked at him in amazement.

"Is the King dead?" I asked him.

"As long ago as January last Here you have the first-fruits of the Marquis de Lafayette's teaching. They bring their King to the block, fill the prisons to the very gates, treat their Queen with infamy, walk in streets that run red with blood, and tell the world that this is liberty and fraternity. Those of us who have friends in Paris must call upon all our courage when we hear of these things. It would be thrice foolish to hope that the hazard of good fortune will pick us out when so many must suffer. You are a soldier and will bear with fortune, however she may treat you. Should madame, your wife, fortunately be released——"

"Sir," cried I, "you did not tell me that she was in prison."

"Mr. Kay," he said, laying a kindly hand upon my own, "I last heard of her in the Abbey prison five weeks ago."

I bowed my head upon my arm and for many minutes did not speak to him again. In his turn he poured me out a second glass of the wine and bade me drink it. As one in a mist of dreams I perceived him walking to and fro the length of that great room, and heard him telling me of Paris and the horrible crimes which stood to her charge. Yet what were these to me? My beloved a prisoner! Alone, I made sure, amid the demons this revolution had unchained. "Heaven help and pity her," I said. And I was a prisoner helpless as she.

"Is there any news of one named Le Brun?" I asked him, presently, fearing almost the sound of my own voice.

"Le Brun is dead," he said, laying his hand upon mine again. "He died when madame was arrested."

"Then he died to save her," I cried, and asked him in the same breath if he had any tidings of old Gervais of Blois.

"They speak of him at Sedan, and afterwards across the frontier. Is a certain Armand de Sevigny known to you?"

"Too well," said I, "for by him has this sorrow come to us."

"Your friend Gervais hunts him like a dog, they tell me."

"Heaven help him when he be caught. Sir, I can speak no more of this. The sunlight blinds my eyes. Let me go again. The

"I BOWED MY HEAD UPON MY ARM."

darkness is fitter for me than the light to-day."

He helped me to rise, for a great weakness had come upon me.

"Heed not my words overmuch," he said; "they may yet spare the women—and I know nothing they can rightly charge against madame, your wife. In a day or two there may be better news of her. Go to the room I have commanded them to prepare for you. My garden is open to you whenever you may choose to walk in it."

"Sir," I said, "you find me grateful, but it is nothing to me now. Let them give me liberty, and a horse to carry me to Paris, and you shall see no happier man in Germany."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE CROSS IN THE WOOD.

My treatment in the prison changed entirely from this moment; nor did any severity now attend it. If I have learned since that the protests of the American Government were in the main responsible for this, I shall give my friend the Governor some credit nevertheless. The room I now occupied was high up in the citadel which divides the river Elbe in twain. I had the sweet, clear waters of the river beneath both my windows, the great town of Magdebourg for my solace, and the Governor's garden on the far bank open to me whenever I had the mind to row across to it.

I say that the severity of my treatment abated suddenly; but in these privileges I stood alone. My dear friend Lafayette had already been removed from Magdebourg; Lameth was released; De Pusy and Maubourg had gone I knew not whither. A solitary captive of the fortress, I walked the ramparts alone or spent the weary hours in the groves of the Governor's garden. Some days being passed, they even permitted me to go abroad upon the Northern road and to visit a little inn upon the river's bank, to which many in Magdebourg resorted at holiday times. Accompanied in these excursions by an honest soldier, a thought of escape never entered my head. Perhaps I had lost my courage; I cannot tell you, for the memory of those hours lies bitterly upon me.

Now, I think it would have been the Wednesday of the third week after the Governor had told me of Paris and my dear wife's imprisonment that a new favour awakened me to some interest and seemed to speak of friends who had not forgotten me. Expressing my desire to walk out to the inn I have spoken of, I was exceedingly surprised when I had crossed the river to find two horses ready saddled for us, and one of them my own good horse which had brought me out of France. In answer to my remark that this was a kindness I would personally thank the Governor for, the old soldier, by name Albert Berghaus, bade me lose no time in doing so; "for," said he, "the nights draw in, master, and the sun is good enough for us."

Had I been more observant the man's tone might have struck me as somewhat curious. But I thought little of my own condition in those days and much of others; and, mounting without remark, I rode out toward the inn and never doubted that Albert was at my heels. Judge of my astonishment when, halting at the tavern door, I discovered that I was quite alone.

The man had lagged, then! The road was wide enough, surely, that I should see him if he rode upon it. Or had I been so preoccupied that he had cantered on ahead of me and was already in the house? Bawling "Albert! Albert!" with all my lungs, a little girl came running out of the inn and said that Albert Berghaus had not been there since the Sunday. This astonished me more than anything which had happened since I entered Prussia.

Had the fellow fallen ill, then? Should I return and seek him? A voice whispered, "Fool, this is the day of your liberty." At first a still, small voice, anon it became a great shouting in my ears of "Liberty, liberty, France, the prison wherein Pauline lies!" Again I looked down the flat, dusty road. Not a soul appeared thereon. And now the voice became louder, more insistent every instant. I touched my good horse with the spur and set him trotting upon the high road; I caught him with the rein and the trot became a canter; my whip was raised—he began to gallop. Ah, what an hour to live through! The winding high road; the voice impelling me; Pauline's eyes calling me to her prison; the fear of pursuit; the hunter's ear listening as I drew rein for hoofs upon the road behind me. And then the mad resolution. France or death! Liberty or a grave within the citadel.

I rode for a full hour at all the speed with which a brave horse is capable. When I drew rein for very fear that he would die I had left the river Elbe far behind me, and come to a little wood of pines in so desolate a place that it might have been the end of the earth—a very abode of spirits and the dwelling-place of solitude. Observing that a man might well lie concealed in the thickets round about, I led my horse into the wood

"I RODE FOR A FULL HOUR AT ALL THE SPEED WITH WHICH A BRAVE HORSE IS CAPABLE."

and there came upon a little shrine with a figure of Christ upon the Cross and a spring of clear, fresh water beneath it. Here I determined to rest some hours and to go no farther until darkness should cover me; and to this end I unsaddled the poor brute and let him graze where he would.

Now, it was in this act of kindness to my good horse that I made an odd discovery which in my haste I had overlooked.

The holsters upon the saddle I perceived were far from being empty; and not they alone, but the haversack slung across them did not contain oats, as it might have done. Unbuckling the straps with some eagerness I brought out a great flask of brandy from one of the holsters; a shapely pistol from the other. The haversack itself gave me bread and meat, as welcome as their provision was astonishing.

"This Governor, then," said I, "was in some hurry to get rid of me. Either he will give it out that I escaped, or he has received orders to release me."

The latter supposition I could not accept; and, indeed, as I discovered afterwards, the good fellow took it upon his own shoulders to release me, believing that his Government attached little importance to my detention. This I learned later on. At the moment I had nothing but gratitude for his consideration; and, falling to with a hungry man's appetite, I made a hearty meal, and was ready once more to think upon my journey. No longer now could the high road be dangerous to me. Indeed, my heart was light enough as I began to make ready; and this was my occupation when a little strip of paper fluttered from one of the holsters to the ground, and lay so white upon the green grass that it seemed to reproach me for my long neglect of it.

I buckled the holster up, I say, and, whistling my good horse to me, I put the saddle upon his back and made the girth secure. Caring little for that which the Governor had written, I was ready to mount again before I took the paper up and turned it about with indifferent fingers. Judge you what reason I had delayed.

"Let your road carry you to Hamburg," the paper said; "it is necessary that you know the truth. Your wife died upon the scaffold in Paris thirty days ago."

I did not read the paper twice. The darkness of the night found me still at the foot of the Cross, with the image of the Saviour looking down upon me.

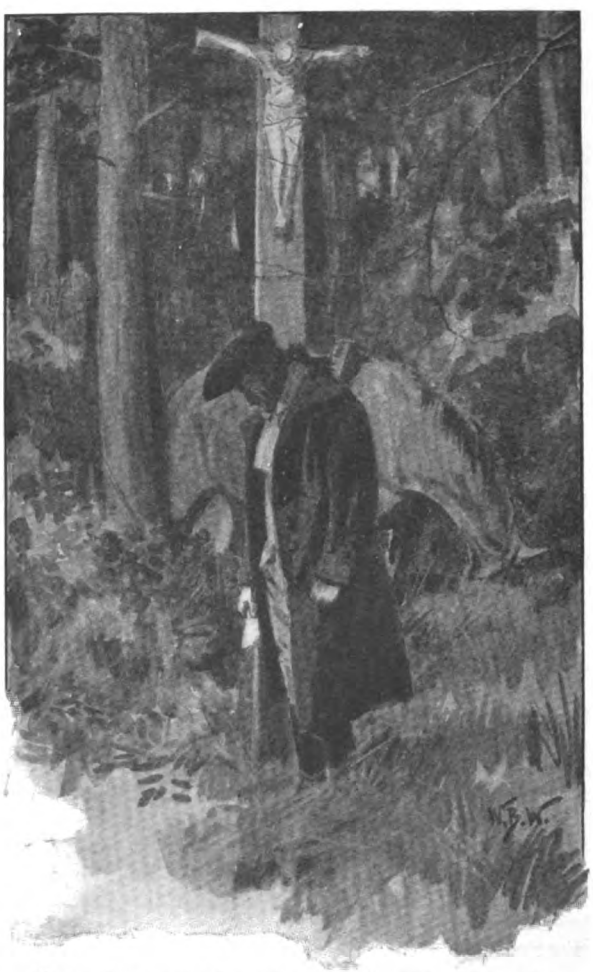
And in the darkness I heard the sweet music of a voice saying: "It is well with me, beloved; sleep, for she whom thou hast loved will watch upon thy dreams."

AN EDITOR'S FOOTNOTE.

THE story of Zaida Kay, as he himself has told it, ends in this place. There can be little doubt that the death of Pauline, the Count of Beauvallet's daughter, upon the scaffold in Paris contributed in some part to her husband's liberty. Though he has not written the story, we hear of him returning to France and braving the worst perils of the Revolution in an effort to accuse the judges who had sent this brave girl to her death.

Not content with this, he appears to have devoted both his energies and his fortune to secure the release of his old friend the Marquis de Lafayette, still a prisoner in the Austrian fortress of Olmütz.

This great attempt, as all the world now knows, ended in ignominious failure. The German doctor, Bollman, helped by the young American, Francis Kinlock Huger, the son of that very Huger at whose house the Marquis rested the first night he arrived in America, together contrived to write a letter in invisible ink and to introduce it into Lafayette's cell at Olmütz. "These few words," they wrote to him, "*when read with your usual warmth*, will afford to a heart like yours some consolation." The Marquis had the wit to perceive the meaning and held the note to the flame of a candle. Thereon he read of the attempt which was being made to rescue him; and, being asked if he could indicate a favourable moment, replied with ink of lime juice that an occasional drive would be the only opportunity.



"THE DARKNESS OF THE NIGHT FOUND ME STILL AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS."

Who bungled this favourable scheme it is a little difficult to say. Certainly Bollman and Huger brought horses to the vicinity of the fortress and there met M. de Lafayette. A fierce fight between young Huger and the guard resulted in the latter's discomfiture; but General Lafayette, leaping upon the horse awaiting him, took the road to Jagersdorf instead of that to Hoff and was there re-arrested by Prussian officers before a week had passed. It remained for the victorious General Bonaparte, then in the very vigour of his first successes, to demand imperiously, in the year 1797, that which Austria had so long refused. General Lafayette was released at Napoleon's bidding and went, an exile still, to live secluded years in Holland.

There is no further record of any meeting between that honest soldier, Zaida Kay, and the great Frenchman by whom so many misfortunes came both to France and to his friends. Zaida, indeed, was in America at the time M. de Lafayette received his liberty. I have a letter dated from the house of his old friend Gad Grimshaw, of Philadelphia (now a widower), in which he speaks of the healing virtues of time and the sweet companionship of one who long had loved him.

And I am tempted to wonder if this were not the flaxen-haired Honor Grimshaw, constant still in womanhood and happy in that abiding faith of love which the years might yet justify

THE END.

How President Roosevelt Travels.

By J. G. Graves-Thompson.

TO contrast the inter-State tours of Theodore Roosevelt with that of George Washington, when in 1789 a gilded coach and four white horses bore him from the mansion at Mount Vernon to his inauguration in New York as the first President of the United States, would necessitate a history of the Republic, its expansion, its politics, its social changes, and its growth in mechanical arts. The contrast is as marked as the characteristics of the two men—the one imperious, slow to act, taught by Hamilton and probably self-inclined to distrust the masses; the other a "good fellow," impulsive almost to rashness, endearing himself to the common people, "the real men and women" as he calls them, at the loss of approval by the conservative and timid classes. If there is anything in common it is that each is a national hero—the first President for having conducted a long and successful war, the last President for leading the recent uprising against the trusts. Between the two eras there have been many Presidential tours. Two—that of President Garfield in 1881, and that of President McKinley to Buffalo in 1901—have sadly ended in assassination. Consequently the American, while approving of such trips, is apprehensive until each has ended in safety.

The last trip of the President covered six thousand and six miles of railway, and lasted five weeks—from April 3rd to May 11th, 1905, to be exact. In its course he shot four brown bears and one bob-cat, was in at the death of seven wolves and one badger, made from two to a dozen speeches daily, and shook hands with thousands of men, women, and children. Fully three weeks of this time he spent in the saddle, hunting wolf or bear, averaging thirty-five or forty miles per day, sleeping by night in the open—rain, snow, or clear weather—and eating the rude fare of the camp. Of banquets there were five, not including the "spread" he gave to his guides, hunters, and others whom he had had with him on the bear hunt. He discussed politics with politicians, hunting, riding, and marksmanship with Texas rangers and Colorado mountaineers, German philosophy with savants, birds and beasts with naturalists, railroading with railway men, and public questions with men of every degree and calling. From this record it is plain that his photographs do not exaggerate his powerful physique. And it may be added by one who saw him daily that his good nature was as enduring as his strength.

THE PRESIDENT SPEAKING FROM THE END OF THE PRESIDENTIAL TRAIN.
From a Photo. supplied by Bain, New York.

But democratic as all this is, it must not be thought for an instant that such a trip is taken without preparation. For at least two months

William Loeb, junr., secretary to the President, is in correspondence and often in consultation with the representatives of the cities along the proposed route, and with the organizations which purpose entertaining the chief executive. The general idea once defined, the work is taken up by the Secret Service. One or more of its best men are sent out in advance, and with him the local police and the sheriffs confer. His authority in this particular is supreme, and unless what he deems sufficient precautions are adopted by any given place he can cut that town out of the programme. He determines the streets to be followed in the parade and the means of preserving order. In the larger cities it is required that the sidewalks be roped off from the driveway, and that the crowd be kept behind the ropes. In Washington, where the authorities are frequently called upon to handle immense and eager crowds, this one feature has been reduced to a system. Iron sockets in the paving and iron rods inserted therein to carry the wire rope can be put in place at the rate of about ten miles an hour. Wherever it is possible the State militia is called out for guard duty on the streets when the President comes to town, and occasionally, as at St. Louis last year, the regular troops are detached for this duty.

FRANK H. TYREE, THE SENIOR BODYGUARD OF THE PRESIDENT—HE IS THE TALLER OF THE TWO MEN IN THE PICTURE.
From a] *[Photograph.*

In this way at least ninety-nine per cent. of the populace is kept from direct contact with the President. To restrain the remaining percentage there is a bodyguard of police, plain-clothes men, and sometimes citizens, under the direction of two men—Frank H. Tyree and James Sloan, jun. For the past three years they have been detailed by the Secret Service to attend the President wherever he may be—at the capital, at his summer home, Oyster Bay, or travelling. Practically they are his personal guard. In all parades Tyree rides upon the box, guarding the President from that point, and ready to replace the driver should an accident occur. His predecessor was killed by a street car in the performance of this duty. Sloan either walks by the side of the carriage nearest to the President, or rides upon the step. It hardly need be said that these men are of splendid physique, and possess a high order of intelligence. Although there is no facial resemblance, hundreds have shaken hands with them, thinking they were being honoured by the President. Often a State or city official away from Washington, having a good opinion of himself and the hospitality he is displaying, gets huffy at finding himself elbowed out of the way, courteously enough, but none the less firmly, by these two good-looking strangers. Sometimes he goes so far as to complain to the President or to Mr. Loeb, only to meet with the cheerful response, "Oh, we think they know their business."

When the President shakes hands with a crowd one of the men stands directly in front of him while the second is at his side. As the line moves forward each handshaker is steadily pushed along and not permitted to loiter for a second. Incidentally, if he be a stranger, he must not be surprised to find that investigating hands move across his hip-pockets, as if in search of concealed weapons. That is precisely what they are doing, and the practice has been followed ever since Mr. McKinley was shot at Buffalo. More than one man who has innocently tried to draw his handkerchief from his pocket as he approached the President has had that hand caught in the grip of a Secret Service man, and this is another reminder of that assassination.

It is this handshaking mania of us Americans which causes the most anxiety to

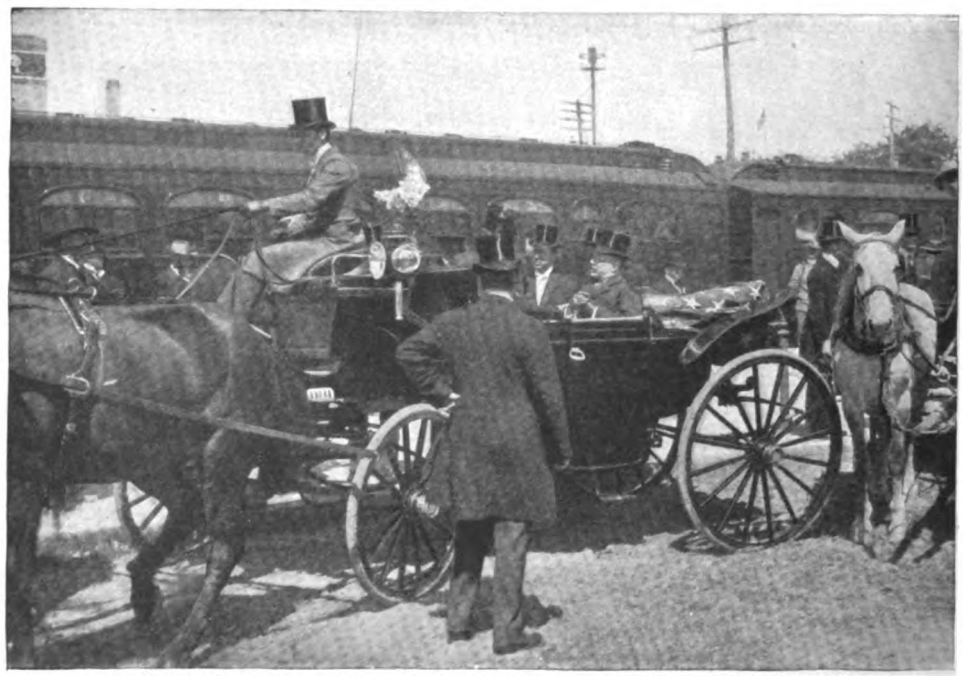
those whose duty it is to protect the President's person. Once the neutral strip between the President and the crowd is invaded the guards are nearly helpless, and a handshaking crowd is the most difficult to scatter or to separate a President from. Consequently the practice is permitted only in small places and with small crowds. In them there is rarely danger. At New Castle, Colo., for instance, where the President left the railway for the bear hunt, there was absolutely no local protection and it was as absolutely unneeded. The President left his car at will, tried his mount in a preliminary gallop through the streets of the village, talked freely with the crowd, shook hands with everybody, petted the babies, and all without constraint.

A GROUP OF MEMBERS OF THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY DURING PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S LAST TRIP THROUGH THE SOUTH-WEST—JAMES SLOAN, JUN., SECRET SERVICE OFFICER, AND WM. LOEB, JUN., THE PRESIDENT'S SECRETARY, STAND IN THE FRONT ROW AT THE READER'S LEFT. *From a Photograph.*

In extreme contrast with this freedom was Chicago. That city was in the midst of a strike. There had been rioting almost daily, and many had been shot or beaten to death by the mob. It was necessary to conceal from the people all knowledge of the President's movements through the streets. A guard of cavalry was present from a neighbouring post. Every person of known anarchistic tendencies was sent from the city, kept in custody, or carefully watched through the day, and the whole detective force of the city was drawn upon to assist the Secret Service. Along the streets, as we drove from the train to the hotel, were waggons, each bearing upon its side a placard giving in huge type the text of a federal injunction, warning the strikers not to molest that waggon or its occupants. To lend it still greater force there rode upon each such waggon from one to three deputy marshals, each armed with a rifle or shot gun and having strapped to his waist at least one pistol. Even the irresponsible strike leaders woke to the occasion and gave their powerful protection to the President and his party. Consequently the preparations were so perfect that the day passed without a single unpleasant incident, ominous as the conditions seemed. At St. Louis, when the President visited the World's Fair a year ago, the apprehension was equally keen. The fair was about to close. Thousands of hangers-on to the concessions, persons who lived from hand to mouth and not too particular in their methods of getting that living, had been thrown out of employment, the city was the abode of some of the leaders of socialism, and there was in the minds of all the analogy of the McKinley catastrophe. Yet the result was happy.

Personally, Theodore Roosevelt has no fear. His faith in destiny is Napoleonic,

and this faith is largely shared by Americans, among whom "Teddy's luck" has become a household phrase. Nevertheless, the responsibility for his safety weighs just as heavily upon the members of his official family. So it happens that only upon rare occasions can he escape from his guards. This part of the penalty he has to pay for greatness, at first extremely irksome to a man of his impatient nature. He has finally come to accept it as unavoidable, and for no one has he warmer regard than for his two attendants. Only regarded by the company as a valuable advertisement, easily worth the cost of the special train. However, an accident would have the reverse effect. So care is taken to make up a selected train crew, the oldest and most careful engine-driver and fireman in the cab, the men with the best records throughout the rest of the train, the best equipment in the way of cars and engines, and, finally, a high official of the company to accompany the train and see that the last detail is perfect.



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT AUSTIN, TEXAS, WITH THE PRESIDENTIAL TRAIN IN THE BACKGROUND.
From a Photo. by Risse.

recently he promised Tyree a United States marshalship.

No less attention is paid to the manner of his travel. Usually one railway supplies a private car, and, if the size of the party requires, a special train of three such cars. Until recently—until, in fact, the President began his crusade against unjust railway rates—the railways did this free of charge. There were several reasons why they should. Because the President meets at stations large crowds, and is obliged to make speeches from time to time, no regular schedule could be followed further than to reach specified points at specified hours. This removes all possibility of his travelling by a regular train, to the delay and annoyance of the travelling public. His passing over a railway line is

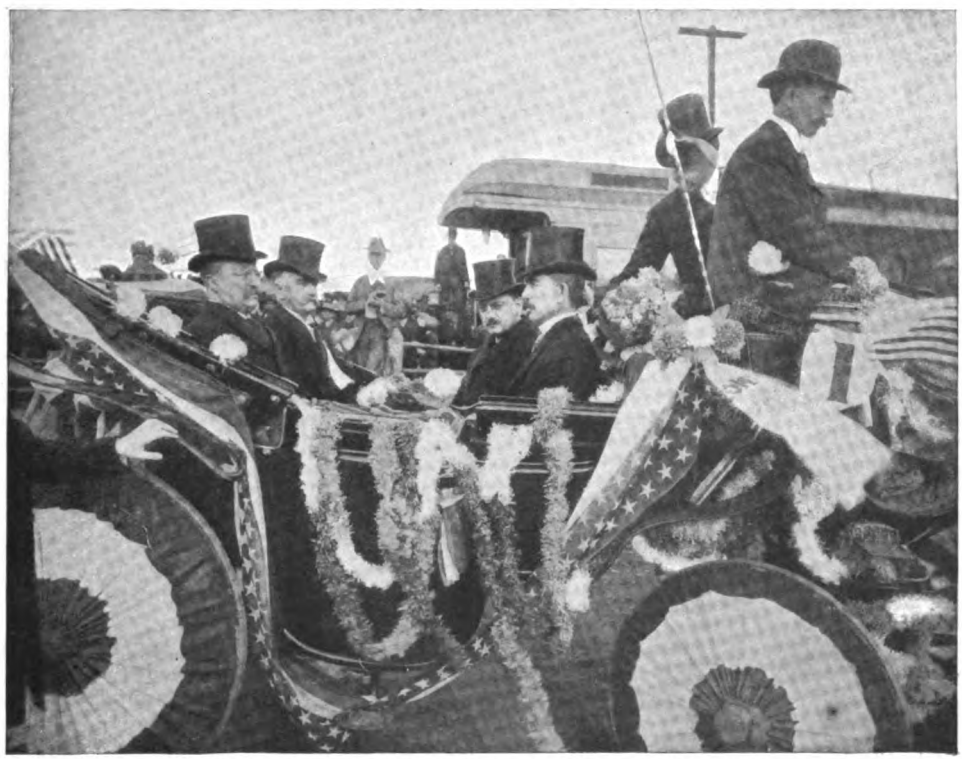
But the daily Press, or a part of it, criticized the President for accepting favours from railway corporations which he might later have to prosecute in his official capacity. There is no provision made by Congress to pay the expense of such trips. Accordingly, there arose the ridiculous spectacle, the humiliating spectacle, of a President of a wonderfully wealthy country dipping into his own pocket to pay the cost of being the guest of a large proportion of the American people!

When one views the trips collectively, covering the entire country as they have covered it or will cover it in a few more months, he is forced to the conclusion that the hospitality of one's constituency is an expensive affair. If anything were needed

to add to the incongruity and inconsistency of the situation it would be the statement that the Senators and Representatives, who urge the President the most warmly to visit their sections of the Republic, and who at other times do not hesitate to appropriate large sums to send themselves or their *confrères* upon "Congressional junkets" of no particular benefit to any save the participants, are the loudest-mouthed opponents to any increase in the President's salary or allowances.

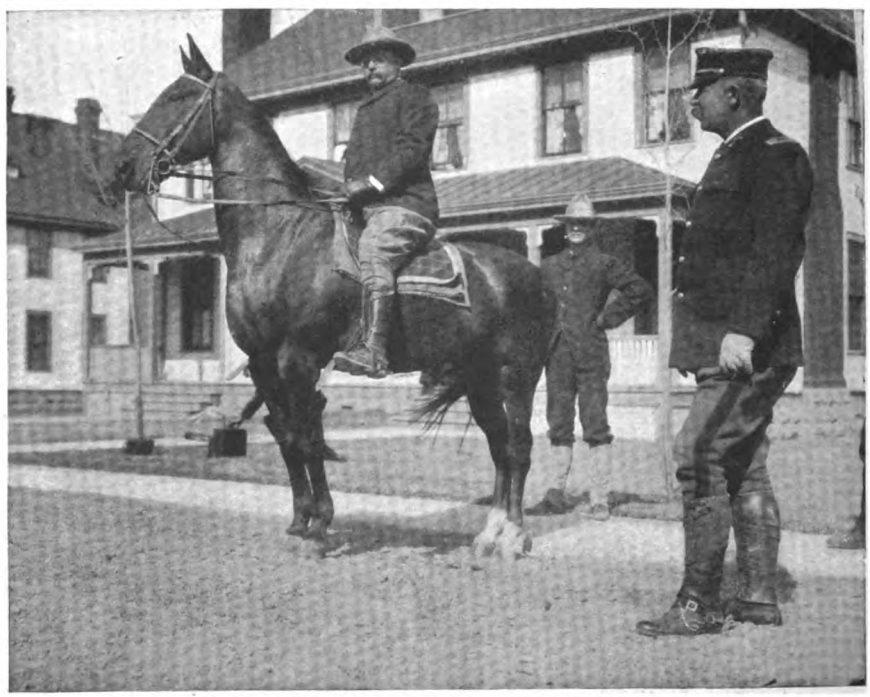
The private car which the President occupies is not so luxurious as that of many a railway official. It must be not merely a temporary home but a workshop as well, in which the business of the Executive may be carried on from day to day without interruption. It is usually, then, a long car, having a kitchen and larder at the front, and in the rear a fair-sized observation-room which may be variously converted into an office, a dining-hall, a reception-room, a sleeping-room for the car attendants, and a lounging-room. Between these extremes are five state-rooms capable of accommodating ten people, and, at a pinch, double that number. Here have their abode, beside the President and his guests, the secretary to the President, two typewriters, and a messenger. If there is a special train of several cars, as there is on long trips like the last, all these people, with the exception of the secretary, will have quarters in a second car. There will also be included in the party the representatives of the three Press associations of the United States and an official photographer. This is another feature of Presidential trips not dreamt of in early days. The Press has grown to be such an integral part of the daily life of every American citizen that means of getting to him daily and almost hourly reports of the President and his doings are now regarded as essential. With these Press representatives the President talks freely and often confidentially, and of course such confidence is never violated. Much the same sentiment requires the attendance of an expert photographer, although there is the added importance of preserving a pictorial history of a trip.

Naturally no two tours of a President are identical, yet each has one or more features common to all, like the parade through the streets, the speeches, and the banquets. The parades have been likened to those of a



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IN A DECORATED CARRIAGE AT SHERMAN, TEXAS.
From a Photo. by Clogenson, Dallas, Texas.

circus, and the similitude indeed becomes strong if one remembers that open carriages are substituted for gilded cages and the members of the party with the attendant "local committee-men" riding therein for the occupants of such cages, the brass bands, the outriders and crowds on the sidewalks running along to keep up with the head of the parade and crazy to get one more glimpse of the President. The streets are always decorated with the national colours, the taste of the decorations varying as the personal equations of those who have done the work. Nearly always there are banners inscribed either with quotations from the President's public utterances or allusions to them. Last spring was found everywhere this salute, "No Race Suicide Here, Mr. President"—one way of calling attention to the number of children born in that particular town and present at the greeting to the President and referring to the latter's pet hobby of large families. Another favourite inscription was "A Square Deal for Every Man"—one of the President's frequent remarks. Some of the decorations were marvellous. At Dallas, Texas, where the exercises were held in the evening, long strings of electric lights ran from the ground to an apex high over the President's head, forcing the illusion of an enormous tent, brilliantly illuminated, and at the banquet which followed the speech-making there was a happy hint of the President's old life upon his Dakota cattle ranch. The front of the menu card bore what appeared to be the rear of a "chuck-waggon," such as the President must have often seen. Closer inspection showed that a part of the cover could be dropped just as the end of a real waggon is actually dropped when in use, and this revealed an excellent likeness of Mr. Roosevelt. The unfortunate side of such formalities is that upon them it is usually the drum-major of local politics and public occasions who gets to the front, while the better, if more modest, citizens keep to the background.

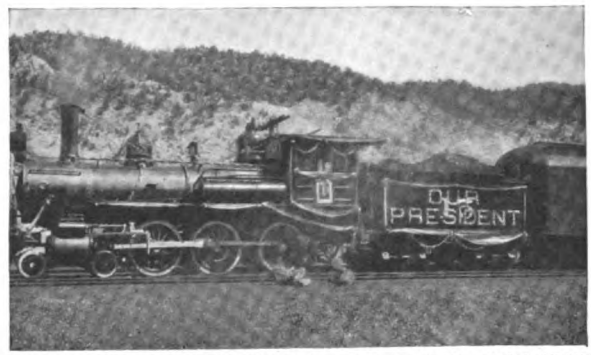


THE PRESIDENT AT YELLOWSTONE ON HIS WESTERN TRIP.
From a Photo. supplied by Bain, New York.

Of the queer incidents on a trip there is no end. A negro, at one little station where the party stopped for coal, beseeched the Secret Service man at the end of the train: "Say, boss, ah ben erwaitin here sence fo' o'clock dis mohnin. Ah'm a wukkin man, I is, and ah cain't wait no longer. Tell dat Presiden man, won't yo, boss, dat ah want fo toh luk on him jes one lil moment. Ah never seen no Presiden." Then up in the mountains while the day was not yet grey and everyone

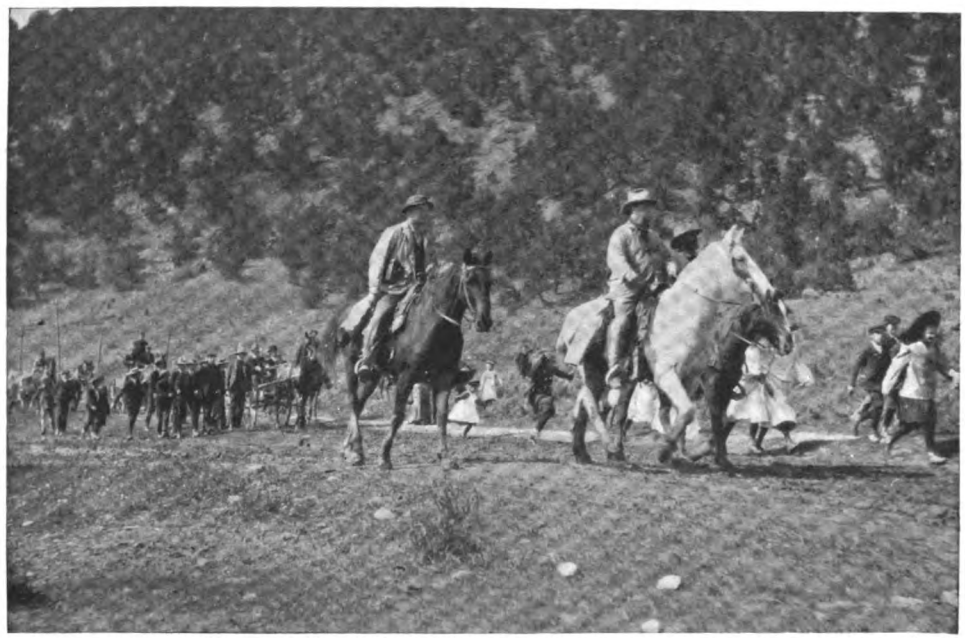
was in his berth there would be shouting and cheering outside, and we knew that we were passing a station. "Oh, Teddy! Hi, there, Teddy; we've been waiting up all night for you. Come out and show yourself." And really the crowd did not mean to be disrespectful.

The intensity of the desire to look upon a President is beyond words. If the wishes of every little community in the country were met a Presidential trip would be a continuous performance, beginning and ending with the term of his office. The train can only stop at places of large population or where there is other good reason for delay. Hence other towns must depend upon their wit for a sight of the big man. One Texas town accordingly wired the President that it had passed an ordinance requiring all trains to make a halt of at least eight minutes. In deference to him they would cut this down to five minutes, but could do no better. They were not on the programme, but their ingenuity got them a two-minute talk. Two other little places, side by side on the railway, had begged for a similar favour, but were denied. Then they bethought themselves of a water-tank located just between the two villages, and they argued that although the train could pass through each of the towns it must get water for the tender from that tank. So they gathered at the tank, and, like the first townspeople, were rewarded by a short talk.



THE DECORATED LOCOMOTIVE WHICH HAULED THE PRESIDENTIAL TRAIN THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS OF COLORADO. *From a* [*Photograph.*

Odd as the incidents of a trip are, they are only matched by the gifts which are forced upon Mr. Roosevelt at such times. Here is a small part of the list, just the few which come back to mind now: one live racoon, for a pet; a gourd seven feet long and very slender, evidently the prize-winner at some county fair; a "big stick," curiously carved; a bunch of artificial roses, the work-



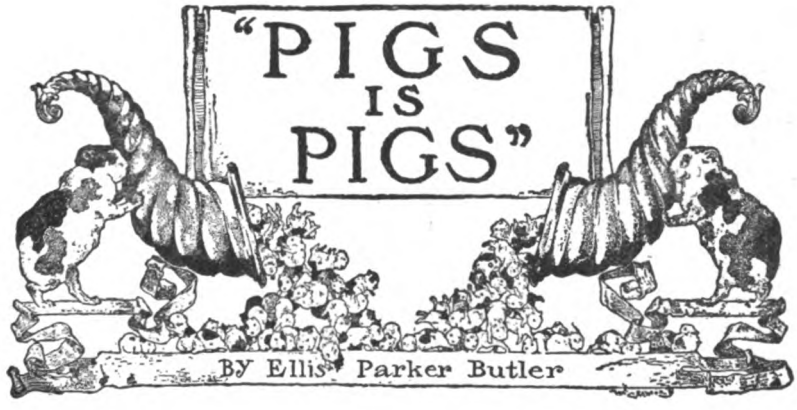
THE PRESIDENT RETURNS TO GLENWOOD SPRINGS, COLORADO, FROM A BEAR HUNT—HE IS ON THE WHITE HORSE. *From a Photograph.*

manship and the gift of a woman over eighty years of age, down in Indian Territory; a basket fashioned from the hide of an armadillo; a quilt for Miss Alice Roosevelt; several Indian coup-sticks for Master Archie; spurs of gold and silver for the President; a membership card to the Denver Press Club, made of pure gold which had been dug, refined, smelted, and manufactured while the President was within the State, and, moreover, guaranteed never to have been defiled by use in trade; a silver-mounted saddle and riding-whip; numerous engrossed copies of songs and poems dedicated to him; degrees from various colleges and universities; and honorary memberships in organizations, ranging in character from labour unions to college fraternities. One more, the prettiest and most numerous of all—flowers. The baggage car fills with them about the second day, and then each basket or bouquet is kept for twenty-four hours, at the end of that time to be thrown away or given to the souvenir-seekers along the road. At one place in Colorado the people literally filled the cars with immense baskets of lilacs.

The most touching gift was that of Jake Borah, one of the President's guides on the bear hunt. When the time for parting arrived, Jake had tried to give the President nearly everything he owned, including his rifle and his horse, but everything had been firmly declined. Just then the President stooped to pat Skip, Jake's pet bear dog. That was cue enough. "Well, you've got to take Skip, then," said Jake, and to this he stuck against every protest. So Skip was added to the collection in the baggage car, and is now a guest at the White House.

President Roosevelt has now visited every state and territory, with the exception of Florida and Arkansas and those beyond the sea, and as he will include the two States in the trip he has planned this year, the roster will be made complete. Should his successor or any of them exceed this record, he can do it only by visiting Alaska, Porto Rico, the Panama Canal zone, Hawaiian Islands, Guam, Tutuila, and the Philippines, but there is to prevent this a strong sentiment which says a President must not at any time leave the territory of the United States. While there is no legal provision on the subject, every President has respected the sentiment, and even in sea-voyages has kept within the three-mile limit.

OYSTER BAY WELCOMES THE PRESIDENT HOME AFTER A LONG TRIP.
From a Photo. supplied by Bain, New York.



MIKE FLANNERY, the Westcote agent of the Interurban Express Company, leaned over the counter of the express office and shook his fist. Mr. Morehouse, angry and red, stood on the other side of the counter, trembling with rage. The argument had been long and heated, and at last Mr. Morehouse had talked himself speechless. The cause of the trouble stood on the counter between the two men. It was a soap box across the top of which were nailed a number of strips, forming a rough but serviceable cage. In it two spotted guinea-pigs were greedily eating lettuce leaves.

"Do as you loike, then!" shouted Flannery; "pay for thim an' take thim, or don't pay for thim and leave thim be. Rules is rules, Misther Morehouse, an' Mike Flannery's not goin' to be called down fer breakin' of thim."

"But, you everlastingly stupid idiot!" shouted Mr. Morehouse, madly shaking a flimsy printed book beneath the agent's nose, "can't you read it here—in your own plain printed rates? 'Pets, domestic, Franklin to Westcote, if properly boxed, twenty-five cents each.'" He threw the book on the counter in disgust. "What more do you want? Aren't they pets? Aren't they domestic? Aren't they properly boxed? What?"

He turned and walked back and forth rapidly, frowning ferociously. Suddenly he turned to Flannery and, forcing his voice to an artificial calmness, spoke slowly but with intense sarcasm.

"Pets," he said. "P-e-t-s! Twenty-five cents each. There are two of them. One! Two! Two times twenty-five are fifty! Can you understand that? I offer you fifty cents."

Flannery reached for the book. He ran his hand through the pages and stopped at page sixty-four.

"An' I don't take fifty cints," he whispered, in mockery. "Here's the rule for ut. 'Whin the agint be in anny doubt regardin' which of two rates applies to a shipmint, he shall charge the larger. The consign-ey may file a claim for the overcharge.' In this case, Misther Morehouse, I be in doubt. Pets thim animals may be, an' domestic they be, but pigs, I'm blame sure they do be, an' me rules says plain as the nose on yer face, 'Pigs, Franklin to Westcote, thirty cints each.' An' Misther Morehouse, by me arithmetical knowledge two times thurty comes to sixty cints."

Mr. Morehouse shook his head savagely.

"Nonsense!" he shouted, "confounded nonsense, I tell you! Why, you poor, ignorant foreigner, that rule means common pigs, domestic pigs, not guinea-pigs!"

Flannery was stubborn.

"Pigs is pigs," he declared firmly. "Guinea-pigs or dago pigs or Irish pigs is all the same to the Interurban Express Company an' to Mike Flannery. Th'

"TH' NATIONALITY OF THE PIG CREATES NO DIFFERENTIALITY IN THE RATE, MISTHER MOREHOUSE!"

nationality of the pig creates no differentiality in the rate, Misther Morehouse! 'Twould be the same was they Dutch pigs or Rooshun pigs. Mike Flannery," he added, "is here to tind to the expriss business an' not to hould conversation wid dago pigs in sivinteen languages fer to discover be they Chinese or Tipperary by birth an' nativity."

Mr. Morehouse hesitated. He bit his lip and then flung out his arms wildly.

"Very well!" he shouted, "you shall hear of this! Your president shall hear of this! It is an outrage! I have offered you fifty cents. You refuse it! Keep the pigs until you are ready to take the fifty cents, but, by George, sir, if one hair of those pigs' heads is harmed I will have the law on you!"

He turned and stalked out, slamming the door. Flannery carefully lifted the soap box from the counter and placed it in a corner. He was not worried. He felt the peace that comes to a faithful servant who has done his duty and done it well.

Mr. Morehouse went home raging. His boy, who had been awaiting the guinea-pigs, knew better than to ask him for them. He was a normal boy, and therefore always had a guilty conscience when his father was angry. So the boy slipped quietly around the house. There is nothing so soothing to a guilty conscience as to be out of the path of the avenger.

Mr. Morehouse stormed into the house.

"Where's the ink?" he shouted at his wife as soon as his foot was across the door-sill.

Mrs. Morehouse jumped guiltily. She never used ink. She had not seen the ink, nor moved the ink, nor thought of the ink, but her husband's tone convicted her of the guilt of having borne and reared a boy, and she knew that whenever her husband wanted anything in a loud voice the boy had been at it.

"I'll find Sammy," she said, meekly.

When the ink was found Mr. Morehouse wrote rapidly, and he read the completed letter and smiled a triumphant smile.

"That will settle that crazy Irishman!" he exclaimed. "When they get that letter he will hunt another job all right!"

A week later Mr. Morehouse received a long official envelope, with the card of the Interurban Express Company in the upper left corner. He tore it open eagerly and drew out a sheet of paper. At the top it bore the number A6754. The letter was short. "Subject—Rate on guinea-pigs," it said. "Dear Sir,—We are in receipt of your letter regarding rate on guinea-pigs between Franklin and Westcote, addressed to the president of this company. All claims for overcharge should be addressed to the Claims Department."

Mr. Morehouse wrote to the Claims Department. He wrote six pages of choice sarcasm, vituperation, and argument, and sent them to the Claims Department.

A few weeks later he received a reply from the Claims Department. Attached to it was his last letter.

"Dear Sir," said the reply, "Your letter of the 16th inst., addressed to this department, subject rate on guinea-pigs from Franklin to Westcote, rec'd. We have taken up the matter with our agent at Westcote, and his reply is attached herewith. He informs us that you refused to receive the consignment or to pay the charges. You

have therefore no claim against this company, and your letter regarding the proper rate on the consignment should be addressed to our Tariff Department."

Mr. Morehouse wrote to the Tariff Department. He stated his case clearly, and gave his arguments in full, quoting a page or two from the encyclopædia to prove that guinea-pigs were not common pigs.

With the care that characterizes corporations when they are systematically conducted, Mr. Morehouse's letter was numbered, O. K'd, and started through the regular channels. Duplicate copies of the bill of lading, manifest, Flannery's receipt for the package, and several other pertinent papers were pinned to the letter, and they were passed to the head of the Tariff Department.

The head of the Tariff Department put his feet on his desk and yawned. He looked through the papers carelessly.

"Miss Kane," he said to his stenographer, "take this letter. 'Agent, Westcote, N. J. Please advise why consignment referred to in attached papers was refused domestic pet rates.'"

Miss Kane made a series of curves and angles on her note-book and waited with pencil poised. The head of the department looked at the papers again.

"Huh! guinea-pigs!" he said. "Probably starved to death by this time! Add this to that letter: 'Give condition of consignment at present.'"

He tossed the papers on to the stenographer's desk, took his feet from his own desk, and went out to lunch.

When Mike Flannery received the letter he scratched his head.

"Give prisint condition," he repeated, thoughtfully. "Now what do thim clerks be wantin' to know, I wonder! 'Prisint condition,' is ut? Thim pigs, praise St. Patrick, do be in good health, so far as I know, but I niver was no veternairy surgeon to dago pigs. Mebby thim clerks wants me to call in the pig docther an' have their pulses took. Wan thing I do know, howiver, which is they've glorious appytites for pigs of their soize. Ate? They'd ate the brass padlocks off of a barn door! If the paddy pig, by the same token, ate as hearty as these dago pigs do, there'd be a famine in Ireland."

To assure himself that his report would be up to date, Flannery went to the rear of the office and looked into the cage. The pigs had been transferred to a larger box—a dry goods box.

"Wan—two—t'ree—four—foive—six—sivin—eight!" he counted. "Sivin spotted an' wan all black. All well an' hearty an' all eatin' loike ragin' hippy-potty-musses." He went back to his desk and wrote.

"'BY GEORGE!' HE SAID. 'FLANNERY IS RIGHT. PIGS IS PIGS.'"

"Mr. Morgan, Head of Tariff Department," he wrote. "Why do I say dago pigs is pigs because they is pigs and will be til you say they ain't which is what the rule book says stop your jollying me you know it as well as I do. As to health they are all well and hoping you are the same. P.S. There are eight now the family increased all good eaters. P.S. I paid out so far two dollars for cabbage which they like shall I put in bill for same what?"

Morgan, head of the Tariff Department, when he received this letter, laughed. He read it again, and became serious.

"By George!" he said. "Flannery is right. 'Pigs is pigs.' I'll have to get authority on this thing. Meanwhile, Miss Kane, take this

letter: 'Agent, Westcote, N.J. Regarding shipment guinea-pigs, File No. A6754. Rule 83, General Instruction to Agents, clearly states that agents shall collect from consignee all costs of provender, etc., etc., required for live stock while in transit or storage. You will proceed to collect same from consignee.'"

Flannery received this letter next morning, and when he read it he grinned.

"Proceed to collect," he said, softly. "How thim clerks do loike to be talkin'! *Me* proceed to collect two dollars and twinty-foive cints off Misther Morehouse! I wonder do thim clerks *know* Misther Morehouse? I'll git it! Oh, yes! 'Misther Morehouse, two an' a quarter, plaze.' 'Cert'nly, me dear frind Flannery. Delighted!' *Not!*"

"'PROCEED TO COLLECT,' HE SAID, SOFTLY."

Flannery drove the express waggon to Mr. Morehouse's door. Mr. Morehouse answered the bell.

"Ah, ha!" he cried as soon as he saw it was Flannery. "So you've come to your senses at last, have you? I thought you would! Bring the box in."

"I hev no box," said Flannery, coldly. "I hev a bill agin Misther John C. Morehouse for two dollars and twinty-foive cints for kebbages aten by his dago pigs. Wud you wish to pay ut?"

"Pay—— Cabbages——!" gasped Mr. Morehouse. "Do you mean to say that two little guinea-pigs——'

"Eight!" said Flannery. "Papa an' mamma an' the six childer. Eight!"

For answer Mr. Morehouse slammed the door in Flannery's face. Flannery looked at the door reproachfully.

"I take ut the con-*sign*-y don't want to pay for thim kebbages," he said. "If I know signs of refusal, the con-*sign*-y refuses to pay for wan dang kebbage leaf an' be hanged to me!"

Mr. Morgan, the head of the Tariff Department, consulted the president of the Interurban Express Company regarding guinea-pigs, as to whether they were pigs or not pigs. The president was inclined to treat the matter lightly.

"What is the rate on pigs and on pets?" he asked.

"Pigs thirty cents, pets twenty-five," said Morgan.

"Then, of course, guinea-pigs are pigs," said the president.

"Yes," agreed Morgan. "I look at it that way, too. A thing that can come under two rates is naturally due to be classed as the higher. But are guinea-pigs pigs? Aren't they rabbits?"

"Come to think of it," said the president, "I believe they are more like rabbits. Sort of halfway station between pig and rabbit. I think the question is this—are guinea-pigs of the domestic pig family? I'll ask Professor Gordon. He is an authority on such things. Leave the papers with me."

The president put the papers on his desk and wrote a letter to Professor Gordon. Unfortunately the professor was in South America collecting zoological specimens, and the letter was forwarded to him by his wife. As the professor was in the highest Andes, where no white man had ever penetrated, the letter was many months in reaching him. The president forgot the guinea-pigs, Morgan forgot them, Mr. Morehouse forgot them, but Flannery did not. One-half of his time he gave to the duties of his agency; the other half was devoted to the guinea-pigs. Long before Professor Gordon received the president's letter Morgan received one from Flannery.

"About them dago pigs," it said, "what shall I do, they are great in family life, no race suicide for them, there are thirty-two now shall I sell them do you take this express office for a menagerie, answer quick."

Morgan reached for a telegraph blank and wrote:—

"Agent, Westcote. Don't sell pigs."

He then wrote Flannery a letter calling his attention to the fact that the pigs were not the property of the company, but were

merely being held during a settlement of a dispute regarding rates. He advised Flannery to take the best possible care of them.

Flannery, letter in hand, looked at the pigs and sighed. The dry-goods box cage had become too small. He boarded up twenty feet of the rear of the express office to make a large and airy home for them, and went about his business. He worked with feverish intensity when out on his rounds, for the pigs required attention, and took most of his time. Some months later, in desperation, he seized a sheet of paper and wrote "160" across it and mailed it to Morgan. Morgan returned it asking for explanation. Flannery replied:—

"There be now one hundred sixty of them dago pigs, for heaven's sake let me sell off some, do you want me to go crazy, what?"

"Sell no pigs" Morgan wired.

Not long after this the president of the express company received a letter from Professor Gordon. It was a long and scholarly letter, but the point was that the guinea-pig was the *Cavia aparæa* while the common pig was the genus *Sus* of the family *Suidæ*. He remarked that they were prolific and multiplied rapidly.

"They are not pigs," said the president, decidedly, to Morgan. "The twenty-five cent rate applies."

Morgan made the proper notation on the papers that had accumulated in File A6754, and turned them over to the Audit Department. The Audit Department took some time to look the matter up, and after the usual delay wrote Flannery that as he had on hand one hundred and sixty guinea-pigs, the property of consignee, he should deliver them and collect charges at the rate of twenty-five cents each.

Flannery spent a day herding his charges through a narrow opening in their cage so that he might count them.

"Audit Dept.," he wrote, when he had finished the count, "you are way off there may be was one hundred and sixty dago pigs once, but wake up don't be a back number. I've got even eight hundred, now shall I collect for eight hundred or what? How about sixty-four dollars I paid out for cabbages?"

It required a great many letters back and forth before the Audit Department was able to understand why the error had been made of billing one hundred and sixty instead of eight hundred, and still more time for it to get the meaning of the "cabbages."

Flannery was crowded into a few feet at the extreme front of the office. The pigs had all the rest of the room, and two boys were employed constantly attending to them. The day after Flannery had counted the guinea-pigs there were eight more added to his drove, and by the time the Audit Department gave him authority to collect for eight hundred Flannery had given up all attempts to attend to the receipt of the delivery of goods. He was hastily building galleries around the express office, tier above tier. He had four thousand and sixty-four guinea-pigs to care for! More were arriving daily.

Immediately following its authorization the Audit Department sent another letter, but Flannery was too busy to open it. They wrote another and then they telegraphed:—

"Error in guinea-pig bill. Collect for two guinea-pigs, fifty cents. Deliver all to consignee."

Flannery read the telegram and cheered up. He wrote out a bill as rapidly as his pencil could travel over paper and ran all the way to the Morehouse home. At the gate he stopped suddenly. The house stared at him with vacant eyes. The windows were bare of curtains and he could see into the empty rooms. A sign on the porch said, "To Let." Mr. Morehouse had moved! Flannery ran all the way back to the express office. Sixty-nine guinea-pigs had been born during his absence. He ran out again and made feverish inquiries in the village. Mr. Morehouse had not only moved, but he had left Westcote. Flannery returned to the express office and found that two hundred and six guinea-pigs had entered the world since he left it. He wrote a telegram to the Audit Department.

"Can't collect fifty cents for two dago pigs consignee has left town address unknown what shall I do? Flannery."

The telegram was handed to one of the clerks in the Audit Department, and as he read it he laughed.

"Flannery must be crazy. He ought to know that the thing to do is to return the consignment here," said the clerk. He telegraphed Flannery to send the pigs to the main office of the company at Franklin.

When Flannery received the telegram he set to work. The six boys he had engaged to help him also set to work. They worked with the haste of desperate men, making cages out of soap boxes, cracker boxes, and all kinds of boxes, and as fast as the cages were completed they filled them with guinea-pigs and expressed them to Franklin. Day

after day the cages of guinea-pigs flowed in a steady stream from Westcote to Franklin, and still Flannery and his six helpers ripped and nailed and packed, relentlessly and feverishly. At the end of the week they had shipped two hundred and eighty cases of guinea-pigs, and there were in the express office seven hundred and four more pigs than when they began packing them.

"Stop sending pigs. Warehouse full," came a telegram to Flannery. He stopped packing only long enough to wire back, "Can't stop," and kept on sending them. On the next train up from Franklin came one of the company's inspectors. He had instructions to stop the stream of guinea-pigs at all hazards. As his train drew up at Westcote Station he saw a cattle-car standing on the express company's siding. When he reached the express office he saw the express waggon backed up to the door. Six boys were carrying bushel baskets full of guinea-pigs from the office and dumping them into the waggon. Inside the room Flannery, with his coat and vest off, was shovelling guinea-pigs into bushel baskets with a coal-scoop. He was winding up the guinea-pig episode.

"HE WAS WINDING UP THE GUINEA-PIG EPISODE."

He looked up at the inspector with a snort of anger.

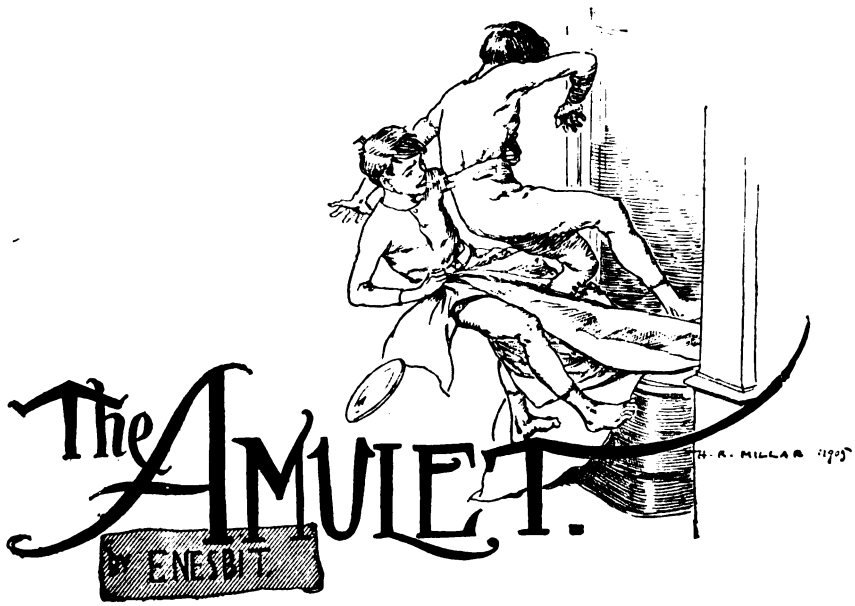
"Wan waggonload more an' I'll be quit of thim, an' niver will ye catch Flannery wid no more foreign pigs on his hands. No, sur! They near was the death o' me. Nixt toime I'll know that pigs of what iver nationality is domestic pets—an' go at the lowest rate."

He began shovelling again rapidly, speaking quickly between breaths.

"Rules may be rules, but you can't fool Mike Flannery twice wid the same thrick—whin ut comes to live stock, dang the rules. So long as Flannery runs this expriss office pigs is pets—an' cows is pets—an' horses is pets—an' lions an' tigers an' Rocky Mountain goats is pets—an' the rate on thim is twinty-foive cints."

He paused long enough to let one of the boys put an empty basket in the place of the one he had just filled. There were only a few guinea-pigs left. As he noted their limited number his natural habit of looking on the bright side returned.

"Well, annyhow," he said, cheerfully, "'tis not so bad as ut might be. What if thim dago pigs had been elephants!"



A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER VII.

ATLANTIS.

YOU will understand that the adventure of the Babylonian Queen in London was the only one that had occupied any time at all. But the children's time was very fully taken up by talking over all the wonderful things seen and done in the Past, where, by the power of the amulet, they seemed to spend hours and hours, only to find, when they got back to London, that the whole thing had been briefer than a lightning flash.

They talked of the Past at their meals, in their walks, in the dining-room, in the first-floor drawing-room, but most of all on the stairs. It was an old house; it had once been a fashionable one, and was still a fine one. The banister rails of the stairs were excellent for sliding down, and in the corners of the landings were big alcoves that had once held beautiful statues and now quite often held the graceful forms of Cyril, Robert, Anthea, and Jane.

One day Cyril and Robert in tight white underclothing had spent a pleasant hour in reproducing the attitudes of statues seen either in the British Museum or in father's big photograph book. But the show ended abruptly because Robert wanted to be the Venus of Milo, and for this purpose pulled at the sheet which served for drapery at the very moment when Cyril, looking really quite like the Discobolus, with a gold and white saucer for the disc, was standing on one foot, and under that one foot the sheet.

Of course, the Discobolus and his disc and the would-be Venus came down together, and every one was a good deal hurt, especially the saucer, which would never be the same again however neatly one might join its eight uneven bits with seccotine or the white of an egg.

"I hope you're satisfied," said Cyril, holding his head where a large lump was rising.

"Quite, thanks," said Robert, bitterly. His thumb had caught in the banisters and bent itself back almost to breaking point.

"I *am* so sorry, poor, dear Squirrel," said Anthea; "and you were looking so lovely. I'll get a wet rag. Bobs, go and hold your hand under the hot-water tap. It's what ballet girls do with their legs when they hurt them. I saw it in a book."

"What book?" said Robert, disagreeably. But he went.

When he came back Cyril's head had been bandaged by his sisters, and he had been brought to the state of mind where he was able reluctantly to admit that he supposed Robert hadn't done it on purpose.

Robert replying with equal suavity, Anthea hastened to lead the talk away from the accident.

"I suppose you don't feel like going anywhere through the amulet?" she said

"Egypt," said Jane, promptly. "I want to see the pussy-cats."

"Not me; too hot," said Cyril. "It's about as much as I can stand here—let alone Egypt." It was indeed hot, even on the second landing, which is the coolest place in the house. "Let's go to the North Pole."

"I don't suppose the amulet was ever there—and we might get our fingers frost-bitten so that we could never hold it up to get home again. No thanks," said Robert.

"I say," said Jane, "let's get the psammead and ask its advice. It will like us asking, even if we don't take it."

The psammead was brought up in its green silk-embroidered bag, but before it could be asked anything the door of the learned gentleman's room opened, and the voice of the visitor who had been lunching with him was heard on the stairs. He seemed to be speaking with the door-handle in his hand.

"You see a doctor, old boy," he said; "all that about thought-transference is just simply twaddle. You've been overworking. Take a holiday. Go to Dieppe."

"I'd rather go to Babylon," said the learned gentleman.

"I wish you'd go to Atlantis some time while you're about it, and give me some tips for my book when you come home."

"I wish I could," said the voice of the learned gentleman.

"Good-bye. Take care of yourself."

The door was banged, and the visitor came smiling down the stairs—a stout, prosperous, big man. The children had to get up to let him pass. "Halloa, kiddies!" he said, glancing at the bandages on the head of Cyril and the hand of Robert. "Been in the wars?"

"It's all right," said Cyril. "I say, what was that Atlantic place you wanted him to go to? We couldn't help hearing you talk."

"You talk so *very* loud, you see," said Jane, soothingly.

"Atlantis," said the visitor; "the lost Atlantis, garden of the Hesperides. Great continent—disappeared in the sea. You can read about it in Plato."

"Thank you," said Cyril, doubtfully.

"Were there any amulets there?" asked Anthea, made anxious by a sudden thought.

"Hundreds, I should think. So *he's* been talking to you?"

"Yes, often. He's very kind to us. We like him awfully."

"Well, what he wants is a holiday; you persuade him to take one. What he wants is a change of scene. You see, his head is crusted so thickly inside with knowledge about Egypt and Assyria and things, that you can't hammer anything into it unless you keep hard at it all day long for days and days. And I haven't time. But you live in the house. You try your hand, will you? Right. So long!"

He went down the stairs three at a time, and Jane remarked that he was a nice man, and she thought he had little girls of his own.

"I should like to have them to play with," she added, pensively.

The three elder ones exchanged glances. Cyril nodded.

"All right. *Let's* go to Atlantis," he said.

"Let's go to Atlantis and take the learned gentleman with us," said Anthea; "he'll think it's a dream afterwards, but it'll certainly be a change of scene."

"Why not take him to nice Egypt?" asked Jane.

"Too hot," said Cyril, shortly.

"Or Babylon, where he wants to go?"

"I've had enough of Babylon," said Robert, "at least for the present. And so have the others. I don't know why," he added, forestalling the question on Jane's lips, "but somehow we have. Squirrel, let's take off these beastly bandages and get into flannels. We can't go in our unders."

"He *wished* to go to Atlantis, so he's got to go some time, and he might as well go with us," said Anthea.

This was how it was that the learned gentleman, permitting himself a few moments of relaxation in his chair, after the fatigue of listening to opinions (about Atlantis and many other things) with which he did not at all agree, opened his eyes to find his four young friends standing in front of him in a row.

"Will you come," said Anthea, "to Atlantis with us?"

"To know that you are dreaming shows that the dream is nearly at an end," he told himself. "Or perhaps it's only a game, like 'How many miles to Babylon?'"

So he said aloud, "Thank you very much, but I have only a quarter of an hour to spare."

"It doesn't take any time," said Cyril. "Time is only a mode of thought, you know, and you've got to go some time, so why not with us?"

"Very well," said the learned gentleman, now quite certain that he was dreaming.

Anthea held out her soft pink hand. He took it. She pulled him gently to his feet. Jane held up the amulet.

"To just outside Atlantis," said Cyril, and Jane said the name of power.

"You owl," said Robert; "it's an island. Outside an island's all water."

"I won't go. I *won't*," said the psammead, kicking and struggling in its bag.

But already the amulet had grown to a great arch. Cyril pushed the learned gentleman, as undoubtedly the first-born, through the arch—not into the water, but on to a wooden floor out of doors. The others followed. The amulet grew smaller again, and there they all were, standing on the deck of a ship whose sailors were busy making her fast with chains to rings on a white quay-side. The rings and the chains were of a metal that shone red-yellow like gold.

"SHE PULLED HIM GENTLY TO HIS FEET."

Everyone on the ship seemed too busy at first to notice the group of newcomers from Fitzroy Street. Those who seemed to be officers were shouting orders to the men.

They stood and looked across the wide quay to the town that rose beyond it. What they saw was the most beautiful sight any of them had ever seen—or ever dreamed of.

The blue sea sparkled in soft sunlight; little white-capped waves broke softly against the marble breakwaters that guarded the shipping of a great city from the wildness of winter winds and seas. The quay was of marble, white and sparkling, with a veining bright as gold. The city was of marble, red and white. The greater buildings that seemed to be temples and palaces were roofed with what looked like gold and silver, but most of the roofs were of copper, that glowed golden-red on the houses on the hills among which the city stood, and shaded into marvellous tints of green and blue and purple where they had been touched by the salt sea spray and the fumes of the dyeing and smelting works of the lower town.

Broad and magnificent flights of marble stairs led up from the quay to a sort of terrace that seemed to run along for miles, and beyond rose the town built on a hill.

The learned gentleman drew a long breath.

"Wonderful!" he said, "wonderful!"

"I say, Mr.——, what's your name?" said Robert.

"He means," said Anthea with gentle politeness, "that we never can remember your name. I know it's Mr. De Something."

"When I was your age I was called Jimmy," he said, timidly. "Would you mind? I should feel more at home in a dream like this if I—anything that made me seem more like one of you."

"Thank you—Jimmy," said Anthea, with an effort. It seemed such cheek to be saying "Jimmy" to a grown-up man. "Jimmy, *dear*," she added, with no effort at all. Jimmy smiled and looked pleased.

But now the ship was made fast, and the captain had time to notice other things. He came towards them, and he was dressed in the best of all possible dresses for the seafaring life. "What are you doing here?" he asked, rather fiercely. "Do you come to bless or to curse?"

"To bless, of course," said Cyril. "I'm sorry if it annoys you, but we're here by magic. We come from the land of the sunrising," he went on, explanatorily.

"I see," said the captain—no one had expected that he would. "I didn't notice at first, but of course I hope you are a good omen. It's needed. And this," he pointed to the learned gentleman, "your slave, I presume?"

"Not at all," said Anthea; "he's a very great man; a sage, don't they call it? And we want to see all your beautiful city, and your temples and things; and then we shall go back, and he will tell his friend, and his friend will write a book about it."

"What," asked the captain, fingering a rope, "is a book?"

"A record—something written or," she added, hastily, remembering the Babylonian writing, "or engraved."

Some sudden impulse of confidence made Jane pluck the amulet from the neck of her frock.

"Like this," she said.

The captain looked at it curiously, but — the other three were relieved to notice —without any of that overwhelming interest which the mere name of it had roused in Egypt and Babylon.

"The stone is of our country," he said, "and that which is engraved on it, it is like our writing, but I cannot read it. Will you land, and shall I lead you to the Kings?"

"Look here," said Robert, "does your King hate strangers?"

"Our Kings are ten," said the captain, "and the Royal line, unbroken from Poseidon, the father of us all, has the noble tradition to do honour to strangers if they come in peace."

"Then lead on, please," said Robert; "though I *should* like to see all over your beautiful ship, and sail about in her."

"That shall be later," said the captain; "just now we're rather afraid of a storm—do you notice that odd rumbling?"

"That's nothing, master," said an old sailor who stood near; "it's the pilchards coming in, that's all."

"Too loud," said the captain.

There was a rather anxious pause; then the captain stepped on to the quay, and the others followed him.

"Do talk to him, Jimmy," said Anthea as they went; "you can find out all sorts of things for your friend's book."

"Please excuse me," he said, earnestly; "if I talk I shall wake up; and, besides, I can't understand what he says."

"'THE STONE IS OF OUR COUNTRY,' HE SAID."

No one else could think of anything to say, so that it was in complete silence that they followed the captain up the marble steps and through the streets of the town. There were streets and shops and houses and markets.

"It's just like Babylon," whispered Jane; "only everything's perfectly different."

"It's a great comfort the ten Kings have been properly brought up—to be kind to strangers," Anthea whispered to Cyril.

"Yes," he said; "no deepest dungeons here."

There were no horses or chariots in the street, but there were handcarts and porters carrying packets on their heads, and a good many of the people were riding on what looked like elephants, only they were hairy and they had not that mild expression we are accustomed to meet on the faces of the elephants at the Zoo.

"Mammoths!" murmured the learned gentleman, and stumbled over a loose stone.

The people in the streets kept crowding round them as they went along, but the captain always dispersed the crowd before it grew uncomfortably thick by saying:—

"Children of the Sun God and their High

Priest—come to bless the city." And then the people would draw back with a low murmur that sounded like a suppressed cheer.

Many of the buildings were covered with gold, but the gold on the bigger ones was of a different colour, and they had what looked like steeples of burnished silver rising above them.

"Are all these houses real gold?" asked Jane.

"The temples are covered with gold, of course," answered the captain, "but the houses are only orichalcum—it's not quite so expensive."

The learned gentleman, now very pale, stumbled along in a dazed way, repeating, "Orichalcum, orichalcum."

"Don't be frightened," said Anthea. "We can get home in a minute just by holding up the charm. Would you rather go back now? We could easily come some other day without you."

"Oh, no, no," he pleaded, fervently; "let the dream go on—please, please do."

"The High Jijimmy is perhaps weary with his magic journey," said the captain, noticing the blundering walk of the learned gentleman, "and we are yet very far from the great temple, where to-day the Kings make sacrifice."

He stopped at the gate of a great enclosure. It seemed to be a sort of park, for trees showed high above its brazen wall.

The party waited, and almost at once the captain came back with one of the hairy elephants and begged them to mount.

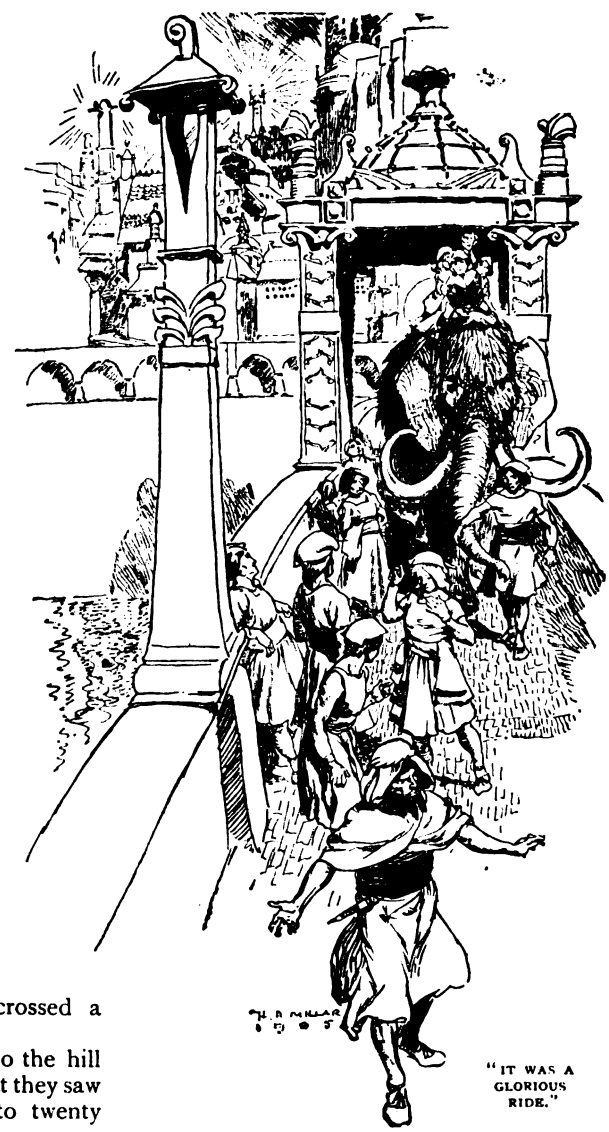
This they did.

It was a glorious ride. The elephant at the Zoo—to ride on him is also glorious, but he goes such a very little way, and then he goes back again, which is always dull. But this great hairy beast went on and on and on—along streets and through squares and over bridges. It was a glorious city; almost everything was built of marble, red or white or black. Every now and then the party crossed a bridge.

It was not till they had climbed to the hill which was the centre of the town that they saw that the whole city was divided into twenty circles, alternately land and water, and over each of the water circles were the bridges by which they had come.

And now they were in a great square. One vast building filled up one side of it; it was overlaid with gold and had a dome of silver. The rest of the buildings round the square were of orichalcum. And it looked more splendid than you can possibly imagine, standing up bold and shining in the sunlight.

"You would like a bath," said the captain, as the hairy elephant went clumsily down on his knees. "It's customary, you know, before entering the Presence. We have baths, for men, women, horses, and cattle. The



"IT WAS A GLORIOUS RIDE."

high-class baths are here. Our father, Poseidon, gave us a spring of hot water and one of cold."

The children had never before bathed in baths of gold.

"It feels very splendid," said Cyril, splashing.

"At least, of course, it's not gold; it's ori what's its name," said Robert. "Hand over that towel."

The bathing-hall had several great pools sunk below the level of the floor; one went down to them by steps.

"Jimmy," said Anthea, timidly, when, very clean and boiled-looking, they all met in the flowery courtyard of the public baths, "don't you think all this seems much more like *now* than Babylon or Egypt? Oh, I forgot you've never been there."

"I know a little of those nations, however," said he, "and I quite agree with you. A most discerning remark—my dear," he added, awkwardly; "this city certainly seems to indicate a far higher level of civilization than the Egyptian or Babylonish, and——"

"Follow me," said the captain. "Now, boys, get out of the way." He pushed through a little crowd of boys who were playing with dried chestnuts fastened to a string.

"Ginger!" remarked Robert; "they're playing conkers, just like the kids in the Kentish Town Road."

They could see now that three walls surrounded the island on which they were. The outermost wall was of brass, the captain told them; the next, which looked like silver, was covered with tin; and the innermost one was of orichalcum.

And right in the middle was a wall of gold, with golden towers and gates.

"Behold the Temple of Poseidon," said the captain. "It is not lawful for me to enter; I will await your return here."

He told them what they ought to say, and the five people from Fitzroy Street took hands and went forward. The golden gates slowly opened.

"We are the Children of the Sun," said Cyril, as he had been told, "and our High Priest—at least, that's what the captain calls him. We have a different name for him at home."

"What is his name?" asked a white-robed man who stood in the doorway with his arms extended.

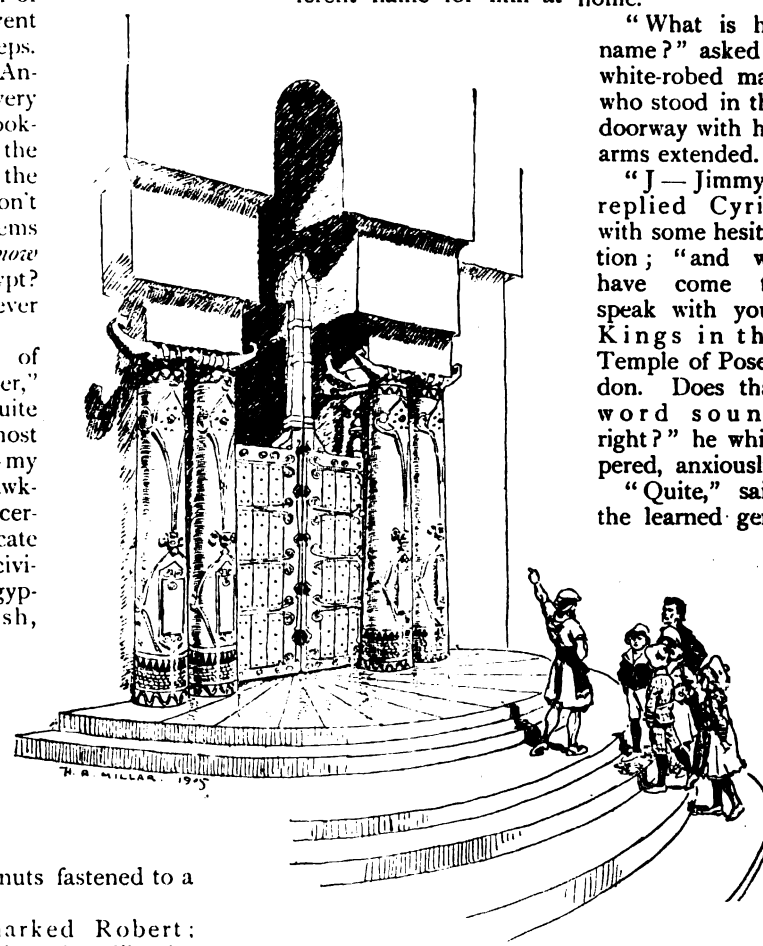
"J—Jimmy," replied Cyril, with some hesitation; "and we have come to speak with your Kings in the Temple of Poseidon. Does that word sound right?" he whispered, anxiously.

"Quite," said the learned gentleman. "It's odd I can understand what you say to them, but not what they say to you."

"The Queen of Babylon found that too," said Cyril; "it's part of the magic."

"Oh, what a dream!" said the learned gentleman.

The white-robed priest had been joined by others, and all were bowing low.



"'BEHOLD THE TEMPLE OF POSEIDON,' SAID THE CAPTAIN."

"Enter," he said; "enter, Children of the Sun, with your High Jijimmy."

In an inner courtyard stood the temple, all of silver, with gold pinnacles and doors, and twenty enormous statues of bright gold of men and women. Also an immense pillar of the other precious yellow metal.

They went through the doors, and the priest led them up a stair into a gallery, from which they could look down on to the glorious place.

"The ten Kings are even now choosing the bull. It is not lawful for me to behold," said the priest, and fell face downward on the floor outside the gallery. The children looked down.

The roof was of ivory adorned with the three precious metals, and the walls were lined with the favourite orichalcum.

At the far end of the temple was a statue group, the like of which no one living has ever seen.

It was of gold, and the head of the chief figure reached to the roof. That figure was Poseidon, the father of the city. He stood in a great chariot drawn by six enormous horses, and round about it were a hundred mermaids riding on dolphins.

Ten men, splendidly dressed, and armed only with sticks and ropes, were trying to capture one of some fifteen bulls which ran this way and that about the floor of the temple. The children held their breath, for the bulls looked dangerous, and the great horned heads were swinging more and more wildly.

Anthea did not like looking at the bulls. She looked about the gallery and noticed that another staircase led up from it to a still higher story; also that a door led out into the open air to what seemed to be a balcony.

So that when a shout went up and Robert whispered, "Got him," and she looked down and saw the herd of bulls being driven out of the temple by whips, and the ten Kings following, one of them spurring with his stick a black bull that writhed and fought in the grip of a lasso, she answered the boy's agitated "Now we sha'n't see anything more," with:—

"Yes, we can; there's an outside balcony."

But very soon the girls crept back.

"I don't like sacrifices," Jane said. So she and Anthea went and talked to the priest, who was no longer lying on his face, but sitting on the top step mopping his forehead with his robe, for it was a hot day.

"It's a special sacrifice," he said; "usually it's only done on the justice days every five years and six years alternately. And then they drink the cup of wine with some of the bull's blood in it and swear to judge truly. And they wear the sacred blue robe, and put out all the temple fires. But this to-day is because the city's so upset by the odd noises from the sea and the god inside the big mountain speaking with his thunder voice. But all that's happened so often before. If anything could make *me* uneasy it wouldn't be *that*."

"What would it be?" asked Jane, kindly.

"It would be the Lemmings."

"Who are they—enemies?"

"They're a sort of rat, and every year they come swimming over from the country that no man knows, and stay here awhile and then swim away. This year they haven't come. You know rats won't stay on a ship that's going to be wrecked. If anything horrible were going to happen to us it's my belief those Lemmings would know, and that may be why they've fought shy of us."

"What do you call this country?" asked the psammead, suddenly putting its head out of its bag.

"'WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS COUNTRY?' ASKED THE PSAMMEAD."

"Atlantis," said the priest.

"Then I advise you to get on to the highest ground you can find. I remember hearing something about a flood here. Look here, you"—it turned to Anthea—"let's get home. The prospect's too wet for my whiskers."

The girls obediently went to find their brothers, who were leaning on the balcony.

"Where's Jimmy?" asked Anthea.

"There he is—below," said the priest, who had come with them. "Your High Jijimmy is with the Kings."

The ten Kings were no longer alone. The learned gentleman—no one had noticed how he got there—stood with them on the steps of an altar on which lay the dead body of the black bull.

All the rest of the courtyard was thick with people, seemingly of all classes, and all were shouting: "The sea—the sea!"

"Be calm," said the most kingly of the Kings, he who had lassoed the bull. "Our town is strong against the thunders of the sea and of the sky!"

"I want to go home," whined the psammead.

"We can't go without *him*," said Anthea, firmly. "Jimmy!" she called, "Jimmy!" and waved to him. He heard her, and began to make his way towards her through the crowd.

They could see from the balcony the sea captain edging his way out from among the people. And his face was dead white, like paper.

"To the hills!" he cried, in a loud and terrible voice. And above his voice came another voice, louder, more terrible — the voice of the sea.

The girls looked seaward.

Across the smooth distance of the sea something huge and black rolled towards the town. It was a wave, but a wave a hundred feet in height, a wave that looked like a mountain—a wave rising higher and higher till suddenly it seemed to break in two—one-half of it rushed out to sea again; the other——

"Oh!" cried Anthea, "the town—the poor people."

"It's all thousands of years ago, really," said Robert, but his voice trembled. They all hid their eyes for a moment. They could not bear to look down, for the wave had broken on the face of the town, sweeping over the quays and docks, overwhelming the great storehouses and factories, tearing gigantic stones from forts and bridges, and using them as battering-rams against temples. Great ships were swept over the roofs of the

"THEY ALL HID THEIR EYES FOR A MOMENT."

houses and dashed down half-way up the hill among ruined gardens and broken buildings. The water ground them to powder on the metal roofs of palaces.

Then the wave swept back towards the sea.

"I want to go home," cried the psammead, fiercely.

"Oh, yes, yes," said Jane, and the boys were ready, but the learned gentleman had not come.

Then suddenly they heard him dash up to the inner gallery, crying :—

"I *must* see the end of the dream." He rushed up the higher flight. The others followed him. They found themselves in a sort of turret-roof, but open to the air at the sides.

The learned gentleman was leaning on the parapet, and as they rejoined him the vast wave rushed back on the town. This time it rose higher—destroyed more.

"Come home," cried the psammead; "*that's* the *last!*"

"Oh, come!" cried Jane, holding up the amulet.

"I *will* see the end of the dream," cried the learned gentleman.

"You'll never see anything else if you do," said Cyril.

"Oh, *Jimmy!*" appealed Anthea. "I'll *never* bring you out again!"

"You'll never have the chance if you don't go soon," said the psammead.

"I *will* see the end of the dream," said the learned gentleman, obstinately.

The hills around were black with people fleeing from the villages to the mountains. And even as they fled, thin smoke broke from the great white peak and then a faint flash of flame. Then the volcano began to throw up its mysterious fiery inside parts. The earth trembled; ashes and sulphur showered down; a rain of fine pumice-stone fell like snow on all the dry land. The elephants from the forests rushed up towards the peaks; great lizards, thirty yards long, broke from the mountain pools and rushed down towards the sea. The snows melted and rushed down, first in avalanches, then in roaring torrents. Great rocks cast up by the volcano fell splashing in the sea miles away.

"Oh, this is horrible!" said Anthea. "Come home, come home."

"The end of the dream," gasped the learned gentleman.

"Hold up the amulet!" cried the psammead, suddenly. The place where they stood was now crowded with men and women, and the children were strained tight against the parapet. The turret rocked and swayed; the wave had reached the golden wall.

Jane held up the amulet.

"Now," cried the psammead, "say the word!"

And as Jane said it the psammead leaped from its bag and bit the right hand of the learned gentleman.

At the same moment the boys pushed him through the arch, and all followed him.

He turned to look back, and through the arch he saw only a waste of waters with above it only the peak of the terrible mountain with fire raging from it.

He staggered back to his chair.

"What a ghastly dream!" he gasped. "Oh, you're here, my—er—dears. Can I do anything for you?"

"You've hurt your hand," said Anthea, gently; "let me bind it up."

The hand was, indeed, bleeding rather badly.

The psammead had crept back to its bag. All the children were very white.

"Never again," said the psammead, later on, "will I go into the Past with a grown-up person! I will say for you four you do as you're told."

"We didn't even find the amulet," said Anthea, later still.

"Of course you didn't; it wasn't there. Only the stone it was made of was there. It fell on to a ship miles away that managed to escape and got to Egypt. *I* could have told you that."

"I wish you had," said Anthea; and her voice was still rather shaky. "Why didn't you?"

"You never asked me," said the psammead, sulkily. "I'm not the sort of chap to go shoving my oar in where it's not wanted."

"Mr. Jijimmy's friend will have something worth-having to put in his book now," said Cyril, very much later indeed.

"Not he," said Robert, sleepily. "The learned Jijimmy will think it's a dream, and it's ten to one he never tells the other chap a word about it at all."

Robert was quite right on both questions. The learned gentleman did. And he never did.

(To be continued.)

Curiosities.

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[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

ADVERTISING IN JAPAN.

"This gigantic bottle consists of several thousand bottles—empty, I need hardly state—of Yabashi beer (Japanese) hung on a framework, the whole making a very creditable likeness to a large bottle of this beer. Its height is about sixty or seventy feet, and an idea of its size can be gathered from the Korean walking past. It is in the Japanese quarter of Seoul, Korea, and shows the gigantic strides Japan is making towards the civilization of Korea."—Captain G. C. Jennings, Royal Fusiliers, Peking.

A ROYAL CASTLE OF SURPRISES.

"The Castle, of Weesenstein, which belongs to the King of Saxony, is probably one of the most curious and romantic of Royal dwelling-places in Europe. It is a place of surprises and topsy-turveydom. You cross a viaduct, enter the third floor, and behold you find yourself in the stables. There can certainly not be many palaces where the horses are located upstairs, and, but for the exceeding thickness of the walls and floor, they would certainly not be very pleasant neighbours, especially to the occupants of the saloons below. You pass on through long corridors, up winding stairs, till you reach the fifth floor, where a further surprise awaits you, for in the attics you find the castle chapel and the ice cellar. The castle is of great antiquity, and some of the rooms might almost date from troglodyte times, for they are hewn out of the solid rock on which the castle stands. There are all sorts of secret rooms, doubtless the scene of many a strange drama in the Middle Ages, and inexplicable little turrets project at the most unexpected places. The castle is situated in the Müglitz Valley, in a district of singular beauty."—Mrs. H. Vivian, The Pleasaunce, Woking.

WHEN IS AN ELEPHANT NOT AN ELEPHANT?

"When he is made up of two clever acrobats 'rigged up' to resemble that noble animal. The photograph reproduced was taken at the Barnum and Bailey show whilst the 'elephant' was tight-rope walking and paused for a moment to scratch his front leg with the hind one."—Photo. by Mr. F. G. Wright, 29, Columbia East, Detroit, Mich.

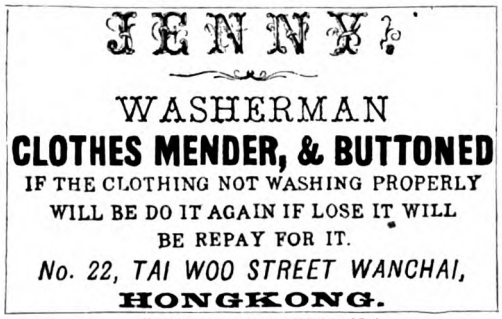
LANDSCAPES IN MINIATURE.

"The above photographs were both taken on an ordinary tea-tray. The materials for the sea-scape comprised a few pieces of stone, with some bird-sand strewn round them, while water poured into the tray forms the 'sea.' The sky is made by standing a piece of card at the back and roughly sketching thereon a distant sail. The desert scene, 'Water in sight,' is made with bird-sand and a cardboard sky. The 'palms' are bits of asparagus fern on twigs, and the Arab and his dead steed are roughly modelled in clay."—Mr. Perry Barringer, 3, Palmer Crescent, Kingston-on-Thames.

there's an old marine store, and a great black doll hangs out of the door.'"—Mr. Frank Lovett, 41, Outram Road, Croydon.

A DOLL SIGN.

"In many parts of France, and in some places in this country, may still be seen this quaint doll sign of the dealer in rags and bones. The doll consists of a portion of the large leg-bone of a cow dressed in a bundle of rags, and, as can well be imagined, the doll soon becomes black and dirty. This sign is mentioned in 'Hamilton Tighe,' Ingoldsby: 'In Ratcliff Highway

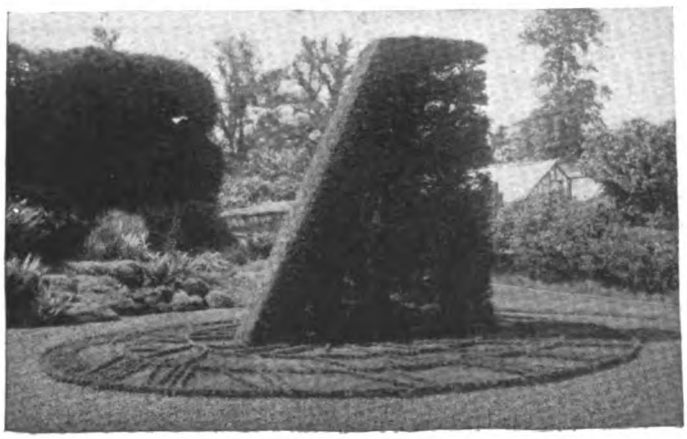


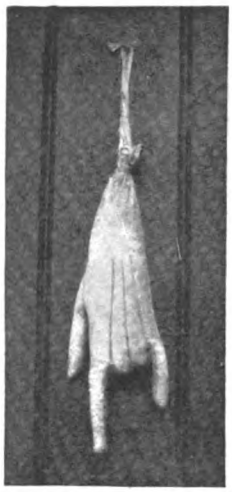
"JENNY WASHERMAN."

"No sooner does a man-of-war drop anchor in a Chinese port than dozens of native washermen flock aboard in quest of 'sailorman's washee,' to secure which competition is very keen amongst them. The above card was handed to me by one of them at Hong Kong whilst I was serving on H.M.S. *Albion*."—Sgt. A. Berry, R.M.A., Eastney Barracks, Portsmouth.

A GROWING SUNDIAL.

In the grounds of Wentworth Castle is to be seen a very unique and ancient sundial. The Roman figures are formed of closely-cropped box borderings, while a well-trimmed yew tree, twelve feet high, forms the pin of the dial. The date on which it was planted, namely—March, 1732—forms a prominent feature, being marked by box borderings similar to the Roman figures. Its time-keeping qualities compare very favourably with sundials of more modern construction.



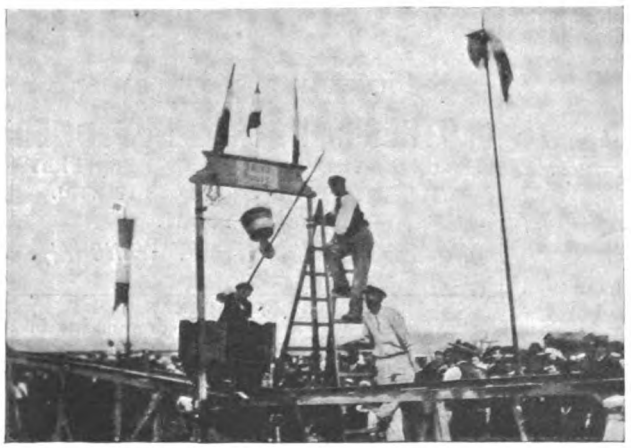


AN EVIL-EYE CHARM.

"This peculiar charm consists of a kid glove stuffed with wool, and having the central fingers sewn down to the palm, leaving the other two extended. This is a well-known manual sign against the evil eye, especially in Naples, where this charm was found fixed to the outside of the door of a poor shop to protect the inmates from harm."—Mr. Frank Lovett, 41, Outram Road, Croydon.

"TILTING THE BUCKET."

"This snap-shot of 'tilting the bucket' was taken at St. Malo, by Yeo, Dorking. The competitors, mostly boys, travel at a fast rate in a truck on rails down a slope, and tilt at a pail of water suspended above, the endeavour being to thrust the pole through a hole in the piece of wood fastened beneath the pail. Non-success means a good wetting



and the consequent delight of the crowd. The writer, having only one plate available, wished to get a snap-shot of the usual deluge which accompanied the attempt. Curiously enough, the photograph happened to be one of the rare cases in which the competitor was successful, and he is shown with the pole passing through the wood. The men on the ladder are there for the purpose of refilling the pail."—Mr. Wm. C. Sharman, 20, Woodwarde Road, East Dulwich.

A UNIQUE FIRE ALARM.

"The next picture is from a photograph of what seemed to me a unique fire alarm which I found in the little town of Bethel, Connecticut. It consists of the tyre from the driving-wheel of a locomotive, suspended by a chain. It is 'rung' by means of a strong man and

a sledge-hammer."—Mr. A. W. Rideout, Sudbury Building, Boston, Mass.

THE HAVOC OF RIFLE BULLETS.

"The snap-shot below was taken while the 63rd Batt. Halifax Rifles (one of our Militia regiments) was in camp at Bedford Range, near Halifax. It tends to show the effect of rifle fire, as the hole through which the men are looking was caused by the woodwork being riddled by bullets. This is a three-inch spruce plank fence at the rear of the targets, and was newly placed there this spring. You will also notice that the bullets have not only riddled the fence but have also shattered a six-inch beam as well. No firing is done on this range closer than two hundred yards."—Mr. George H. Connolly, P.O. Box 176, Halifax, N.S., Canada.

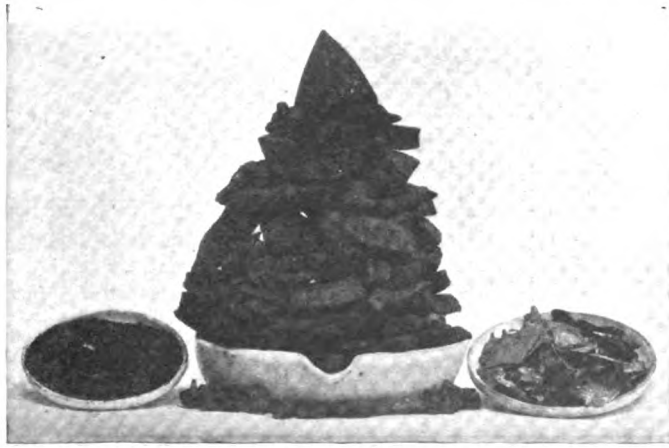
AN ACROBATIC GUN.

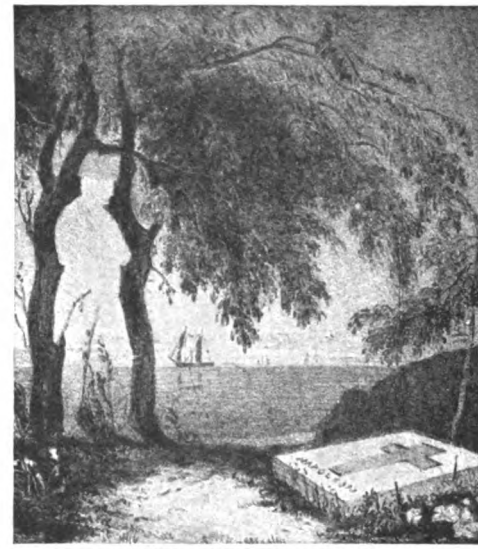
"I send you a snap-shot, taken at Gibraltar, which shows a 12·5-inch muzzle-loading gun of thirty-eight tons being thrown into the sea from the parapet, a distance of about one hundred and fifty feet. The photograph was taken just as the gun struck a projection of rock about fifty feet from the top, which it carried completely away, the photograph showing

the lumps of rock and dust flying about. It again struck the rock at the bottom and, in spite of its weight, bounced like a football into the air some thirty feet and took the water, muzzle first, just like a man diving."—Gunner G. Spicer, No. 1 Company, R.G.A., Fort Tigne, Gibraltar.

THE POWER OF MODERN AMMUNITION.

"The fragments and powder piled in the dishes shown in this picture resemble pieces of stone, but they are entirely of steel, the powder in the dish on the left also being of steel particles. The fragments and dust were what remained of a shell after being discharged from a cannon and exploded. They illustrate the enormous power of modern ammunition."—Mr. D. Allen Willey, Baltimore.





PUZZLE—FIND NAPOLEON.

"I send you a small engraving which was popular at the time of Napoleon's death. You will see the motive by looking at the space between the two tree trunks. The picture is purposely designed to form the figure of Napoleon contemplating his tomb."—Miss Mary Craven, 50, Park Mansions, Knightsbridge.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

"The goggles shown in the above photograph are ninety years old, and belonged to my great-grandfather. They were used by him in the coaching days. The pair of goggles on the man's face are made of leather, tin, and glass, and are fastened to the head by a tape. Small holes are pierced in the tin for ventilation, and are peculiar for bearing a wonderful resemblance to some of the motor goggles of the present day. The other pair are made of wire and wire gauze (the latter concave in shape), and are also fastened with tape; looking through them gives a most restful effect, like smoked glasses. Strangely enough, though the eye cannot be seen through them by anyone facing the wearer, yet the camera shows the eye very distinctly."—Mr. V. Woodhouse, Ederline, Roehampton.

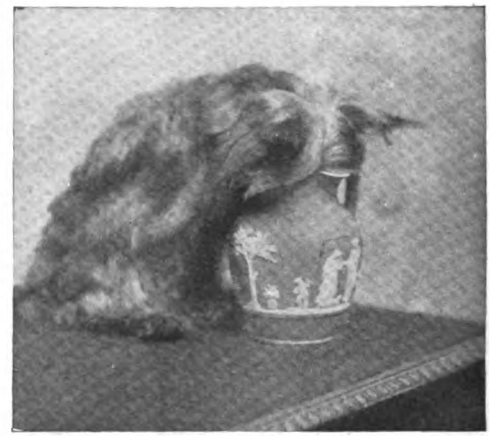
A HORNED ROOSTER.

"I send you a photograph of the only horned rooster known to the poultry dealers of this country. The strange fowl was brought to America from Port Limon, Costa Rica, where it was hatched. It was regarded as an object of awe by the natives there, who looked upon it as something supernatural. The

bird was secured by a sea captain and brought here, where it was sold for a large sum of money. The horns appear to be of the same material as the ordinary rooster's spurs. The bird has no sign of spurs on its legs."—Mr. George J. Flournoy, City editor *Mobile Item*, Mobile, Ala."

THE "HYDROPHODROGON."

"The sign shown here is at the entrance to a meadow and at once catches the eye. The farmer lost so many eggs and chicks one year that he tried the above by way of experiment, and finds that it works admirably, frightening the would-be thieves. He said the word is spelled wrongly, that it should be 'Hydrophodrogon'—water-eater—another name for the common or farmyard drake, a bird that is, of course, anything but ferocious."—Mr. Robert S. Paterson, 30, High Street, East Grinstead, Sussex.



CANINE ECCENTRICITY.

"My photograph shows a valuable Yorkshire terrier, which cost twenty pounds, in an extraordinary and unaccountable attitude which he has never been taught to assume. After whining excitedly, and edging round and round an empty jug or any open vessel, he thrusts his head within and will sit in that position for an hour or more, and strongly protests against being removed. Can any dog expert explain the reason for this curious habit?"—Miss H. Pennington, Stonecroft, Dorking.

A WAGGISH BOOTBLACK.

"The snap-shot I send you is a portrait of an old shoeblack I photographed recently in Switzerland. He sits all day in the streets of Territet, and causes endless amusement to the pedestrians by what is written on his blacking-box."—Miss Olive Ruffer, Ribblesdale, Crystal Palace Park, Sydenham.

"WITH NEITHER SADDLE NOR STIRRUPS TO HELP HIM, AND THE BEAST RAMPING AND REARING LIKE A MAD THING BENEATH HIM, HE WAS HARD PRESSED TO HOLD HIS OWN."

(*See page* 615.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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SIR NIGEL.

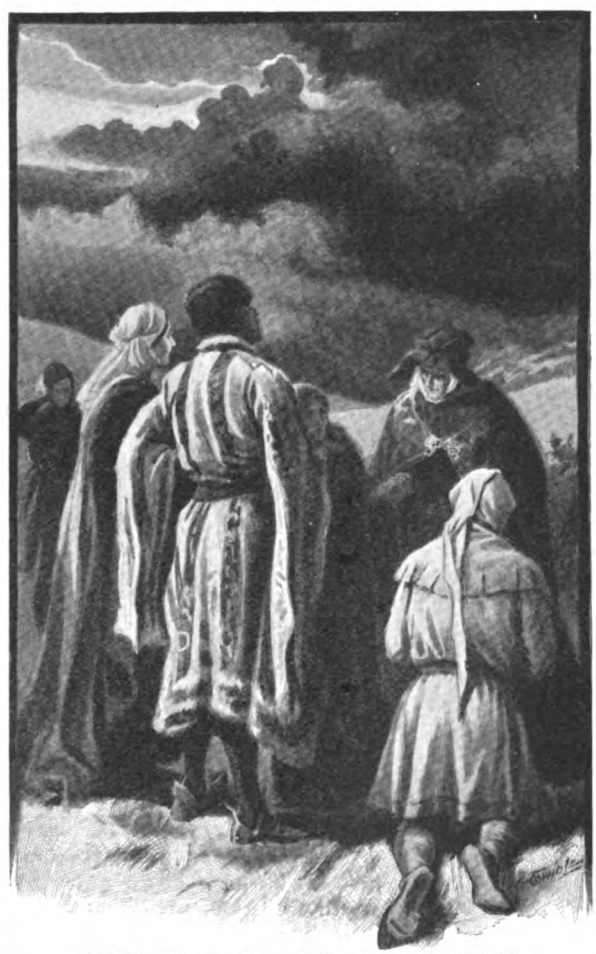
By A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE HOUSE OF LORING.

IN the month of July of the year 1348, between the feasts of St. Benedict and of St. Swithin, a strange thing came upon England, for out of the east there drifted a monstrous cloud, purple and piled, heavy with evil, climbing slowly up the hushed heaven. In the shadow of that strange cloud the leaves drooped in the trees, the birds ceased their calling, and the cattle and the sheep gathered cowering under the hedges. A gloom fell upon all the land, and men stood with their eyes upon the strange cloud and a heaviness upon their hearts. They crept into the churches, where the trembling people were blessed and shriven by the trembling priests. Outside no bird flew, and there came no rustling from the woods, nor any of the homely sounds of Nature. All was still, and nothing moved save only the great cloud which rolled up and onwards with fold on fold from the black horizon. To the west was the bright summer sky, to the east this brooding cloud-bank, creeping ever slowly across, until the last thin blue gleam faded away and the whole vast sweep of the heavens was one great leaden arch.

Then the rain began to fall. All day it rained, and all the night, and all the week, and all the month, until folk had forgotten the blue heavens and the gleam of the sunshine. It was not heavy, but it was steady and cold and unceasing, so that the people were weary of its hissing and its splashing, with the slow drip from the eaves. Always the same thick evil cloud flowed from east to west with the rain beneath it. None could see for more than a bowshot from their dwellings for the drifting veil of the rainstorms. Every morning the folk looked upwards for a break, but their eyes rested always upon the same endless cloud, until at last they ceased to look up, and their hearts despaired of ever seeing the change. It was raining at Lammastide and raining at the Feast of the Nativity, and still raining at Michaelmas. The crops and the hay, sodden and black, had rotted in the fields, for they were not worth the garnering. The sheep had died and the calves also, so there was little to kill when



"MEN STOOD WITH EYES UPON THE STRANGE CLOUD."

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Martinmas came and it was time to salt the meat for the winter. They feared a famine, but it was worse than famine which was in store for them.

For the rain had ceased at last, and a sickly autumn sun shone upon a land which was soaked and sodden with water. Wet and rotten leaves reeked and festered under the foul haze which rose from the woods. The fields were spotted with monstrous fungi of a size and colour never matched before—scarlet, and mauve, and liver, and black. It was as though the sick earth had burst into foul pustules; mildew and lichen mottled the walls, and with that filthy crop Death sprang also from the water-soaked earth. Men died and women and children, the baron in the castle, the franklin on the farm, the monk in the abbey, and the villein in his wattle-and-daub cottage. All breathed the same polluted reek and all died the same death of corruption. Of those who were stricken none recovered, and the illness was ever the same—gross boils, raving, and the black blotches which gave its name to the disease. All through the winter the dead rotted by the wayside for want of someone to bury them. In many a village no single man was left alive. Then at last the spring came, with sunshine and health and lightness and laughter—the greenest, sweetest, tenderest spring that England had ever known—but only half of England could know it. The other half had passed away with the great purple cloud.

Yet it was there, in the steam of death, in the reek of corruption, that the brighter and freer England was born. There, in that dark hour, the first streak of the new dawn was seen. For in no way, save by a great upheaval and change, could the nation break away from the iron feudal system which held her limbs. But now it was a new country which came out from that year of death. The barons were dead in swathes. No high turret nor cunning moat could keep out that black commoner who struck them down. Oppressive laws slackened for want of those who could enforce them, and, once slackened, could never be enforced again. The labourer would be a slave no longer. The bondsman snapped his shackles. There was much to do, and few left to do it. Therefore the few should be free men, name their own price, and work where and for whom they would. It was the Black Death which cleared the way for that great rising thirty years later, which left the English peasant the freest of his class in Europe.

But there were few so far-sighted that they could see that here as ever good was coming out of evil. At the moment misery and ruin were brought into every family. The dead cattle, the ungarnered crops, the untilled lands—every spring of wealth had dried up at the same moment. Those who were rich became poor, but those who were poor already, and especially those who were poor with the burden of gentility upon their shoulders, found themselves in a perilous state. All through England the smaller gentry were ruined, for they had no trade save war, and they drew their living from the work of others. On many a manor-house there came evil times, and on none more than on the manor of Tilford, where for many generations the noble family of the Lorings had held their home.

There was a time when the Lorings had held the country from the North Downs to the lakes of Frensham, and when their grim castle-keep, rising above the green meadows which border the river Wey, had been the strongest fortalice betwixt Guildford Castle in the east and Winchester in the west. But there came that Barons' War in which the King used his Saxon subjects as a whip with which to scourge his Norman barons, and Castle Loring, like so many other great strongholds, was swept from the face of the land. From that time the Lorings, with estates sadly curtailed, lived in what had been the dower-house, with enough left them to ensure a rude plenty, but not enough for splendour. And then came their lawsuit with Waverley Abbey, and the Cistercians laid claim to their richest land, with peccary, turbary, and feudal rights over the remainder. It straggled on for years, this great lawsuit, and when it was finished the men of the Church and the men of the law had divided all that was richest of the estate between them. There was still left the old manor-house, from which with each generation there came a soldier to uphold the credit of the name and to show the five scarlet roses on the silver shield where it had always been shown—in the van. There were twelve bronzes in the little chapel where Mathew the priest said mass every morning, all of men of the house of Loring. Two lay with their legs crossed, as being from the Crusades. Six others rested their feet upon lions, as having died in war. Four only lay with the effigy of their hounds to show that they had passed in peace.

Of this famous but impoverished family, doubly impoverished by law and by pesti-

lence, two members were living in the year of grace 1349—Lady Ermyntrude Loring and her grandson Nigel. Lady Ermyntrude's husband had fallen before the Scottish spearmen at Stirling, and her son Eustace, Nigel's father, had found a glorious death nine years before this chronicle opens upon the poop of a Norman galley at the sea-fight of Sluys. The lonely old woman, fierce and brooding like the falcon mewed in her chamber, was soft only towards the lad whom she had brought up. All the tenderness and love of her nature, so hidden from others that they could not imagine their existence, were lavished upon him. She could not bear him away from her, and he, with that respect for authority which the age demanded, would not go without her blessing and consent. So it came about that Nigel, with his lion heart and with the blood of a hundred soldiers thrilling in his veins, still at the age of two-and-twenty wasted the weary days reclaiming his hawks with leash and lure or training the alauns and spaniels who shared with the family the big earthen-floored hall of the manor-house.

"NIGEL WASTED THE WEARY DAYS RECLAIMING HIS HAWKS WITH LEASH AND LURE."

Day by day the aged Lady Ermyntrude had seen him wax in strength and in manhood, small of stature, it is true, but with muscles of steel and a soul of fire. From all parts, from the warden of Guildford Castle, from the tilt-yard of Farnham, tales of his prowess were brought back to her, of his daring as a rider, of his debonair courage, of his skill with all weapons; but still she, who had both husband and son torn from her by a violent death, could not bear that this, the last of the Lorings, the final bud of so famous an old tree, should share the same fate. With a weary heart, but with a smiling face, he bore with his uneventful days, while she would ever put off the evil time until the harvest was better, until the monks of Waverley should give up what they had taken, until his uncle should die and leave money for his outfit, or any other excuse with which she could hold him to her side. And, indeed, there was need for a man at Tilford, for the strife betwixt the Abbey and the manor-house had never been appeased, and still on one pretext or another the monks would clip off yet another slice of their neighbour's land. Over the winding river, across the green meadows, rose the short square tower and the high grey walls of the grim Abbey, with its bell tolling by day and night, a hoarse voice of menace and of dread to the little household. It is in the heart of the great Cistercian monastery that this chronicle of old days must take its start, as we trace the feud betwixt the monks and the house of Loring, with those events to which it gave birth, ending with the coming of Chandos, the strange spear-running of Tilford Bridge, and the three deeds with which Nigel won the wish of his heart. Elsewhere, in the chronicle of "The White Company," it has been set forth what manner of man was Nigel Loring. Those who love him may read herein the things which went to his making. Let us go back, then, together and gaze upon this green stage of England—the scenery,

hill, plain, and river, even as now; the actors in some things our very selves; in others, so changed in thought and act that they might be dwellers in another world.

CHAPTER II.

HOW THE DEVIL CAME TO WAVERLEY.

THE day was the first of May, which was the festival of the blessed Apostles Philip and James. The year was the one thousand three hundred and forty-ninth from man's salvation.

From tierce to sext, and then again from sext to nones, Abbot John of the house of Waverley had been seated in his study whilst he conducted the many high duties of his office. All round for many a mile on every side stretched the fertile and flourishing estate of which he was the master. In the centre lay the broad Abbey buildings, with church and cloisters, hospitium, chapter-house, and frater-house, all buzzing with a busy life. Through the open window came the low hum of the voices of the brethren as they walked in pious converse in the ambulatory below. From across the cloisters there rolled the distant rise and fall of a Gregorian chaunt, where the precentor was hard at work upon the choir; while down in the chapter-house sounded the strident voice of Brother Peter, expounding the rule of St. Bernard to the novices. Abbot John rose to stretch his cramped limbs. He looked out at the green sward of the cloisters and at the graceful line of open Gothic arches which skirted a covered walk for the brethren within. Two and two in their black and white garb, with slow step and heads inclined, they paced round and round. Several of the more studious had brought their illuminating work from the scriptorium, and sat in the warm sunshine with their little platters of pigments and packets of gold leaf before them, their shoulders rounded and their faces sunk low over the white sheets of vellum. There, too, was the copper-worker with his burin and graver. Learning and art were not traditions with the Cistercians as with the parent Order of the Benedictines, and yet the library of Waverley was well filled both with precious books and with pious students. But the true glory of the Cistercian lay in his outdoor work; and so ever and anon there passed

"TWO AND TWO IN THEIR BLACK AND WHITE GARB, WITH SLOW STEP AND HEADS INCLINED, THEY PACED ROUND AND ROUND."

through the cloister some sunburned monk, soiled mattock or shovel in hand, with his gown looped to his knee, fresh from the fields or the garden. The lush green water-meadows speckled with the heavy-fleeced sheep, the acres of cornland reclaimed from heather and bracken, the vineyards on the southern slope of Crooksbury Hill, the rows of Hankley fish-ponds, the Frensham marshes drained and sown with vegetables, the spacious pigeon-cotes, all circled the great Abbey round with the visible labours of the Order.

The Abbot's full and florid face shone with a quiet content as he looked out at his huge but well-ordered household. Like every head of a prosperous Abbey, Abbot John, the fourth of the name, was a man of varied accomplishments. Through his own chosen instruments he had to minister a great estate, and to keep order and decorum among a large body of men living a celibate life. He was a rigid disciplinarian towards all beneath him, a supple diplomatist to all above. He held high debate with neighbouring abbots and lords, with bishops, with Papal legates, and even on occasion with the King's Majesty himself. Many were the subjects with which he must be conversant. Questions of doctrine, questions of building, points of forestry, of agriculture, of drainage, of feudal law, all came to the Abbot for settlement. He held the scales of justice in all the Abbey banlieue, which stretched over many a mile of Hampshire and of Surrey. To the monks his displeasure might mean fasting, exile to some sterner community, or even imprisonment in chains. Over the layman also he could hold any punishment save only corporeal death, instead of which he had in hand the far more dreadful weapon of spiritual excommunication. Such were the powers of the Abbot, and it is no wonder that there were masterful lines in the ruddy features of Abbot John, or that the brethren, glancing up, should put on an even meeker carriage and more demure expression as they saw the watchful face in the window above them.

A knock at the door of his study recalled the Abbot to his immediate duties, and he returned to his desk. Already he had spoken with the cellarer and prior, almoner, chaplain, and lector; but now, in the tall and gaunt monk who obeyed his summons to enter, he recognised the most important, and also the most importunate, of his agents, Brother Samuel the sacrist, whose office, corresponding to that of the layman's bailiff, placed the material interests of the monastery and its dealings with the outer world entirely under his control, subject only to the check of the Abbot. Brother Samuel was a gnarled and stringy old monk whose stern and sharp-featured face reflected no light from above, but only that sordid, workaday world towards which it was for ever turned. A huge book of accounts was tucked under one of his arms, while a great bunch of keys hung from the other hand, a badge of his office, and also, on occasion of impatience, a weapon of offence, as many a scarred head among rustics and lay-brothers could testify.

The Abbot sighed wearily, for he suffered much at the hands of his strenuous agent.

"Well, Brother Samuel, what is your will?" he asked.

"Holy father, I have to report to you that I have sold the wool to Master Baldwin of Winchester at two shillings a bale more than it fetched last year, for the murrain among the sheep has raised the price."

"You have done well, brother."

"I have also to tell you that I have distrained Wat the warrener from his cottage, for his Christmas rent is still unpaid, nor the henrents of last year."

"He has a wife and four children, brother." He was a good, easy man, the Abbot, though liable to be overborne by his sterner subordinate.

"It is true, holy father; but if I should pass him, then how am I to ask the rent of the foresters of Puttenham or the hinds in the village? Such a thing spreads from house to house, and where then is the wealth of Waverley?"

"What else, Brother Samuel?"

"There is the matter of the fish-ponds."

The Abbot's face brightened. It was a subject upon which he was an authority. If the rule of his Order had robbed him of the softer joys of life, he had the keener zest for those which remained.

"How have the char prospered, brother?"

"They have done well, holy father; but the carp have died in the Abbot's pond."

"Carp prosper only upon a gravel bottom. They must be put in also in their due proportion, three milters to one spawner, Brother Sacrist, and the spot must be free from wind, stony and sandy, an ell deep, with willows and grass upon the banks. Mud for tench, brother; gravel for carp."

The sacrist leaned forward, with the face of one who bears tidings of woe.

"There are pike in the Abbot's pond," said he.

"Pike!" cried the Abbot, in horror. "As

well shut up a wolf in our sheep-fold. How came a pike in the pond? There were no pike last year, and a pike does not fall with the rain nor rise in the springs. The pond must be drained, or we shall spend next Lent upon stockfish, and have the brethren down with the great sickness ere Easter Sunday has come to absolve us from our abstinence."

"The pond shall be drained, holy father; I have already ordered it. Then we shall plant pot-herbs on the mud bottom, and, after we have gathered them in, return the fish and water once more from the lower pond, so that they may fatten among the rich stubble."

"Good!" cried the Abbot. "I would have three fish-stews in every well-ordered house—one dry for herbs, one shallow for the fry and the yearlings, and one deep for the breeders and the table fish. But still, I have not heard you say how the pike came in the Abbot's pond."

A spasm of anger passed over the fierce face of the sacrist, and his keys rattled as his bony hand clasped them more tightly.

"Young Nigel Loring," said he. "He swore that he would do us scathe, and in this way he has done it."

"How know you this?"

"Six weeks ago he was seen day by day fishing for pike at the great lake of Frensham. Twice at night he has been met with a bundle of straw under his arm on the Hankley Down. Well I wot that the straw was wet and that a live pike lay within it."

The Abbot shook his head.

"I have heard much of this youth's wild ways; but now, indeed, he has passed all bounds, if what you say be truth. It was bad enough when it was said that he slew the King's deer in Woolmer Chase, or broke the head of Hobbs the chapman, so that he lay for seven days betwixt life and death in our infirmary, saved only by Brother Peter's skill in the pharmacies of herbs; but to put pike in the Abbot's pond—why should he play such a devil's prank?"

"Because he hates the house of Waverley, holy father; because he swears that we hold his father's land."

"In which there is surely some truth."

"But, holy father, we hold no more than the law has allowed."

"True, brother; and yet, between ourselves, we may admit that the heavier purse may weigh down the scales of justice. When I have passed the old house and have seen that aged woman with her ruddled cheeks and her baleful eyes look the curses she dare not speak, I have many a time wished that we had other neighbours."

"That we can soon bring about, holy father. Indeed, it is of it that I wished to speak to you. Nothing is more easy than for us to drive them from the countryside. There are thirty years' claims of escuage unsettled, and there is Serjeant Wilkins, the lawyer of Guildford, whom I will warrant to draw up such arrears of dues and rents and issues with suits of hidage and fodder-corn that these folk, who are as beggarly as they are proud, will have to sell the roof-tree over them ere they can meet them. Within three days I will have them at our mercy."

"They are an ancient family and of good repute. I would not treat them too harshly, brother."

"Bethink you of the pike in the carp pond!"

The Abbot hardened his heart at the thought. "It was indeed a devil's deed, when we had but newly stocked it with char and with carp. Well, well, the law is the law, and if you can use it to their hurt it is still lawful so to do. Have these claims been advanced?"

"Deacon the bailiff, with his two varlets, went down to the Hall yesternight on the matter of the escuage, and came screaming back with this young hothead raging at their heels. He is small and slight, yet he has the strength of many men in the hour of his wrath. The bailiff swears that he will go no more, save with half a score of archers to uphold him."

The Abbot was red with anger at this new offence.

"I will teach him that the servants of Holy Church, even though we of the rule of St. Bernard be the lowliest and humblest of her children, can still defend their own against the froward and the violent. Go, cite this man before the Abbey Court. Let him appear in the chapter-house after tierce to-morrow."

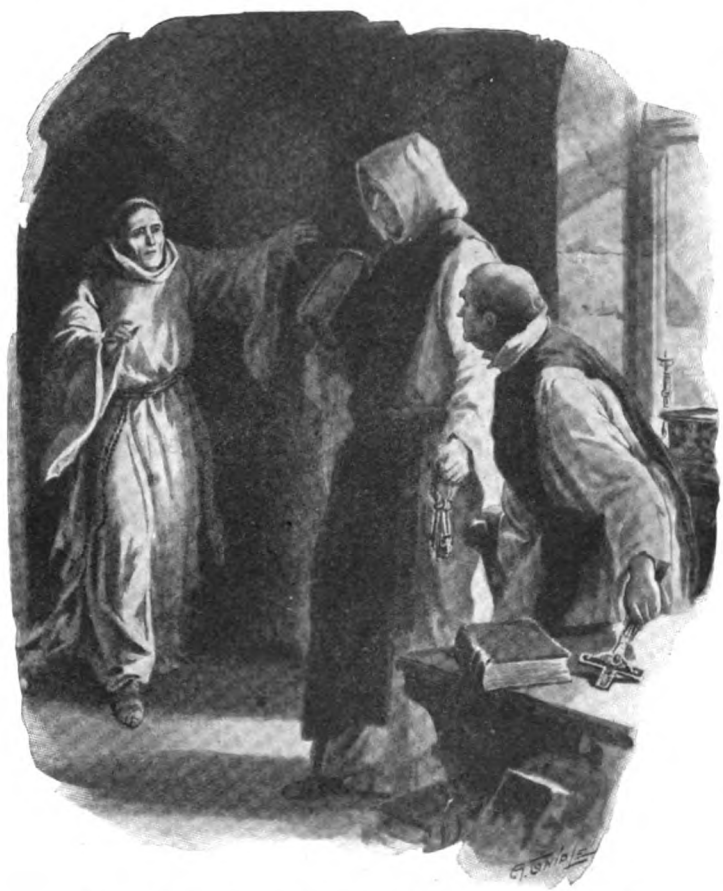
But the wary sacrist shook his head.

"Nay, holy father, the times are not yet ripe. Give me three days, I pray you, that my case against him may be complete. Bear in mind that the father and the grandfather of this unruly squire were both famous men of their day, and the foremost knights in the King's own service, living in high honour and dying in their knightly duty. The Lady Ermyntrude Loring was first lady to the King's mother. Roger FitzAlan of Farnham and Sir Hugh Walcott of Guildford Castle were each old comrades in arms of Nigel's

father, and sib to him on the distaff side. Already there has been talk that we have dealt harshly with them. Therefore my rede is that we be wise and wary and wait until his cup be indeed full."

The Abbot had opened his mouth to reply when the consultation was interrupted by a most unwonted buzz of excitement from amongst the monks in the cloister below. Questions and answers, in excited voices, sounded from one side of the ambulatory to the other. Sacrist and Abbot were gazing at each other in amazement at such a breach of the discipline and decorum of their well-trained flock, when there came a swift step upon the stair, and a white-faced brother flung open the door and rushed into the room.

"Father Abbot!" he cried. "Alas! alas! Brother John is dead, and the holy sub-prior is dead, and the devil is loose in the five-virgate field."



"A WHITE-FACED BROTHER FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR AND RUSHED INTO THE ROOM."

CHAPTER III.

THE YELLOW HORSE OF CROOKSBURY.

In those simple times there was a great wonder and mystery in life. Man walked in fear and solemnity, with heaven very close above his head and hell below his very feet. God's visible hand was everywhere, in the rainbow and the comet, in the thunder and the wind. The devil, too, raged openly upon the earth, he skulked behind the hedgerows in the gloaming, he laughed loudly in the night time, he clawed the dying sinner, pounced on the unbaptized babe, and twisted the limbs of the epileptic. A foul fiend slunk ever by a man's side and whispered villainies in his ear, while above him there hovered an angel of grace who pointed to the steep and narrow track. How could one doubt these things, when Pope and priest and scholar and King were all united in believing them, with no single voice of question in the whole wide world?

Every book read, every picture seen, every tale heard from nurse or mother all taught the same lesson. And as a man travelled through the world his faith would grow the firmer, for go where he would there were the endless shrines of the saints, each with its holy relic in the centre, and around it the tradition of incessant miracles, with stacks of deserted crutches and silver votive hearts to prove them. At every turn he was made to feel how thin was the veil, and how easily rent, which screened him from the awful denizens of the unseen world.

Hence the wild announcement of the frightened monk seemed terrible rather than incredible to those whom he addressed. The Abbot's ruddy face paled for a moment, it

is true, but he plucked the crucifix from his desk and rose valiantly to his feet.

"Lead me to him," said he; "show me the foul fiend who dares to lay his grip upon brethren of the holy house of St. Bernard. Run down to my chaplain, brother! Bid him bring the exorcist with him, and also the blessed box of relics, and the bones of St. James from under the altar! With these and a contrite and humble heart we may show front to all the powers of darkness."

But the sacrist was of a more critical turn of mind. He clutched the monk's arm with a grip which left its five purple spots for many a day to come.

"Is this the way to enter the Abbot's own chamber, without knock or reverence or so much as a 'Pax vobiscum'?" said he, sternly. "You were wont to be our gentlest novice, of lowly carriage in chapter, devout in psalmody, and strict in the cloister. Pull your wits together and answer me straightly. In what form has the foul fiend appeared, and how has he done this grievous scathe to our brethren? Have you seen him with your own eyes, or do you repeat from hearsay? Speak, man, or you stand on the penance stool in the chapter-house this very hour."

Thus adjured, the frightened monk grew calmer in his bearing, though his white lips and his startled eyes, with the gasping of his breath, told of his inward tremors.

"If it please you, holy father, and you, reverend sacrist, it came about in this way. James, the sub-prior, and Brother John and I had spent our day from sext onwards on Hankley cutting bracken for the cow-houses. We were coming back over the five-virgate field, and the holy sub-prior was telling us a saintly tale from the life of St. Gregory, when there came a sudden sound like a rushing torrent, and the foul fiend sprang over the high wall which skirts the water-meadow and rushed upon us with the speed of the wind. The lay-brother he struck to the ground and trampled into the mire. Then, seizing the good sub-prior in his teeth, he rushed round the field, swinging him as though he were a fardel of old clothes. Amazed at such a sight I stood without movement, and had said a credo and three aves when the devil dropped the sub-prior and sprang upon me. With the help of St. Bernard I clambered over the wall, but not before his teeth had found my leg and he had torn away the whole back skirt of my gown."

As he spoke he turned and gave corroboration to his story by the hanging ruins of his long trailing garment.

"THE HOLY SUB-PRIOR WAS TELLING US A SAINTLY TALE FROM THE LIFE OF ST. GREGORY."

"In what shape, then, did Satan appear?" the Abbot demanded.

"As a great yellow horse, holy father—a monster horse, with eyes of fire and the teeth of a griffin."

"A yellow horse!" The sacrist glared at the scared monk. "You foolish brother!

how will you behave when you have indeed to face the King of Terrors himself, if you can be so frighted by the sight of a yellow horse? It is the horse of Franklin Aylward, my father, which has been distrained by us because he owes the Abbey fifty good shillings, and can never hope to pay it. Such a horse, they say, is not to be found betwixt this and the King's stables at Windsor, for his sire was a Spanish destrier and his dam an Arab mare of the very breed which Saladin, whose soul now reeks in torment, kept for his own use, and even, it has been said, under the shelter of his own tent. I took him in discharge of the debt, and I ordered the varlets who had haltered him to leave him alone in the water-meadow, for I had heard that the beast has indeed a most evil spirit, and has killed more men than one."

"It was an ill day for Waverley that you brought such a monster within its bounds," said the Abbot. "If the sub-prior and Brother John be indeed dead, then it would seem that if the horse be not the devil he is at least the devil's instrument."

"Horse or devil, holy father, I heard him shout with joy as he trampled upon Brother John, and had you seen him tossing the sub-prior as a dog shakes a rat you would perchance have felt even as I did."

"Come, then," cried the Abbot, "let us see with our own eyes what evil has been done"; and the three monks hurried down the stair which led to the cloisters.

They had no sooner descended, however, than their more pressing fears were set at rest, for at that very moment, limping, dishevelled, and mud-stained, the two sufferers were being led in amid a crowd of sympathizing brethren. Shouts and cries from outside showed, however, that some further drama was in progress, and both Abbot and sacrist hastened onwards as fast as the dignity of their office would permit, until they had passed the gates and gained the wall of the meadow. Looking over it, a remarkable sight presented itself to their eyes.

Fetlock deep in the lush grass there stood a magnificent horse, such a horse as a sculptor or a soldier might thrill to see. His colour was a light chestnut, with mane and tail of a more tawny tint. Seventeen hands high, with a barrel and haunches which bespoke tremendous strength, he fined down to the most delicate lines of dainty breed in neck and crest and shoulder. He was indeed a glorious sight as he stood there, his beautiful body leaning back from his wide-spread and propped fore-legs, his head craned high, his ears erect, his mane bristling, his red nostrils opening and shutting with wrath, and his flashing eyes turning from side to side in haughty menace and defiance. Scattered round in a respectful circle six of the Abbey lay-servants and foresters, each holding a halter, were creeping towards him. Every now and then, with a beautiful toss and swerve and plunge, the great creature would turn upon one of his would-be captors, and, with outstretched head, flying mane, and flashing teeth, would chase him screaming to the safety of the wall, while the others would close swiftly in behind and cast their ropes in the hope of catching neck or leg, but only in their turn to be chased to the nearest refuge.

Had two of these ropes settled upon the horse, and had their throwers found some purchase of stump or boulder by which they could hold them, then the man's brain might have won its wonted victory over swiftness and strength. But the brains were themselves at fault which imagined that one such rope would serve any purpose save to endanger the thrower. Yet so it was, and what might have been foreseen occurred at the very moment of the arrival of the monks. The horse, having chased one of his enemies to the wall, remained so long snorting his contempt over the coping that the others were able to creep upon him from behind. Several ropes were flung, and one noose settled over the proud crest and lost itself in the waving mane. In an instant the creature had turned and the men were flying for their lives, but he who had cast the rope lingered for an instant, uncertain what use to make of his own success. That moment of doubt was fatal. With a yell of dismay the man saw the great creature rear above him. Then, with a crash, the fore-feet fell upon him and dashed him to the ground. He rose screaming, was hurled over once more, and lay a quivering, bleeding heap, while the savage horse, the most cruel and terrible in its anger of all creatures on earth, bit and shook and trampled the writhing body. A loud wail of horror rose from the lines of tonsured heads which skirted the high wall—a wail which suddenly died away into a long hushed silence, broken at last by a rapturous cry of thanksgiving and of joy.

On the road which led to the old dark manor-house upon the side of the hill a youth had been riding. His mount was a sorry one—a weedy, shambling, long-haired colt—and his patched tunic of faded purple, with stained leather belt, presented no very smart appearance; yet in the bearing of the man,

in the poise of his head, in his easy graceful carriage, and in the bold glance of his large blue eyes, there was that stamp of distinction and of breed which would have given him a place of his own in any assembly. He was of small stature, but his frame was singularly elegant and graceful. His face, though tanned by the weather, was delicate in features and most eager and alert in expression. A thick fringe of crisp yellow curls broke from under the dark flat cap which he was wearing, and a short golden beard hid the outline of his strong square chin. One white osprey feather thrust through a gold brooch in the front of his cap gave a touch of grace to his sombre garb. This and other points of his attire, the short hanging mantle, the leather-sheathed hunting-knife, the cross-belt which sustained a brazen horn, the soft doeskin boots, and the prick spurs, would all disclose themselves to an observer; but at the first glance the brown face set in gold and the dancing light of the quick, reckless, laughing eyes were the one strong memory left behind. Such was the youth who, cracking his whip joyously, and followed by half a score of dogs, cantered on his rude pony down the Tilford lane, and thence it was that, with a smile of amused contempt upon his face, he observed the comedy in the field, and the impotent efforts of the servants of Waverley.

Suddenly, however, as the comedy turned swiftly to black tragedy, this passive spectator leapt into quick, strenuous life. With a spring he was off his pony, and with another he was over the stone wall and flying swiftly across the field. Looking up from his victim the great yellow horse saw this other enemy approach, and, spurning the prostrate but still writhing body with its heels, dashed at the new-comer. But this time there was no hasty flight, no rapturous pursuit to the wall. The little man braced himself straight, flung up his metal-headed whip, and met the horse with a crashing blow upon the head, repeated again and again with every attack. In vain the horse reared and tried to overthrow its enemy with swooping shoulders and pawing hoofs. Cool and alert, the man sprang swiftly aside from under the very shadow of death, and then again came the swish and thud of the unerring blow from the heavy handle. The horse drew off, glared with wonder and fury at this masterful man, and then trotted round in a circle with mane bristling, tail streaming, and ears on

"THE LITTLE MAN BRACED HIMSELF STRAIGHT, FLUNG UP HIS METAL-HEADED WHIP, AND MET THE HORSE WITH A CRASHING BLOW."

end, snorting in its rage and pain. The man, hardly deigning to glance at his fell neighbour, passed on to the wounded forester, raised him in his arms with a strength which could not have been expected in so slight a body, and carried him, groaning, to the wall, where a dozen hands were outstretched to help him over. Then, at his leisure, the young man also climbed the wall, smiling back with cool contempt at the yellow horse, which had come raging after him once more. As he sprang down a dozen monks surrounded him to thank or to praise him, but he would have turned sullenly away without a word had he not been stopped by Abbot John in person.

"Nay, Squire Loring," said he; "if you be a bad friend to our Abbey, yet we must needs own that you have played the part of a good Christian this day, for if there is breath left in our servant's body it is to you, next to our blessed patron St. Bernard, that we owe it."

"By St. Paul, I owe you no goodwill, Abbot John," said the young man. "The shadow of your Abbey has ever fallen across the house of Loring. As to any small deed that I may have done this day, I ask no thanks for it. It is not for you nor for your house that I have done it; but only because it was my pleasure so to do."

The Abbot flushed at the bold words and bit his lip with vexation. It was the sacrist, however, who answered.

"It would be more fitting and more gracious," said he, "if you were to speak to the holy Father Abbot in a manner suited to his high rank and to the respect which is due to a Prince of the Church."

The youth turned his bold blue eyes upon the monk, and his sunburned face darkened with anger.

"Were it not for the gown upon your back and for your silvering hair, I would answer you in another fashion," said he. "You are the lean wolf which growls ever at our door, greedy for the little which hath been left to us. Say and do what you will with me, but, by St. Paul, if I find that Dame Ermyntrude is baited by your ravenous pack I will beat them off with this whip from the little patch which still remains of all the acres of my fathers."

"Have a care, Nigel Loring, have a care!" cried the Abbot, with finger upraised. "Have you no fears of the law of England?"

"A just law I fear and obey."

"Have you no respect for Holy Church?"

"I respect all that is holy in her. I do not respect those who grind the poor or steal their neighbour's land."

"Rash man, many a one has been blighted by her ban for less than you have now said. And yet it is not for us to judge you harshly this day. You are young, and hot words come easily to your lips. How fares the forester?"

"His hurt is grievous, Father Abbot, but he will live," said a brother, looking up from the prostrate form. "With a blood-letting and an electuary I will warrant him sound within a month."

"Then bear him to the hospital. And now, brother, about this terrible beast who still gazes and snorts at us over the top of the wall as though his thoughts of Holy Church were as uncouth as those of Squire Nigel himself — what are we to do with him?"

"Here is Franklin Aylward," said one of the brethren. "The horse was his, and doubtless he will take it back to his farm."

But the stout, red-faced farmer shook his head at the proposal.

"Not I, in faith," said he. "The beast hath chased me twice round the paddock; it has nigh slain my boy Samkin. He would never be happy till he had ridden it, nor has he ever been happy since. There is not a hind in my employ who will enter his stall. Ill fare the day that ever I took the beast from the Castle stud at Guildford, where they could do nothing with it, and no rider could be found bold enough to mount it. When the sacrist here took it for a fifty-shilling debt he made his own bargain and must abide by it. He comes no more to the Crooksbury Farm."

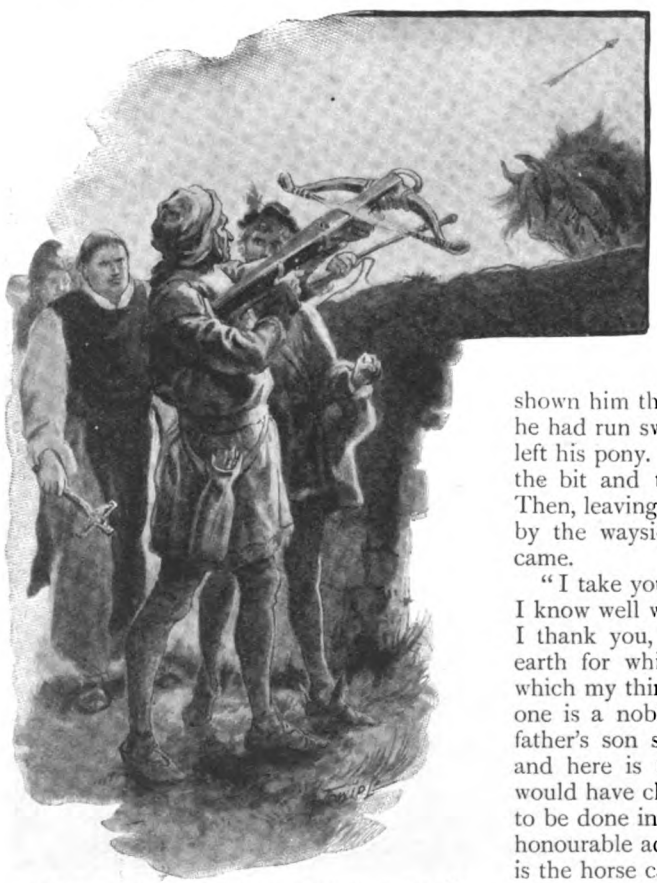
"And he stays no more here," said the Abbot. "Brother Sacrist, you have raised the devil, and it is for you to lay it again."

"That I will most readily," cried the sacrist. "The pittance-master can stop the fifty shillings from my very own weekly dole, and so the Abbey be none the poorer. In the meantime here is Wat with his arbalest and a bolt in his girdle. Let him drive it to the head through this cursed creature, for his hide and his hoofs are of more value than his wicked self."

A hard, brown old woodman who had been shooting vermin in the Abbey groves stepped forward with a grin of pleasure. After a lifetime of stoats and foxes this was indeed a noble quarry which was to fall before him. Fitting a bolt on the nut of his taut cross-bow, he had raised it to his shoulder and levelled it at the fierce, proud, dishevelled

head which tossed in savage freedom at the other side of the wall. His finger was crooked on the spring when a blow from a whip struck the bow upwards and the bolt sang harmless over the Abbey orchard, while the woodman shrank abashed from Nigel Loring's angry eyes.

"Keep your bolts for your weasels," said he. "Would you take life from a creature whose only fault is that its spirit is so high that it has met none yet who dare control it? You would slay such a horse as a King might



"A BLOW FROM A WHIP STRUCK THE BOW UPWARDS."

be proud to mount, and all because a country franklin, or a monk, or a monk's varlet has not the wit nor the hands to master him."

The sacrist turned swiftly on the squire.

"The Abbey owes you an offering for this day's work, however rude your words may be," said he. "If you think so much of the horse, you may desire to own it. If I am to pay for it, then with the holy Abbot's permission it is in my gift, and I bestow it freely upon you."

The Abbot plucked at his subordinate's sleeve.

"Bethink you, Brother Sacrist," he whispered, "shall we not have this man's blood upon our heads?"

"His pride is as stubborn as the horse's, holy father," the sacrist answered, his gaunt face breaking into a malicious smile. "Man or beast, one will break the other and the world be the better for it. If you forbid me——"

"Nay, brother; you have bought the horse and you may have the bestowal of it."

"Then I give it, hide and hoofs, tail and temper, to Nigel Loring, and may it be as sweet and as gentle to him as he hath been to the Abbey of Waverley."

The sacrist spoke aloud amid the tittering of the monks, for the man concerned was out of ear-shot. At the first words which had shown him the turn which affairs had taken he had run swiftly to the spot where he had left his pony. From its mouth he removed the bit and the stout bridle which held it. Then, leaving the creature to nibble the grass by the wayside, he sped back whence he came.

"I take your gift, monk," said he, "though I know well why it is that you give it. Yet I thank you, for there are two things upon earth for which I have ever yearned, and which my thin purse could never buy. The one is a noble horse, such a horse as my father's son should have betwixt his thighs, and here is the one of all others which I would have chosen, since some small deed is to be done in the winning of him and some honourable advancement to be gained. How is the horse called?"

"It's name," said the franklin, "is Pommers. I warn you, young sir, that none may ride him, for many have tried, and the luckiest is he who has only a staved rib to show for it."

"I thank you for your rede," said Nigel; "and now I see that this is indeed a horse which I would journey far to meet. I am your man, Pommers, and you are my horse, and this night you shall own it or I will never need horse again. My spirit against thine, and God hold thy spirit high, Pommers, so

that the greater be the adventure and the more hope of honour gained."

Whilst he spoke the young squire had climbed on to the top of the wall, and stood there balanced, the very image of grace and spirit and gallantry, his bridle hanging from one hand and his whip grasped in the other. With a fierce snort the horse made for him instantly, and his white teeth flashed as he snapped; but again a heavy blow from the loaded whip caused him to swerve, and even at the instant of the swerve, measuring the distance with steady eyes and bending his supple body for the spring, Nigel bounded into the air and fell with his legs astride the broad back of the yellow horse. For a minute, with neither saddle nor stirrups to help him, and the beast ramping and rearing like a mad thing beneath him, he was hard pressed to hold his own. His legs were like two bands of steel welded on to the swelling arches of the great horse's ribs, and his left hand was buried deep in the tawny mane. Never had the dull round of the lives of the gentle brethren of Waverley been broken by so fiery a scene. Springing to right and swooping to left, now with its tangled, wicked head betwixt its fore-feet, and now pawing eight feet high in the air, with scarlet, furious nostrils and maddened eyes, the yellow horse was a thing of terror and of beauty. But the lithe figure on his back, bending like a reed in the wind to every movement, firm below, pliant above, with calm, inexorable face and eyes which danced and gleamed with the joy of contest, still held its masterful place for all that the fiery heart and the iron muscles of the great beast could do. Once a long drone of dismay rose from the monks as, rearing higher and higher yet, a last mad effort sent the creature toppling over backwards upon its rider. But, swift and cool, he had writhed from under it ere it fell, spurned it with his foot as it rolled upon the earth, and then, seizing its mane as it rose, swung himself lightly on to its back once more. Even the grim sacrist could not but join the cheer as Pommers, amazed to find the rider still upon his back, plunged and curveted down the field.

But the wild horse only swelled into a greater fury In the sullen gloom of its untamed heart there rose the furious resolve to dash the life from this clinging rider, even if it meant destruction to beast and man. With red, blazing eyes it looked round for death. On three sides the five-virgate field was bounded by a high wall, broken only at one spot by a heavy four-foot wooden gate. But on the fourth side was a low grey building, one of the granges of the Abbey, presenting a long flank unbroken by door or window. The horse stretched itself into a gallop and headed straight for that craggy thirty-foot wall. He would break in red ruin at the base of it if he could but dash for ever the life from this man who claimed mastery over that which had never found its master yet.

The great haunches gathered under it, the eager hoofs drummed the grass as faster and still more fast the frantic horse bore himself and his rider towards the wall. Would Nigel spring off? To do so would be to bend his will to that of the beast beneath him. There was a better way than that. Cool, quick, and decided, the man swiftly passed both whip and bridle into the left hand, which still held the mane. Then with the right he slipped his short mantle from his shoulders, and lying forward along the creature's strenuous, rippling back he cast the flapping cloth over the horse's eyes.

The result was but too successful, for it nearly brought about the downfall of the rider. When those red eyes straining for death were suddenly shrouded in unexpected darkness the amazed horse propped on its fore-feet and came to so dead a stop that Nigel was shot forward on to its neck and hardly held himself by his hair-entwined hand. Ere he had slid back into position the moment of danger had passed, for the horse, its purpose all blurred in its mind by this strange thing which had befallen, wheeled round once more, trembling in every fibre, and tossing its petulant head until at last the mantle had been slipped from its eyes and the chilling darkness had melted into the homely circle of sunlit grass once more.

But what was this new outrage which had been inflicted upon it? What was this defiling bar of iron which was locked hard against its mouth? What were these straps which galled the tossing neck, this band which spanned its crest? In those instants of stillness ere the mantle had been plucked away Nigel had laid forward, had slipped the snaffle between the champing teeth, and had deftly secured it. Blind, frantic fury surged in the yellow horse's heart once more at this new degradation, this badge of serfdom and infamy. His spirit rose high and menacing at the touch. He loathed this place, these people, all and everything which threatened his freedom. He would have done with them for ever; he would see them no more. Let him away to the uttermost parts of the earth, to the great plains where freedom is!

Anywhere over the far horizon, where he could get away from the defiling bit and the insufferable mastery of man.

He turned with a rush, and one magnificent deer-like bound carried him over the four-foot gate. Nigel's hat had flown off, and his yellow curls streamed behind him as he rose and fell in the leap. They were in the water-meadow now, and the rippling stream twenty foot wide gleamed in front of them, running down to the main current of the Wey. The yellow horse gathered his haunches under him and flew over like an arrow. He took off from behind a boulder and cleared a furze-bush on the farther side. Two stones still mark the leap from hoof-mark to hoof-mark, and they are eleven good paces apart. Under the hanging branch of the great oak tree on the farther side, that Quercus Tilfordiensis still shown as the bound of the Abbey's immediate precincts, the great horse passed. He had hoped to sweep off his rider, but Nigel sank low on the heaving back with his face buried in the flying mane. The rough bough rasped him rudely, but never shook his spirit nor his grip. Rearing, plunging, and struggling, Pommers broke through the sapling grove and was out on the broad stretch of Hankley Down.

And now came such a ride as still lingers in the gossip of the lowly countryfolk and forms the rude jingle of that old Surrey ballad, now nearly forgotten save for the refrain :—

> The Doe that sped on Hinde Head,
> The Kestril on the winde,
> And Nigel on the Yellow Horse
> Can leave the world behinde.

Before them lay a rolling ocean of dark heather, knee-deep, swelling in billow on billow up to the clear-cut hill before them. Above stretched one unbroken arch of peaceful blue, with a sun which was sinking down towards the Hampshire hills. Through the deep heather, down the gullies, over the watercourses, up the broken slopes Pommers flew, his great heart bursting with rage, and every fibre quivering at the indignities which he had endured. And still, do what he would, the man clung fast to his heaving sides and to his flying mane, silent, motionless, inexorable, letting him do what he would, but fixed as Fate upon his purpose. Over Hankley Down, through Thursley Marsh with the reeds up to his mud-splashed withers, onwards up the long slope of the Headland of the Hinds, down by the Nutcombe Gorge, slipping, blundering, bounding, but never slackening his fearful speed, on went the great yellow horse. The villagers of Shottermill heard the wild clatter of hoofs, but ere they could swing the ox-hide curtains of their cottage doors horse and rider were lost amid the high bracken of the Haslemere valley. On he went, and on, tossing the miles behind his flying hoofs. No marshland could clog him, no hill could hold him back. Up the slope of Linchmere and the long ascent of Fernhurst he thundered as on the level, and it was not until he had flown down the incline of Henley Hill, and the grey castle tower of Midhurst rose over the coppice in front, that at last the eager, outstretched neck sank a little on the breast, and the breath came quick and fast. Look where he would in woodland and on down, his straining eyes could catch no sign of those plains of freedom which he sought.

And yet another outrage! It was bad that this creature should still cling so tight upon his back, but now he would even go the intolerable length of checking him and guiding him on the way that he would have him go. There was a sharp pluck at his mouth, and his head was turned north once more. As well go that way as another, but the man was mad indeed if he thought that such a horse as Pommers was at the end of its spirit or its strength. He would soon show him that he was unconquered, if it strained his sinews or broke his heart to do so. Back then he flew up the long, long ascent. Would he ever get to the end of it? Yet he would not own that he could go no farther while the man still kept his grip. He was white with foam and caked with mud. His eyes were gorged with blood, his mouth open and gasping, his nostrils expanded, his coat stark and reeking. On he flew down the long Sunday Hill until he reached the deep Kingsley Marsh at the bottom. No, it was too much! Flesh and blood could go no farther. As he struggled out from the reedy slime, with the heavy black mud still clinging to his fetlocks, he at last eased down with sobbing breath and slowed the tumultuous gallop to a canter.

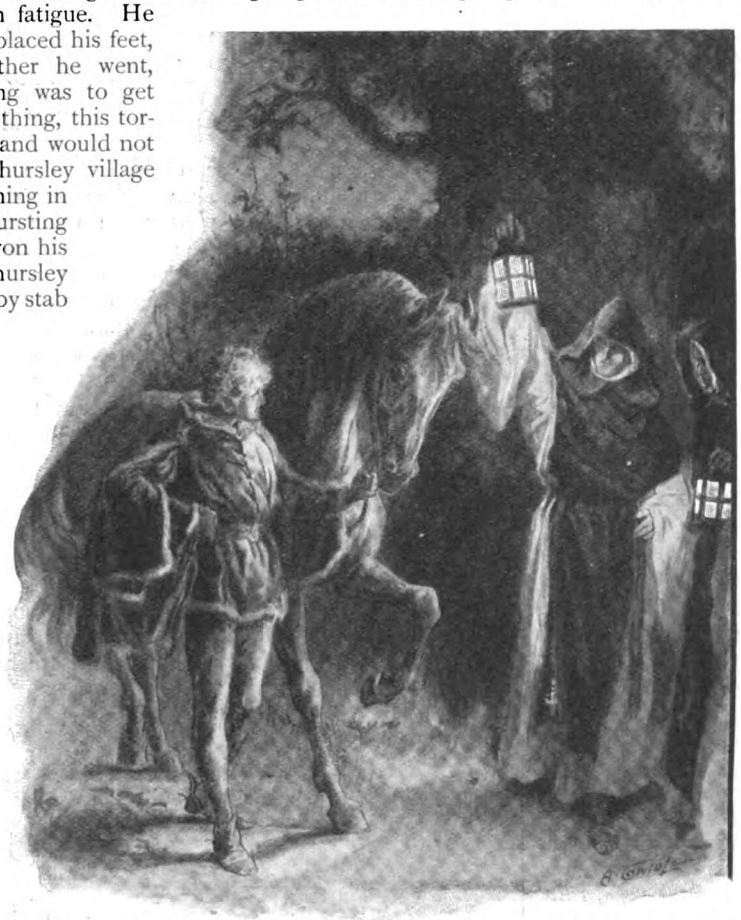
Oh, crowning infamy! Was there no limit to these degradations? He was no longer even to choose his own pace. Since he had chosen to gallop so far at his own will, he must now gallop farther still at the will of another. A spur struck home on either flank. A stinging whip-lash fell across his shoulder. He bounded his own height in the air at the pain and the shame of it. Then, forgetting his weary limbs, forgetting his

panting, reeking sides, forgetting everything save this intolerable insult and the burning spirit within, he plunged off once more upon his furious gallop. He was out on the heather slopes again, and heading for Weydown Common. On he flew, and on. But again his breath failed him, and again his limbs trembled beneath him, and yet again he strove to ease his pace, only to be driven onwards by the cruel spur and the falling lash. He was blind and giddy with fatigue. He saw no longer where he placed his feet, he cared no longer whither he went, but his one mad longing was to get away from this dreadful thing, this torture which clung to him and would not let him go. Through Thursley village he passed, his eyes straining in his agony, his heart bursting within him, and he had won his way to the crest of Thursley Down, still stung forward by stab and blow, when his spirit weakened, his giant strength ebbed out of him, and with one deep sob of agony the yellow horse sank among the heather. So sudden was the fall that Nigel flew forward over his shoulder, and beast and man lay prostrate and gasping whilst the last red rim of the sun sank behind Butser and the first stars gleamed in a violet sky.

The young squire was the first to recover, and kneeling by the panting, overwrought horse he passed his hand gently over the tangled mane and down the foam-flecked face. The red eye rolled up at him, but it was wonder, not hatred, a prayer and not a threat, which he could read in it. As he stroked the reeking muzzle the horse whinnied gently and thrust his nose into the hollow of his hand. It was enough. It was the end of the contest, the acceptance of new conditions by a chivalrous foe from a chivalrous victor.

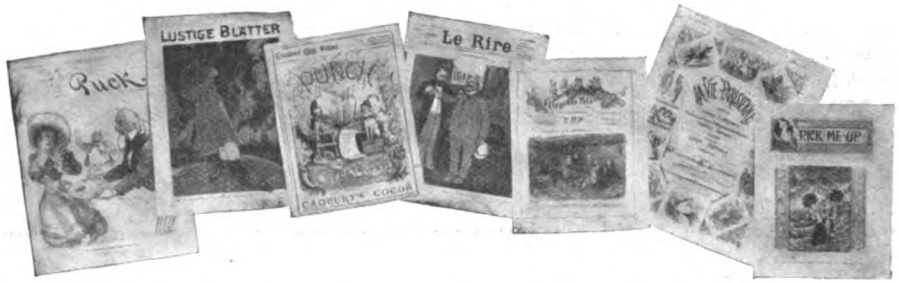
"You are my horse, Pommers," Nigel whispered, and he laid his cheek against the craning head. "I know you, Pommers, and you know me, and with the help of St. Paul we shall teach some other folk to know us both. Now let us walk together as far as this moorland pond, for indeed I wot not whether it is you or I who need the water most."

And so it was that some belated monks of Waverley, passing homewards from the outer granges, saw a strange sight which they carried on with them so that it reached that very night the ears both of sacrist and of Abbot. For, as they passed through Tilford, they had seen horse and man walking side by side and head by head up the manor-house lane. And when they had raised their lanthorns on the pair it was none other than the young squire himself, who was leading home, as a shepherd leads a lamb, the fearsome yellow horse of Crooksbury!



"IT WAS NONE OTHER THAN THE YOUNG SQUIRE HIMSELF, WHO WAS LEADING HOME, AS A SHEPHERD LEADS A LAMB, THE FEARSOME YELLOW HORSE OF CROOKSBURY!"

(To be continued.)



"The Funniest Picture I Have Ever Published."

BY THE EDITORS OF THE CHIEF COMIC PAPERS OF THE WORLD.

BY no means common is the faculty of appreciating a good joke. One may have the sense of humour very strongly developed, so strongly as occasionally to become embarrassing, and yet be quite without that power of nice discrimination that can tell a good joke from an indifferent one. Then, again, a life practically devoted to humour may dull the intellectual palate or so pervert the taste as to cause it to revel in eccentricity. Some humorists have declared that they were never quite sure whether their joke was funny until they were told so by their friends; and does not Shakespeare say that a "jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it"? It was a saying of John Leech's that if he had chanced to laugh uproariously at one of his own comicalities it was pretty certain that nobody else would; whereas if a drawing struck him as indifferent his friends would salute him with:—

"I say, Leech, what a ripping good thing that was of yours in *Punch* last week!"

One class of men ought surely to preserve a correct and critical balance of appreciation. A judge does not with years tend to condone crime or to esteem virtue the less. Notwithstanding his experience he can still view human nature in a sane and sober spirit. The editor of a comic journal is a judge of wit and humour. He is, or should be, a connoisseur of graphic comedy, an umpire among punsters, the chief justice of the jester's criminal court. He should know to a nicety what degree of caricature will tickle the risibles, and be the referee *par excellence* to decide the merits of repartee.

In answer to our query, "What is the most humorous pictorial joke ever published in your paper?" Sir Francis Burnand, the distinguished editor of *Punch*, thus replies:—

"It is very, very difficult to determine. The one which is to me first, for any number of sufficient reasons, is Leech's 'Irritable gentleman disturbed by a bluebottle.' Its simplicity is exquisite. And the next is Phil

SUBJECT FOR A PICTURE: "Irritable gentleman disturbed by a bluebottle."—BY JOHN LEECH.
THE FIRST SELECTION OF SIR F. BURNAND, EDITOR OF *PUNCH*.

LUNATIC: "What are you doing there?"
Brown: "Fishing."
Lunatic: "Caught anything?"
Brown: "No."
Lunatic: "How long have you been there?"
Brown: "Six hours."
Lunatic: "Come inside."—BY PHIL MAY.

THE SECOND SELECTION OF SIR F. BURNAND.

May's 'Come inside.' You remember the lunatic looking over the wall of the asylum and inquiring of the luckless fisherman how long he had been there. These two for humour can never be beaten. Seymour had previously equalled both, but not in drawing. —Sincerely yours, F. C. BURNAND."

The first of the pictures reproduced will be remembered by thousands of readers who are familiar—and who is not?—with the pages of *Punch*. It is drawn with all Leech's charming subtlety, and on its original appearance, we are told, it caused even the austere Mr. Gladstone to explode with laughter. The other joke by the late Phil May bears the following legend :—

Lunatic: "What are you doing there?"
Brown: "Fishing."
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Lunatic: "How long have you been there?"
Brown: "Six hours."
Lunatic: "Come inside."

One of our oldest-established comic journals is *Judy*.

"I think," writes the editor, Mr. Edward de Marney, "the enclosed is the funniest sketch I have produced."

Here we see a drawing by Mr. F. Reynolds of an Irish "housebreaker" on the summit of a tottering wall. He is in a position of far greater danger than if he were perched on the edge of a Swiss precipice. He is giving one more blow with his pick while his comrades call him to dinner. "I'll be wid you," he observes, cheerfully, "in two ticks." The thing is obvious, elementary. It appeals to our primitive sense of humour, but it is very funny all the same.

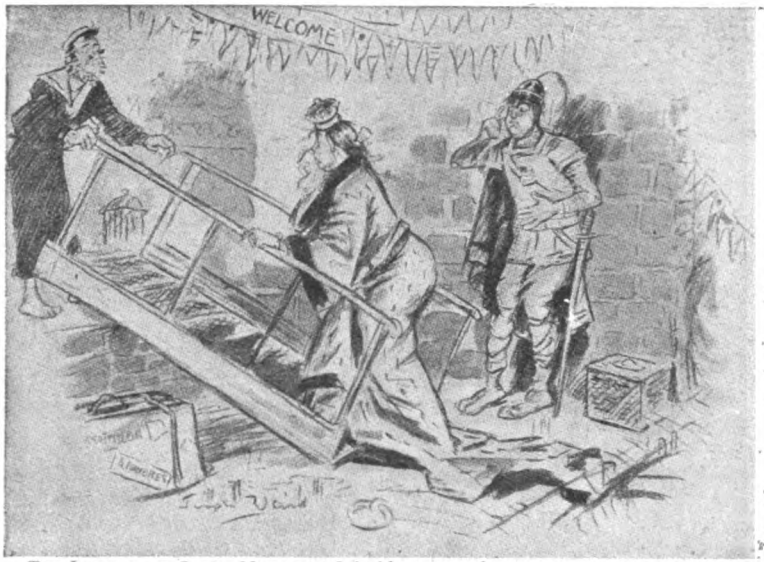
"One's ideas of humour differ so much that I can hardly suppose it would be prudent to expect you to accept my choice."

So writes Mr. Arnold Golsworthy, the editor of *Pick-Me-Up*, a paper which has the credit of having given opportunities to most of the greatest humorous draughtsmen of the day.

"I send you a picture cut out of a recent volume, which has always struck me as being very happy. It represents the landing of Queen Matilda in the reign of Stephen, and

VOICE FROM BELOW: "It's dinner toime."
Mick: "I'll be wid you in two ticks."—BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

THE SELECTION OF MR. EDWARD DE MARNEY, EDITOR OF *JUDY*.



THE LANDING OF QUEEN MATILDA.—It had been a very breezy passage.—BY JASPER WEIRD.
THE SELECTION OF MR. ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY, EDITOR OF *PICK-ME-UP*.

was an illustration to some humorous sketches of English history."

With this kind of humour we are also familiar, but it is very rare indeed to come across so perfect an example. The expression on the faces of the characters is irresistible. Mark the association of the twentieth century with the twelfth—the obsequious porter, the labelled luggage; while for draughtsmanship none of the designs in the "Comic History of England" surpass this.

When we cross the Channel we expect to enter a country where different ideas of humour prevail. What a Frenchman—or, perhaps we should say, what a Parisian—regards as "le plus spirituel" would not always evoke applause and laughter from an Englishman. There is, moreover, another point, and it is thus put by M. Jules Roques, the editor of *Le Courrier Français*:—

"Since this paper was founded, over twenty years ago, there have appeared about fifteen thousand designs, produced by two or three hundred different artists, different in *esprit*, manner, and talent. Amongst these some excel in the legend more than in the design; others are better artists than scribes. It is very rare to find the design and the legend equally witty. An appreciation of a single piece would hardly be quite just unless one has determined in which category it is the best—political caricature, social caricature, or simple humorous design. In my opinion the funniest design is that which bears least of the legend and explains itself most."

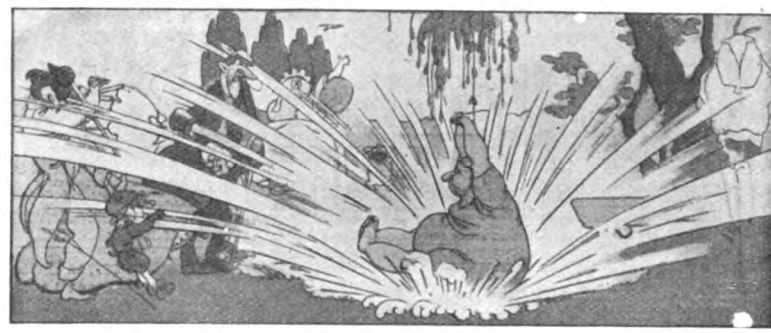
M. Roques singles out for special approval a drawing of Forain, entitled "Le Chocolat du Planteur," and one of Willette's bearing the legend, "Je suis la

CUPID ABROAD.—INTERPRETER: "Do you require an interpreter, sir?" Cupid: "No thanks, my man. I can make myself understood in all countries."—BY H. GERBAULT.
THE SELECTION OF THE EDITOR OF *LA VIE PARISIENNE*.

sainte Démocratie. J'attends mes amants," as designs of perfect execution and wherein the legend unites admirably with the composition. If we are not able to include these drawings in our collection we may at least behold what the editor of *La Vie Parisienne* considers the most *spirituel*, and it is, in truth, a design that will appeal to lovers of delicate humour all the world over. Like the "Little God" himself, it needs no interpreter. The artist, M. Gerbault, seems to have taken a leaf out of the book of the popular American draughtsman, Mr. Dana Gibson, but the quality of the penmanship is entirely his own.

A comic journal of great popularity throughout France is *Le Rire*. Not always is its wit refined, and its pages have contained many pictures whose humour is slightly incomprehensible to Englishmen. Nevertheless, the drawing forwarded by the editor of *Le Rire* abounds in plain, direct comicality. We see a representation of a middle-aged gentleman anxious to exhibit his natatory powers, even though the medium be so perilously scanty. Technically we believe these are known as serial jokes, and the artist, M. Does, has not only made the most of his ludicrous theme, but he has also endowed all the personages in the pictorial drama with mirth-provoking qualities. In the last chapter we see the moral of attempting to plunge too big a fish in too small a sea. The charming ornamental water vanishes and the ambitious elderly diver finds himself in the position of Jonah cast upon the dry land.

SMALL BOY: "Hi, sir, you're bigger than the pond; you ll never get into it."



Bather: "There, now, you see I am inside it!"

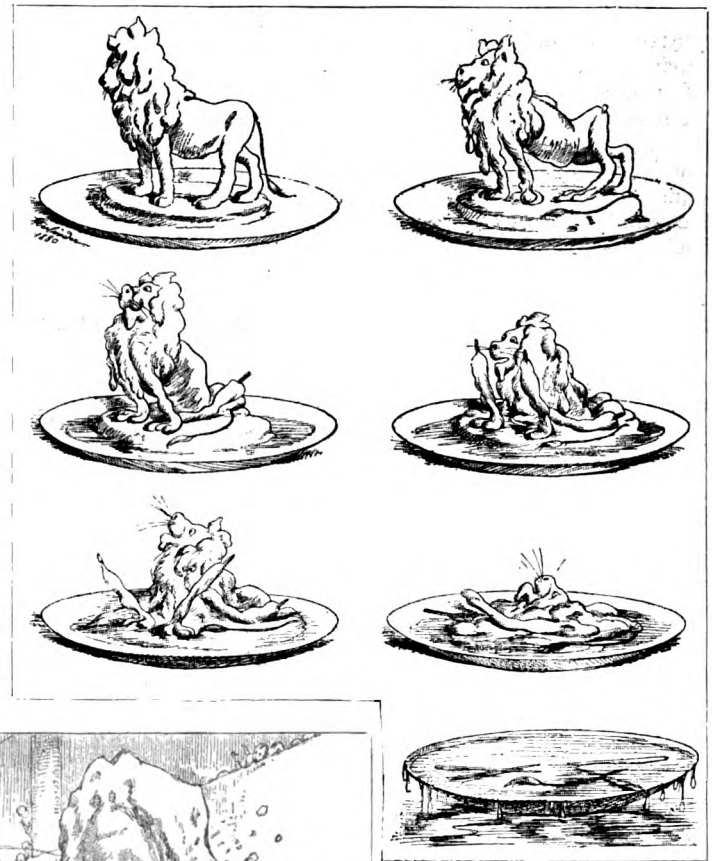
Tramp: "Yes, but the pond's outside, you old fool!"—BY DOES.

THE SELECTION OF THE EDITOR OF *LE RIRE*.

Perhaps no humorous paper on the Continent enjoys a more widespread celebrity for comic excellence than *Fliegende Blätter*, published in Munich, which has engaged the wittiest and the most eminent German draughtsmen. Foremost amongst these is the renowned Oberländer, and it is not surprising that the editor of *Fliegende Blätter* makes his selection from the inimitable productions of Oberländer's pencil. The story of the ice lion is irresistibly funny. Nobody with two eyes in his head, no matter how young or how old, can fail to laugh at the unconscionable plight of the King of Beasts as he finds his limbs weltering beneath him

and surveys "more in sorrow than in anger" the ungrateful desertion of his two front paws. The other drawing, also by the inimitable Oberländer, is a monumental skit upon phases of the concert craze. There is more than a suggestion of Richard Doyle's "Life in London," wherein is shown such an astonishing variety of types within a small compass, about this picture.

Another German weekly of almost equal renown and excellence is *Lustige Blätter*. After mentioning the difficulty of selecting one picture which would surpass in humorous excellence all the designs that he has published, the editor of *Lustige Blätter* forwards us several for choice, from which the



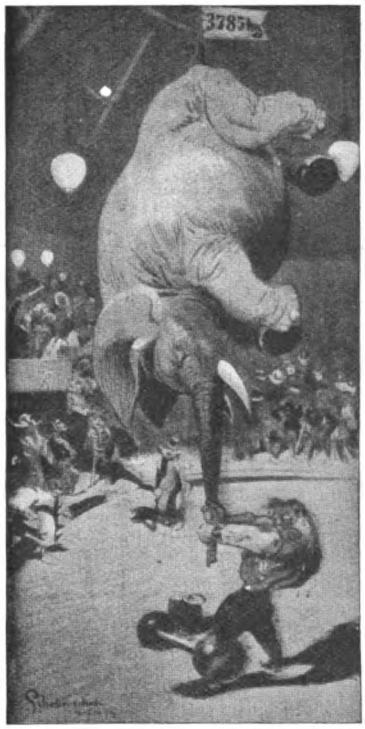
THE ICE-CREAM LION.—A Story of Dissolution in Seven Chapters.
BY OBERLÄNDER.

THE SCULPTOR'S CONCERT.—BY OBERLÄNDER.

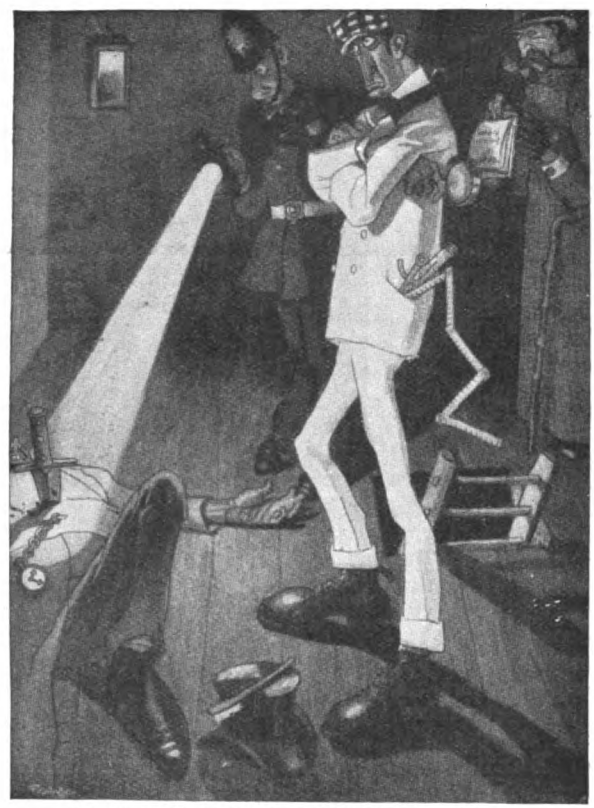
THE SELECTIONS OF THE EDITOR OF *FLIEGENDE BLÄTTER*.

selection on the next page is made. We are introduced to a travelling circus where the professional strong man, doubtless maddened by the physical feats of his rival, resolves upon one bold stroke to restore his pre-eminence. Surely no such prodigy of strength was ever before beheld! One does not know whether to admire the more the man or the elephant who so courteously lends his proboscis for the mighty purpose of the moment.

The other picture is a striking caricature of the individuality and achievements of our own Sherlock Holmes. Sherlock, first, and, indeed, exclusively, made



NE PLUS ULTRA. — Mr. Musclelots, the well-known athlete, can now be seen in his sensational performance of holding out, at arms' length, a full-sized elephant, which has been thrown into a cataleptic state. — BY SCHABERSCHUL.



SHERLOCK HOLMES'S LATEST PROBLEM.—BY FEININGER.

THE SELECTIONS OF THE EDITOR OF *LUSTIGE BLÄTTER.*

known to the world in the pages of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, has passed into a household word in many languages, and has been travestied times without number, but we doubt whether any more vigorous or amusing caricature of the great detective and his

Gottlob Miris Schnurz, Deputy to the Senate, busily engaged at home reading the Parliamentary news, expresses his doubts as to the competency of the House to form a resolution.—BY REBEMAYER.

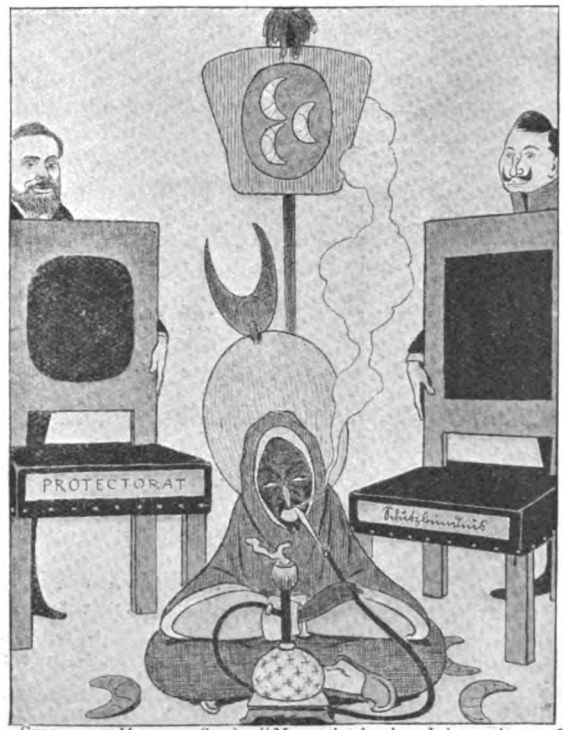
THE SELECTION OF THE EDITOR OF *KLADDERADATSCH.*

exploits than this has ever appeared.

Yet another German comic weekly of great prestige and wide circulation is *Kladderadatsch*, whose editor remarks :—

"In choosing our pictures we endeavour to get a clever idea as well as a clever picture."

In the design selected we see a character depicted who is regarded in Germany as the great butt of the caricaturists, the newly-elected petty provincial deputy. He is full of his own consequence, and is firmly convinced that the destinies of Europe are largely in his keeping. The integrity of Turkey being the great question of the hour, Herr Gottlob becomes an ardent Turkophile, carrying his proclivities even as far as his raiment. Here we see the great man busily engaged at home reading the Parliamentary news, and gravely expressing to an audience composed of his wife and children his doubts as to the competency of the House to form a resolution. The scene is extremely ludicrous, and the drawing most effective.



SULTAN OF MOROCCO (loq.): "Many thanks, but I have plenty of room between the two stools, on the floor."

THE SELECTION OF THE EDITOR OF *KIKERIKI*.

THE SLAUGHTER SEASON.—"Yes, me boy, I shot every one of them myself!"—BY J. S. PUGHE.

THE SELECTION OF THE EDITOR OF *PUCK*.

It is evident that the editor of *Kikeriki*, which is the *Punch* of Austria, regards comic excellence in draughtsmanship from the politician's standpoint, for, in sending us the annexed illustration, he remarks, "I consider the enclosed best for your purpose," although it must be confessed that it hardly strikes ourselves as of incomparable funniness. The idea of the Sultan falling between two stools belongs rather to the acrobatic school of humour.

Amongst the American comic weeklies *Puck* is the *doyen* and the most celebrated. The drawing forwarded to us by the editor will create laughter far elsewhere than in gun-rooms and in hunting lodges. It is the frank revelation of a modern sportsman concerning the trophies of the chase. He is pointing out the portraits of the various keepers and pedestrians he has brought down, while the only quadruped in the collection is labelled "By accident."

A Gigantic Fraud.

By Florence Warden.

THERE was an unusual crowd on the platform of the little station of Writtlebury, in Essex, that great resort of yachting men, one sultry evening in August.

It was Saturday, and men in flannels were waiting to greet friends coming down from the heat and dust of the City for a pleasant week-end.

There was Sir Thomas Marney, a young man of twenty-nine or so—tall, thin, sandy, with a pipe in his mouth and a terrier at his heels. His sailing yacht, *Wee Thing*, was lying out in the river, and he himself was expecting a friend from town.

This young man rather took the lead among the yachting visitors of the place, both by reason of his social position as the head of an old Essex family—which, though no longer wealthy, was still distinguished—and by reason also of the fact that his sister, Miss Delia Marney, was admittedly the beauty of the county. The hair which in the brother was "sandy" became "golden" in the girl; while the blue eyes which in Sir Thomas called forth no particular enthusiasm were raved about as "divine" in Miss Delia.

Besides Sir Thomas there were on the platform half-a-dozen men in much the same easy-going costume as himself, and two men dressed in similar fashion, who somehow gave the impression of being less at ease in their reefers and white ducks than the men around them.

These two had no acquaintances; and the other men, most of whom knew each other by sight, glanced at them from time to time and wondered who they were.

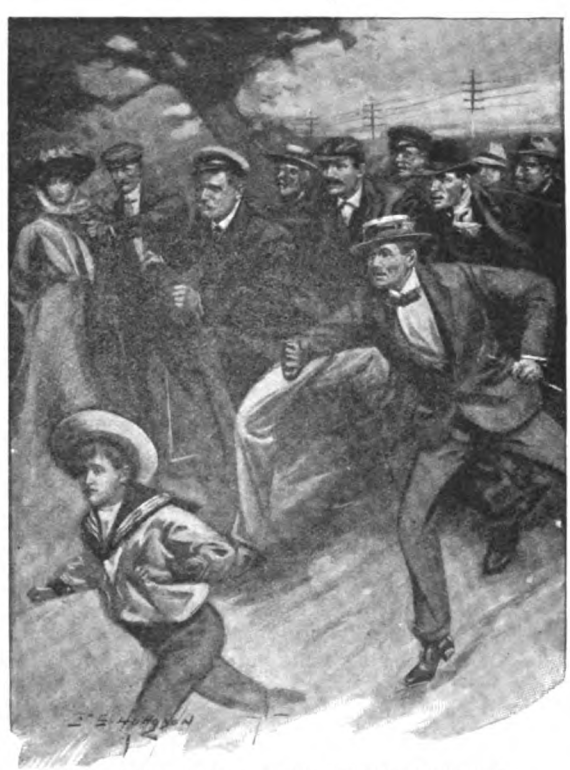
The train was signalled, and there was a movement of expectancy in the group; the two whom nobody knew by sight separated, and all eyes were fixed upon the little dark speck gradually growing larger as the train slowed down and crawled into the terminus of the branch line.

The two men whom nobody knew looked with keen eyes into every compartment of every carriage, and then, just as the travellers jumped out upon the platform and exchanged greetings with their waiting friends, suddenly there arose a hue and cry, and the two unknown men made a dash across the line, the one through a compartment of the train and the other behind it, crying: "Stop him! Stop him! In the King's name, help!"

There was a hum, a murmur, a pause of amazement. Then a shrill cry arose from a gate on which a boy was sitting astride.

"There he goes! He's making for the river!"

By this time the cry had been taken up and a dozen men and boys had started in pursuit of a flying speck which—now disappearing and then again coming dimly into view in the soft bluish haze which was spreading from the river to the fringe of shrubs and trees which grew in straggling fashion along the mud-lined shore—was undoubtedly outpacing the pursuers.



"A DOZEN MEN AND BOYS HAD STARTED IN PURSUIT."

Sir Thomas Marney was one of the few who took no part whatever in either the outcry or the pursuit. He had exchanged a few words rapidly with one of the

two men, whom all now knew to be detectives who had been set to watch for the coming of the criminal, and then, turning with a shrug of the shoulders, sauntered away from the station with the friend he had met.

This friend was a little, sallow man, with a languid manner and a dry voice, who looked older than he was by a dozen years.

"Poor wretch!" said Sir Thomas, as they got into the solitary fly and directed the driver to the little landing-stage. "How they all join in the chase, as if he were a rat or an otter! Hope he'll get clear away, with all my heart!"

Wilfred Legrand, his old friend, took a different view. He had passed ten of the best years of his life in India, and a solitary existence, combined with a hot climate, had affected either his liver or his temper, or both.

"I don't see why he should be an object of compassion just because the police are after him and he tries to get away!" said he, justly enough. "But it's the fashion now, the sickly sentimental fashion, to sympathize with the criminal against the forces of law and order."

"If you're going to take too severe a view of life you won't get on with Delia," said Sir Thomas, warningly. "And it's the greatest wish I have that you, my oldest pal in the world, should get on with her. You've forgotten her, I suppose; she's only twenty now, so she must have been in short frocks when you went away. But you remember my mother, of course?"

"Lady Marney; oh, yes. Is she with you?"

"Yes; she comes to look after Delia. Poor thing, she does hate the yacht, though! If it weren't for the little intervals on shore, I believe she'd jump overboard and put an end to it!"

They were within sight of the landing-place by this time, with a stretch of flat road across the marsh between. Sir Thomas's face clouded over again as he saw the enormous crowd which had by this time collected, some on shore, and some in the small boats with which the river was at this point always full.

Upon inquiry he learned that the man of whom they were in pursuit was the notorious company-promoter, David Bergstein, who had just brought himself prominently into the public eye by a series of transactions flagrantly fraudulent, but so artfully carried out that for a long time it had appeared almost certain that he would escape the hand of justice.

A warrant, however, had been issued for his arrest that very day, and apparently Bergstein had had some inkling of what was in store for him, for on arriving at his splendid mansion in Park Lane the police-officers told off to effect his arrest found that he had disappeared.

As he was known to have a big steam-yacht, the exact locality of which was at the moment unknown, it was thought probable that he would try to escape by that means, and every likely spot was therefore watched by detectives, two of whom had been sent to Writtlebury and had undoubtedly sighted their man.

What had become of him, however, was not known, the suggestions most favoured being that he had either drowned himself, swum to the other side of the river, or hidden himself on board one of the yachts lying at anchor. Both river and shore were alive with an eager throng, most of whom were genuinely occupied in searching for the criminal; but a section among them were more interested in getting a sight of the beautiful Miss Marney, by rowing round the *Wee Thing*, than in anything more practical.

As the evening wore on and dusk fell over river and shore, the excitement of the pursuit abated, the boats went back to their moorings, and the crowd on the banks dispersed.

Pretty Delia, who had been pensive and silent since the incident, and whose greeting to her brother's old friend had thereby suffered in cordiality, remained on deck with her mother, and declined the suggestion that she should go ashore to dine at the Red Lion, which, in spite of its homely title, was the principal hotel of Writtlebury, and a very good one too.

Sir Thomas was annoyed with her for her refusal, and also for the lack of interest she showed in his old friend and Oxford chum, whom he designed as her husband.

He, therefore, was quite glad of the chance of getting away from the yacht with his friend, and secretly decided that, when Miss Beauty found herself thus neglected, she would soon "come to her senses and be civil."

So the two men were rowed ashore in the dinghy, dined at the Red Lion, and then joined the loungers who were discussing the day's great event in the wide veranda of the inn.

The excitement produced by the flight and pursuit of the notorious David Bergstein had caused an unusual number of visitors to collect at the hotel, instead of the small group of yachting men, who knew each other

well by sight and even by name through constant meeting in the neighbourhood.

Sir Thomas, as usual, took the lead in the conversation, and created something like a "sensation" by advocating more loudly than ever the cause of the fraudulent company-promoter, against whom every other tongue waxed eloquent.

Both the men who knew him and those who were strangers turned their heads in surprise towards this daring advocate of the wrong side.

"Come, come, Marney, it's all very well to talk," protested his friend Legrand, with a deprecating laugh; "but you don't mean what you say. You like to take the opposite view from the rest of us to give a spice to discussion."

Sir Thomas turned upon him with spirit.

"Indeed I do mean every word I've said; I mean it in all seriousness," retorted he.

"SIR THOMAS TURNED UPON HIM WITH SPIRIT."

"Look here! Didn't this fellow, this Bergstein, give the best dinners in London, and didn't the best people in London go to them?"

"Ah, yes; but that was before——"

"Before this warrant was issued for his arrest? Oh, yes, I know that; but not before everybody knew what sort of game he was playing, and hoped they'd get their share of the plunder. Don't talk to me this cant about the wickedness of speculation and of company-promoting, and the rest of it! Why, everybody knows that men of position, men of rank, were only too glad to know him and to make use of him when he was at the top of the tree. And to my mind there's nothing more disgusting than this pious horror now he's come down."

"But it wasn't speculation, it wasn't company-promoting, that shocked people," put in one young man, mildly. "It was the discovery of his methods, of the dishonesty of them, which made people turn round."

"Oh, no, it wasn't," said Sir Thomas, firmly. "Everybody knows the shady tricks that are played by these financiers, and as long as all goes well with them nobody cares. It isn't as if he were the first of them. They all do the same juggling feats, and the people who make money while they're at the top know it as well as anybody, but reserve their righteous indignation till the crash comes."

As he spoke his eye caught that of a youngish-looking man who was sitting in the background, with his straw hat well pulled over his forehead, who looked up with a face full of interest, and then quickly bent his head again and affected to be occupied with the rolling of a cigarette.

Whether it was that he saw in the face of this stranger a glimpse of that sympathy with his views which was so conspicuously lacking in the rest of his hearers, or for some other reason, Sir Thomas found himself looking again and again in the direction of this particular man.

"Well, come, Marney; supposing you yourself had been an acquaintance of his," put in his friend Legrand, "and had dined with and met him in the ordinary way, but without being on a footing of friendship with him. Do you mean to say it would have made no difference to your feelings towards him to find that he was commonly looked upon as a swindler?"

"So far from its making me turn my back upon him, to find all his nominal friends fall away, I should have been the first to show him that what was commonly thought of him when he was down in the world made no difference to what I thought. And if I had been on board my yacht when he had all those curs after him, and if he had made a dash for the river and got within ear-shot, by Jove, I'd have hauled him on board, set sail, and dared the fellows to come after him!"

His friend smiled with an incredulous shake of the head, and there were glances exchanged between some of the others which did but cause Sir Thomas to insist more obstinately upon his good faith.

When, rather earlier than usual, on account of the irritation he felt at the general incredulity, Sir Thomas left the hotel and started on the short walk to the shore, the man with the straw hat went out immediately afterwards, and followed him and his friend at a little distance down the old street.

Keeping them in sight, he hung in the background on the opposite side of the way until the friends reached the landing-stage, where, however, the yacht's dinghy, which should have been in waiting, was nowhere to be seen.

Legrand was for taking another boat and making for the yacht without delay. But Sir Thomas, who was an obstinate man, and who was, moreover, in no very pleasant temper on account of the spirit of contradiction he had met with, insisted upon going in search of his own boat, while his friend sat on a rail and smoked a cigarette in his usual languid fashion.

No sooner had the baronet left his companion, skirting the shore in search of his dinghy, than the man in the straw hat darted quickly out of the shadow and, hurrying along in pursuit, dogged his footsteps until the baronet, becoming suddenly conscious that someone was shadowing him, turned abruptly, and found himself face to face with a trembling, shamefaced man, who raised his hat and began to stammer an explanation.

"I MUST APOLOGIZE FOR THIS INTRUSION."

"S-s-sir Thomas Marney, I—I must apologize for this—this intrusion. You—you said something in the hotel just now that—that made me bold. Or, rather, no, not bold, but it made me think you might be as good as your word."

"Well," said the baronet, eyeing him steadily, and feeling rather puzzled and very uncomfortable, "I hope I should never be found other than as good as my word, whatever that word happened to be. Will you explain?"

"Certainly. I—I am David Bergstein."

There was an awkward pause. The full consciousness of the dilemma in which he had placed himself had not yet dawned upon the baronet. The stranger went on:—

"You said that if Bergstein were to have made an appeal to you when he was hunted by the police and chased like a rat by the villagers you would have held out a hand to him—you would have taken him on board your yacht, you would have helped him in any way you could Sir Thomas, the situation is not changed; I have evaded the police so far by boldness, by mingling with the people at the Red Lion when the detectives were looking for me by the river. But I can t hope to keep out of their clutches much longer, unless you help me. Will you?"

The baronet was utterly taken aback, and, to put it mildly, was much annoyed at finding himself thus hoist with his own petard.

However magnanimous he might feel, in a vague and general way, towards a man who was undoubtedly and admittedly a scoundrel, even if he was none the worse for being found out, he was struck with consternation on learning that he must now either eat his own words or take under his wing a notorious criminal "wanted" by the police.

But the struggle within him was of short duration. Sir Thomas was above all things obstinate; and since he had said he would befriend this fellow in his extremity he would keep his word.

"What do you want me to do?" he said, in a cold, constrained tone.

"I want you to take me on board your yacht, as you said you would, and land me at some port from which I can make good my escape."

Again for a moment the baronet hesitated.

What he was called upon to do was no less than an open defiance of the law, a flagrant attempt to arrest the course of justice. Still, he stuck to his guns. Setting his teeth hard, and with a frown which was not inviting upon his face, he said, icily:—

"All right. Go with me, and I'll take you as I said I would."

"I can't thank you," muttered the other, as he followed his reluctant host.

The dinghy was found and Sir Thomas rather stiffly told his companion to get in. He then took his own place in the boat, and, relieving his feelings by grumbling at the stupidity of the lad in charge, he directed him to row to the landing-stage where he had left Legrand, who looked surprised on seeing another man with his friend.

Sir Thomas pulled his moustache nervously, and said, as Legrand got in:—

"Let me introduce you. Mr. Legrand—Mr.—Mr.—er—Smith."

Bergstein, who appeared far more at ease that did his protector, returned the somewhat stiff salutation of Legrand, who looked upon himself as rather aggrieved at this unexpected admission of another man who did not seem to be even on intimate terms with his host.

The short journey out to the yacht was taken in almost unbroken silence; and when, on reaching the *Wee Thing*, Sir Thomas saw his mother and his pretty sister smiling a welcome to them, he realized at once, for the first time, the unpleasant nature of the task he had set himself. He had to introduce this fellow to his mother and to Delia.

It was a trying ordeal, but Sir Thomas, with hard-set teeth, went through it.

"Allow me to introduce you, Mr. Smith, to my mother—Lady Marney, and to my sister."

"Mr. Smith" seemed to lose his self-possession a little on finding himself introduced thus unexpectedly into the society of the ladies, and Delia looked at her brother in some perplexity. But Sir Thomas gave no explanation beyond telling his mother that "Mr. Smith" wanted to get to Harwich if the wind permitted in the morning; and though this statement was received with surprise by Lady Marney, with annoyance by Legrand, and with something like alarm on the part of Delia, no remark was made indicative of any of the various emotions with which it was heard.

"Mr. Smith," however, was so modest and amiable a person, took his odd situation with so much tact, and appeared so deeply grateful whenever he had a chance of exchanging a word unheard with his host, that by the following morning, after having spent a night on board, he settled down among the rest with an ease which was welcome to the others, but somewhat alarming to Sir Thomas and disconcerting to Legrand, who was a selfish man, jealous at finding himself no longer the only guest.

Unluckily, neither could take his stand upon the ground that the intruder was an aggressive person who could be sat upon or discreetly snubbed. Instead of being a man of self-assertive manners, such as would be appropriate and natural in a fraudulent company-promoter, "Mr. Smith" was well-bred, and so witty and agreeable that it was clear the feeling of the ladies towards

"IT WAS CLEAR THAT THE FEELING OF THE LADIES TOWARDS THE UNEXPECTED GUEST WENT BEYOND MERE TOLERATION."

the unexpected guest went beyond mere toleration.

There was very little wind, and it was a long time before the yacht reached Harwich. Here, unfortunately, two days after their voyage had begun, they came face to face with a serious difficulty.

A big steam yacht, the *Yolande*, passed them and almost immediately turned to give chase.

"Mr. Smith" grew rather pale and twisted his moustache nervously. Sir Thomas guessed that something was wrong.

"What is the matter?" said he, making an opportunity of speaking aside to the guest of whom he was intensely anxious to get rid.

"The fact is," answered the fugitive, with an anxious eye still fixed on the larger vessel, "that the fellows on board that yacht know me."

Sir Thomas cast a contemptuous glance at the handsome vessel.

"Indeed!" said he. "Perhaps it's only your fancy. She belongs to a man who lives not far from here—awful bounder — Beale, of 'Beale's Folly.' You don't know him, I suppose?"

For against his will Sir Thomas had to acknowledge that the escaping company-promoter was one whom one would expect to find a friend of gentlemen.

"I'm sorry to say I do," said "Mr. Smith." "Son of a big City draper, isn't he?"

"That's the man. He's got a great sprawling place a few miles away, in Suffolk, and miles of gardens and palatial hothouses, and all the paraphernalia which your born bounder can't do without."

"Yes, he's an appalling cad, I know. Everything you say confirms it. The worst of it is, I'm certain the men on his yacht have seen me before and that they recognise me."

"Well, if they do, it doesn't matter. They won't dare to do more than look at you, and you needn't let them do that unless you like."

"Would it be asking too much, Sir Thomas, to beg you to put up with me a few hours longer and land me at another port? I'm sure if you were to land me here you'd find the news of my coming had gone before me and I should be a lost man."

Unwillingly enough Sir Thomas, who, now that he had once taken it upon him to befriend the fugitive, meant to go through with it like the honourable man he was, agreed to this course, and they started on a fresh voyage without touching Harwich.

As ill-luck would have it, however, a similar incident occurred at the very next port they reached; so the yacht was anchored, and "Mr. Smith" lay low on board while Sir Thomas and Legrand went ashore, did the shopping, and returned to the yacht.

The ladies remained on board, however, and this happened at two or three ports, until Legrand grew angry and suspicious, and asked his friend whether he thought that "Smith" was "all right."

"Of course, old chap, you may tell me I ought to mind my own business," said he, "and accept any friend you may choose to invite as a matter of course. But really, you

know, you didn't seem to be so very keen yourself upon having him with you, and I hope I'm not saying too much in suggesting that you have sometimes seemed to look upon him as *de trop*. It's only Lady Marney and your sister, indeed, who seem to care much about him."

As Legrand had expected, Sir Thomas looked rather alarmed by these words, and answered quickly :—

"Nonsense. They put up with the fellow, that's all."

"Then if that's all they do, why on earth do *you* do as much?"

Sir Thomas frowned, hesitated, stammered, and said something short and crisp under his breath.

"What reason have you—for—for saying—my mother—my sister—like him?" he stammered out at last.

"Oh, I don't know so much about Lady Marney, but he and your sister are always whispering and laughing together, and whenever they think you're likely to see them they exchange a look, as if there were a sort of freemasonry between them. Of course, I don't wish to insinuate——"

But Sir Thomas, who was standing at the quay-side of a little East Coast town, stamped his foot, said, "By Jove, I won't stand that sort of thing!" and, bouncing into a small boat without waiting for his own dinghy, had himself rowed back to the yacht without delay.

It was evening, a most delightful evening in August, and the *Wee Thing* was lying bathed in a beautiful sunset glow just outside the little harbour. Sir Thomas, who knew that those on board did not expect him and Legrand for a couple of hours, was burning with impatience to reach the yacht and to see what was going on there.

He had an instinct, the effect of which was even stronger than Legrand's warning, that he was on the eve of some unpleasant discovery, the nature of which he dimly guessed.

But even his presentiment scarcely prepared him for what he did see when, his little boat stealing round to the port side of the *Wee Thing*, he came upon what ought to have been a charming page out of a romance, but which, in the circumstances, was an annoyance and a scandal of the most startling kind.

For "Mr. Smith" was talking very earnestly to Delia, whose pretty head was inclined towards him while his face was very close to hers; and before Sir Thomas could make his angry presence known to the culprits, the fugitive to whom he had so handsomely given protection and the means of escape from the law suddenly put his arm round the beautiful girl and kissed her on the lips.

The next moment the baronet, scarcely articulate, climbed up to the deck and presented himself, shaking and hoarse with emotion, to the astonished and guilty pair.

"Mr.—Mr. *Smith*," said he, with cutting emphasis, "you have abused my hospitality, you have betrayed my confidence. You—you are unworthy the help——"

"Mr. Smith" was on his feet, disconcerted certainly, but still less disturbed than he ought to have been at his unmasking. Delia, on the other hand, who had sprung up with a cry, was looking with startled eyes from the one to the other, and her brother's heart seemed to take fire when he thought of the shame to which she had been put by the designing advances of this rascal.

Suddenly changing his tone and the words he had meant to use, Sir Thomas flew at the impostor's throat, and hurling at him the one word, "Scoundrel!" would have flung him over the taffrail into the sea but for Delia, who, with a shriek, interposed, and laying one hand upon the arm of her brother and the other on that of "Mr. Smith," said, passionately :—

"Hear him! Hear him first! You shall! You must!"

"He's an impostor!" roared Sir Thomas.

"True," said "Mr. Smith." "But—but, look here."

He snatched up a newspaper, an evening newspaper, which he had evidently sent for during the absence of the owner of the yacht, and, pointing with a shaking finger to a flaring headline, forced Sir Thomas to read these surprising words :—

"Arrest of David Bergstein. Sensational Circumstances of His Escape."

The baronet read this line twice, and then looked up with a frown.

"But they haven't arrested you!" he growled, angrily.

"They've arrested Bergstein, though," said "Mr. Smith," quietly.

For a moment Sir Thomas stared at him; then he said, with a sudden drop in his voice :—

"Arrested Bergstein—and not arrested you! Then who the deuce are you?"

The impostor drew himself up.

"Well, Sir Thomas, I'm afraid you'll never forgive me for not being the criminal I repre-

sented myself to be, and for being instead what I am."

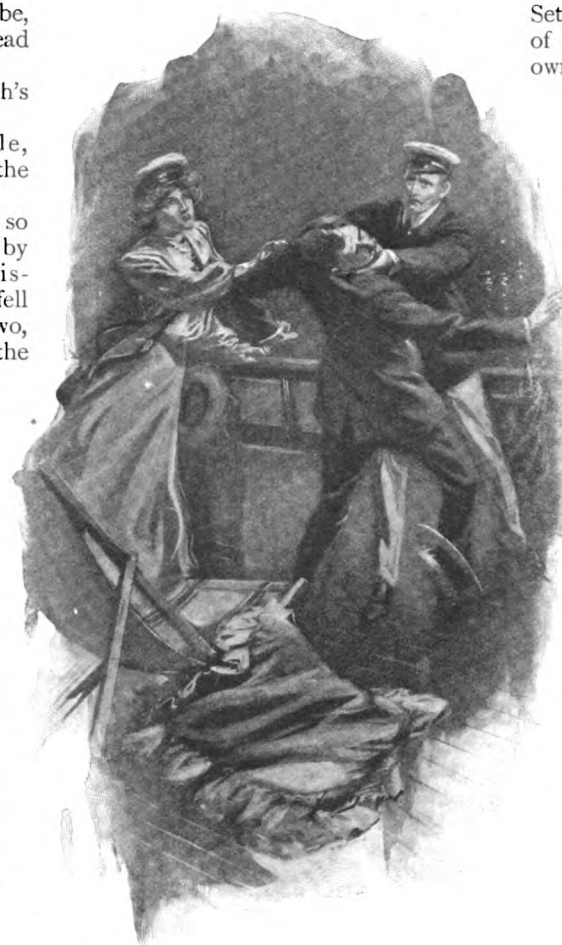
"What on earth's that?"

"Bentley Beale, the bounder and the draper's son.'

Sir Thomas was so much taken aback by this amazing discovery that he fell back a step or two, and leaned against the companion to recover himself.

When he turned round to express again his indignation at the deception which had been practised upon him he found, to his fury and dismay, that he had two opponents instead of one, for Delia was hanging tearfully on the impostor's arm. Bentley Beale spoke at once when he caught his host's eye.

"I am indeed deeply sensible of having done something I ought to be ashamed of, Sir Thomas, in passing myself off as a man whom I knew your magnanimity would induce you to take on board your yacht, which, for reasons I need scarcely explain, seemed an unattainable heaven to me, the draper's son."



"SIR THOMAS FLEW AT THE IMPOSTOR'S THROAT."

"How—how dare you? And you, Delia, you—to let yourself be—be talked round—in a w-w-week!" gasped her angry brother.

But Delia laughed, half nervously, half confidently.

"Oh, Tom, I've known Mr. Beale much longer than that," she said, with a little shy look up at the impostor. "I met him when I was staying at the Settringtons'. But, of course, it was of no use to say anything to you. You are so prejudiced—so out of date in your ideas."

Sir Thomas said nothing to this. The Settringtons were people of family as good as his own, and yet they received the draper's son! He felt that the ground was giving way under his feet. Bentley Beale came forward.

"Believe me, Sir Thomas, if you are really very angry with me for the deception I've practised, I shall regret it most deeply, for there is no man in the county except yourself who would have held his ground and kept his word so magnanimously as you did."

There was a pause. Sir Thomas felt still irritated, but also a trifle ashamed of himself for the prejudices he had entertained against a man who in manners, education, and appearance could certainly hold his own with any man of his acquaintance.

"But to—to make love to my sister," he faltered.

Delia pressed forward, and said, in a half whisper:—

"Can you wonder that he wanted to save me from your horrid friend with the yellow face, Tom?"

"T-t-to save you?" stammered Sir Thomas, angrily.

"Yes," retorted she, boldly. "You were ready to save him from the police by taking him on board the *Wee Thing*. Well——" She stopped, laughed, and added, demurely: "Mr. Beale's got a yacht, too!"

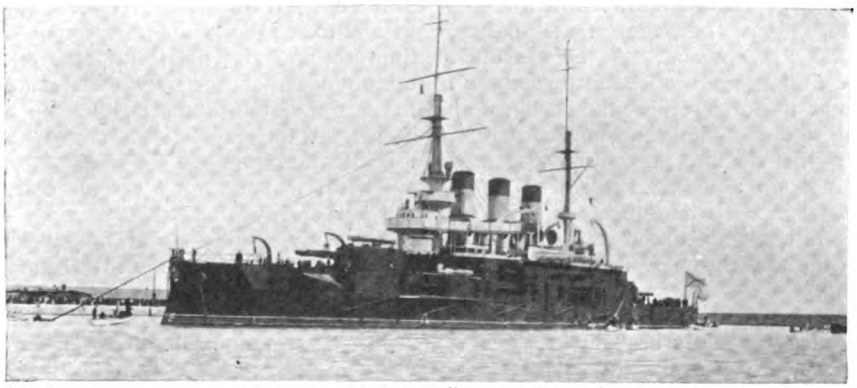
Sir Thomas said nothing. He was in no mood to be forgiving—yet. But he walked away with his head very erect, and left the impostor and pretty Delia together!

The Mutiny on the "Potemkin."

By A. Kovalenko

(*Former Lieutenant on the battleship "Kniaz Potemkin Tavrichesky," of the Black Sea Fleet*).

The mutiny which took place on board the great Russian battleship *Potemkin* was not only an event of historical importance, but the story is one of intense dramatic interest. The following account, the only one which has appeared in this country, has been especially written for The Strand Magazine by Lieutenant Kovalenko, the only officer on board who joined the mutineers.



From a] THE RUSSIAN BATTLESHIP "KNIAZ POTEMKIN." [*Photograph.*

I FINISHED my course of studies at the Kharkov Technological Institute in the spring of 1903. It was in my student days that I first began to take an interest in political and revolutionary matters. I took part in "circles" as they are called, and was a member of one of the revolutionary parties in Little Russia.

In the autumn of 1903 I entered the navy, not because I had any leaning to the service, but simply to serve my term under the general law of conscription, and because I could do so in the capacity of an engineer on board a battleship. According to the regulations then in force, I had first to get a certificate of practical efficiency by working for three months without pay as a mechanician. This cruise of mine began in September, when most of the ships were already going out of commission for the winter, and I therefore had constantly to change from one ship to another, so that during this time I served on almost every kind of ship, from an ironclad to a gunboat. In January, 1904, I was formally enrolled on the staff of engineers of the fleet and appointed to the post of junior engineer on board the battleship *Chesma*. In March I was transferred to another battleship, *Catherine II.*, where I remained during the summer of 1904 in the practice squadron. In October I was again transferred to the post of junior engineer on the battleship *Prince Potemkin Tavrichesky*, where I occupied the same post till the outbreak on the 14th of June.*

This battleship, the best of the Black Sea squadron, had only just been built; indeed, some of its parts were finished while I was there. In May a special commission had been appointed to the *Potemkin*, which had been supplied with new guns; on the 12th of June the *Potemkin* left Sebastopol, being ordered by the Commander-in-Chief of the Black Sea Squadron, Vice-Admiral Chukhnin, to execute some artillery exercises in the Gulf of Tendra. By the end of June this gulf was to be the meeting-place of the practice squadron, which the *Potemkin* was then to join. The Gulf of Tendra received its name from a desolate and almost uninhabited island, situated not far from Ochakov. A detachment of the Black Sea Fleet goes there every summer for naval drill during a period of about two months. On the morning of June 13th the *Potemkin*, together with the torpedo-boat N267, belonging to her, lay already at anchor in the Gulf of Tendra. The officers and the crew were allowed to rest after the journey, and there was no drill on that day.

CHAPTER I.

The eventful day of the 14th of June began in an ordinary way. At eight o'clock in the morning I went on deck as usual to assist with all the other officers in the hoisting of the flag. At the end of the ceremony I was told that the artillery exercises fixed for the

* The dates are all given in the Russian (Old) Style.

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day were postponed, as the sea was rather rough. After having, as usual, inspected those parts of the ship which were under my direct supervision, and having given a few orders, I went below to my cabin to read during my spare time. Shortly after 11 a.m. I entered the ward-room, where all the officers were already assembled at the dinner-table; only the place of the first officer, Guilyarovsky, was vacant. As he was often late I took no special notice of the fact, and sat down at the table, where the usual gaiety prevailed, with many jests and much laughter. Only the chief doctor, M. Smirnov, seemed to be in a gloomy mood. Presently the first officer came in and, going up to the doctor, said with rather a disturbed air:—

"M. Smirnov, the crew refuse to eat to-day's soup."

"I have already said," the doctor answered, angrily, "that the meat brought yesterday is excellent; the worms are nothing but eggs which the flies have laid. In such cases they are easily washed off with vinegar and water, which has been done according to my orders. It can happen to very fresh meat, and if the crew refuse the soup just because of that, they are making a fuss over nothing."

"THE FIRST OFFICER CAME IN AND, GOING UP TO THE DOCTOR, SAID: 'M. SMIRNOV, THE CREW REFUSE TO EAT TO-DAY'S SOUP.'"

There was something like annoyance in the doctor's voice at being disturbed about such trifles. The first officer stood before him a few seconds, irresolutely toying with something he held in his hands. Then, without speaking, he slowly went out of the room. Up to that moment I knew nothing about the meat, and now began to ask what was the matter. From the answers of the officers I learnt that the meat brought yesterday from Odessa was found to contain worms, and the crew, having noticed it, refused to eat the soup made from that meat.

Hardly had I been told all this when a sailor entered and said that the commander wished to see the senior and junior doctors. Smirnov and Golenko both rose and went up on deck. Some minutes later we heard the sound of the drums beating the roll-call, and then the noise of a crowd marching towards the bow.

There was nothing extraordinary in a roll-call and we all took it more or less indifferently, remaining at our meal. But when we heard the sound of the signal calling the watch on deck there appeared not so much anxiety as annoyance on the officers' faces. No one imagined that such an insignificant circumstance would call for any extreme measures. Those of the officers who have on these occasions to be with the watch got up and went out. There remained at the table the engineers, the chaplain, and a colonel and lieutenant just arrived from the Obukhov factory in St. Petersburg. Knowing that, in accordance with naval regulations and traditions, the usual scene of investigation as to who were the ringleaders would now begin on deck, with demands for their delivery and with inevitable speeches on the strictness of naval discipline—a scene which could inspire in me nothing but disgust—I rejoiced that my position as an engineer saved me from witnessing the proceedings.

I had just said this to one of my neighbours, when suddenly a shout of absolute fury from the first officer reached us in the ward-room; his voice sounded so strange that one could scarcely recognise it. We all listened. For a moment we heard nothing.

Suddenly a furious, terrible cry from the

sailors shook the whole vessel. The officers, with blanched faces, jumped up from their seats. Their momentary look of bewilderment gave way to one of horror as they realized that for some reason or other a mutiny had broken out among the crew.

It was all so unexpected; it seemed so extraordinary that I altogether lost my head. A thousand thoughts, as if driven by some irresistible power, rushed through my brain with lightning-like rapidity.

I stood in the middle of the ward-room, trying to master myself, when the engineer, Zaoushkevich, Lieutenant Grigoriev, who had come from St. Petersburg for the artillery practice, and the engineer of the Nikolaev factory, temporarily on board the ironclad, came up to me.

"Something dreadful is happening," he said. "Do you hear?"

"Yes," I answered, mechanically.

"Where is your cabin?" he asked.

"Here, next the ward-room."

"Let us all go there."

We all went to my cabin. Here everything as yet breathed the quiet of the preceding moments. Flowers which I had received at Sebastopol still stood about the tables; an open book that I had been reading lay close by. It all seemed ridiculously unreal and out of place in view of all that was going on up on deck.

A. KOVALENKO, FORMER LIEUTENANT-ENGINEER, OF THE "POTEMKIN," AND AUTHOR OF THIS ARTICLE.
From a Photograph.

We sat down on my bunk, and I soon felt rather more collected.

"This could not have occurred without some provocation from one of the officers," said Lieutenant Grigoriev. "I feel sure that the commander or the first officer has provoked the mutiny by some tactless orders."

"I should not be surprised," I answered. "What can you expect when they, along with the other officers, still follow almost prehistoric traditions?"

"That's true," said the lieutenant. "But what will happen now?"

I only shrugged my shoulders. Reading over now the words which, insignificant in themselves, have yet impressed themselves so indelibly on my memory, I cannot but wonder how we could have held these comparatively long conversations at such a moment. The truth is that we were stupefied by the unexpectedness of the thing, and could not summon our wits for action.

"I wonder if we had not better go up? We might attempt to quiet the crew," I said, more to myself than to the others.

"Oh, it's quite impossible," Grigoriev answered. "No words or reasoning would be of any use now. Just listen!"

And, indeed, the storm of the revolt was growing every moment; savage shouts, the tramping of many feet, the jingle of broken things, and desultory gun-shots made an odd medley of sound, paralyzing one's will and filling one's mind with a strange torpor. As the rifle-shots came from various parts of the ship and were accompanied by angry shouts from the crew, it was evident that it was not the watch or the officers who were firing, but the sailors in revolt. Then we heard the crash of broken glass, for windows were being smashed in the officers' cabins next to mine, then again fierce shouts from the crowd that was now raging near at hand. Waiting was unbearable, and we had just decided that it was better to go out and meet what was in store for us than to be penned behind the door, when from the other side of it came a savage voice:—

"Kill them all! No quarter for anyone!"

"There is no one left," answered a second voice. "We are masters of the ship."

We stepped back involuntarily from the door. I shall never forget the feeling of those few minutes. I had already accepted the idea of death, and was as reconciled to it as one ever can be to the inevitable. But to die at the hands of those who had always had my sympathies, and whose oppression had been hateful to me, seemed a revolting, senseless mockery, and hurt almost like the physical pain of undeserved injury.

"Heavens, so it's death!" whispered Lieutenant Grigoriev.

No one answered him.

Suddenly the thought flashed across me to jump overboard. It was pretty certain death there, too; but surely it was better than to be torn to pieces by a maddened crowd. If I had had a revolver on me, I suppose I should have found a shorter way.

"There's nothing left but to jump overboard," I said aloud.

"But there is no rescue there either," remarked somebody.

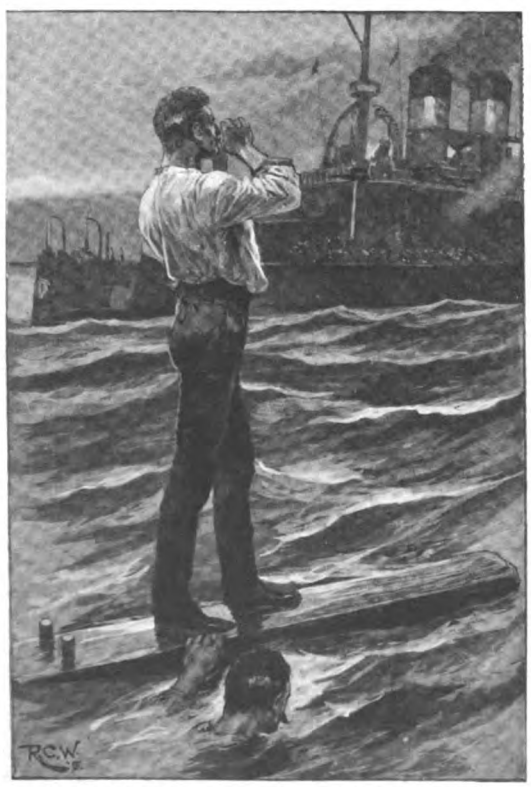
"Well, I prefer that kind of death," I answered, beginning to throw off some of my clothes.

The others followed my example. In another moment I jumped out of the window, whose frame had been shortly before removed for repairs, ran along the corridor separating my cabin from the side of the ship, and threw myself into the sea from a porthole. Engineer Kharkevich and Lieutenant Grigoriev followed me. As soon as we were in the water they began to fire on us from the ship. Grigoriev was killed by one of the first shots, and sank almost at the ship's side. Kharkevich and I managed to swim for a considerable distance. Still, after a time our breath began to fail and my heart beat irregularly; we were losing strength. Suddenly I saw, not far off, some huge pieces of wood floating. I guessed that this was part of the target prepared for the artillery practice. Gathering together what remained of my strength, I shouted to Kharkevich and pointed with one hand in the direction of the target. A little cheered, we swam towards it. There, holding on to a piece of wood with our hands, we took breath, and then began to discuss what to do. To swim to shore as we were was impossible; to remain there meant to risk being eventually shot from the ship. I proposed that we should break off some of the boards of the target, which was erected on floating beams, and try to continue on our way with their help.

"But we shall be shot as soon as we begin," said Kharkevich.

"It's pretty certain death, anyway; we can but try," I answered.

I was starting when I heard my name being called from the ship. I looked, and saw that a group of sailors had assembled at the side, and, waving their hats and beckoning, shouted, "Engineer Kovalenko! Mr. Kovalenko!"



"I SHOUTED AS LOUD AS I COULD TOWARDS THE SHIP."

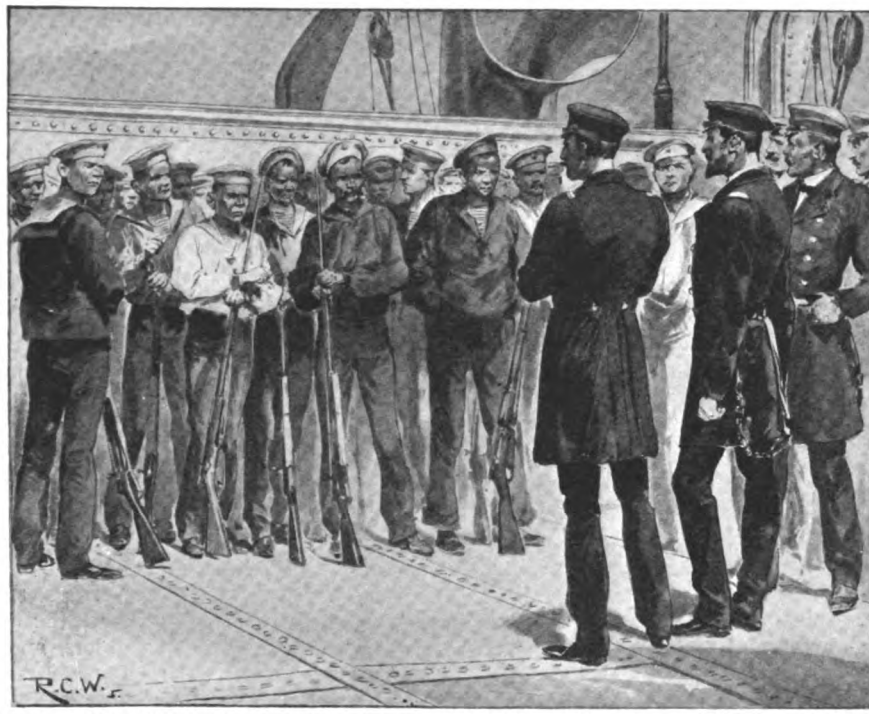
Hope sprang up in me again, and, encouraged by these calls, which, as it seemed to me, sounded not unfriendly, I climbed out of the water and stood up on the baulk.

"What are you doing? You'll be a better aim for them," cried Kharkevich.

"They would not have called me if they wanted to kill me," I rejoined. Then I shouted as loud as I could towards the ship, "What do you want?"

"Come back. We will not harm you."

"Engineer Kharkevich is here, too," I shouted back again.



"A GROUP OF SAILORS, WITH MATUSHEHENKO, THEIR RINGLEADER, AT THEIR HEAD, MET US, ALL OF THEM ARMED WITH GUNS."

"Let him come back with you," they answered from the ship.

"Let us swim back; I trust them," said I to Kharkevich, and jumped into the water again.

The sailors showed signs of agitation, and cried, "Don't swim! don't swim! wait for a boat!"

I realized only then that I should not have had the strength to swim back. Climbing up on the baulks again I sat down and waited for the boat, which started almost immediately with some of the crew. Kharkevich followed my example. A few minutes later the boat reached us, and one of the sailors, with a kindly smile, helped us to get into it.

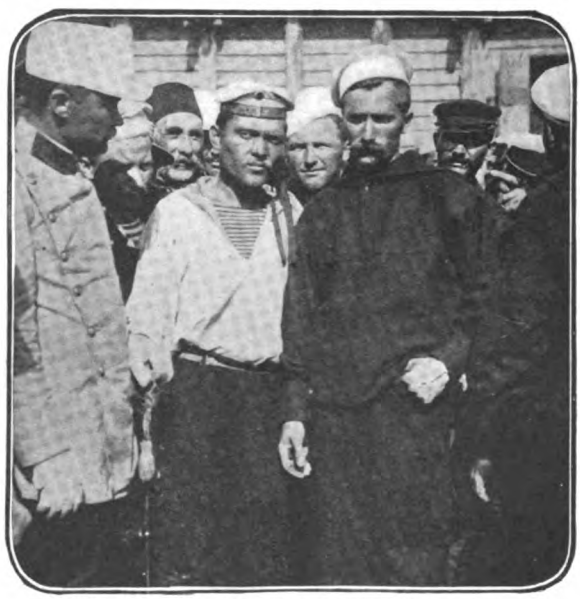
On the deck of the *Potemkin* I was at once surrounded by a crowd of sailors, mostly from the engine department, and it was strange to see how those same men, from whom I had taken refuge in the sea at the risk of a watery grave, were now vying with one another in their solicitude and attentions. Some said how sorry they were that I had thrown myself into the water; others hastened to bring me dry clothes; others, again, pressed me to go to the cabin to change. While I was changing in the cabin the sailors who were helping me could not sufficiently express their regret for the anxious moments through which I must have passed.

Suddenly we heard the reports of rifles. I looked inquiringly at the sailors. One of them went out, and, on soon returning, said that the men were merely unloading their guns. Although he looked extremely agitated I suspected nothing.

Having changed, and not knowing what to do with myself, I went into the engine-room. There I found the chief engineer, Sub-Colonel Izvetkov, and Lieutenant Zaoushkevich, whom, as he told me, the crew had prevented from jumping overboard. We had scarcely exchanged a few words when somebody told us that the crew wanted to see us and asked us to come up on to the quarter-deck. There a group of sailors, with Matushehenko, their ringleader, at their head, met us, all of them armed with guns. With a preoccupied and grave air, Matushehenko declared to us that the crew had decided for the present to arrest all officers remaining alive. This was my first acquaintance with him, as up to that time our service duties had never brought us together. Izvetkov and I were asked to go into one of the big cabins, and a sentinel was immediately placed at the door. Shortly afterwards we were informed that the *Potemkin* was making for Odessa.

On the ship, meanwhile, the tumult had died down and order and quiet prevailed. All that we had gone through during the day seemed so oddly unreal that at times I wondered if it had been a dream. But the sight of the sentinel left no room for illusions.

This imprisonment began to grow wearisome, and I asked, through the sentinel, for my books to be brought to me. A minute after all my library was before me, and I was already preparing to absorb myself in the same book that I had been reading in the morning when Matushehenko entered the cabin, and declared that I was free to move about the ship as I liked. I took immediate advantage of this permission to go on deck. As soon as I appeared there the sailors came up to me and began to talk over the events. From what they told me I gathered the following account of this sudden outbreak.



MATUSHEHENKO, THE RINGLEADER OF THE MUTINEERS, IN THE WHITE SHIRT.
From a] [*Photograph.*

When the men refused to eat the soup made from tainted meat the commander gave the order for the crew to assemble on the quarter-deck. The drums beat the roll-call, the crew gathered quickly and lined up in their watches.

The commander made a speech to the sailors, repeating once again the doctor's decision on the good quality of the meat, and said that he considered their refusal of dinner and all their behaviour in general as lawless disorder, that they were acting under the bad influence of a few instigators, and that he even knew some of them. After this he ordered all those who did not want to be mutineers and who would consent to eat the soup to leave the front lines and to stand apart. At once the boatswains, the sergeants, and a few of the crew came out and stood in the place indicated. Seeing that almost all the crew remained behind, the commander called out the marines. The signal sounded, and a minute after the marines stood in full order between the two parts of the crew. This produced an immediate effect on the crew, and the sailors began, at first one by one, and then in numbers, to go over to the side of those who had obeyed at once. When the first officer saw that almost all the crew were passing to the other side, and that in this way the supposed instigators would not be singled out, he decided to stop further passage in order to keep behind those who, as he thought, gave in only to mix in the crowd and be hidden. With the words: "Enough; we know enough!" he barred the way for the other sailors, and with the ensign Siventzov kept them back by force. The crew, now gathered in a disorderly crowd, breathlessly followed these proceedings, and murmurs arose. But when the first officer cried out to the boatswain to bring a tarpaulin, many of the sailors took it as a sign that those who had been kept behind by force were going to be covered by the tarpaulin and shot dead under it.

From the crowd, watching all this with rising excitement, a voice cried: "Boys, we've stood enough! They are going to shoot down our men!"

"To arms!" came the answer, and the crowd, with shouts of "Hurrah! Long live freedom!" rushed for the guns. The marines scattered. A group of armed sailors returned on deck and opened fire on the officers. Lieutenant Neonpokoev was the first to fall. The first officer snatched a carbine from one of the sentinels and shot a sailor Vakoulenchouk, who was advancing on him, armed also with a carbine. One of the sailors who tried not to lose sight of the first officer saw him aiming at Vakoulenchouk, and fired, but already too late, killing Guilyarovsky, after Vakoulenchouk, mortally wounded, had

fallen on the deck. The commander and the officers disappeared.

From the deck the sailors saw people jumping overboard, and, being sure that they were officers, some of the crew fired upon them. It appeared afterwards that in this way, besides the officers Grigoriev and Siventzov, a good many sailors were killed also. Midshipman Makarov managed to swim to the torpedo-boat which was lying off the stern of the *Potemkin*. The commander of the torpedo-boat, Lieutenant Baron Clodt, had retired there after dining with us on the battleship. The torpedo-boat rapidly got under way and steered towards the open sea. The men on the *Potemkin*, perceiving this, fired several shots after her from three-inch guns. One of the projectiles hit the funnel, after which the torpedo-boat returned and came up alongside.

The captain and an officer, Alexiev, went down to the admiral's cabin, where they were followed by a number of men. Many clambered over the side of the vessel and got in through the port-holes. It was the captain's intention to jump into the sea and swim to the torpedo-boat, but his officers refused to let him take the risk of the bullets he would have had to encounter to do this, and tried to persuade him to hide in some secure spot. But reflecting that, after all, he would not like to act as a coward, they ceased their representations.

Though very pale, the captain never for a moment lost his presence of mind and pluck. Lighting a cigarette himself, he offered his case to Alexiev.

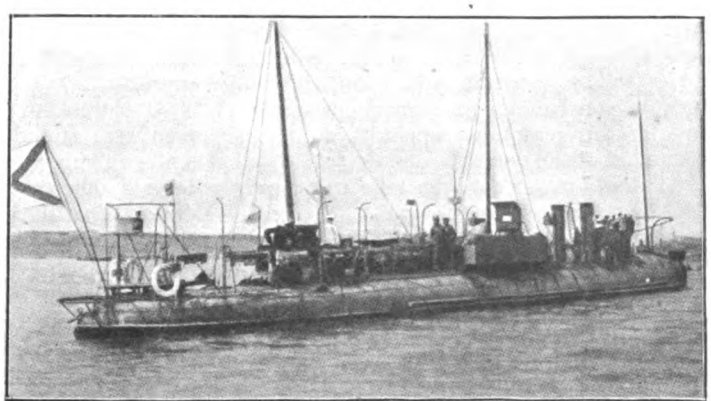
"Perhaps for the last time," he said. "What have I done, old fool that I am?" he added. "I am persuaded my end is at hand. If I am killed, Alexiev, and you are spared, you must take command of the vessel."

Meanwhile the tumult was growing worse and worse, and great numbers of men and officers who had thrown themselves into the sea were being killed every moment by the mutineers, who greeted each death with laughter and applause. The sight was most heart-rending and terrible. The sea was perfectly calm, and on its surface, close to the vessel, were floating confused heaps of hats, boots, and clothes, and among them men who, although bleeding from severe wounds, were still alive. These poor fellows clutched at any object they could to save themselves, but, either losing strength or being struck by flying bullets, finally sank. On board the vessel itself many of the sailors were groaning, weeping, and praying. The captain tried to calm and instil courage into these by showing them that nothing would be done to them. One young sailor, Stavodorev, climbed over the ship's side almost to the level of the water, but on account of the constant hail of lead was unable to remain there. Noticing him, the captain told him to clamber in through the illuminator. By the help of several other sailors he was hoisted up. So overjoyed was he that he began to embrace all around him.

Overhead the shouting never ceased for a moment, and increased in severity when the mutineers saw the torpedo-boat, on which a number of the *Potemkin's* officers had taken refuge, preparing to come in their direction. Barely had the torpedo-boat lifted its anchor before a ball from the *Potemkin* hit its fore part, and a second and third shot were fired, the last striking the smaller vessel below the water-line. From the torpedo-boat a voice then shouted through a speaking trumpet: "I join the *Potemkin*."

Meanwhile the mutineers, learning that the captain and officers were in the admiral's cabin, decided to go there, whereupon a fresh panic arose among the sailors, who rushed to and fro, seeking some place to hide in. The captain, who had already undressed himself, hurriedly put on a pair of trousers and a shirt and retired to his own cabin, where he was immediately followed by the mutineers.

Matushehenko and two others addressed him brutally, as follows:—



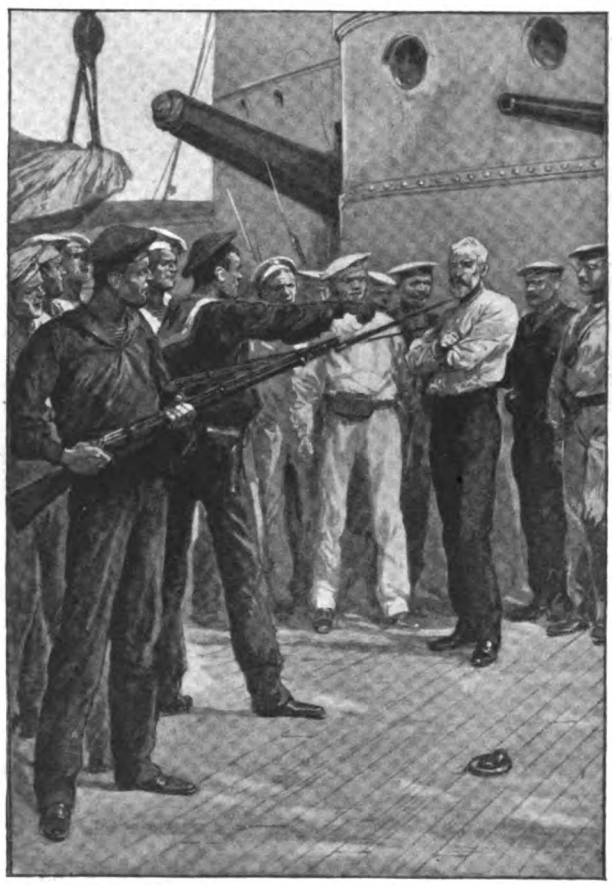
THE RUSSIAN TORPEDO-BOAT N 267, WHICH JOINED THE "POTEMKIN."
From a Photograph.

"Go up above. What does it matter to you where you die?"

Seizing hold of him they dragged him away. As soon as he appeared on deck voices clamoured from the crowd: "Shoot him! Shoot him! He threatened to shoot us." A sailor, Sirov, shouted to the sentry, "Stand aside," and raising his rifle took aim at the captain. Turning to the crew, the unhappy man exclaimed:—

"Forgive me, brothers. It is my fault."

"You reduced me in rank," Sirov returned, "and for this you will now die." As he spoke he fired, but missed the captain, who crossed himself. A moment later, however, a second shot killed him, and his body was at once thrown overboard.



"VOICES CLAMOURED FROM THE CROWD, 'SHOOT HIM! SHOOT HIM!'"

The mutineers then went to Alexiev, who was dressing in the admiral's cabin, fully expecting to meet with a similar fate. Matushehenko and Podin went up to him and said, "We will not touch you, your honour, because you have been a good chief to us, and for this reason we appoint you to the command of the vessel."

"I would rather die than take command," Alexiev replied.

"No," was the answer. "You will take the command, whether you wish to or not." Seizing hold of him and shouting "Hurrah!" they brought him to the upper deck, and there ordered him to remove the insignia of his rank.

"This is our captain," they announced to the rest of the crew. Tottering, and hardly able to support himself, Alexiev was retiring to his cabin when he was approached by a sailor, who touched his cap and began to address him as "Your honour." With a deep sigh Alexiev interrupted him:—

"No, brother, I am 'your honour' no longer." Remarking his distress, the sailor turned away.

Matushehenko, having dipped his hands in blood, was now thirsting for more, and rushed to and fro like a madman, eagerly seeking other victims. In his course he ran up against Lieutenant Naemparev, who was passing along with bent head, absorbed in gloomy thought.

"Hold!" shouted Matushehenko, and fired at the lieutenant. The latter sprang up so high from the deck that the bullet passed harmlessly beneath his feet. A second shot missed him also, but the third proved fatal, and he fell down a dead man. His body, too, was cast overboard.

After this the tumult abated, the wounded men were attended to, and those who were still swimming in the water were rescued. Several officers were thus saved. The crew decided that there should be no more bloodshed, though all were agreed that Dr. Smirnov merited death. Fearing the worst, Smirnov had locked himself up in his cabin, and in an attempt to commit suicide had inflicted a rather serious wound upon himself. For the present, however, he was left in peace, but while the vessel was on its way to Odessa, having asked for a glass of vodka

and some food, Matushehenko appeared with a piece of raw meat, and offered it to him. Smirnov declined the meat. "Leave me alone," he said, "and I promise I will act differently for the future." Matushehenko, however, took no heed of the doctor's words, and ordered him to be thrown overboard alive. The sailors were reluctant to do this, and seemed rather inclined to yield to the wretch's entreaties to be left alone. Revolver in hand, however, Matushehenko forced some of them to seize him, and the grim order was carried out. For a long time the doctor remained floating, hoping to the last moment that he would be rescued by the torpedo-boat. Finally his strength deserted him and he sank.

After this the mutineers put all the remaining officers, with the exception of Alexiev, who was to command the *Potemkin*, under arrest, and a commission was chosen from their ranks to decide any questions that arose on board.

The bodies of those killed on deck were at once thrown overboard. The remaining officers were found one by one in various corners of the ship and put under arrest. Vakoulenchouk was carried into the infirmary, where he soon afterwards died.

On hearing this account all that had happened on board the *Potemkin* rose before my eyes with great clearness. In spite of what seemed at first sight the accidental character of this revolt, I could not but perceive in all the course of events something inevitable, which had long been maturing to this tragic end.

Of course, the tactless behaviour of the commander, and especially of the first officer, was in itself sufficient to provoke the dissatisfaction which afterwards assumed such a wild form. Discontent with food was in itself not an extraordinary occurrence. Justice compels me to admit that, on the whole, the sailor has not a bad life. Food, as a rule, is of good quality. I had myself with many other officers often eaten the sailors' portion and enjoyed it. The sailors are not overburdened with heavy work; the ordinary working day does not exceed eight hours. As regards the attitude of the officers towards the crew, there prevails a certain tone of correctness which excludes all possibility of rough treatment. And yet, in spite of this, it was impossible not to see during the last period that there was some discontent, some excitement, growing among the sailors; impossible not to see in their relations towards the officers a secret hostility, all the greater towards the higher grades.

And how could it be otherwise? How can a soldier or a sailor be satisfied with his lot when he knows his family is starving? How can he lie down to sleep in the evening with an untroubled mind, when the morning may bring him news of a father or brother killed in the streets? How can he quietly go about his daily duties when, each time he touches his arms, he must have the thought that with those same arms he may be sent

THE OFFICERS OF THE "POTEMKIN," MANY OF WHOM WERE MURDERED BY THE MUTINEERS.
From a Photograph.

at any moment to kill his brothers or comrades, because of an oath taken from him against his will? How can he feel the slightest sympathy or respect towards his officers, when he sees in them the supporters of a dead cause, hateful to all the nation; when he is not sure whether these officers will, to-day or to-morrow, bid him fight against the people, risen for their rights, as has been done and is being done by their fellow-officers?

The accident with the meat had thus received in the eyes of both parties the significance of a struggle for principles, and only served as a spark to start the fire of revolt. The officers of the Russian fleet and army should take special warning from the events on the *Potemkin*, because their position in the historic drama of Russia's liberation from the Romanov yoke is a position "between the hammer and the anvil." And if they do not realize it in time and leave the rotten edifice of the present Government, so hopelessly out of date, they will get crushed also in its ruin at no very distant future.

Such were my thoughts when I left the sailors, after having heard the history of the revolt, and went down to the ward-room, for it was getting dark. I found there all the officers who had escaped death. Sentinels stood at the doors. There were here, besides myself, the colonel from the Obukhov factory, whose name I do not remember, Colonel Izvetkov, Baron Clodt, Captain Gourin, Midshipman Makarov, Midshipman Vachtin, whose head was injured in several places by some heavy instrument; Lieutenants Zaoushkevich and Nazarov, Sub-Lieutenant Kalushny, the chaplain, a monk, by name Parmenius, whose nose was wounded by some sharp-edged weapon; the junior doctor, Golenko, the corporal of the reserve, Tastreboff, and the engineer Kharkevich. Alexiev, a lieutenant of the reserves, had been appointed by the crew commander of the *Potemkin*, as I have already stated. This choice surprised me, for I knew Alexiev was not a particularly intelligent man, and had absolutely no sympathy with ideas of progress. The fact that he had accepted the post did not surprise me, however, as it had been forced upon him while the officers were being killed and taken prisoners, and a refusal might have cost him his life. Whether the crew had not sufficient confidence in their own ability to captain the man-of-war, or whether they considered that a former officer would have more prestige with the less thinking part of the crew, I do not know.

Towards evening the *Potemkin* reached Odessa and anchored in the outer road. We expected, having heard so from Matushehenko on the way, that we should be requested to land, but were told that the matter would be left till next day. There was nothing to be done, and we all began to get ready for going to bed in the ward-room.

At five o'clock next morning I was awakened by the loud command from the deck:—

"Up! Hammocks away!"

I listened sleepily to the sounds of awakening life on board. All went as usual. Now came the long, even sound of morning prayers, then the tramping of the sailors as they dispersed, and presently it was all quiet again; the crew had settled down to breakfast. In a few minutes the movement began again; they had set to work cleaning.

"In the engine-room, there, turn on the water!" came a loud voice, giving the usual order. Next moment I heard the rush of water on the deck and the noise of swabbing. It was all so every-day, so normal and unchanged, that yesterday's events once more seemed as if they must be a dream. But the illusion did not last long. I opened my eyes, and reality met them with all its significance. Near the door sat the sentry, sleeping peacefully, his rifle across his knees, his head dropped on his chest. On couches and sofas officers lay all over the room—some were still asleep, others stared aimlessly into space. There was something hopeless and despairing about it all. To shake off the dull gloom that was taking possession of me I got up to look out of an open port-hole. A magnificent view met my eyes. From the ship's side to the shore stretched the smooth surface of the water, and over it gulls circled, with their white wings gleaming in the sun. Here and there shone the silver sails of little fishing-boats, and through the blue of the light morning mist fair Odessa faintly showed her green parks, her magnificent buildings with high cupolas, and a whole forest of masts from the host of large and small craft lying in the harbour. My thoughts were drawn to that busy centre of activity, till a group of gulls caught my attention. With a tremendous clamour they were beating the water with their wings, and trying to snatch something away from each other.

"They too!" I thought involuntarily, as I left the port-hole.

Having finished dressing in my cabin, I again returned to the ward-room, where the officers were getting up.

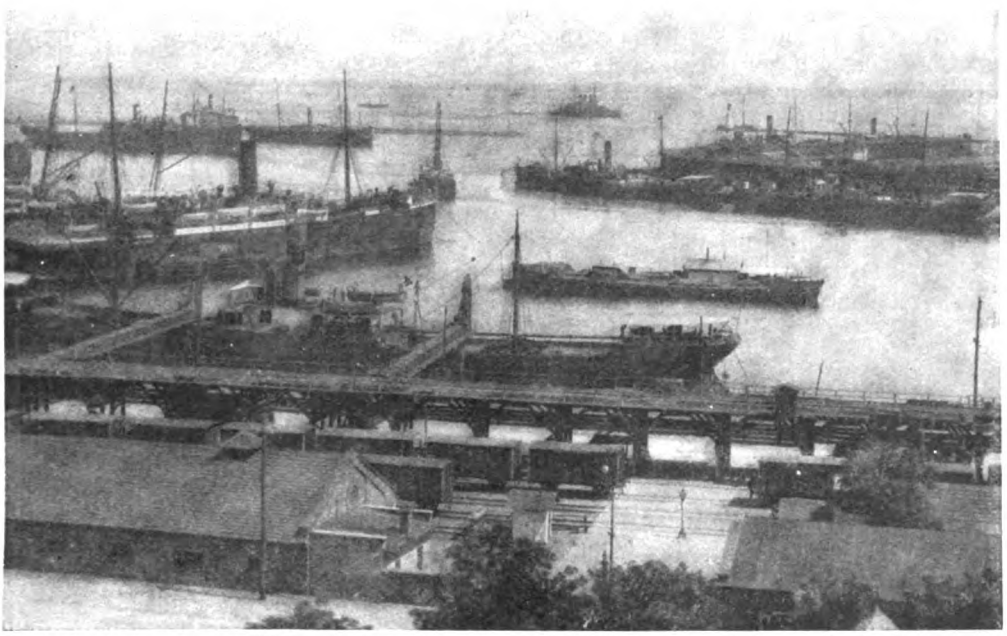
About eight o'clock some sailors brought us tea and bread, and sitting round the table we began our breakfast. We heard the well-known sound of bugles and drums that always accompanied the hoisting of the flag. The bell in the forecastle rang eight times. Some of the officers smiled a little sadly—only yesterday, just at this hour, they had been the chief personages in this daily ceremony of hoisting the flag, and to-day it was being done without them.

Everyone was certain that after the hoisting of the flag we should be put on shore, as we had been told yesterday, and so when Matushehenko came into the ward-room some of the officers asked him about it. He reassured them, saying that the crew had decided to let them land, but that the officers must wait till such time as those in command of the battleship considered suitable. Everyone had to be satisfied with that, and we decided not to broach the subject again.

I heard from Matushehenko that Vakoulenchouk's body had been taken to Odessa and now lay on the shore, where crowds of people were congregating; that for several days in the city there had been unrest among the workmen, and conflicts had taken place between them and the police, who were backed up by the troops. At the head of affairs on the *Potemkin* was a council of several sailors elected by the whole crew. One could guess that the council was working out some plan of action which should have a connection with the events in Odessa.

Meanwhile boats were coming towards the battleship, bringing all sorts of people from shore. There were men and women, young and old, students, schoolboys, and workmen. Some came on board, some stopped at the ladders, and others looked at the unwonted sight of a floating republic from a safe distance, not daring to come nearer. From several boats all kinds of presents were handed up—tobacco, cigarettes, tea, sugar, and even bon-bons. At the ladders they grew busier and busier. Some boats were departing, some arriving, unloading various parcels, boxes, and bundles of offerings. From all sides came voices of greeting—"Long live the free *Potemkin!*" "Long live the free sailors!" "Long live the people's rule!" From the deck now and then came an answering cheer.

Towards evening the number of visitors and curious spectators began to decrease;



A VIEW OF THE PORT OF ODESSA, SHOWING THE MUTINOUS "POTEMKIN," FAR OUT IN THE BAY (THE POSITION IS MARKED BY A CROSS). [*Photograph.*
From a]

those who were on the vessel gradually went off, with congratulations and many good wishes, till at length the last boat put off to shore, and all was again quiet on the ship. The sailors' faces, although grave as before, had now, as it were, more vitality—they showed confidence, and appreciation of the importance of what had taken place.

It was clear that these were days of historical moment for Russia, and I chafed bitterly at my inactive part on this revolutionary man-of-war. I envied each and all of these men.

Meanwhile the darkness began to gather, and soon day turned into the warm night of the south. I sat down by the open port-hole, through which cool, soft air was coming in, and looked out on to the lights of Odessa, brilliant in the blackness. A dull noise and bursts of shouts came from there now and then. Evidently the seeming quiet of the day had been broken by something. I could even hear shots.

"Perhaps this is really the revolution!" I thought, my imagination excited by it all. "Perhaps there is a regular battle between the armed population and the soldiery! Perhaps they are storming the arsenal!"

I strained my attention to hear every sound. The shots came more and more often, the roar of the crowd grew louder. Suddenly a red flame shone in the darkness, lighting up clouds of crimson smoke. Something was on fire. Little tongues of flame, darting out here and there, presently fused into one large blaze. In a few minutes another fire broke out a little way off, and then another. Evidently the conflagration was not accidental, but the result of a concerted plan.

In less than an hour the whole shore was on fire. Trading vessels, warehouses, and even a few private steamers lying in the harbour were burning. It was a magnificent, and at the same time an awful, sight. Gigantic fiery tongues leaping out from under the roofs of the burning buildings, writhing, tore themselves from the blaze and melted in the air. From the buildings, as they fell, now and then spurted great showers of sparks. Thick smoke rising in clouds above the city hung over it like a red pall, illumined by the flames. Gulls, frightened by the unwonted sight, flew backwards and forwards with cries over the water of the bay, now disappearing in the shadow of the neighbouring hills, now flashing their wings again in the red glare of the conflagration. Against the even background of the dull noise coming from the shore I could distinguish more and more often the sharp report of rifles. What was happening there? Who had set fire to the city, and why? What meant these shots? I vainly asked myself these questions, and the sailors to whom I applied for information knew as little as I.

About ten o'clock Matushehenko, accompanied by two sailors, came into the ward-room. The officers, guessing by the men's preoccupied faces that he had something important to say, crowded round, looking at him with anxiety. Matushehenko, as if wanting to make sure we were all there, cast a glance round, and then said:—

"Gentlemen, the crew of the *Potemkin* have decided to convey you to shore, but, before doing this, have instructed me to ask whether any of you wish to join the revolutionary sailors, and stand with them for the sacred cause of liberating the whole people from the accursed yoke of the Czar and his Government, to win or die for freedom, as the whole crew have determined to do."

On this there was a silence. The suggestion was so unexpected to us all that the officers were evidently very surprised and not a little confused. I myself had never thought of the possibility of such an attitude towards us after all that had happened, and a tremendous excitement took hold of me. I heard my heart thumping against my ribs as great, enormous possibilities rose before my imagination. Perhaps the hour that we had longed for and waited for all this time had at last come, when the armed forces were ready to side with the down-trodden population, and were only waiting for an heroic example to turn their arms against their oppressors and deal the last blow to the hated Russian autocracy. Perhaps the *Potemkin* would be that spark which would light the conflagration of a national revolt to free the people and bring them a better future. Could I, then, at that moment—perhaps an historical moment, when Fate itself had opened a way to me to fight for the cause of freedom and justice—could I stand aside and quietly see the great events pass by before my eyes? It was impossible for me to hesitate. In a moment I had decided that I would throw my lot in with theirs.

(*To be concluded.*)

A Hundred Years Ago—1805.

By Alfred Whitman. With Illustrations from Old Prints.

THE year 1805 is commonly known as Nelson's year, but to the people of the time it was for ten months no more Nelson's year than Napoleon's year, and fears of invasion were as generally entertained as were hopes of victory. For example, no fewer than eighty-seven martello towers were ordered to be erected between Hythe and Beachy Head to defend the coast. Preparations for the invasion of England continued with unabated activity at Boulogne, where one hundred and thirty thousand troops were mobilized. And on July 20th two suspicious foreigners were found trying to bribe the sentinel to gain admission to Deal Castle, and were arrested. So, instead of unduly emphasizing the great triumph of Trafalgar, we must follow the year through its normal course.

On January 30th the East-end of London was early astir for the opening ceremony of the new London Docks, that had been under construction for several years, an event of great importance to the Port of London. The vessel, the *London Packet*, privileged to be the first to enter, displayed fifty-seven different flags, being the trading colours of every port and nation expected to use the docks. She was laden with wine from Oporto, and on board were John Rennie, "the engineer of these amazing works," and a large party of visitors. Several guns of welcome were fired as the boat "proceeded majestically across the entrance basin and entered the great dock; the immense concourse of spectators saluting her with nine huzzas. Immediately on her entering the dock, the band on board struck up 'Rule Britannia.'" A view of the London Docks of that date is reproduced.

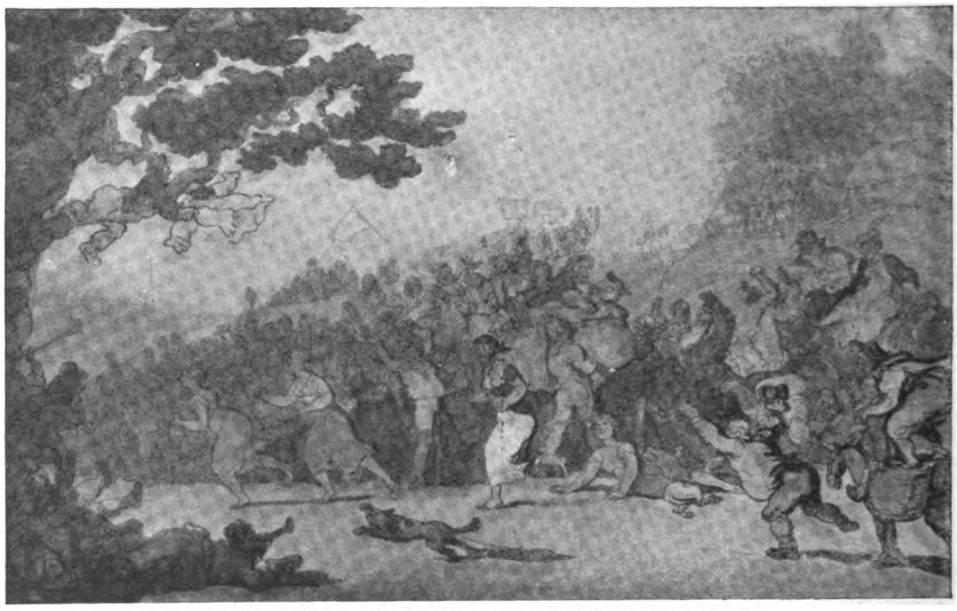
Picture post-cards in 1905, valentines in 1805; and on February 14th "the General Twopenny Post Office received eighty thousand letters—an increase from last year of twenty thousand."

We give an illustration of a smock race and jingling match which took place on March 14th in Tothill Fields, Westminster,

THE OPENING OF THE LONDON DOCKS, JANUARY 30TH, 1805.

and attracted crowds from all parts of London. "Two holland smocks finely ornamented with blue ribbons were started for by three young fair ones." In the jingling match a man with a number of bells hung on different parts of his body was pursued by six youths—blindfolded. The prize was a donkey. A chimney-sweeper proved the victor, by seizing the man when he accidentally fell. "Neddy was immediately delivered up to the sweep; but he no sooner mounted him than he threw him off, to the no small amusement of the spectators."

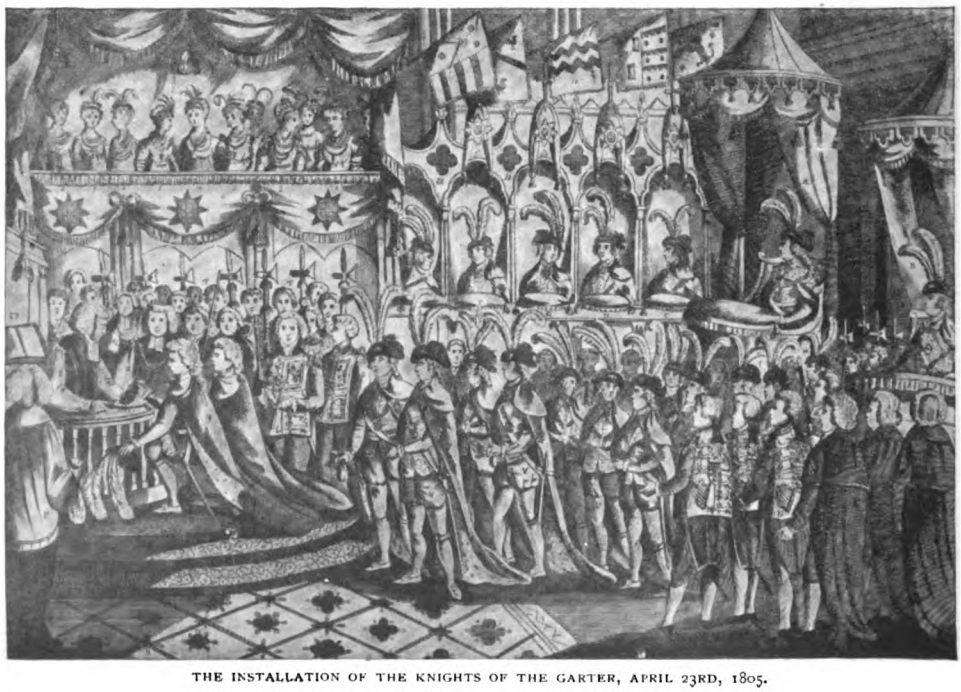
During the year the King dispensed hospitality quite royally. In February, having taken up his abode at Windsor, he determined to give a house-warming after the old English fashion. Upwards of four hundred guests were invited, and nothing but



A "SMOCK RACE" IN TOTHILL FIELDS, WESTMINSTER, MARCH 14TH, 1805.

wax was burnt throughout the Castle, as "the Queen had found great inconvenience from the smell of the oil in the patent lamps on former entertainments." The number of candles in all the rooms amounted to upwards of three thousand. "This Royal banquet is supposed to have cost fifty thousand pounds. The entertainment consisted of a ball, cards, and a concert."

But the Royal function *par excellence* of the year was the installation of the Knights of the Garter, which took place at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on April 23rd. The preparations for the ceremony were planned on



THE INSTALLATION OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER, APRIL 23RD, 1805.

the most sumptuous scale, and as an installation had not been held since July 25th, 1771, the greatest excitement prevailed. The contemporary accounts of the events of the day are embellished with the choicest superlatives of approval, and partly owing to "the uncommon fineness of the day" everything passed off with *éclat*.

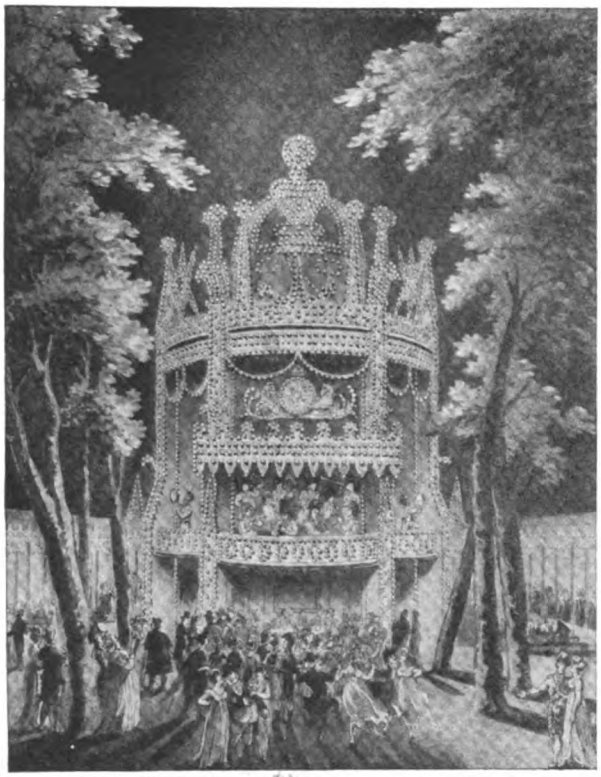
The illustration we give shows how "the Knights walked up the aisle two at a time, where they made their obeisance. Then ascending the steps of the altar they uncovered their heads and knelt on the two crimson velvet cushions placed near the railing at the foot of the altar, and presented a silver net purse, containing ten guineas and ten shillings, to the Dean, who received the same on a gold salver." "'The Hallelujah Chorus' was a noble termination to so interesting a ceremony," which lasted from "eleven o'clock precisely" until "about six minutes after five o'clock." Dinner followed at six, the King dining off gold plate and the Knights off silver; and at 8.15 came the dinner for the populace. "During the time the dinner was getting ready for the populace, all the gates leading into the Castle yard were closed, and sentinels, both horse as well as foot, were stationed without to keep the unruly in awe, and prevent them from approaching too near the entrances."

In theatrical matters we pass over Mrs. Siddons's serious illness, the continued triumphs of the "Young Roscius," and the unfortunate *début* of Miss Mudie, the infant phenomenon, on November 23rd, as Peggy in "The Country Girl," when she was hissed off the stage. We have space only to allude to the unusual action taken by the Bishop of London in May. On Saturday, May 18th, the Bishop compelled the curtain at the Opera House to drop at midnight before the ballet was nearly finished, and he also prohibited Sunday evening routs and concerts in the Metropolis. The fall of the curtain at half-past eleven on the night of June 15th at the King's Theatre was the cause of a riot and "much demolition of the lustres, musical instruments, and benches." The effect of the Bishop's action was felt also in society circles. "The noble marchionesses who have for some time past given concerts on the Sunday evening were apprised that if they continued this profanation of the Sabbath they would be proceeded against with the utmost rigour of the law. A long and curious correspondence took place. The result was that Lady Salisbury, whose turn it was to give the concert last night (May 12th), thought proper to countermand the invitations she had given."

With the coming of summer the usual outings and excursions took place; and on June 25th "the famous Fairlop Oak in Hainault Forest, Essex, forty-eight feet in girth, and supposed to be five hundred years old, was injured by a picnic party from London who had lighted a fire near it." An illustration is given of this famous tree.

THE FAMOUS FAIRLOP OAK, INJURED BY FIRE JUNE 25TH, 1805.

The year 1805 saw the first cabs on the streets of London, introduced from Paris by a member of Parliament. In shape they resembled a modern gig, and could only accommodate one passenger, who sat side by side with the driver. There were only nine of the vehicles altogether, and the venture proving a failure no more cabs were seen in the Metropolis for nearly twenty years.

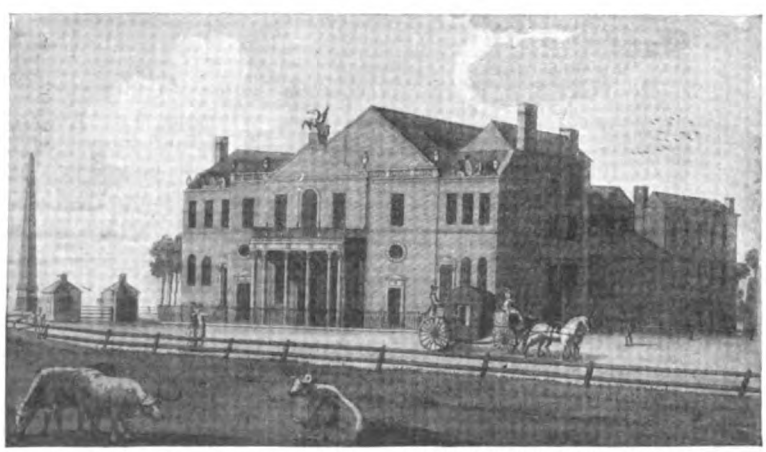


THE NEW ORCHESTRA, VAUXHALL GARDENS, 1805.

One London item is of the nature of a hoax. The newspapers announced that on August 10th the tide of the river "would rise ten feet higher than has been known for the last century." Some thousands of people living near the river between Richmond and Gravesend employed themselves in removing their furniture. Many thousands of spectators assembled on the bridges and the shore, all along from Greenwich to Fulham. Unfortunately for the sensation-lovers, the tide proved an ordinary one, and the crowds had to go home disappointed.

The great Metropolitan pleasure resort of 1805 was Vauxhall Gardens, and we give a view showing the new orchestra as it appeared in that year. In different parts of the grounds were small pavilions for supper parties, to which the company retired after the concert, which lasted from eight o'clock till ten, and the amusements concluded with a display of fireworks. The gardens were opened on alternate nights during the summer months, the most fascinating feature being the illuminations, which, on grand nights, comprised thirty-seven thousand lamps of various colours, "arranged in the most tasteful forms and brilliant devices, forming a splendour of decoration unrivalled in any place of amusement in Europe." The price of admission was three shillings and sixpence, and as many as sixteen thousand persons were sometimes admitted in the course of one evening. Under date July 19th we read: "The Vauxhall Sailing Match of Wednesday evening produced such an influx of company to the gardens that accommodation could scarcely be procured for two-thirds of those who attended." This may be journalistic exaggeration; but it shows how popular the gardens were.

Prize-fights were of constant occurrence, and the spectators at these brutal contests included persons of all ranks, from Royalty downwards. Cricket had its fair share of devotees, and on a Monday and Tuesday in July "was played in Lord's Ground a grand match of cricket between nine of Hampshire with Lord Beauclerk and Beldam, and



THE ROYAL CIRCUS, ST. GEORGE'S FIELDS, DESTROYED BY FIRE, AUGUST 12TH, 1805.

eleven of all England, for one thousand guineas a side, which was won by England by five wickets."

About one o'clock on the morning of August 12th the Royal Circus in St. George's Fields, Southwark, was discovered to be on fire. Several engines arrived, but owing to the want of water they could not be set to work until the fire had nearly exhausted itself. "Not a vestige of any part remains, nothing was saved." We give a view of the building, and in the distance can be seen the Obelisk, which, at the moment of writing, is being removed to give place to a public clock.

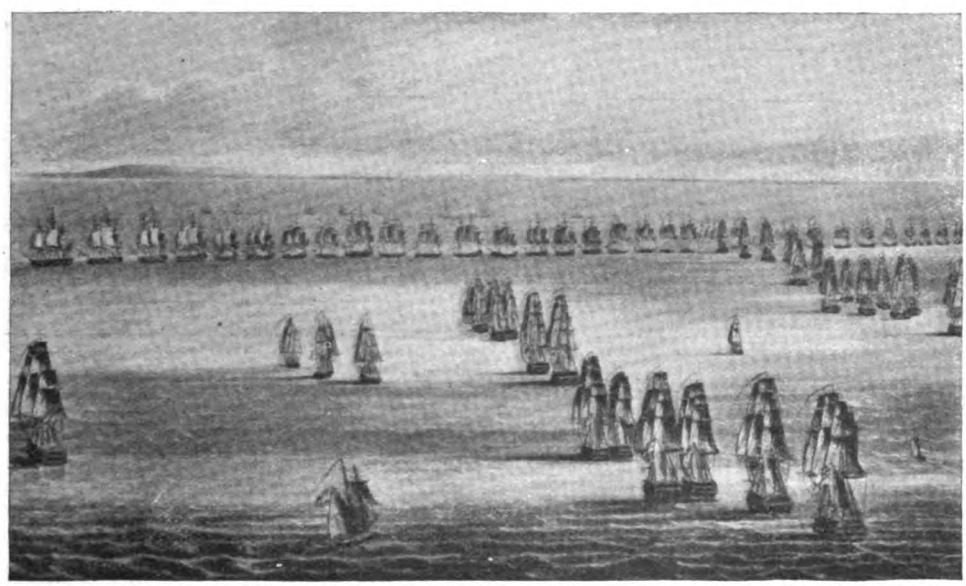
Among the inventions of the year it is curious to note a lifeboat for saving life at sea and a machine for destroying ships. The latter was tried against a ship anchored off Walmer Castle on October 14th, when "the clockwork of the machinery having performed its operation, a small cloud of smoke was seen to rise from the vessel, which in a moment after was blown to atoms without any noise or appearance of fire."

On October 21st took place the grand Spanish fleets off Cape Trafalgar. We give an illustration depicting the commencement of the battle and showing Nelson's old tactics of breaking through the enemy's line.

Two amusing items follow: "October 25th. Remarkable Occurrence. A person driving a flock of geese to Bath had proceeded as far as Inglishcomb Lane when the geese attacked him, and so lacerated his legs and face that it was with much difficulty he reached home, covered with blood. The geese immediately took wing and returned to the farm from whence they had been driven."

"October 30th. During Divine service in the church of Morton Bagots, in Warwickshire, the clerk, either in the fervency of his devotion or in the act of gaping, opened his mouth so wide, as he pronounced the word 'Amen,' that the poor fellow actually put out his jaw. He was obliged to go to Henley-in-Arden, three miles distant, before he could have it set again."

A London fog, even a hundred years ago, was no trifling matter. About five o'clock on November 5th "the thickest fog came on

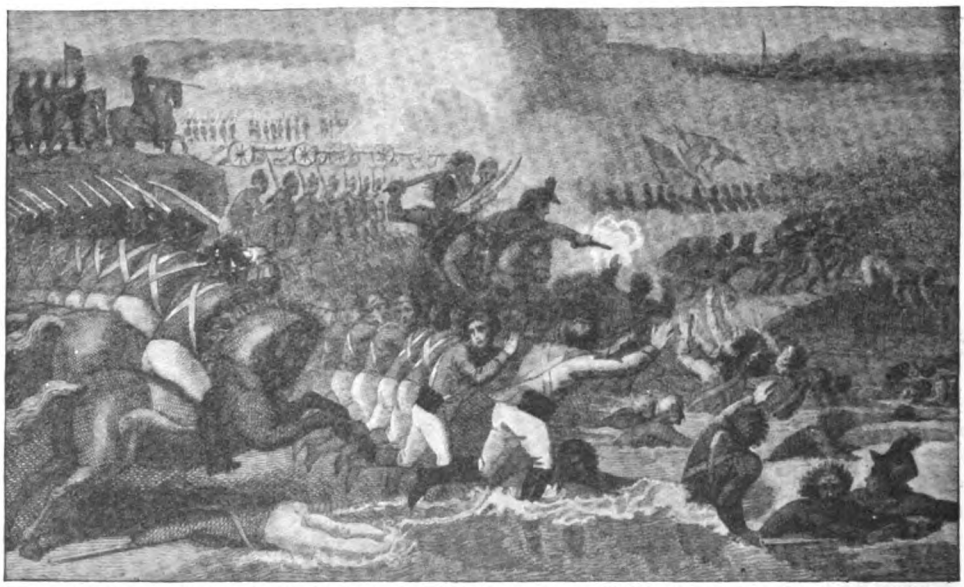


THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR, OCTOBER 21ST, 1805, SHOWING NELSON'S FLEET ABOUT TO BREAK THROUGH THE ENEMY'S LINE.

triumphant event of the year, the memorable victory of Trafalgar. The course of events leading up to that great day, with every detail of the battle, has recently been so many times described and read that there is no need to relate here yet again Nelson's chase across the Atlantic, his return, his farewell to his country, and his intercepting and crushing of the combined French and

which has been remembered for twenty years. It is difficult to describe the awful scene which the Strand and other busy streets presented. The coaches could only move with a foot pace, and to avoid running against each other there was a continual hallooing out. This, with the screams of others who conceived themselves in danger of being run over, presented altogether an alarming scene."

On November 7th a general illumination in celebration of the victory took place, "but there was no rejoicing. Every common person in the streets spoke first of his sorrow for Nelson, and then of the victory." Sunday, December 8th, was observed as a Thanksgiving Day, when collections were made on behalf of the wounded, widows, and orphans, "which exceeded even the most sanguine expectation." The fund by December 21st reached seventy-four thousand pounds. By Christmas Nelson's flagship was at Sheerness; and the officers were most kind "in satisfying the anxious curiosity of numbers who have been on board to see the ship and the spot where our gallant Nelson fell and died."



THE BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ, DECEMBER 2ND, 1805. THE RUSSIANS ENGULFED IN THE LAKE BY THE BREAKING OF THE ICE.

Within six weeks Napoleon in some measure made up for the disaster at Trafalgar by inflicting a serious defeat upon our allies at the Battle of Austerlitz, which took place on December 2nd. At this battle Napoleon defeated a hundred thousand Austrians and Russians and took forty thousand prisoners. Writing to his brother he said: "A whole column threw itself into a lake, and the greater part of them were drowned. I fancy I still hear the cries of these wretches, whom it was impossible to save." Other accounts say the Russians were forced upon the frozen lake, where they were subjected to a heavy artillery fire, when the ice gave way under the weight and cannonade, and in a moment the whole column was engulfed. This incident is portrayed in the illustration we give.

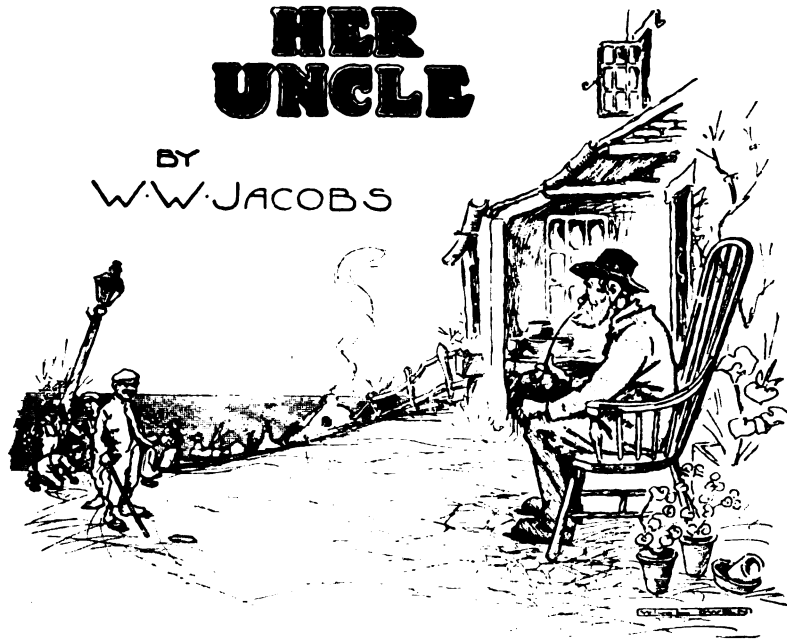
The year 1805 saw the beginnings of steeplechasing; the idea of the sport being to sight a steeple in an open country and race straight to it regardless of obstacles. "December 5th. Extraordinary Race. On Wednesday came on for decision a match which had excited much interest in the sporting world, and which amongst that community is denominated a steeple race—the parties undertaking to surmount all obstructions and to pursue in their progress as straight a line as possible." The contest lay between three riders for a sweepstake of one hundred guineas staked by each. The distance was eight and a quarter miles, and it was covered in twenty-five minutes thirty-two seconds. "The confluence of sporting spectators was astonishing, numbering many thousands, chiefly horsemen."

The births of the year included those of Frederick Maurice, the pioneer of working men's colleges; John Epps, of cocoa fame; Ferdinand de Lesseps, the engineer of the Suez Canal; and Harrison Ainsworth, the popular novelist. And during the twelve months Sir Walter Scott first published his "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

HER UNCLE

BY

W·W·JACOBS



MR. WRAGG sat in a high-backed Windsor chair at the door of his house, smoking. Before him the road descended steeply to the harbour, a small blue patch of which was visible from his door. Children over five were at school; children under that age, and suspiciously large for their years, played about in careless disregard of the remarks which Mr. Wragg occasionally launched at them. Twice a ball had whizzed past him; and a small but select party, with a tip-cat of huge dimensions and awesome points, played just out of reach. Mr. Wragg, snapping his eyes nervously, threatened in vain.

"Morning, old crusty-patch," said a cheerful voice at his elbow.

Mr. Wragg glanced up at the young fisherman towering above him, and eyed him disdainfully.

"Why don't you leave 'em alone?" inquired the young man. "Be cheerful and smile at 'em. You'd soon be able to smile with a little practice."

"You mind your business, George Gale, and I'll mind mine," said Mr. Wragg, fiercely; "I've 'ad enough of your impudence, and I'm not going to have any more. And don't lean up agin my wall, 'cos I won't 'ave it."

Mr. Gale laughed. "Got out o' bed the wrong side again, haven't you?" he inquired. "Why don't you put that side up against the wall?"

Mr. Wragg puffed in silence and became absorbed in a fishing-boat gliding past at the bottom of the hill.

"I hear you've got a niece coming to live with you?" pursued the young man.

Mr. Wragg smoked on.

"Poor thing!" said the other, with a sigh. "Does she take after you—in looks, I mean?"

"If I was twenty years younger nor what I am," said Mr. Wragg, sententiously, "I'd give you a hiding, George Gale."

"It's what I want," agreed Mr. Gale, placidly. "Well, so long, Mr. Wragg. I can't stand talking to you all day."

He was about to move off, after pretending to pinch the ear of the infuriated Mr. Wragg, when he noticed a station-fly, with a big trunk on the box-seat, crawling slowly up the hill towards them.

"Good riddance," said Mr. Wragg, suggestively.

The other paid no heed. The vehicle came nearer, and a girl, who plainly owed none of her looks to Mr. Wragg's side of the family, came into view behind the trunk. She waved her hand, and Mr. Wragg, removing his pipe from his mouth, waved it in

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return. Mr. Gale edged away about eighteen inches, and, with an air of assumed carelessness, gazed idly about him.

He saluted the driver as the fly stopped and gazed hard at the apparition that descended. Then he caught his breath as the girl, approaching her uncle, kissed him affectionately. Mr. Wragg, looking up fiercely at Mr. Gale, was surprised at the expression on that gentleman's face.

"Isn't it lovely here?" said the girl, looking about her; "and isn't the air nice?"

She followed Mr. Wragg inside, and the driver, a small man and elderly, began tugging at the huge trunk. Mr. Gale's moment had arrived.

"Stand away, Joe," he said, stepping forward. "I'll take that in for you."

He hoisted the trunk on his shoulders, and, rather glad of his lowered face, advanced slowly into the house. Uncle and niece had just vanished at the head of the stairs, and Mr. Gale, after a moment's hesitation, followed.

"In 'ere," said Mr. Wragg, throwing open a door. "Halloa! What are you doing in my house? Put it down. Put it down at once; d'ye hear?"

Mr. Gale caught the girl's surprised glance and, somewhat flustered, swung round so suddenly that the corner of the trunk took the gesticulating Mr. Wragg by the side of the head and bumped it against the wall. Deaf to his outcries, Mr. Gale entered the room and placed the box on the floor.

"Where shall I put it?" he inquired of the girl, respectfully.

"You go out of my house," stormed Mr. Wragg, entering with his hand to his head. "Go on. Out you go."

The young man surveyed him with solicitude. "I'm very sorry if I hurt you, Mr. Wragg——" he began.

"Out you go," repeated the other.

"It was a pure accident," pleaded Mr. Gale.

"And don't you set foot in my 'ouse agin," said the vengeful Mr. Wragg. "You made yourself officious bringing that box in a-purpose to give me a clump o' the side of the head."

Mr. Gale denied the charge so eagerly, and withal so politely, that the elder man regarded him in amazement. Then his glance fell on his niece, and he smiled with sudden malice as Mr. Gale slowly and humbly descended the stairs.

"One o' the worst chaps about here, my dear," he said, loudly. "Mate o' one o' the fishing-boats, and as impudent as they make 'em. Many's the time I've clouted his head for 'im."

"THE CORNER OF THE TRUNK TOOK THE GESTICULATING MR. WRAGG BY THE SIDE OF THE HEAD."

The girl regarded his small figure with surprised respect.

"When he was a boy, I mean," continued Mr. Wragg. "Now, there's your room, and when you've put things to rights, come down and I'll show you over the house."

He glanced at his niece several times during the day, trying hard to trace a likeness, first to his dead sister and then to himself. Several times he scrutinized himself in the small glass on the mantelpiece, but in vain. Even when he twisted his thin beard in his hand and tried to ignore his moustache, the likeness still eluded him.

His opinion of Miss Miller's looks was more than shared by the young men of Waterside. It was a busy youth who could not spare five minutes to chat with an uncle so fortunate, and in less than a couple of weeks Mr. Wragg was astonished at his popularity, and the deference accorded to his opinions.

The most humble of them all was Mr. Gale, and, with a pertinacity which was almost proof against insult, he strove to force his company upon the indignant Mr. Wragg. Debarred from that, he took to haunting the road, on one occasion passing the house no fewer than fifty-seven times in one afternoon. His infatuation was plain to be seen of all men. Wise men closed their eyes to it; others had theirs closed for them, Mr. Gale being naturally incensed to think that there was anything in his behaviour that attracted attention.

His father was at sea, and, to the dismay of the old woman who kept house for him, he began to neglect his food. A melancholy but not unpleasing idea that he was slowly fading occurred to him when he found that he could only eat two herrings for breakfast instead of four. His particular friend, Joe Harris, to whom he confided the fact, remonstrated hotly.

"There's plenty of other girls," he suggested.

"Not like her," said Mr. Gale.

"You're getting to be a by-word in the place," complained his friend.

Mr. Gale flushed. "I'd do more than that for her sake," he said, softly.

"It ain't the way," said Mr. Harris, impatiently. "Girls like a man o' spirit; not a chap who hangs about without speaking, and looks as though he has been caught stealing the cat's milk. Why don't you go round and see her one afternoon when old Wragg is out?"

Mr. Gale shivered. "I dursen't," he confessed.

Mr. Harris pondered. "She was going to be a hospital nurse afore she came down here," he said, slowly. "P'r'aps if you was to break your leg or something she'd come and nurse you. She's wonderful fond of it, I understand."

"But then, you see, I haven't broken it," said the other, impatiently.

"You've got a bicycle," said Mr. Harris. "You—wait a minute——" he half-closed his eyes and waved aside a remark of his friend's. "Suppose you 'ad an accident and fell off it, just in front of the house?"

"I never fall off," said Mr. Gale, simply.

"Old Wragg is out, and me and Charlie Brown carry you into the house," continued Mr. Harris, closing his eyes entirely. "When you come to your senses, she's bending over you and crying."

He opened his eyes suddenly and then, closing one, gazed hard at the bewildered Gale. "To-morrow afternoon at two," he said, briskly, "me and Charlie'll be there waiting."

"Suppose old Wragg ain't out?" objected Mr. Gale, after ten minutes' explanation.

"He's at the Lobster Pot five days out of six at that time," was the reply; "if he ain't there to-morrow, it can't be helped."

Mr. Gale spent the evening practising falls in a quiet lane, and by the time night came had attained to such proficiency that on the way home he fell off without intending it. It seemed an easier thing than he had imagined, and next day at two o'clock punctually he put his lessons into practice.

By a slight error in judgment his head came into contact with Mr. Wragg's doorstep, and, half-stunned, he was about to rise, when Mr. Harris rushed up and forced him down again. Mr. Brown, who was also in attendance, helped to restore his faculties by a well-placed kick.

"He's lost his senses," said Mr. Harris, looking up at Miss Miller, as she came to the door.

"You could ha' heard him fall arf a mile away," added Mr. Brown.

Miss Miller stooped and examined the victim carefully. There was a nasty cut on the side of his head, and a general limpness of body which was alarming. She went indoors for some water, and by the time she returned the enterprising Mr. Harris had got the patient in the passage.

"I'm afraid he's going," he said, in answer to the girl's glance.

"Run for the doctor," she said, hastily. "Quick!"

"We don't like to leave 'im, miss," said Mr. Harris, tenderly. "I s'pose it would be too much to ask you to go?"

Miss Miller, with a parting glance at the prostrate man, departed at once.

"What did you do that for?" demanded

"'WHAT DID YOU DO THAT FOR?' DEMANDED MR. GALE, SITTING UP."

Mr. Gale, sitting up. "I don't want the doctor; he'll spoil everything. Why didn't you go away and leave us?"

"I sent 'er for the doctor," said Mr. Harris, slowly. "I sent 'er for the doctor so as we can get you to bed afore she comes back."

"*Bed!*" exclaimed Mr. Gale.

"Up you go," said Mr. Harris, briefly. "We'll tell *her* we carried you up. Now, don't waste time."

Pushed by his friends, and stopping to expostulate at every step, Mr. Gale was driven at last into Mr. Wragg's bedroom.

"Off with your clothes," said the leading spirit. "What's the matter with you, Charlie Brown?"

"Don't mind me; I'll be all right in a minute," said that gentleman, wiping his eyes. "I'm thinking of old Wragg."

Before Mr. Gale had made up his mind his coat and waistcoat were off, and Mr. Brown was at work on his boots. In five minutes' time he was tucked up in Mr. Wragg's bed; his clothes were in a neat little pile on a chair, and Messrs. Harris and Brown were indulging in a congratulatory double-shuffle by the window.

"Don't come to your senses yet awhile," said the former; "and when you do, tell the doctor you can't move your limbs."

"If they try to pull you out o' bed," said Mr. Brown, "scream as though you're being killed. *H'sh!* Here they are."

Voices sounded below; Miss Miller and the doctor had met at the door with Mr. Wragg, and a violent outburst on that gentleman's part died away as he saw that the intruders had disappeared. He was still grumbling when Mr. Harris, putting his head over the balusters, asked him to make a little less noise.

Mr. Wragg came upstairs in three bounds, and his mien was so terrible that Messrs. Harris and Brown huddled together for protection. Then his gaze fell on the bed and he strove in vain for speech.

"We done it for the best," faltered Mr. Harris.

Mr. Wragg made a gurgling noise in his throat, and, as the doctor entered the room, pointed with a trembling finger at the bed. The other two gentlemen edged towards the door.

"Take him away; take him away at once," vociferated Mr. Wragg.

The doctor motioned him to silence, and Joe Harris and Mr. Brown held their breaths nervously as he made an examination. For ten minutes he prodded and puzzled over the insensible form in the bed; then he turned to the couple at the door.

"How did it happen?" he inquired.

Mr. Harris told him. He also added that he thought it was best to put him to bed at once before he came round.

"Quite right," said the doctor, nodding. "It's a very serious case."

"Well, I can't 'ave him 'ere," broke in Mr. Wragg.

"It won't be for long," said the doctor, shaking his head.

"I can't 'ave him 'ere at all, and, what's

more, I won't. Let him go to his own bed," said Mr. Wragg, quivering with excitement.

"He is not to be moved," said the doctor, decidedly. "If he comes to his senses and gets out of bed you must coax him back again."

"*Coax?*" stuttered Mr. Wragg. "*Coax?* What's he got to do with me? This house isn't a 'orsepittle. Put his clothes on and take 'im away."

"Do nothing of the kind," was the stern reply. "In fact, his clothes had better be taken out of the room, in case he comes round and tries to dress."

Mr. Harris skipped across to the clothes and tucked them gleefully under his arm; Mr. Brown secured the boots.

"When he will come out of this stupor I can't say," continued the doctor. "Keep him perfectly quiet and don't let him see a soul."

"Look 'ere——" began Mr. Wragg, in a broken voice.

"As to diet—water," said the doctor, looking round.

"Water?" said Miss Miller, who had come quietly into the room.

"Water," repeated the doctor; "as much as he likes to take, of course. Let me see: to-day is Tuesday. I'll look in on Friday, or Saturday at latest; but till then he must have nothing but clear cold water."

Mr. Harris shot a horrified glance at the bed, which happened just then to creak. "But s'pose he asks for food, sir?" he said, respectfully.

"He mustn't have it," said the other, sharply. "If he is very insistent," he added, turning to the sullen Mr. Wragg, "tell him that he has just had food. He won't know any better, and he will be quite satisfied."

He motioned them out of the room, and then, lowering the blinds, followed downstairs on tip-toe. A murmur of voices, followed by the closing of the front door, sounded from below; and Mr. Gale, getting cautiously out of bed, saw Messrs. Harris and Brown walk up the street talking earnestly. He stole back on tip-toe to the door, and strove in vain to catch the purport of the low-voiced discussion below. Mr. Wragg's voice was raised, but indistinct. Then he fancied that he heard a laugh.

He waited until the door closed behind the doctor, and then went back to bed, to try and think out a situation which was fast becoming mysterious.

He lay in the darkened room until a cheerful clatter of crockery below heralded the approach of tea-time. He heard Miss Miller call her uncle in from the garden, and with some satisfaction heard her pleasant voice engaged in brisk talk. At intervals Mr. Wragg laughed loud and long.

Tea was cleared away, and the long evening dragged along in silence. Uncle and niece were apparently sitting in the garden, but they came in to supper, and later on the fumes of Mr. Wragg's pipe pervaded the house. At ten o'clock he heard footsteps ascending the stairs, and through half-closed eyes saw Mr. Wragg enter the bedroom with a candle.

"Time the pore feller had 'is water," he said to his niece, who remained outside.

"Unless he is still insensible," was the reply.

Mr. Gale, who was feeling both thirsty and hungry, slowly opened his eyes, and fixed them in a vacant stare on Mr. Wragg.

"Where am I?" he inquired, in a faint voice.

"Buckingham Pallis," replied Mr. Wragg, promptly.

Mr. Gale ground his teeth. "How did I come here?" he said, at last.

"The fairies brought you," said Mr. Wragg.

The young man rubbed his eyes and blinked at the candle. "I seem to remember falling," he said, slowly; "has anything happened?"

"One o' the fairies dropped you," said Mr. Wragg, with great readiness; "fortunately, you fell on your head."

A sound suspiciously like a giggle came from the landing and fell heavily on Gale's ears. He closed his eyes and tried to think.

"How did I get in your bedroom, Mr. Wragg?" he inquired, after a long pause.

"Light-'eaded," confided Mr. Wragg to the landing, and significantly tapping his forehead. "This ain't my bedroom," he said, turning to the invalid. "It's the King's. His Majesty gave up 'is bed at once, direckly he 'eard you was 'urt."

"And he's going to sleep on three chairs in the front parlour—if he can," said a low voice from the landing.

The humour faded from Mr. Wragg's face and was succeeded by an expression of great sourness. "Where is the pore feller's supper?" he inquired. "I don't suppose he can eat anything, but he might try."

He went to the door and a low-voiced colloquy ensued. The rival merits of cold chicken versus steak-pie as an invalid diet were discussed at some length. Finally the voice of Miss Miller insisted on chicken, and a glass of port-wine.

"I'll tell 'im it's chicken and port-wine then," said Mr. Wragg, reappearing with a bedroom jug and a tumbler, which he placed on a small table by the bedside.

"Don't let him eat too much, mind," said the voice from the landing, anxiously.

Mr. Wragg said that he would be careful, and addressing Mr. Gale implored him not to over-eat himself. The young man stared at him offensively, and, pretty certain now of the true state of affairs, thought only of escape.

"I feel better," he said, slowly. "I think I will go home."

"Yes, yes," said the other, soothingly.

"If you will fetch my clothes," continued Mr. Gale, "I will go now."

"*Clothes!*" said Mr. Wragg, in an astonished voice. "Why, you didn't 'ave any."

Mr. Gale sat up suddenly in bed and shook his fist at him. "Look here——" he began, in a choking voice.

"The fairies brought you as you was," continued Mr. Wragg, grinning furiously; "and of all the perfect picturs——"

A series of gasping sobs sounded from the landing, the stairs creaked, and a door slammed violently below. In spite of this precaution the sounds of a maiden in dire distress were distinctly audible.

"You give me my clothes," shouted the now furious Mr. Gale, springing out of bed.

Mr. Wragg drew back. "I'll go and fetch 'em," he said, hastily.

He ran lightly downstairs, and the young man, sitting on the edge of the bed, waited. Ten minutes passed, and he heard Mr. Wragg returning, followed by his niece. He slipped back into bed again.

"It's 'is pore brain again," he heard, in the unctuous tones which Mr. Wragg appeared to keep for this emergency. "It's clothes he wants now; by and by I suppose it'll be something else. Well, the doctor said we'd got to humour him."

"Poor fellow!" sighed Miss Miller, with a break in her voice.

"See 'ow his face'll light up when he sees them," said her uncle.

He pushed the door open, and after surveying the patient with a benevolent smile triumphantly held up a collar and tie for his inspection and threw them on the bed. Then he disappeared hastily and, closing the door, turned the key in the lock.

"SURVEYING THE PATIENT WITH A BENEVOLENT SMILE, HE HELD UP A COLLAR AND TIE FOR HIS INSPECTION."

"If you want any more chicken or anything, he cried through the door, "ring the bell."

The horrified prisoner heard them pass downstairs again, and, after a glass of water, sat down by the window and tried to think. He got up and tried the door, but it opened inwards, and after a severe onslaught the handle came off in his hand. Tired out at last he went to bed again, and slept fitfully until morning.

Mr. Wragg visited him again after breakfast, but with great foresight only put his head in at the door, while Miss Miller remained outside in case of need. In these

circumstances Mr. Gale met his anxious inquiries with a sullen silence, and the other, tired at last of baiting him, turned to go.

"I'll be back soon," he said, with a grin. "I'm just going out to tell folks 'ow you're getting on. There's a lot of 'em anxious."

He was as good as his word, and Mr. Gale, peeping from the window, raged helplessly as little knots of neighbours stood smiling up at the house. Unable to endure it any longer he returned to bed, resolving to wait until night came, and then drop from the window and run home in a blanket.

The smell of dinner was almost painful, but he made no sign. Mr. Wragg in high good humour smoked a pipe after his meal, and then went out again. The house was silent except for the occasional movements of the girl below. Then there was a sudden tap at his door.

"Well?" said Mr. Gale.

The door opened and, hardly able to believe his eyes, he saw his clothes thrown into the room. Hunger was forgotten, and he almost smiled as he hastily dressed himself.

The smile vanished as he thought of the people in the streets, and in a thoughtful fashion he made his way slowly downstairs. The bright face of Miss Miller appeared at the parlour door.

"Better?" she smiled.

Mr. Gale reddened and, drawing himself up stiffly, made no reply.

"That's polite," said the girl, indignantly. "After giving you your clothes, too. What do you think my uncle will say to me? He was going to keep you here till Friday."

Mr. Gale muttered an apology. "I've made a fool of myself," he added.

Miss Miller nodded cheerfully. "Are you hungry?" she inquired.

The other drew himself up again.

"Because there is some nice cold beef left," said the girl, glancing into the room.

Mr. Gale started and, hardly able to believe in his good fortune, followed her inside. In a very short time the cold beef was a thing of the past, and the young man, toying with his beer-glass, sat listening to a lecture on his behaviour couched in the severest terms his hostess could devise.

"You'll be the laughing-stock of the place," she concluded.

"I shall go away," he said, gloomily.

"I shouldn't do that," said the girl, with a judicial air; "live it down."

"I shall go away," repeated Mr. Gale, decidedly. "I shall ship for a deep-sea voyage."

Miss Miller sighed. "It's too bad," she said, slowly; "perhaps you wouldn't look so foolish if——"

"If what?" inquired the other, after a long pause.

"If," said Miss Miller, looking down, "if—if——"

Mr. Gale started and trembled violently, as a wild idea, born of her blushes, occurred to him.

"If," he said, in quivering tones, "if—if——"

"Go on," said the girl, softly. "Why, I got as far as that: and you are a man."

Mr. Gale's voice became almost inaudible. "If we got married, do you mean?" he said, at last.

"Married!" exclaimed Miss Miller, starting back a full two inches. "Good gracious! the man *is* mad after all."

The bitter and loudly expressed opinion of Mr. Wragg when he returned an hour later was that they were both mad.

"GOOD GRACIOUS! THE MAN IS MAD AFTER ALL."

THE SPIRIT OF "HASCHISCH."

Haschisch Hallucinations.

By H. E. Gowers.

Illustrations by S. H. Sime.

IN the eleventh century lived a fanatical Syrian sect who, under the intoxicating influence of haschisch, a native preparation of a plant called Indian hemp, committed many secret murders and fought recklessly against the Crusaders.

To-day many natives of Eastern lands fortify themselves with some form or the other—haschisch, bhang, gunjah, or churrus of this drug. It has been repeatedly used in modern European medical practice, without, however, very consistent or satisfactory results.

A small dose of Indian hemp produces a feeling of cheerfulness and gives an increase of appetite; an overdose gives rise to strange errors of perception as to time and place, the patient's heart-beats are much accelerated, intense thirst is generated, and often hallucinations of a most strange nature follow.

Mr. Bayard Taylor, in "Lands of the Saracen," gives a graphic description of the effects produced on his travelling companion, Mr. Carter Harrison, and himself by a teaspoonful of paste made from a mixture of the dried leaves of *cannabis indica* (Indian hemp), sugar, and spices. About four hours after the haschisch was taken Mr. Harrison suddenly shrieked with laughter, and exclaimed excitedly:—

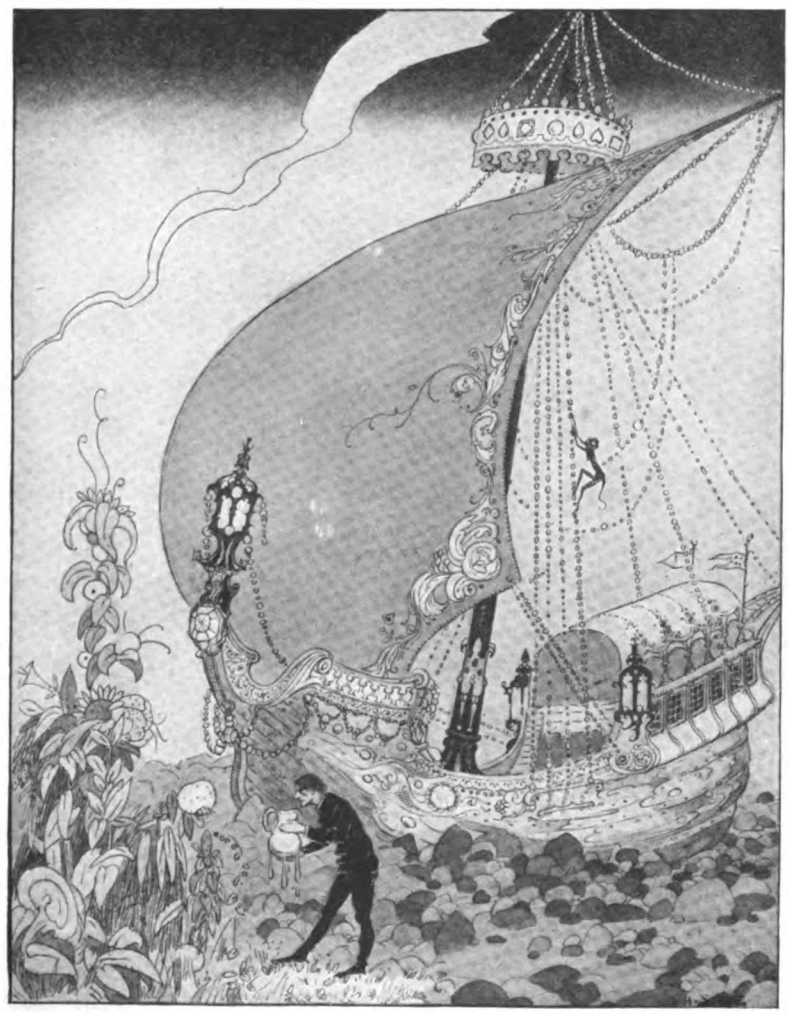
"Oh, ye gods! I am a locomotive!"

And then for over two hours he continued to pace to and fro the room in measured strides, exhaling his breath in violent jets, and when he spoke dividing his words into

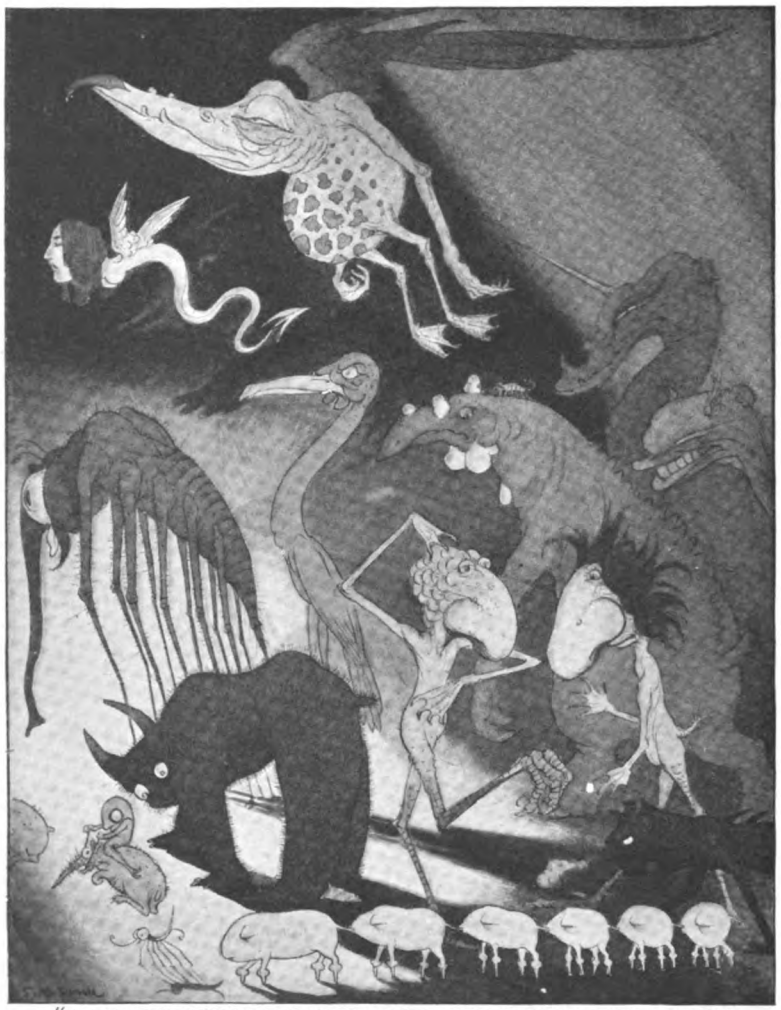
syllables, each of which he brought out with a jerk, at the same time turning his hands at his sides, as if they were the cranks of imaginary wheels.

Mr. Taylor's hallucination was of a far more varied nature. He fancied himself at the foot of the pyramid of Cheops. He wished to ascend it, and was immediately at the top. Looking down it seemed built of plugs of Cavendish tobacco. Then other and stranger illusions followed. He was moving over the desert in a barque of mother-of-pearl, studded with jewels of surpassing size and lustre, and soon reached a waterless land of green and flowery lawns, where honey was drawn up in dripping pitchers. Later, when the drug began to make itself more powerfully felt, the visions were more grotesque and of a less agreeable nature. His body seemed twisted into various shapes, and yet he had to laugh; his mouth and throat were as dry as if made of brass; his tongue seemed a bar of rusty iron. The excited blood rushed through his frame with a sound like the roaring of mighty waters; it was projected into his eyes so that he could not see, and beat thickly in his ears. His heart seemed bursting. He tore open his vest and tried to count the pulsations; but there were two hearts beating, one at the rate of one thousand beats per minute, the other with a slow, dull motion. Finally he slept for thirty hours.

Another great traveller in the East, according to Théophile Gautier, says that after a large dose of haschisch two images of each object were reflected on each retina and produced a perfect symmetry. Then all kinds of Pantagruelic dreams passed through his fancy. Goatsuckers, storks, striped geese, unicorns, griffins, nightmares, all the menageries of monstrous dreams, trotted, jumped, flew, or glided through the room. He saw horns terminating in foliage; webbed hands; whimsical beings, with the feet of his arm-chair for legs and dial-plates for eyeballs; enormous noses, dancing the cachuca while mounted on chickens' legs. He imagined he was the parakeet of the Queen of Sheba, and imitated, to the best of his ability, the voice and cries of that bird. Then with inconceivable



"HE WAS MOVING OVER THE DESERT IN A BARQUE OF MOTHER-OF-PEARL."



"ALL THE MENAGERIES OF MONSTROUS DREAMS TROTTED, JUMPED, FLEW, OR GLIDED THROUGH THE ROOM."

rapidity he sketched these gruesome creatures on the backs of letters, cards, or any handy piece of paper. He found, when the effects of the drug were past, that one of his frantically-drawn sketches bore the inscription: "An Animal of the Future." It represented a living locomotive with a swan's neck terminating in the jaws of a serpent, whence issued jets of smoke, with two monstrous jaws composed of wheels and pulleys; each pair of paws had a pair of wings, and on the tail of this fearsome creature was seated the Mercury of the ancients.

"Take care; you're spilling me!" emphatically exclaimed another experimenter, Mr. S. A. Jones, a few hours after taking ten grains of haschisch.

"What's the matter, old man?" asked the friend who was with him in his bedroom.

"Stupid, you'll spill me! Can't you see I'm an inkstand, and that you'll have the ink all over the white counterpane?"

And for an hour, in the person of an inkstand, he opened and shut his brass cover—it had a hinge—shook himself, and both saw and felt the ink splash against his glass sides.

One of the most common effects of haschisch, previously mentioned, is to make everything appear a great way off, and a few seconds seem so many hours, or even weeks. Among the many strange illusions experienced by Mr. Shirley Hibberd, these distorted ideas of time and distance play a prominent part. He says that his room became larger and larger, and the skulls of animals that ornamented his study walls became colossal, and seemed monsters of the oolitic age. He seemed to have been staring at them for years, but, looking at his watch and finding that he had been under the influence of the drug but twenty minutes, the illusion was temporarily dispelled. . . . Then suddenly the watch began to expand, and ticked like the pulsations of a world. He seized a pencil with the intention of taking notes, but his limbs became convulsed, his toes shrank within his slippers, his fingers became the long legs of a convulsed spider, and the pencil dropped with a thunder-like crash. He looked out of the window and beheld a sublime spectacle.

The horizon was infinitely removed; the sunset had marked it out with myriads of fiery circles, revolving, mingling together, expanding, and then changing into an aurora which shot up into the zenith and fell down in sparks and splashes among some trees, which became brilliantly illuminated. The landscape continued to expand. The trees shot higher and higher until their mingled branches o'erspread the gradually-darkening sky. With a mighty effort of the will, he managed to look at the watch again, and discovered that but twenty-five minutes had passed.

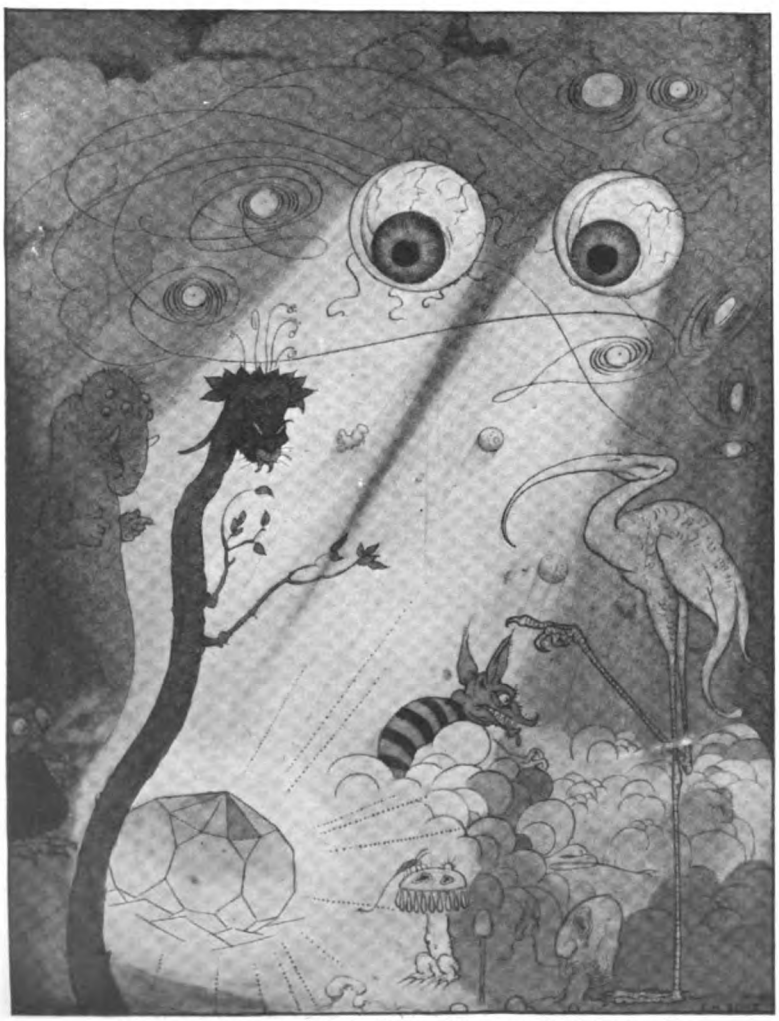
He then screamed, "Twenty-five minutes, twenty-five days, twenty-five months, twenty-five years, twenty-five centuries, twenty-five æons. Now I know it all. I have discovered the elixir of life; I shall live for ever." As his heart was beating very fast he tried to count his pulse. The throbs were like the heaving of mountains; as he counted "One, two, three," they became "one, two, three centuries," and he shrieked at the thought of having lived *from* all eternity and of going to live *to* all eternity in a palace of coloured stalactites, supported by shafts of emerald resting on a sea of gold. . . . A servant brought him a cup of coffee. He says the cup seemed a huge tankard, beautifully chased all over with dragons that extended all round the world. The girl appeared to stand for an hour smiling and hesitating where to place the cup, as the table was strewn with papers. He then removed a few papers, and heaved a sigh that dissipated the dragons and made odours fall in showers of rain; the servant put down the cup with a crash that made every bone in his body vibrate as if struck by ten thousand hammers. The maid stood aghast, and her rosy face expanded to the size of a balloon, and away she went like lightning while he stood *applauding* in the midst of thousands of fairy lamps, which he noticed were glow-worms. He drank the coffee, which caused sensations of insupportable heat, and found that forty minutes had gone by since he took the haschisch. He then went to bed—a difficult undertaking, as his legs seemed so very long. On undressing, his clothes flew away into space. As he got into bed it extended, and his body

"THE CUP SEEMED A HUGE TANKARD, BEAUTIFULLY CHASED ALL OVER WITH DRAGONS."

covered the whole earth. Then followed a sense of indescribable pain all over his body; his skin seemed to move to and fro upon his flesh, his head swelled to an awful size, and, finally, his body parted in two from head to foot. . . . Unlike most persons, Mr. Hibberd felt in his usual good health the next morning.

As will have been noticed from the last experience the intoxicating effect of haschisch is not continual; but, like madness, has its short lucid intervals. The doctor whose sensations are described below says that his attack was easily divisible into three stages, each increasing in strength and weirdness, and that there was a brief period of comparative sanity between each.

He distinctly saw within himself the drug he had chewed: it looked like an emerald, from which thousands of sparks were emitted. His eyelashes grew rapidly, and when about *two feet* long twisted themselves like golden threads around little ivory wheels, which whirled rapidly. Half animals and half plants his friends appeared; and a pensive ibis standing on one leg addressed a discourse on music in Italian, which the haschisch delivered in Spanish. Later, after a clear interval, his hearing was wonderfully developed. He could hear the sound of colour—green, red, blue, and yellow sounds struck his ear with perfect distinctness. For fear of razing the walls and bursting like a bomb he dared not speak. More than five hundred clocks (in reality, one) chimed the hour. He swam in an ocean of sound, wherein beautiful passages from the operas floated like islets of light. He felt as a sponge in the midst of the sea; every instant waves of *happiness* washed over him, entering and departing through his pores, for he had become permeable, and even to the smallest capillary vessel his whole being was filled with the colour of the fantastic medium in which he was plunged. . . . According to his calculations this stage must have lasted three hundred years, for the sensations succeeded each other so rapidly and potently that the real appreciation of time was impossible. When the attack was over he found that it had lasted just a quarter of an hour!



"HE DISTINCTLY SAW WITHIN HIMSELF THE DRUG HE HAD CHEWED."

By
Mrs. Baillie Reynolds
(G. M. Robins).

THE wind howled upon the moor. The night grew wilder and wilder. There was hail in the fierce squalls of rain The two people in the dog-cart battling along the exposed ridge found speech impossible, and gave up their nervous, spasmodic attempts at conversation. To hold an umbrella was out of the question. The bride, buttoned up in her mackintosh, and with a mackintosh hood drawn over her head, could only sit tight, hold on, and shut her eyes against the storm.

It had been with relief that talk was dropped. Or was the word to apply to Elfrida Pascoe's sensations on this, the closing in of her wedding-day, perhaps rather despair than relief?

What a nightmare-like day it had been!

During the three weeks that she had lived in lodgings in the little market town there had been so much sewing to do that the immediate industries of the moment had perhaps prevented her from viewing the situation in its entirety. But to-day had arrived long before it could reasonably have been expected, and it had been a ghastly experience.

The arrival of Simon Pascoe, looking ill at ease, and worse than she had ever seen him, in his unaccustomed black coat! The extremely plain speech of the marriage service, frigidly reverberating in the empty church! Then the return to the inn for tea, and, finally, the launching of Pascoe and herself upon an unknown future, beginning with ten miles of bad road over a wild country upon a tempestuous March evening.

It had been a wretched affair all through. What lay behind the bride was quite as bad to look back upon as any future could be. She had been governess at the Hall—an undisciplined, talented slip of a girl, brought up with no suggestion that it was either necessary or desirable for her to earn her own living. Her father's sudden death had turned her out hastily into a world of which she knew nothing, and with which nothing in her training had fitted her to cope. The baronet delighted in her mixture of cleverness and rawness, in her profound eyes, and her transparent simplicity. He had always got on badly with his wife, who was dull and plain. When, after a twelvemonth, he became a widower, his sister-in-law, the Honourable Sarah, plainly told Elfrida that she ought to resign her post. She was right; and had Elfrida been a heroine, or even a sensible woman, she would have taken her advice. Being only an ill-regulated, generous girl, with romantic ideals, she indignantly repelled the well-meant advice and stayed.

The Honourable Sarah, however, had her

nieces and nephews to consider, and she came shortly to pay a visit at the Hall. She found the management of the household in the hands of the young governess, and the village fairly humming with scandal. She asked her brother-in-law point-blank whether he intended to marry Elfrida; and, failing to receive an answer that satisfied her, she told Elfrida so in plain terms.

To such a temperament as Elfrida's, the sudden realizing of evil and danger from a source whence they were not expected was an acute shock. She crowned her imprudences by leaving the Hall without notice; upon which the baronet wrote to her a letter which convinced even her of the justice of his sister-in-law's opinion of him.

What now lay before the girl? She was without home or friends. She knew herself discredited in the neighbourhood, and, in the present reaction of her mind, imagined herself an object of scorn to everyone.

She was determined not to apply to the baronet for a reference, and, taking a small room in the market town, she made eager but fruitless efforts to obtain employment by answering advertisements.

At this crisis, entering the post-office one day, she encountered Mr. Pascoe. He was a man no longer young. The baronet rented a grouse moor from him, and Elfrida had several times met him, when she and her pupils had gone to carry lunch to the guns. She knew that he belonged to the yeoman class, but had always been inclined to like him. His manners were good, though very quiet; and his dark, melancholy face was interesting.

He walked a little way with her, and seemed to know all about her having left the Hall; he inquired her plans. And then, quite suddenly, out there in the village street, he was asking her to marry him.

"OUT THERE IN THE VILLAGE STREET HE WAS ASKING HER TO MARRY HIM."

Any port in a storm! She was lonely and terrified and discouraged. Since the baronet, whom she had thought the noblest of men, had shown himself bold and bad, happiness was out of the question. To be sheltered was all she craved. Mr. Pascoe's proposal was so unexpected that in her confusion she hardly knew what she did.

But now it was done.

There comes, maybe, to every woman, during some moment of her wedding-day, that awful feeling of finality — even in cases where there are love, faith, hope to light the unknown portals. In Elfrida's heart there was merely gratitude. Nothing else, save an hourly-increasing nervousness.

The bridegroom was more nervous than she. His embarrassment was visible and infectious. His lean, dark face was quite pale. He avoided looking at his forlorn wife: he had no words of comfort for her.

At every turn of the wheels Elfrida's heart sank lower. The man at her side was so com-

pletely a stranger! There had been no confidence between them. Like many shy men, he had rushed in where a passionate lover might have feared to tread, with a sort of blind hope that these things, the plunge once taken, arrange themselves. Now they were here in the wild, wet night, both as uncomfortable as it is possible for two people to be in each other's society—these two who had that day condemned each other to that society for life; and neither had the least idea how matters were to be put on a pleasanter footing.

In truth, Pascoe was suffering horribly. He had expected that, with Elfrida, perfect happiness would descend upon him: because he had fallen in love with her at first sight, and it had seemed impossible to him that anything should ever come of it, until he met her shelterless and leaped his fence without waiting to reflect. Now the whole thing seemed wrong, futile, a failure! At the moment he would have given much to undo the day's work, though he had got the only thing he ever remembered to have wanted in all his life.

When at last the tired horse stopped at a white gate he got down to open it; and upon climbing back to his seat broke silence thus:—

"I doubt you won't be able to get on with Lydia."

"Who's Lydia?" asked the bride, faintly.

"Keeps house for me," he replied. "Nursed me when I was a little chap. She's one of the old sort, and doesn't like changes."

"I suppose she will — will consider me—a change?" said Elfrida, piteously; and her husband uttered something faintly resembling a chuckle, as he replied, "She does that!"

Desiring, doubtless, to honour his bride, he did not, as his custom was, drive into the stable yard, but up to the narrow, sun-blistered old front door, which looked as if it had not been opened for a century. Lifting the knocker, he rapped loudly for admittance. As he helped the shrouded girl from the cart he felt that she was trembling, and the thought increased his embarrassment. She had always seemed to him so self-possessed, so competent. That she should be unequal to the occasion was a paralyzing surprise. The sweat broke out on his brow as he recalled his parting scene with Lydia that morning; and the awful thought crossed his mind that she might have carried out her threats, and not be prepared to do the honours, even with a bad grace.

The rusty crowing of the bell jangled, died away on the silence. No movement, no light appeared in the blind, dumb house. Elfrida, with a little shaky, gasping laugh, suggested that Lydia might have gone to bed. Pascoe, in his heart, owned that it was probable.

"By thunder, if she has, she shall get up again," he muttered, as he proceeded to knock and ring with violence.

At last a glimmer appeared through the fanlight over the door; there was the rattle of a chain being taken down, the door opened, and Lydia herself, a sour, wizened, elderly body, with sunken but fierce eyes, stood before them.

"LYDIA HERSELF, A SOUR, WIZENED, ELDERLY BODY, WITH SUNKEN BUT FIERCE EYES, STOOD BEFORE THEM."

"You, Simon Pascoe! And what possesses you to come storming at the door of your own house? I thought 'twas thieves or a fire," quoth she, before the angry man had time to speak a word.

"Hold your tongue!" said Simon, sternly. "This is my wife, and your mistress. Show her upstairs while I call Humphrey."

"Here, maister, an' wish 'ee joy, and your good lady too!" cried

a burly man, who came running up out of the darkness. "Dang it, sir, if Dinah had not been abed she'd have come an' cooked supper herself sooner than ye should ha' had a cold welcome."

The man's words sent a terrible conviction of disaster through his master's mind.

"Do I understand," he cried, turning upon Lydia when the door was closed and the blustering wind shut out, "that you have not done as I told you—that you have not got things ready for Mrs. Pascoe?"

The woman met his eyes defiantly. "I done my work to-day same as I always have done these thirty years in your service," she said. "Your wife can wait on herself. I'm not going to do it." So saying, she took up her candle and marched away down the shadowy, panelled hall, leaving the bridal pair in the dark.

Pascoe's passive nature, strong but not combative, had accepted petticoat tyranny all his life—from his mother, and after her death from Lydia. It had been easier, pleasanter to give in than to wrangle. But now, in this bad minute, he paid, cash down, for all the false peace that his yielding had hitherto brought him. He hurried Elfrida along in the dark, laid an impetuous hand upon a door, opened it to find cold and gloom within. With an exclamation of rage and mortification he went on, down a wide flagged passage, pushed open the kitchen door, and found warmth and light at last.

It was a perfect picture of an old kitchen, with its huge hearth, black oak settles, handsome dresser laden with pewter, and spotless floor of red tiles. The dogs rose from the rug where they basked to greet their master. At one end of the long table a small white cloth was laid. Upon it supper for one—a loaf, a ham, lettuce, cheese, butter, a jug of ale.

At the dresser Lydia was morosely lighting a bedroom candle. Pascoe stood looking at her, breathing quickly.

"Lydia," he said, evidently so angry that he could hardly speak, "do you mean to say that you have carried out none of my orders? Is the Queen Anne's room not ready?"

"No, it's not. I told you this morning, when you had the face to turn round and tell me you were bringing home a wife, 'Then bring someone to wait on her,' I says; 'for I won't.'"

"I suppose you know what it means for you?" he brought out. "You leave my house to morrow."

Lydia laughed bitterly. "No fear! It'll be she as'll be leaving, not me!" she cried, shrilly. "I've nussed you and done all for you since you was a babby, and she—what's she ever done or will do for you? I'll tell you! Spend your money; waste your time; break your heart! You'll want me back when that happens, Simon, my lad! You'll want me back!"

With which malignant words she took up her candle, whisked out of a small door near her, and could be heard clattering up the steep wooden stair within. Her master started forward. "You leave my house to-morrow!" he flung after her. They heard her dry, crackling mirth as she ascended.

Elfrida felt beaten to the earth. She had sunk upon the oak settle; and as Lydia spoke her cruel speech, with mordant contempt underlying every word, two slow tears rolled from under her lids. Doubtless Lydia knew, as doubtless all the countryside knew, who was Simon's wife, and how she had come to marry him.

Pascoe stood a minute looking after his froward retainer, then turned back with a harsh, awkward laugh, flung himself into a chair by the table, and drummed uneasily with his long, nervous fingers.

"Well," he said, "this is a good beginning! No sitting-room fire, no meal, no bed prepared for you! And Dinah is ill, and the dairy-girls don't sleep in the house. I—I am a successful sort of husband, so far. Break my heart! I am more likely to break yours, it seems."

He did not dare look at her; he was too ashamed. He knew she was wet, cold, weary, and lonely. He had been conspicuously wanting in all the little cares a gently-nurtured bride might look for. It needed but this touch, he thought, to make of his desperate venture a complete fiasco. And it was his fault! He had put off speaking to Lydia; he had "funked it" until the last minute. He had driven that resolute woman into a corner, so to speak; and behold, she had turned to bay.

Here was Elfrida, his star from the sky, standing in the farm kitchen, contemned and neglected by his own household staff, unattended, unwelcomed, unfed!

For a moment or two there was no sound in the warm quiet of the room except the peaceful ticking of the old clock and the sighs of the happy dogs, who had returned to their drowse. Then he heard, still without daring to lift his eyes, the rustling of her cloak; a moment afterwards she said, "Simon!"

A thrill ran through him at the exquisite sound of his own name spoken by her. Hastily he looked up.

She was standing before him in her white serge wedding gown. There was a glow in her thin, white cheeks and her eyes were like stars. She leaned her hands upon the table and a brilliant smile curved her mouth. For, in a flash, inspiration had come to her.

This was her chance! Her chance to make friends with her unknown husband! What bond like companionship in adversity? Lydia had in reality only suggested an opening move—an unusual but striking gambit! Now, if ever, must she greatly dare!

If at this moment she indulged her private desire to sit down and weep she inly felt that she would be abandoning the chance of a lifetime. But let the incomparable Lydia

"'SIMON,' SAID THE BRIGHT VOICE, 'I—I THINK LYDIA'S SIMPLY PERFECT!'"

once find an antagonist worthy of her steel and all would be harmony henceforth at Larch Croft.

"Simon," said the bright voice, "I—I think Lydia's simply perfect! I never saw anybody so complete in my life! But look here, you know. You and I have got to be even with her, or we shall have no peace. We will begin by showing her our complete independence. Oh, it will be such fun! We must set to work and get our own supper and light fires and make beds, and do everything regardless of her. Come, I want you to do a hundred things! We will have a real good time!"

He had risen. At first his expression was that of sheer perplexity. But before she had spoken three sentences she saw a light dawn in his melancholy eyes—a glint of humour, of dawning appreciation—of shy, secret delight in her courageous bearing.

"It's very good of you, I'm sure, to take it like this," he began to stammer. "I—I was so afraid you'd—begin to cry, or——"

"Cry!" scorned Elfrida, as if no tear had ever dewed her cheek. "I'm not a cry-baby! Everything is amusing, if one can only think so, and I feel that the checkmating of Mrs. Lydia will be real sport! I shall love to pit my wits against hers! Now, the first thing we want is a lamp. Can you find me one?"

"Of course I can!"

"Then light me upstairs to the room that is to be mine, and then find Humphrey and make him carry up my luggage."

"Your Majesty, it shall be done!" he cried, quite eagerly, as he hastened off.

Humphrey, having brought up the trunks, was dispatched, a willing vassal, for coal and kindling. He made up a roaring fire in the fine old room called Queen Anne's, from a tradition that Her Majesty had once passed a night therein. Meanwhile, Elfrida asked Pascoe to guide her to the linen-press, and chose the finest sheets, the daintiest pillow-slips. "What linen your mother had!" she murmured. "There was nothing like this up at the Hall."

"I told you my mother was a lady," he said. "I wish she could have seen—you."

Elfrida knew that the vein of sentiment must not yet be tapped. She made no answer, but escaped with her lavender-scented armful. The fire was blazing merrily, with the bedding spread round it; and now she

dismissed Simon, to hunt up everything he could find for supper, while she opened her trunks, changed her gown, set the sheets to air, and unpacked.

In a short time she had disposed her girlish belongings about the place; her silver brushes and pretty toilet array, relics of her bygone days of wealth, showed up well on the wine-coloured Sheraton tables. The dignified aspect of the room delighted her. Almost every piece of furniture was a valuable heirloom, glistening with the conscientious rubbing of Lydia.

Her spirits rose with the necessity for action, and her heart danced at the memory of a certain kindled expression in her husband's eyes, which told her she was doing well.

She ran downstairs, through the now well-lighted and beautiful hall, quite merrily; and found that Simon and Humphrey, fired with emulation of her daring, had ransacked the larder, and that the long table was furnished with cold chickens, salad, cakes, a fruit tart, and a huge dish of fried eggs. Pascoe had got into dry clothes and had visited the cellar. A bottle of champagne stood ready to grace the feast.

"Oh, this is a fine kitchen!" she cried, blithely. "I do like it! And I am so hungry! Simon, will you give Humphrey a glass of wine to drink our health, and then I want him to go and lay the fire in the dining-room, ready for to-morrow morning's breakfast. We'll wash up the supper things and leave the place all tidy, and Humphrey shall slip in to-morrow morning early, and light the dining-room fire and put the kettle to boil. Shall you be afraid of Lydia, Humphrey?"

"Bless you, naw, missie—madam, I should say," chuckled Humphrey, holding his glass of wine to the light, with one eye shut and a grin of ecstasy. "Not if you're not, I'm not. She's got her match in you, madam, I'm thinking."

"In one week we shall be the best of friends—you must give me a week," laughed Elfrida.

He hurried away on his errand, and Elfrida found her husband close to her. His dark eyes were dancing, his whole expression was full of animation. A different man indeed from the glum, embarrassed person who had barely glanced at her in church that morning.

"Elfrida!" he said. Only the word; but his voice dwelt on the syllables, and he held out his arms. She dared not repulse his shy tenderness, but she was herself so excited, so shaken, so timid at heart, that she dreaded any demonstration. She took his hands with every appearance of good-fellowship.

"Is one always as hungry as this up on the moors?" she asked, seriously. "Or has my hard work given me an appetite? I haven't been able to eat anything all day, and now I'm simply famished!"

"SIMON LEFT HIS CHAIR AND KNELT BY HER."

He placed her in her chair without more ado, carved for her, and waited on her with zest.

"You are a brick," he said, presently, when they had refreshed themselves. "Of course, this discomfort is only temporary."

"And it's so—so unusual," she said, with a little laugh that was almost a sob. "I should think very few brides have a home-coming like this. Perhaps we ——" She faltered to a pause in the full tide o her gaiety.

Simon left his chair and knelt by her. He did it gracefully. "Perhaps we——" he prompted.

She slipped a hand into his as if this gave her confidence. "I was going to say, perhaps in the future, in days to come, we should look back and laugh together at the remembrance of—this."

His eyes glowed. "So you think that will be possible—a future together?" he said. His voice suggested endless possibilities. There was that in it which the girl's starved heart leapt up to answer. She had always thought of him as a man to trust. At this moment she fancied that he might be a man to love well.

She felt his arm slip from the back of her chair, where it had rested, to her waist. She yielded as he drew her towards him.

A sound broke the stillness—the closing of an upstairs door; the floor over their heads creaked.

"Halloa!" said Pascoe, raising his head. "Lydia's been reconnoitring."

Elfrida sat up, sparkling with mirth. "She has been to see what we are doing," she whispered; "and that reminds me. I must go and look at the sheets. I left them airing. I don't want to crown my achievements by firing the farmhouse."

Slipping away from him she flew upstairs. He followed, unwilling to lose sight of her. He came up with her, staring blankly at the closed door of the Queen Anne's room.

"Oh, Simon, what shall we do now? She's locked the door and taken away the key!"

"Oh, well, that's the last straw," said Pascoe. "I'll go and interview the lady; and now that my blood's up I sha'n't mince matters, I can tell you."

"Simon!" Elfrida was gripping his muscular arm with both her energetic little hands. "Wait a minute—think! Put yourself in her place! Think how faithful she's been all these years—what a good servant! If she's a tyrant, why, you know, that's your fault, not hers. Of course, she has heard things about me, and she thinks I have made a fool of you, and she resents it. Oh, if I were Lydia, I should feel just like that! I should simply hate Elfrida Pascoe!"

His eyes dwelt upon the upturned, pleading face. "Well," he said, "you're very eloquent. What do you want me to do?"

"To give Lydia time—time to find out that I am not so bad as she thinks." She reddened, and her eyelids fell. "I did marry you because there seemed nothing else to do. I—I think you knew that. But the vows I made this morning I—mean to keep. When Lydia finds that out she will forgive me."

"Better get rid of her at once," he said, tenderly stroking her hands. "I didn't marry you for you to be a drudge. I'm well-to-do, child; I only live as I do because my fathers did so before me. But you shall have good servants and a suitable household."

"But I don't need them! I like to live simply, and I should like to conquer Lydia. I am so lonely; I don't want riches and grand servants; I want to be loved."

"You are loved," he said, under his breath. "You know that, don't you? Though I haven't dared to tell you half—to tell you anything, yet!"

"You'll love me better," she smiled, eluding him, "if I don't stir up strife on your very hearthstone. Oh, I have just got a brilliant idea. Do let me try it! Yes, the more I consider, the better I like it! I will win Lydia over now, this minute; her locking the door gives me just the excuse I need. Let me see; the first thing I must have is something to burn."

"Something to burn!"

"Yes; an old stocking, something that will singe and smell strong."

He brought what she asked for from his own room, and at her direction lighted it, and filled the corridor with the pungent odour of scorched wool.

"That couldn't be better," said Elfrida. "Now please show me her room. When you have done that, burn this stuff a little more, so as to smell pretty bad, and then keep out of the way for awhile."

He nodded comprehension, and they crept along the passages.

"Lydia! Oh, Lydia!" cried Elfrida, beating on the indicated door with loud knocking. "Lydia! Are you awake?"

For some while she got no answer; at last there came an angry—

"Bless the woman! Can't she leave me be, even when I'm abed?"

"Oh, Lydia, I am so frightened! I am afraid something dreadful has happened! Be quick, be quick, or we shall be burned to death!"

There was a muffled sound of Lydia suddenly arising, and the door flew open, disclosing an awe-inspiring figure in spotted wrapper and nightcap. Without a moment's hesitation Elfrida flung herself into the vestal's arms.

"Oh, Lydia, it's all your fault for leaving me to do everything for myself! If the

house is burnt down, you're responsible! I've put sheets to air in the best bedroom, and I must have locked the door without meaning to, and now I can't get in, and—and there's a smell of burning outside!"

"Bless the girl! bless the girl! Here, let me come by," cried Lydia, in tones of real fear. But Elfrida, holding her fast, gave vent to a series of little screams, mingled with hysterical laughter and weeping. Lydia, backing into her room, encumbered by the clinging figure, snatched up a key from the table.

"Now, my dear, pull yourself together and stand on your own feet—do, for our lives may depend upon it!" she cried.

"Yes; but the key! The key!" screamed Elfrida. "Call Mr. Pascoe and ask him to break down the door."

"It's all right, my dearie; I've got another key," gasped the culprit, in desperation. "Oh, do 'ee, lovey, let go, and I'll run! I'll save 'ee, lovey, if only you'll stand on your feet!"

"Oh, I can't, I can't! I've no more strength left. I was so tired with the long, cold drive, and so miserable because you are so—so unkind. Oh, I can't stop myself, but do hold me up. Be quick, be quick; that beautiful furniture!"

"I'll save it, my dear lovey," cried Lydia, now almost frantic. "Come along o' me, and I'll douse the fire and save 'ee, if only you won't cry so crool. I'm a bad-tempered woman when I'm crossed, but I never meant 'ee no harm! Come, come; it'll not be so bad if we make haste."

So quavering, coaxing, and urging, she dragged the hysterical bride along with her. The intolerable odour in the corridor turned her face as white as ashes. Thrusting Elfrida behind her, with a heroine's demeanour she unlocked the door and staggered into the fragrant peace of the fire-lit room, where for a moment she stood looking about her in sheer stupefaction.

"Now, what can have——" she muttered, stooping over the hearth, where the fire burned clear and a kettle sang on the large hob. But she had no time to speculate, for Elfrida, tottering in after her, had sunk into an arm-chair with every appearance of final collapse. She was constrained to go to her assistance, and found eau-de-Cologne and water, and waited upon her with ever-increasing interest and pleasure, as she saw how pretty a creature it was, and how young, upon whom she had put so grievous a slight and humiliation. Her stirrings of remorse were silent but convincing.

Bed, she saw at once, was what this case required.

"You lie still. Don't you worry about that smell o' burning. Some nonsense of Humphrey's, I'll go bail!" she said, when she had let down and brushed out the masses of silky brown hair and wrapped the bride in her becoming pale-blue wrapper. "I'll have this bed ready for you in two shakes, and a hot-water bottle for your feet as well. I s'pose I ought to ask your pardon for what I done to-night, but the fact is I took against you from what I heard, and nobody told me nothing till it was too late to interfere. However, now it's done it's done, as the saying is, and it's only fools as cry over spilt milk."

"I thought I was going to be so grand and do everything myself, Lydia," said Elfrida, faintly. "There's all the supper things to wash up!"

"I should hope I know my place, ma'am," said Lydia, haughtily. "I can wash up the supper things; don't you worry; you jest lay still."

She hurried from the room, went downstairs, and was busy for some time removing the relics of the bridal feast. When she returned the new mistress was not in the bed which lay snowily prepared for her, but standing by the fire with one foot on the fender.

"Now, I told 'ee to go to bed," began Lydia, in the hectoring voice she was accustomed to use when addressing her master.

Elfrida smiled. Something in her smile arrested Lydia's eye.

"Shut the door, Lydia, and come here," she gently said. "I have something to say to you."

Lydia changed countenance. It dawned upon her, perhaps for the first time, that she might have sinned past forgiveness—that this girl was, perhaps, not so young and yielding as she seemed, and that Lydia might have to go trudging out into a cold world, after a life spent in ruling the comfortable farmhouse with a rod of iron.

Mechanically she did exactly as she was bid; shut the door, and came forward, speechless.

Elfrida's large eyes dwelt solemnly upon her.

"Lydia," said she, "I have played a trick upon you to-night. I made the smell of burning, and I brought you out of your room on false pretences. I did this that you might know, to begin with, that I am going to have my own way. I was determined that you should make my bed and wash up the supper things, and you have done so. I believe in plain speaking—in having an

understanding from the first. You and I have had our first tussle, and I have won. What do you say?"

Lydia stood still, speechless, but from rage. She shook. Her work-worn hands twisted themselves in the apron which she had ludicrously tied on over the spotted wrapper. "You—you played me a trick! It'll be the last!" she gasped.

Elfrida smiled. "I hope it will," she replied, very kindly. "I can see you are a clever woman, and I don't think you will want a second lesson."

"I won't stay to take it!" screamed Lydia, finding her voice. "I shall go to-morrow, for I won't be insulted like this at my time of life! How dare you to play off your tricks on me?"

"Just what I was going to ask you, Lydia, in those very words. How dared you play off your tricks on me?"

Again Lydia was bereft of speech.

"Of course, you know that if I said the word Mr. Pascoe would send you away to-night, after your bad behaviour," said the bride, sweetly. "But, Lydia, I don't want you to go. I want you to stay. Shall I tell you why?" With a swift movement she turned from the fire, came forward, and put her arm round the woman's shoulders. "You were cruel to me to-night because you don't think I am good enough for your master! Well, I love you for thinking that. I don't believe I am good enough for him; but he loves me, and I am going to try my best to make him happy. If I say I'm sorry for playing my little trick on you, will you say you're sorry for the cruel way you wounded him on his wedding-day? And for locking me out of my own room?"

There was a minute's silence. The two women stood together, the young bride's arm sweetly compelling the unwilling heart of the faithful serving-woman. After a short struggle she broke down and burst into tears.

"There, go along," she sobbed; "I'm sorry enough, and well you know it. But if you're going to turn me out, do it now, and let's have an end!"

"Have you forgiven me, Lydia, for marrying him? And do you think you can get on with me? I feel sure that I shall love you, if you will be kind to me; but I don't want to keep you against your will."

Lydia turned impulsively, pulled down the sweet face, and kissed it—making her escape from the room, with a fresh burst of tears, just as Pascoe was in the act of entering.

"SHE CAME FORWARD AND PUT HER ARM ROUND THE WOMAN'S SHOULDERS."

"Oh, Simon," murmured the bride, as the door closed upon her subjugated vassal, and she found herself leaning against her husband's breast, "it's all right! I've done it! She's mine for evermore!"

"It was well done," he said, "and you act beautifully. But tell me, my wife—are you acting now?"

She looked up. His face was grave. But far down in his eyes she saw the spark which she had kindled, glowing and growing. In the stress of a few short hours they had become intimate. His expression told her that their future lay in her hands. He, like Lydia, was hers. Her eyes fell.

"I am not acting," she told him, simply. "I am happy and content, though a while back I was neither. You gave me a strange welcome, Simon. But now, as I look around me and up into your face"—but this, she found, was not easy when she put it to the proof—"I feel that I have come home."

The Life Story of a Fighting-Bull.

By S. L. Bensusan.

WHEN the fighting-bulls come in at sunset, led from the lush pastures by the belled bullocks who have been their lifelong companions, one animal walks alone in the rear of the herd. He is of more than common size and splendidly armed, if one may use the bull-fighter's term in speaking of his horns, but his is a gentle nature, and even the ganadero's daughter, little Golisa, who has no more than ten summers to her credit, may bring him a handful of corn without fear. He is nine years old, and has many peaceful seasons before him, for he is El Perdonado. Never heard of him, you say? That is because you don't know Andalusia. I saw the historic fight of which he was the hero; heard the greatest diestro in Spain make an appeal to the President that El Cuchillo, as he was then called, might be pardoned for bravery. And I saw the Spanish grandee, one of whose ancestors was immortalized by Velazquez, bare his head and pronounce the verdict of acquittal that is not heard once in five years in the plaza de toros. So El Perdonado (The Pardoned One) is by way of being a friend of mine, and I have ridden for miles across country to see him browsing peacefully on the grass lands beyond Utrera, where he was born and bred. And I will try to set his history before you, that you may know something more of fighting-bulls than the plaza de toros can teach. The most of what I have to tell I have seen for myself, but for some of the more intimate details I am indebted to El Conecito, most expert of Andalusian banderilleros, with whom I used to chat over horchatas in the *café* of the Emperadores that is on the Sierpes of Seville. He will never see this acknowledgment of his help, for he slipped in the plaza de toros at Valencia during the great corrida in honour of the feast of the Santissima Trinidad, slipped on a purple patch that had not been properly covered with sand, and died as he had lived—quite fearlessly.

El Perdonado was born on a Utrera bull-farm, in one of those restful districts that delight the traveller between Seville and the sea. The alqueria had whitewashed walls and a red roof, with a belfry rising from it, and it stood amid rich pastures. There were pools shaded with willows, and avenues of poplars that rose like sentinels against the sky-line, and over all the country-side brooded the spirit of deep and abiding peace. The young bull's mother was of the notorious Miura herd of the Duke of Veragua, "the herd of death," famous for their prowess throughout the arenas of Spain, and known by the red divisa that they carry into the ring. His sire was from a northern province, and not so well known to fame, but highly esteemed by the aficionados, the men who study the science of the bull-ring.

As soon as the calf was weaned he was turned out on to the rich lands that are watered by one of the tributaries of the Guadalquivir, and there he passed his days, eating lazily or standing in one of the pools to get cool. He and his fellows were placed in the charge of a ganadero, who rode tirelessly across the meadows throughout the day, seeing that his charges came to no harm and guiding or correcting them as he thought fit with a long pole. The young bulls were as hard to manage as a pack of foxhounds. They had every sort of temper among them; they were vicious, crafty, daring, and sulky in turn, but they had one quality in common, and that was terror of the master's pole. For Miguel, the ganadero, could knock a troublesome bull-calf head over heels with his formidable weapon; he could ride like a vaquero of the pampas and turn a score of animals together in any direction he desired. Yet for all that he was fierce and pitiless, Miguel was the slave of any animal that fell sick, and never a race-horse received better attention in time of trouble.

Our friend gave little or no anxiety to the ganadero, and there was nothing in his behaviour during the first two years of his life that might outline his character, until the day came when the proprietor of the farm rode down to the pastures with a company of friends and expert professionals to test the novillos, as the young bulls were then called. Each bull in turn was separated from the herd and charged by a stranger on horseback who was armed with such a pole as Miguel used.

Some of the animals would not face the charge at all, but fled in terror from it—to be driven into a fenced pasture and become mere butcher's meat in the fulness of time. Others realized that their enemy was not Miguel, and charged him with fury. These were acclaimed by their owner and named

and entered in the stud-book as fighting-bulls. None of the novillos made so fierce a charge as the subject of this story, and because of the strength, shape, and sharpness of his horns he was entered in the records as El Cuchillo (The Knife). Among the bulls tested were some not quite of the first class in development and horn growth, though they were not lacking in courage and strength. These were sent away to provincial bull-rings, where they served, in corridas de novillos, to give practice to matadors of the second class, and to satisfy the blood-thirst of men and women who could not visit the large arenas.

"THERE WERE LITTLE GROUPS OF INTERESTED SPECTATORS UNDER THE VINE-TRELLISED ARBOURS."

For El Cuchillo and the chosen companions of his year life took a new and agreeable form when the first test had been withstood. They were kept by themselves in the lowest and richest meadows, where the grass came to their flanks and the water never failed. In the evening the tame bullocks that carried cow-bells round their necks came to fetch them home, and when they reached their stalls there was always a measure of fine corn awaiting them. So they increased in strength and natural ferocity until only Miguel dared face them, and he relied chiefly upon his old reputation. It is more than likely that he would have fared ill in a contest with the least of them now; but, as he carried the familiar pole, was a stranger to fear, and never allowed an order to be disobeyed, his rule was not seriously challenged. He called each bull by its name as though he were the huntsman and his charges were a pack of hounds.

One afternoon, when El Cuchillo was rather more than three and a half years old, the tame bullocks came to the prairie some hours before their time, and in their wake came half-a-dozen ganaderos, with Miguel at their head, all carrying long poles. Some eight bulls, including Cuchillo, were separated from the rest of the company, and round these the belled bullocks formed a little circle, and the company started along an unfamiliar and deserted road, through lanes overblown with flowers of rich colour and fragrant with the perfume of wild thyme. Past farmhouses well-nigh smothered in greenery, and tiny wayside ventas where there were little groups of interested spectators under the vine-trellised arbours, men and beasts took their slow and peaceful way. Before nightfall a quiet meadow received the company of bulls and bullocks, and while five of the ganaderos went to claim the shelter of a neighbouring farmhouse, Miguel kept watch during the few dark hours.

In the afternoon of the following day the journey was resumed, and the fierce bulls went forward in orderly fashion enough, because they were accustomed by now to the company of the bullocks and the tinkling of their bells. So that the bullocks knew the way, the bulls were well content to follow. Only on the fourth evening did they reach their destination, the tablada that lies within five miles of Seville and yields a view of the Giralda Tower and the cathedral. For some days bulls and bullocks rested from their labours, and the corn supply of the former was renewed by Miguel with a lavish hand. Such little fatigue as might have been

associated with the journey over dry and dusty roads was speedily forgotten.

A very gay procession rode out of Seville to the tablada on the afternoon of the Friday following the arrival of the animals. There were several noble patrons of the bull-ring, a tall, fair-bearded man who was treated with special deference, and a dancing-girl whose name was known from London to New York, *viâ* St. Petersburg. One of Spain's leading matadors was of the party—a heavy-jawed, dull-eyed man, who rode his horse very awkwardly; there were two of the directors of the plaza de toros, and some of the lesser lights of the arena, including El Conecito, the banderillero. The bulls took little notice of the intruders. Their friends the tame bullocks were feeding by their side, and Miguel, armed with his pole, sat watching over them from his horse.

The company rode past the bulls, noting their points as connoisseurs should, and when the great matador—why hide the fact that it was Espartero himself?—saw El Cuchillo, he positively trembled with excitement. In thick guttural tones he asked Miguel a few questions; then, with a light in his eyes that seemed to change the character of his face, he cantered heavily to where the great bull stood. "We shall meet on Sunday, my beauty," he cried aloud, "and then you shall feel my sword in your heart or I will take your horns to my body."

"WE SHALL MEET ON SUNDAY, MY BEAUTY," HE CRIED ALOUD."

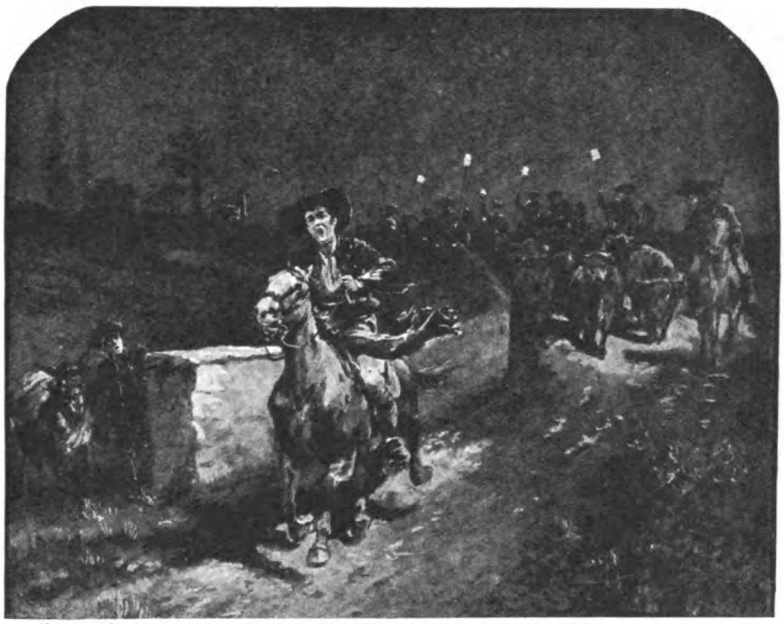
And El Cuchillo, who at other times would permit no man to come within ten yards of him, raised his huge head and stared at the finest swordsman in all Spain, as though he understood the challenge and accepted it.

"You seem pleased with that fellow, Espartero," said the tall man, turning for a moment from the lady with whom he had been conversing.

"Your Highness," replied the great diestro, "since the day when I entered a plaza for the first time, I have never seen a bull better set-up, better armed, or in more splendid condition. And if I read him aright, half-a-dozen horses won't tire him."

Having spoken he drew back, the animation passed from his face as rapidly as it had come there, and he rode silently back to the city in the wake of his gay companions. Only Miguel remained in the tablada, perhaps in that moment the proudest man in Andalusia. For it was to his care and tireless work that El Cuchillo's perfect condition was due.

More than twenty-four hours passed uneventfully, save that the supply of corn was doubled, but as Saturday night drew on many unaccustomed sounds disturbed the bulls—sounds of carriage wheels, the tramp of many horses, and the noise of human voices. More than once the huge animals rose to their feet and looked round uneasily, but the bullocks showed no sign of uneasiness and Miguel was in his place. Night deepened, but moon and stars shone with a good grace, and soon there were other lights moving close to the ground—lanterns carried by horsemen at the end of long poles. Miguel's voice sounded across the tablada, calling the beasts by name; they rose to their feet and came together, a dark, unwieldy, nervous mass that a false movement might have turned into a destructive force. But other ganaderos were riding through the tablada now and calling the bullocks, who, obedient to the summons, gathered round the bulls and, preceded by Miguel and one ganadero, led the way through the pastures to the high road. As soon as



"MIGUEL'S COMPANION SHOOK HIS REINS AND DARTED OFF AT A THUNDERING GALLOP."

this was reached Miguel's companion shook his reins and darted off at a thundering gallop along the Seville road. His the duty to warn belated travellers that the encierro had commenced, to turn carriages and wagons into side lanes, and then to continue his headlong rush until the plaza de toros was reached, and he could summon the men on duty there to light fires and open the great gate leading to the toril. It was a simple matter enough to take the bulls from their native pasture to the place they were leaving now, but the last few miles between the tablada and the bull-ring were full of dangers, for all Seville was accustomed to turn out to see the procession.

When bulls, bullocks, and their guardians were safely on the high road, a long procession of carriages, followed by men on horse and afoot, came from a turn in the main road and formed a sort of rearguard. The fascination of the night-ride was at once their justification and their excuse. The air was so still that the ringing sound of flying hoofs reached the ear when the first ganadero was some two miles in advance of the encierro; one was conscious of the heavy, intoxicating perfume that stole out from gardens on either side of the road. From the poplar trees came the ceaseless call of the cigarrons, nightingales sang amid the orange-orchards of Las Delicias, the melancholy cry of the bittern rose from the river marshes, with the croaking of the bull-frogs who were never at rest. And every venta along the roadside was crowded, the garden trees were hung with lanterns, guitars tinkled an accompaniment to malagueñas, jotas, boleros, and other songs and dances of Southern Spain, and through the pageant and festivities prepared in their honour the bulls moved with silent dignity. Right along the Guadalquivir's bank, where the lights shone from the faluchas at rest upon its waters, they tramped almost up to the Tower of Gold, and then the plaza de toros shone out clearly in the light of huge bonfires kindled just beyond its boundaries. Guided for the first and last time by the poles of the ganaderos, the bullocks turned sharply to the right, and after a moment's hesitation, that gave the one touch of suspense to the proceedings, the fighting-bulls followed. The heavy doors were drawn behind them, the procession dispersed, and, quite unseen by any eyes save those of the men engaged, each bull was driven to his own condemned cell, while the bullocks remained by themselves in a small straw-covered yard. Then profound silence reigned throughout the city, broken only when the bells clashed from the Giralda Tower and the old serenos who paraded the streets with spear and lantern cried to the Maria Santissima that the night was clear.

In his narrow cell El Cuchillo may have noted the coming of the morning when one white bar of light streamed in. There were sounds of varied activity beyond the toril, but he remained undisturbed. He had little room to turn, there was no food, and, worse still, no water. Hunger, thirst, and fear yielded slowly to an overmastering sense of anger, founded upon his consciousness of giant strength. He bellowed savagely, and would have given effect to his rage had it been possible to move freely.

Long hours passed, morning yielded to afternoon. The great splash of light that came through the bars waxed intense and intolerant and waned slowly with the passing hours, while an indescribable sense of movement filled the twilight of the condemned cell. In some subtle fashion it told of the gathering of an expectant multitude. Then, somewhere beyond the toril, a military band crashed out the Spanish National Anthem, there were cheers and shouts, succeeded by a death-like stillness that was broken in its turn by a shrill, penetrating trumpet-call. Time after time, for more than an hour, came the reverberating notes, the snatches of wild music, the cries from many thousand throats. Only one word rang clear: "Espartero."

At last El Cuchillo became conscious of voices on either side, the light broadened, and a hand, shooting out a little way above him, stuck the barbed point of a red rosette in his shoulder. A moment later the trumpets called again, the front wall of his prison opened as though by magic, and he dashed forward with a rush that brought him half-way across the yellow arena. A yell from twelve thousand throats arrested him; he lashed his flanks, blinked a little—for even the setting sun hurt his eyes after those long hours of darkness—and then answered his audience with a roar of defiance. Certainly he knew that he was surrounded by his enemies; perhaps the awful odour of blood that filled the arena gave him some prevision of the butchery that was to accompany his death.

I pass over the first few minutes of the struggle. El Cuchillo knew no difference between the armour-cased picadores who carried the spiked poles and the hapless, unprotected, blindfolded horses they bestrode. That is all that needs be said by way of excuse for the six carcasses that strewed the arena when the tercio sounded, carcasses from which the blue-coated attendants had stripped saddle and bridle. With one exception the picadores had fallen behind their horses in the most approved fashion; the exception, a heavy man, protected at all vital points against the reddened horns, was tossed high into the air and carried off with a broken collar-bone; while Espartero himself drew El Cuchillo away with some of the most superb cloak-work Seville had seen since Lagartijo retired from the bull-ring.

With the enthusiasm of the huge auditorium a thrill of amazement was mingled. Though the bull's neck bore red marks of the picadores' poles, he was singularly fresh, his breathing was not short and sharp as it should have been, and he was in no sense distressed.

Conecito came forward with his banderillas and the crowd cheered, for the banderillero was a favourite. Bull and man seemed to charge together, and then Conecito was seen travelling post-haste for the barrier, which he reached just in time, while his opponent drew up and trotted off gamely with but "half a pair" (the technical term for one banderilla) hanging from his shoulder. The second banderillero tried next and failed altogether—El Cuchillo's pace beat him utterly; and then, to the accompaniment of a roar of applause and a burst of barbaric music, Espartero himself came forward with a pair of the light lances. This time there was no mistake. For all Cuchillo's wonderful habit of using his eyes as he charged he could never quite tell where the great matador would cross him, and at the second attempt the two lances were beautifully placed. Then Conecito tried again, with the same result as before, save that the one sent home was on the other side of the bull's flank, so that he carried two pairs now. The second banderillero was quite beaten, but Guerrita, who led the second cuadrilla, succeeded, amid thunders of acclamation. Then the judge raised his hand to the string with which he signalled, the trumpeters sounded the third call, and a great hush fell upon the arena.

Espartero was to kill. The great diestro, who had been testing the quality of two or three swords, and giving instructions to the footmen of his cuadrilla, now chose his weapon, and wrapping the scarlet muleta round it strode across the arena until he stood below the President's box.

Hat in hand, he asked permission to kill El Cuchillo in manner that would do honour to Seville. The President raised his hat in token of assent; Espartero flung his own over the barrier and turned towards the middle of the arena, where El Cuchillo, standing sturdily defiant, greeted his coming with a thunderous bellow, and stared with bloodshot eyes at the gold epaulettes and braid, the gaudy coat, the red waistband, and blood-stained white stockings of his enemy.

Conecito, who now carried one of the plum-coloured cloaks, stood a little to the left of his chief and heard Espartero speak to the bull as though he were a human being.

"El Cuchillo," he said, slowly, almost

solemnly, "you are a great bull and know no fear. You have killed six horses and you are still fresh. I, Espartero, salute and honour you. And now one of us must die."

So saying, he unfurled the scarlet cloth, the muleta, and flashed it across the bull's startled eyes, so that he charged the uncanny thing. It jumped up out of his reach, and came back just below his nose, and buzzed round him like a hornet, and led him to jump and turn and twist and lose his caution, and stand with his forelegs closer and closer together as Espartero wished, for when they were quite in the normal position he could send his espada through the matted hair over the shoulder and through the lungs to the heart. Then on a sudden, when the aficionados were telling each other that the end of the splendid animal would be tame enough, and speculating whether Espartero would kill with his favourite volapies, or would fall back on the descabello à pulso, that must be difficult with a bull whose movements were so uncertain, El Cuchillo seemed to recover his nerve. He ignored the muleta and rushed at Espartero himself, and in that moment all the diestro's plans were upset, and he was forced to save himself by one of the agile turns of which he was the master.

"ONCE AGAIN THE MULETA FLASHED ALL ROUND THE BULL'S HEAD."

The trumpets sounded a single warning note; Espartero had gone beyond the time allotted to him. A murmur of astonishment rippled round the vast arena; never before in the history of Seville had Espartero been warned. Even the boys who sold programmes and fruit and sandwiches ceased their cries; the flutter of fans on the sunny side of the ring faded into stillness almost automatically; and the gaudy flags that decked the arena seemed to hang breathless. Alone in that vast concourse matador and bull preserved their tranquillity, and it would be hard to say which of the two needed it most.

Espartero realized the need for prompt action. With splendid disregard for danger he returned to his work, and once again the muleta flashed all round the bull's head, bewildering, dazing, and almost stupefying him, while one of the banderillas that lay right across the animal's shoulder was lifted into its proper place by a daring stroke of the sword. For a moment the forelegs came together, and it seemed as though Espartero hurled himself upon the bull, but a second later the sword was high in the air, the matador's stroke had been foiled by one of El Cuchillo's sudden movements, and one blood-stained horn ripped Espartero's red waistband as he jumped aside, avoiding death by a hand's breadth. The capadores rushed in to cover their chief's retreat, and El Cuchillo, disdaining the plum-coloured cloaks, made for one man. The moment of mad chase to the barrier was one of horrible uncertainty, the capador vaulted and fell, badly bruised, on the other side, and then El Cuchillo trotted back to the centre of the arena, distressed and bleeding, but unbeaten. The trumpet called again.

Espartero examined the sword that had been picked up and brought to him, and flung it aside. Armed with a fresh one, he paused to replace and reassure his wondering

cuadrilla, and moved forward again. His face was perfectly colourless, his hand was shaking, the fatigue of the work done during the long afternoon was making itself felt, for he had killed two difficult bulls already, and El Cuchillo had been more than twenty minutes in the arena.

"Give me your horns or take my sword this time," he cried, as he approached his enemy, and, as though in reply, El Cuchillo bellowed his defiance to Spain and its champion matador.

Now, in those last moments, the silence was almost as oppressive as the heat.

Something of the fury of despair seemed to seize upon man and beast, some shadow of their overwhelming anxiety lay heavily upon the audience. The muleta had seemingly lost its power to charm, and the matador seemed resolved to set his life upon the point of his own sword. With a superb gesture, he lowered the scarlet rag and invited El Cuchillo to charge. Hundreds of men and women, used though they were to all the carnage of the arena, turned their eyes away, until a deafening roar roused them to see Espartero hurled on one side and El Cuchillo in pursuit of the plum-coloured cloaks, with the sword quivering in his shoulder.

As the shout rolled through the arena, and Espartero walked slowly to the barrier, the setting sun made a final effort and flooded half the arena with yellow crocus-coloured light. The pigeons from the Giralda Tower swept right across the plaza, and from the sunny side rose a sudden shout of "Pardon! pardon!"

It was caught up all over the arena as El Cuchillo, with a mighty effort, shook the sword out of his shoulder and, with splendid valour, returned to the centre of the arena, unbeaten still, and ready for the next attack.

The clamour increased and became deafening, until Espartero was seen walking empty-handed to the corner below the President's box. Then it died away to absolute silence.

In clear tones that could be heard all over one side of the arena the great matador asked the President to grant pardon to El Cuchillo for his splendid fight, which had given more honour to the famous plaza de toros than would come to it by his death. And the President, listening gravely to the appeal, raised his hat and replied, "We pardon El Cuchillo on account of his bravery."

Amid a scene of extraordinary enthusiasm the trumpets sounded again, and the tame bullocks came into the arena by way of the toril. They grouped themselves round El Cuchillo, while people cheered and flung hats and cigars and flowers to Espartero, and the band played the National Anthem. So the long-horned hero of "the herd of death" passed to the toril, where the barbs were removed, his wounds were dressed and his raging thirst was satisfied. And the crowd that had gathered along the riverside road to see him pass to his death gathered on the morrow to do him honour on his way back to the pleasant pastures of Utrera, where old age comes to him to-day, slowly and in peaceful guise.

"ESPARTERO WAS SEEN WALKING EMPTY-HANDED TO THE CORNER BELOW THE PRESIDENT'S BOX."

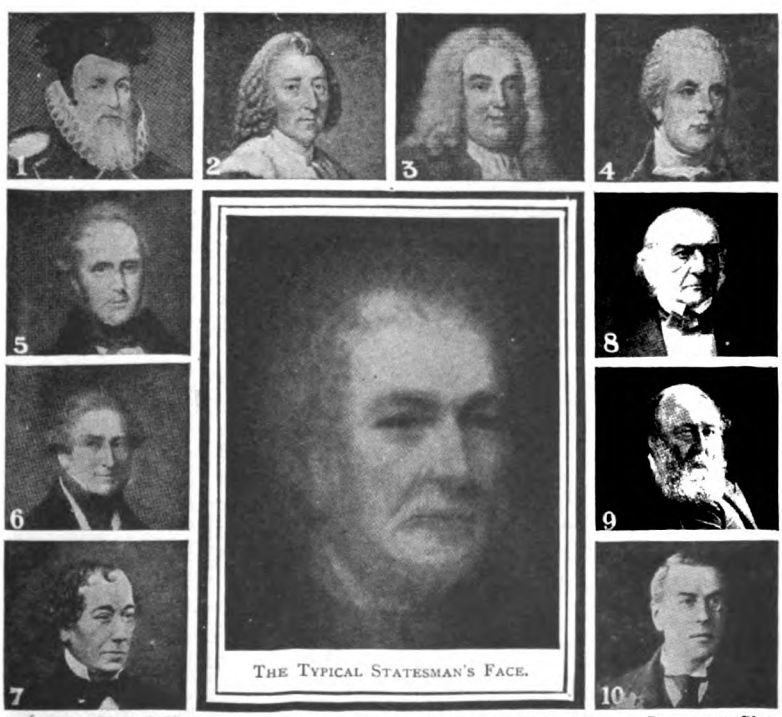
Composite Portraits of Men of Genius.

SUPPOSE it were possible to fuse counterfeit presentments of the most illustrious men in each department of human effort, so that instead of ten separate geniuses we should have one, representing and typifying the whole. What would be the result? We should first of all have an absolute creation. We should have the portrait of no one man who ever lived and yet a likeness drawn direct from life. Photography has within the last few years rendered the process an easy one. The old method of composite photography was to make a series of slight exposures on the same sensitized plate. This was attended by many drawbacks, owing to the difficulty of adjusting the degree of light, and these drawbacks became more pronounced when portraits of different tone values were attempted. We will resort here to another and more novel mode of operation. We will take ten negatives of eminent personages and superimpose one upon another, so that the net result is obtained by the action of light passing through these ten negatives upon a sensitized photographic plate. Here we have a building up of ten units, an ideal genius; we are rolling ten illustrious personages into one.

Let us begin with the composite portrait of ten leading British statesmen. It is one of the most, perhaps *the* most, interesting of the series. Its deep interest lies in the fact that the most marked facial phases of all the decade may herein be traced. The writer showed this photograph to a well-known man of letters and asked him if he could guess whose portrait it was. He studied it for some time in perplexity and then exclaimed, in a burst of admiration, "I thought I knew the faces of all of England's worthies, but this beats me. Whoever he is, a man with a face like that ought to have been Prime Minister of England. He has strength, resolution, humour, and sagacity. Who is he?"

Another commentator thought he detected a strong likeness to Sir Robert Peel, but Peel grown much older.

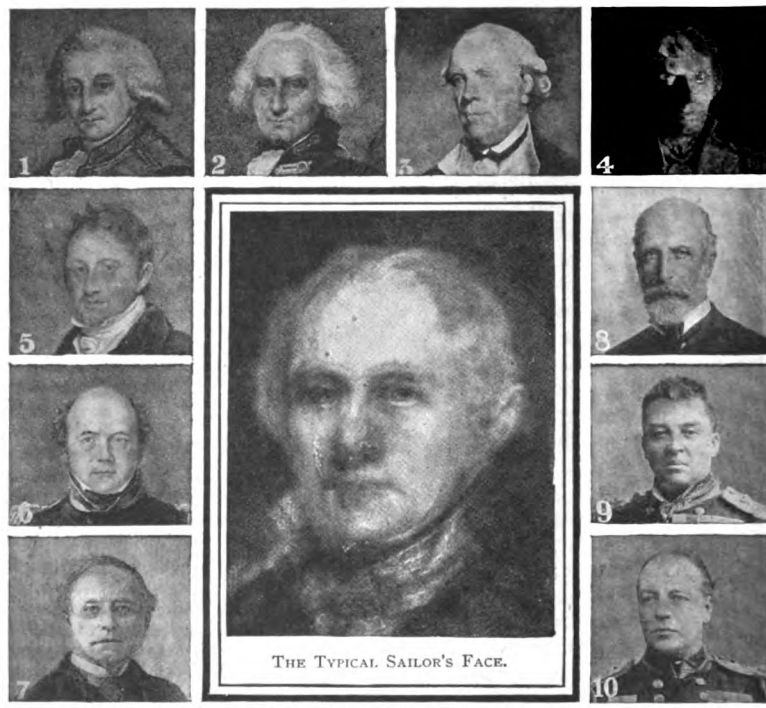
We shall not go far wrong if, after the hastiest of glances at the composite of ten eminent Generals, we say that three faces emerge therefrom almost, as it were, simultaneously. The first is Cromwell. There can be no doubt of that grim, stern, hard-bitten look, while, oddly enough, both Lord Kitchener and Lord Roberts are distinctly visible. Wellington's features are there in exactly the same degree as are the others; only, being of a more uncommon



1 BURLEIGH (*Photo. E. Walker*). 2 CHATHAM. 3 WALPOLE (*Photo. E. Walker*). 4 PITT. 5 PALMERSTON (*Photo. E. Walker*). 6 PEEL (*Photo. E. Walker*). 7 BEACONSFIELD (*Photo. London Stereoscopic Co.*). 8 GLADSTONE (*Photo. Russell*). 9 SALISBURY (*Photo. Russell*). 10 CHAMBERLAIN (*Photo. Whitlock*).

mould, they are obliged to struggle to the surface with the weight of nine wholly unlike visages, so to speak, holding them under.

Who could doubt that the face shown in our next portrait is that of a sailor? It is, in fact, a unified portrait of ten great sailors — Nelson, Albemarle, Rodney, Beresford, Bridport, Franklin, Seymour, McClintock, Barrington, and Fisher. Without exaggeration it may be said that the qualities of each of these eminent seamen are represented here.

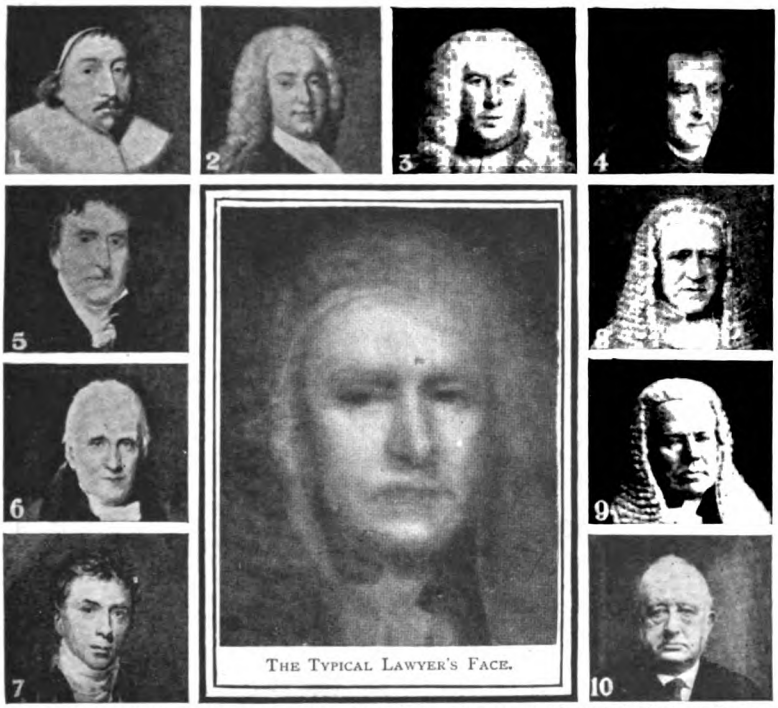


1 RODNEY. 2 HOOD. 3 BARRINGTON (*Photo. E. Walker*). 4 NELSON. 5 KEPPEL. 6 FRANKLIN. 7 MCCLINTOCK (*Photo. Mayall*). 8 SEYMOUR (*Photo. Russell*). 9 FISHER (*Photo. Russell*). 10 BERESFORD (*Photo. Barraud*).

1 CROMWELL. 2 MARLBOROUGH (*Photo. E. Walker*). 3 CLIVE (*Photo. E. Walker*). 4 WOLFE. 5 MOORE (*Photo. E. Walker*). 6 WELLINGTON. 7 HILL (*Photo. E. Walker*). 8 ROBERTS (*Photo. Ellis & Walery*). 9 WOLSELEY (*Photo. London Stereoscopic Co.*). 10 KITCHENER (*Photo. Bassano*).

Humour, patience, and doggedness are clearly delineated. No such man as this ever had a mundane existence. No such admiral ever commanded one of the King's fleets; but what First Lord, what Admiralty Board, would hesitate to entrust the command of ship, squadron, or fleet to one who bore such a recommendation in his face?

We turn to lawyers. In the next portrait we have a composite group of ten acknowledged legal luminaries, to wit: Coke,



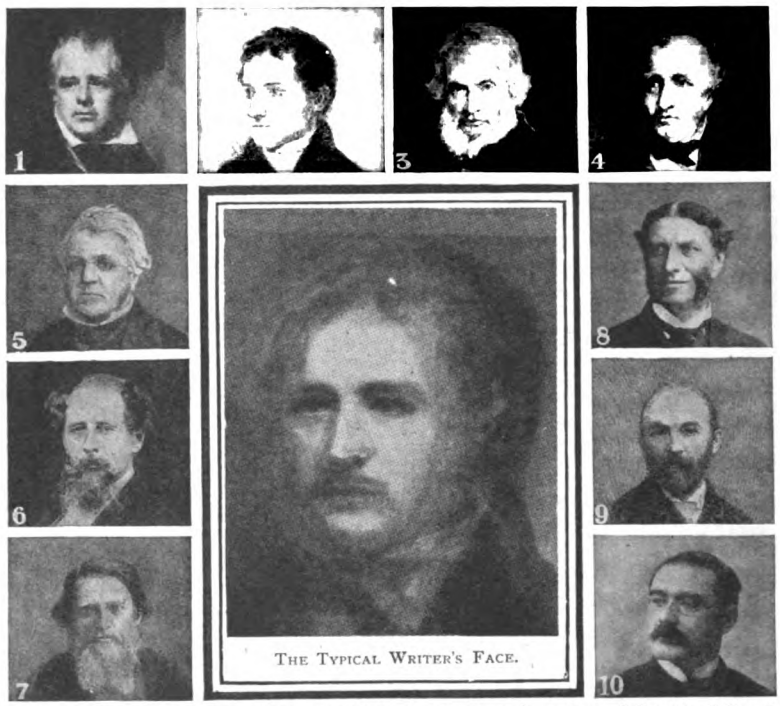
1 COKE (*Photo. E. Walker*). 2 MANSFIELD (*Photo. E. Walker*). 3 BLACKSTONE (*Photo. E. Walker*). 4 THURLOW (*Photo. E. Walker*). 5 ERSKINE (*Photo. E. Walker*). 6 ELDON (*Photo. E. Walker*). 7 BROUGHAM. 8 COLERIDGE (*Photo. Whitlock*). 9 HALSBURY (*Photo. London Stereoscopic Co.*). 10 ALVERSTONE (*Photo. G. Newnes, Ltd.*).

Blackstone, Thurlow, Mansfield, Erskine, Eldon, Brougham, Coleridge, Halsbury, and Alverstone. Mark the totally different facial qualities! The great lawyer is sagacious, but he is also secretive, ponderous, and saturnine, and we find all this exemplified in the composite.

Nine out of ten men in the accompanying portrait would discover a resemblance to Shakespeare, or at least a suggestion of him. At a second glance they would dismiss the impression, but conclude that it was the portrait of one of the Elizabethan poets. The conclusion would be most interesting because we ourselves detect most strongly in this composite of ten leading poets the features of Keats and Shelley, but of its being the face of a poet there is never any doubt. Each, however, of the ten poets contributes something to estamp the portrait with its ultimate character.

The likenesses of ten of our leading writers superimposed yield us a very different result.

1 SHAKESPEARE. 2 MILTON. 3 BURNS. 4 COLERIDGE (*Photo. E. Walker*). 5 BYRON. 6 SHELLEY (*Photo. E. Walker*). 7 KEATS (*Photo. E. Walker*). 8 TENNYSON (*Photo. Barraud*). 9 BROWNING (*By permission of Smith, Elder & Co.*). 10 SWINBURNE (*Photo. Elliott & Fry*).

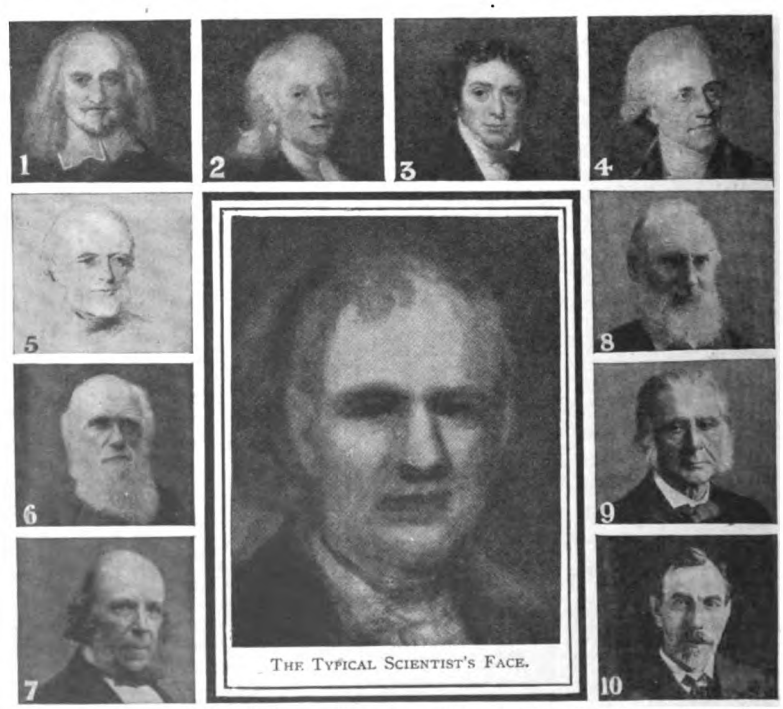


1 SCOTT. 2 LAMB. 3 CARLYLE. 4 MACAULAY (*Photo. E. Walker*). 5 THACKERAY. 6 DICKENS. 7 RUSKIN (*Photo. Elliott & Fry*). 8 MATTHEW ARNOLD (*Photo. Elliott & Fry*). 9 HARDY (*Photo. Barraud*). 10 KIPLING (*Photo. Elliott & Fry*).

We have here a stronger, sturdier, worldlier type. It is easy to imagine such a man as this having written a History of England, "Vanity Fair," or "Soldiers Three." Charles Dickens is here very visibly suggested without any of his features being rendered. It is portrayed in the alert, eager expression of the portrait.

The next is a group of ten scientists—Newton, Darwin, Herschel, Spencer, Faraday, Huxley, Hobbes, Lyell, Ramsay, and Kelvin. The result is a portrait which might be labelled "A British Scientist." Deep reading, sedulous research, wide knowledge, clear insight into Nature—all these qualities are revealed. No single individual of the ten can here be defined. It is a pure plan of the facial and mental qualities of all.

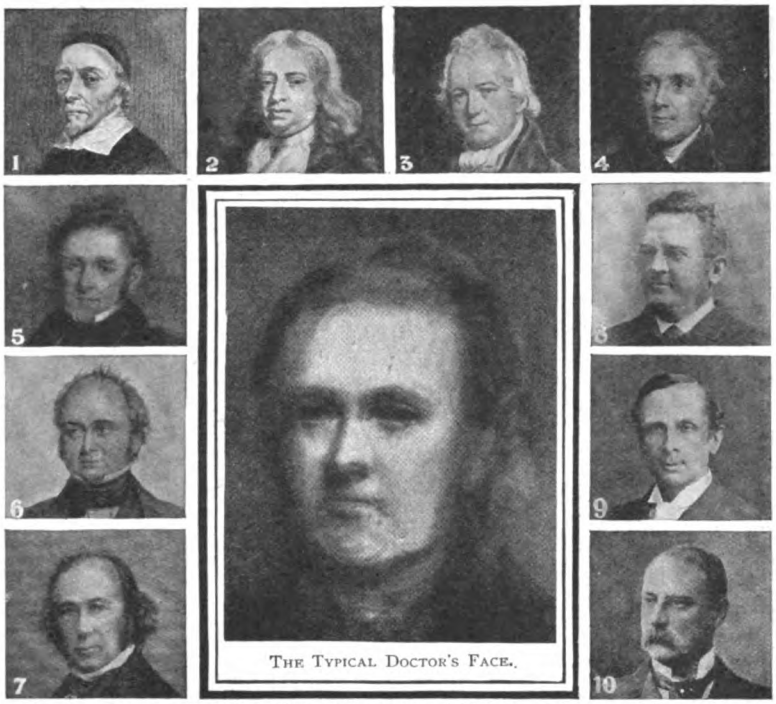
Perhaps there is no more successful composite than that of ten great British actors, living and dead. One critical authority, after examining it with interest, handed it back with the remark, "Humph! What is it? A ghost picture of



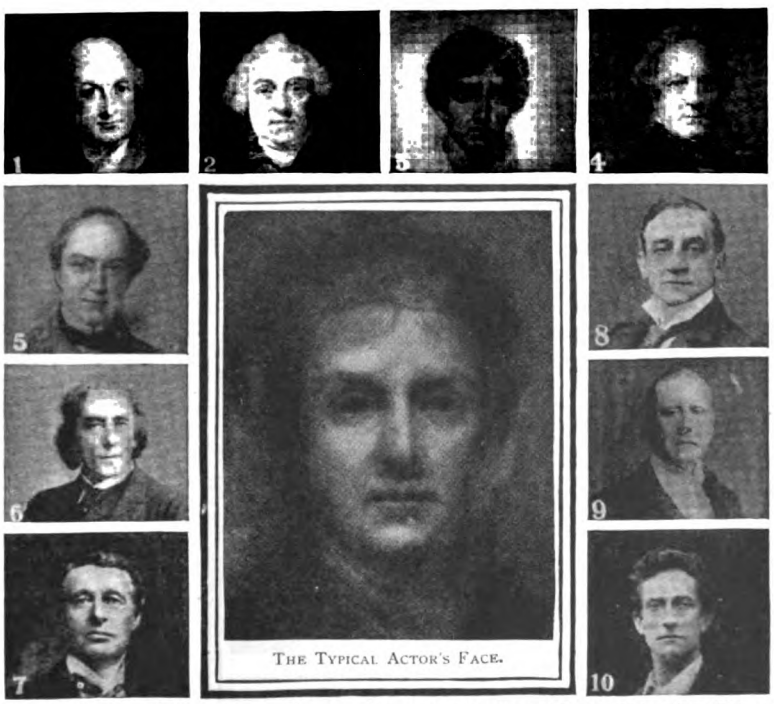
1 HOBBES. 2 NEWTON (*Photo. E. Walker*). 3 FARADAY. 4 HERSCHEL (*Photo. E. Walker*). 5 LYELL (*Photo. E. Walker*). 6 DARWIN. 7 SPENCER (*Photo. Barraud*). 8 KELVIN (*Photo. Lafayette*). 9 HUXLEY (*Photo. London Stereoscopic Co.*). 10 RAMSAY (*Photo. G. Newnes, Ltd.*).

Beerbohm Tree?" Here certainly we have the ideal histrion, a great British actor, capable of acting tragedy and comedy, a man who combines in his own person all the marvellous mimetic gifts of Garrick and Irving, Foote and Mathews, Hare and Wyndham.

Well might the Royal College of Physicians as well as the Royal College of Surgeons order from some competent artist a life-size replica in oils of the accompanying eclectic portrait of England's most eminent healers. If ever there was



1 HARVEY. 2 SYDENHAM (*Photo. E. Walker*). 3 ABERNETHY. 4 HALFORD. 5 BEATTIE. 6 TODD. 7 ACLAND (*Photo. Maul & Polyblank*). 8 BROADBENT (*Photo. Barraud*). 9 MACKENZIE (*Photo. London Stereoscopic Co.*). 10 TREVES (*Photo. Lafayette*).



1 GARRICK (*Photo. E. Walker*) 2 FOOTE. 3 KEMBLE. 4 MACREADY. 5 MATTHEWS. 6 IRVING (*Photo Ellis & Walery*). 7 WYNDHAM (*Photo. Langfier*). 8 HARE (*Photo. L. Caswall Smith*). 9 TREE (*Photo. Russell*). 10 FORBES-ROBERTSON (*Photo. L. Caswall Smith*).

a countenance better calculated to inspire confidence in the patient we have not seen it. It is piling Broadbent upon Abernethy and Halford upon Sydenham. The "bedside manner" of such a practitioner would be something magnificent, stupendous. He would have attained, of course, a baronetcy, with a peerage in prospect, and be the trusted confidant of Royalty.

How different the last from the composite likeness of ten great painters, the character of which is more akin to that

1 REYNOLDS. 2 ROMNEY. 3 FLAXMAN. 4 TURNER. 5 CONSTABLE (*Photo. E. Walker*). 6 WILKIE. 7 LANDSEER (*Photo. E. Walker*). 8 ROSSETTI (*Photo. E. Walker*). 9 POYNTER (*Photo. E. Mills*). 10 RIVIÈRE (*Photo. E. Mills*).

of the poets than any other in this series! Turner appears to emerge distinctly, so also does Landseer. About the rest we cannot be quite sure, although we seem to see flashes of Flaxman and Rossetti. It is a decidedly interesting physiognomy even were we ignorant of its origin — the face of a distinguished man.

Last but not least come ten divines, ten great preachers who have played such a great part in the social history of England. At first sight this does not strike us as being the typical face of an ecclesiastic until we remember what kind of men were Knox and Wesley, Jeremy Taylor and Spurgeon — men of energy and eloquence, hard hitters and of strong common sense, qualities far more distinguished than amiability and long-suffering; and thus we find in this portrait the face of a man not unlike what we might easily conceive John Wesley might have been if he had Spurgeon's roughness and readiness, or Spurgeon if he had Wesley's scholarship and suavity.

1 CRANMER (*Photo. E. Walker*). 2 KNOX. 3 TAYLOR. 4 BARROW. 5 WESLEY (*Photo. E. Walker*). 6 CHALMERS. 7 HEBER. 8 SPURGEON. 9 DAVIDSON (*Photo. Russell*). 10 INGRAM (*Photo. Lafayette*).

The Empire of the Ants.

By H. G. Wells.

I.

WHEN Captain Gerilleau received instructions to take his new gunboat, the *Benjamin Constant*, to Badama on the Batemo arm of the Guaramadema and there assist the inhabitants against a plague of ants, he suspected the authorities of mockery. His promotion had been romantic and irregular; the affections of a prominent Brazilian lady and the captain's liquid eyes had played a part in the process, and the *Diario* and *O Futuro* had been lamentably disrespectful in their comments. He felt he was to give further occasion for disrespect.

He was a Creole, his conceptions of etiquette and discipline were pure-blooded Portuguese, and it was only to Holroyd, the Lancashire engineer who had come over with the boat, and as an exercise in the use of English—his "th" sounds were very uncertain—that he opened his heart.

"It is in effect," he said, "to make me absurd! What can a man do against ants? Dey come, dey go."

"They say," said Holroyd, "that these don't go. That chap you said was a Sambo——"

"Zambo;—it is a sort of mixture of blood."

"Sambo. He said the people are going."

The captain smoked fretfully for a time. "Dese tings 'ave to happen," he said at last. "What is it? Plagues of ants and suchlike as God wills. Dere was a plague in Trinidad—the little ants that carry leaves. Orl der orange trees, all der mangoes! What does it matter? Sometimes ant armies come into your houses—fighting ants; a different sort. You go and they clean the house. Then you come back again;—the house is clean, like new! No fleas, no jiggers in the floor."

"That Sambo chap," said Holroyd, "says these are a different sort of ant."

The captain shrugged his shoulders, fumed, and gave his attention to a cigarette.

Afterwards he reopened the subject. "My dear 'Olroyd, what am I to do about dese infernal ants?"

"You're asking me?"

"Yes," said Gerilleau, reluctantly, and broke out. "But it is a confounded shame! 'Ere I 'ave got dis gun! Very likely I shall never use it—never! And an insurrection in Parana—practically—*now*. They will not let me target practise. . . . But about dese ants!"

"They say corrosive sublimate is rather good for them. You ought to lay in some of that. Then chalk, or lime, or whiting—what you do dancing girls' shoes with."

"Ah, precisely!" said the captain.

"And carbolic acid. After all—you've got to pull the job *off*, you know. You've got to make a success of it."

The captain reflected. "It is ridiculous," he said. But in the afternoon he put on his full uniform and went ashore, and jars and boxes came back to the ship and subsequently he did. And Holroyd sat on deck in the evening coolness and smoked profoundly and marvelled at Brazil. They were six days up the Amazon, some hundreds of miles from the ocean, and east and west of him there was an horizon like the sea, and to the south nothing but a sand-bank island with some tufts of scrub. The water was always running like a sluice, thick with dirt, animated with crocodiles and hovering birds, and fed by some inexhaustible source of tree-trunks; and the waste of it, the headlong waste of it, filled his soul. The town of Alemquer with its meagre church, its thatched sheds for houses, its discoloured ruins of ampler days, seemed a little thing lost in this wilderness of Nature, a sixpence dropped on Sahara. He was a young man, this was his first sight of the tropics, he came straight from England, where Nature is hedged, ditched, and drained into the perfection of submission, and he had suddenly discovered the insignificance of man. For six days they had been steaming up from the sea by unfrequented channels and man had been as rare as a rare butterfly. One saw, one day a canoe, another day a distant station, the next no men at all. He began to perceive that man is indeed a rare animal, having but a precarious hold upon this land.

He perceived it more clearly as the days passed and he made his devious way to the Batemo, in the company of this remarkable commander who ruled over one big gun, and was forbidden to waste his ammunition. Holroyd was learning Spanish industriously, but he was still in the present tense and substantive stage of speech, and the only other person who had any words of English was a negro stoker who had them all wrong. The second in command was a Portuguese "da Cunha" who spoke French, but it was a

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different sort of French from the French Holroyd had learnt in Southport, and their intercourse was confined to politenesses and simple propositions about the weather. And the weather, like everything else in this amazing new world—the weather had no human aspect, and was hot by night and hot by day, and the air steam, even the wind was hot steam, smelling of vegetation in decay: and the alligators and the strange birds, the flies of many sorts and sizes, the beetles, the ants, the snakes and monkeys, seemed to wonder what man was doing in an atmosphere that had no gladness in its sunshine and no coolness in its night. To wear clothing was intolerable, but to cast it aside was to scorch by day and expose an ampler area to the mosquitoes by night; to go on deck by day was to be blinded by glare and to stay below was to suffocate. And in the daytime came certain flies, extremely clever and noxious about one's wrist and ankle. Captain Gerilleau, who was Holroyd's sole distraction from these physical distresses, developed into a formidable bore, telling the simple story of his heart's affections day by day, a string of anonymous women, as if he were telling beads. Sometimes he suggested sport, and they shot at alligators, and at rare intervals they came to human aggregations in the waste of trees, and stayed for a day or so, and drank and sat about, and, one night, danced with Creole girls, who found Holroyd's poor elements of Spanish, without either past tense or future, amply sufficient for their purposes. But these were mere luminous chinks in the long grey passage of the steaming river, up which the throbbing engines beat. A certain liberal heathen deity in the shape of a demijohn, held seductive court aft, and, it is probable, forward.

But Gerilleau learnt things about the ants, more things and more, at this stopping place and that, and became interested in his mission.

"Dey are a new sort of ant," he said. "We have got to be—what do you call it?—entomologie? Big. Five centimetres! Some bigger! It is ridiculous. We are like the monkeys—sent to pick insects. . . . But dey are eating up the country."

He burst out indignantly. "Suppose—suddenly, there are complications with Europe. Here am I—soon we shall be above the Rio Negro—and my gun, useless!"

He nursed his knee and mused.

"Dose people who were dere at de dancing place, dey 'ave come down. Dey 'ave lost all they got. De ants come to deir 'ouse one afternoon. Everyone run out. You know when de ants come one must—everyone runs out and they go over the house. If you stayed they'd eat you. See? Well, presently dey go back; dey say, 'The ants 'ave gone.' . . . De ants *'aven't* gone. Dey try to go in—de son, 'e goes in. De ants fight."

"Swarm over him?"

"Bite 'im. Presently he comes out again—screaming and running. He runs past them to the river. See? He gets into de water and drowns de ants—yes." Gerilleau paused, brought his liquid eyes close to Holroyd's face, tapped Holroyd's knee with his knuckle. "That night he dies, just as if he was stung by a snake."

"Poisoned—by the ants?"

"Who knows?" Gerilleau shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps they bit him badly. . . . When I joined dis service I joined to fight men. Dese things, dese ants, dey come and go. It is no business for men."

After that he talked frequently of the ants to Holroyd, and whenever they chanced to drift against any speck of humanity in that waste of water and sunshine and distant trees, Holroyd's improving knowledge of the language enabled him to recognise the ascendant word *Saüba*, more and more completely dominating the whole.

He perceived the ants were becoming interesting, and the nearer he drew to them the more interesting they became. Gerilleau abandoned his old themes, almost suddenly, and the Portuguese lieutenant became a conversational figure; he knew something about the leaf-cutting ant, and expanded his knowledge. Gerilleau sometimes rendered what he had to tell to Holroyd. He told of the little workers that swarm and fight, and the big workers that command and rule, and how these latter always crawled to the neck and how their bites drew blood. He told how they cut leaves and made fungus beds, and how their nests in Caracas are sometimes a hundred yards across. Two days the three men spent disputing whether ants have eyes. The discussion grew dangerously heated on the second afternoon, and Holroyd saved the situation by going ashore in a boat to catch ants and see. He captured various specimens and returned, and some had eyes and some hadn't. Also, they argued, do ants bite or sting?

"Dese ants," said Gerilleau after collecting

information at a rancho, "have big eyes. They don't run about blind—not as most ants do. No! Dey get in corners and watch what you do."

"And they sting?" asked Holroyd.

"Yes. Dey sting. Dere is poison in the sting." He meditated. "I do not see what men can do against ants. Dey come and go."

"But these don't go."

"They will," said Gerilleau.

Past Tamandu there is a long low coast of eighty miles without any population, and then one comes to the confluence of the main river and the Batemo arm like a great lake, and then the forest came nearer, came at last intimately near. The character of the channel changes, snags abound, and the *Benjamin Constant* moored by a cable that night, under the very shadow of dark trees. For the first time for many days came a spell of coolness, and Holroyd and Gerilleau sat late, smoking cigars and enjoying this delicious sensation. Gerilleau's mind was full of ants and what they could do. He decided to sleep at last, and lay down on a mattress on deck, a man hopelessly perplexed, his last words, when he already seemed asleep, being to ask with a flourish of despair, "What can one do with ants? . . . De whole thing is absurd."

"HOLROYD AND GERILLEAU SAT LATE, SMOKING."

Holroyd was left to scratch his bitten wrists, and meditate alone. He sat on the bulwark and listened to the little changes in Gerilleau's breathing until he was fast asleep, and then the ripple and lap of the stream took his mind and brought back that sense of immensity that had been growing upon him since first he had left Para and come up the river. The monitor showed but one small light, and there was first a little talking forward and then stillness. His eyes went from the dim black outlines of the middle works of the gunboat towards the bank, to the black, overwhelming mysteries of forest, lit now and then by a firefly, and never still from the murmur of alien and mysterious activities. . . .

It was the inhuman immensity of this land that astonished and oppressed him. He knew the skies were empty of men, the stars were specks in an incredible vastness of space; he knew the ocean was enormous and untamable, but in England he had come to think of the land as man's. In England it is indeed man's; the wild things live by sufferance, grow on lease; everywhere the roads, the fences, and absolute security runs. In an atlas too, the land is man's, and all coloured to show his claim to it—in vivid contrast to the universal independent blueness of the sea. He had taken it for granted that a day would come when everywhere about the earth, plough and culture, light tramways and good roads, an ordered security, would prevail. But now; he doubted.

This forest was interminable, it had an air of being invincible, and Man seemed at best an infrequent, precarious intruder. One travelled for miles, amidst the still, silent struggle of giant trees, of strangulating creepers, of assertive flowers; everywhere the alligator, the turtle, and endless varieties of birds and insects seemed at home, dwelt irreplaceably; but man, man at most held a footing upon resentful clearings, fought weeds, fought beasts and insects for the barest foot-

hold, fell a prey to snake and beast, insect and fever, and was presently carried away. In many places down the river he had been manifestly driven back, this deserted creek or that preserved the name of a *casa*, and here and there ruinous white walls and a shattered tower enforced the lesson. The puma, the jaguar, were more the masters here. . . .

Who were the real masters?

In a few miles of this forest there must be more ants than there were men in the whole world! This seemed to Holroyd a perfectly new idea. In a few thousand years men had emerged from barbarism to a stage of civilization that made them feel lords of the future and masters of the earth! But what was to prevent the ants evolving also? Such ants as one knew lived in little communities of a few thousand individuals, made no concerted efforts against the greater world. But they had a language, they had an intelligence! Why should things stop at that any more than men had stopped at the barbaric stage? Suppose presently the ants began to store knowledge just as men had done by means of books and records, use weapons, form great empires, sustain a planned and organized war?

Things came back to him that Gerilleau had gathered about these ants they were approaching. They used a poison like the poison of snakes. They obeyed greater leaders even as the leaf-cutting ants do. They were carnivorous, and where they came they stayed. . . .

The forest was very still. The water lapped incessantly against the side. About the lantern overhead there eddied a noiseless whirl of phantom moths.

Gerilleau stirred in the darkness and sighed. "Wha' can one *do?*" he murmured, and turned over and was still again.

Holroyd was roused from meditations that were becoming sinister by the hum of a mosquito.

II.

THE next morning Holroyd learnt they were within forty kilometres of Badama, and his interest in the banks intensified. He came up whenever an opportunity offered to examine his surroundings. He could see no signs of human occupation whatever, save for a weedy ruin of a house and the green-stained façade of the long-deserted monastery at Mojû, with a forest tree growing out of a vacant window space, and great creepers netted across its vacant portals. Several flights of strange yellow butterflies with semi-transparent wings crossed the river that morning, and many alighted on the monitor and were killed by the men. It was towards afternoon that they came upon the derelict *cuberta*.

She did not at first appear to be derelict; both her sails were set and hanging slack in the afternoon calm, and there was the figure of a man sitting on the fore planking beside the shipped sweeps. Another man appeared to be sleeping face downward on the sort of longitudinal bridge these big canoes have in the waist. But it was presently apparent from the sway of her rudder and the way she drifted into the course of the gunboat that something was out of order with her. Gerilleau surveyed her through a field-glass, and became interested in the queer darkness of the face of the sitting man, a red-faced man he seemed, without a nose—crouching he was rather than sitting; and the longer the captain looked the less he liked to look at him, and the less able he was to take his glasses away.

But he did so at last, and went a little way to call up Holroyd. Then he went back to hail the cuberta. He hailed her again, and so she drove past him. *Santa Rosa* stood out clearly as her name.

As she came by and into the wake of the monitor she pitched a little, and suddenly the figure of the crouching man collapsed as though all its joints had given way. His hat fell off, his head was not nice to look at, and his body flopped lax and rolled out of sight behind the bulwarks.

"Caramba!" cried Gerilleau, and resorted to Holroyd forthwith.

Holroyd was half-way up the companion. "Did you see dat?" said the captain.

"Dead!" said Holroyd. "Yes. You'd better send a boat aboard. There's something wrong."

"Did you—by any chance—see his face?"

"What was it like?"

"It was—ugh! I have no words." And the captain suddenly turned his back on Holroyd and became an active and strident commander.

The gunboat came about, steamed parallel to the erratic course of the canoe, and dropped the boat with Lieutenant da Cunha and three sailors to board her. Then the curiosity of the captain made him draw up almost alongside as the lieutenant got aboard the boat, so that the whole of the *Santa Rosa*, deck and hold, was visible to Holroyd.

He saw now clearly that the sole crew of the vessel was these two dead men, and though

he could not see their faces, he saw by their outstretched hands, which were all of ragged flesh, that they had been subjected to some strange exceptional process of decay. For a moment his attention concentrated on those two enigmatical bundles of dirty clothes and laxly flung limbs, and then his eyes went forward to discover the open hold piled high with trunks and cases, and aft, to where the little cabin gaped inexplicably empty. Then he became aware that the planks of the middle decking were dotted with moving black specks.

His attention was riveted by these specks. They were all walking in directions radiating from the fallen man in a manner—the image came unsought to his mind—like the crowd dispersing from a bull-fight.

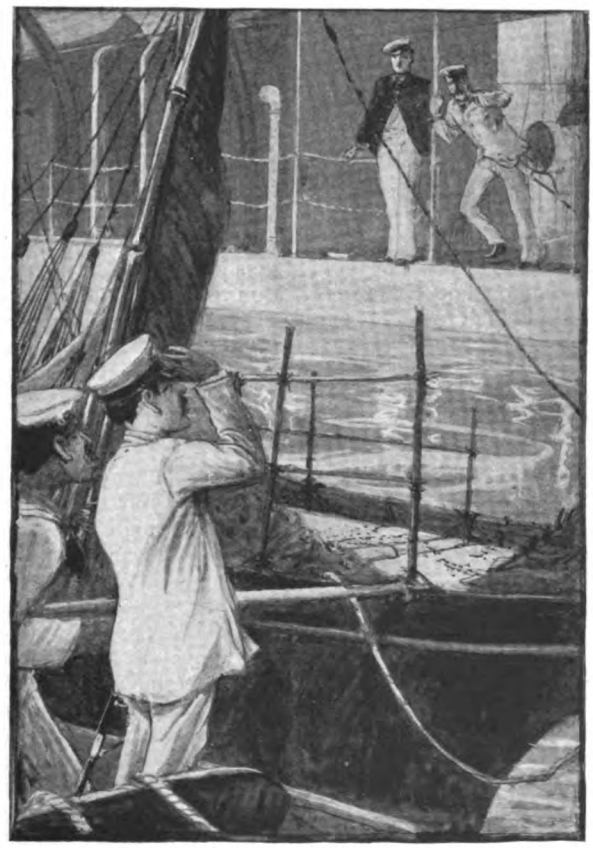
He became aware of Gerilleau beside him. "Capo," he said, "have you your glasses? Can you focus as closely as those planks there?"

Gerilleau made an effort, grunted, and handed him the glasses.

There followed a moment of scrutiny. "It's ants," said the Englishman, and handed the focused field-glass back to Gerilleau.

His impression of them was of a crowd of large black ants, very like ordinary ants except for their size, and for the fact that some of the larger of them bore a sort of clothing of grey. But at the time his inspection was too brief for particulars. The head of Lieutenant da Cunha appeared as he stood erect in the boat and looked over the side of the cuberta, and a brief colloquy ensued between them.

"You must go aboard," said Gerilleau.



"THE TWO MEN DISPUTED WITH A CERTAIN INCREASING VEHEMENCE."

The lieutenant objected that the boat was full of ants.

"You have your boots," said Gerilleau.

The lieutenant changed the subject. "How did these men die?" he asked.

Captain Gerilleau embarked upon speculations that Holroyd could not follow, and the two men disputed with a certain increasing vehemence. Holroyd took up the field-glass and resumed his scrutiny, first of the ants and then of the dead man amidships.

He has described these ants to me very particularly.

He says they were as large as any ants he has ever seen, black, and moving with a steady deliberation very different from the mechanical fussiness of the common ant. About one in twenty was much larger than its fellows and with an exceptionally large head. These reminded him at once of the master workers who are said to rule over the leaf-cutter ants; like them they seemed to be directing and co-ordinating the general movements. They tilted their bodies back in a manner altogether singular as if they made some use of the fore feet. And he had a curious fancy that he was too far off to verify that most of these ants of both kinds were wearing accoutrements, had things strapped about their bodies by bright white bands like white metal threads. . .

He put down the glasses abruptly, realizing that the question of discipline between the captain and his subordinate had become acute.

"It is your duty," said the captain, "to go aboard. It is my instructions."

The lieutenant seemed on the verge of refusing.

The head of one of the mulatto sailors appeared beside him.

"I believe these men were killed by the ants," said Holroyd abruptly in English.

The captain burst into a rage. He made no answer to Holroyd. "I have commanded you to go aboard," he screamed to his subordinate in Portuguese. "If you do not go aboard forthwith it is mutiny—rank mutiny. Mutiny and cowardice! Where is the courage that should animate us? I will have you in irons, I will have you shot like a dog." He began a torrent of abuse and curses, he danced to and fro. He shook his fists, he behaved as if beside himself with rage, and the lieutenant, white and still, stood looking at him. The crew appeared forward, with amazed faces.

Suddenly in a pause of this outbreak the lieutenant came to some heroic decision, saluted, drew himself together and clambered upon the deck of the cuberta.

"Ah!" said Gerilleau, and his mouth shut like a trap.

Holroyd saw the ants retreating before da Cunha's boots. The Portuguese walked slowly to the fallen man, stooped down, hesitated, clutched his coat and turned him over. A black swarm of ants rushed out of the clothes, and da Cunha stepped back very quickly and trod two or three times on the deck.

Holroyd put up the glasses. He saw the scattered ants about the invader's feet, and doing what he had never seen ants doing before. They had nothing of the blind movements of the common ant; they were looking at him—as a rallying crowd of men might look at some gigantic monster that had dispersed it.

"How did he die?" the captain shouted.

Holroyd understood the Portuguese to say the body was too much eaten to tell.

"What is there forward?" asked Gerilleau.

The lieutenant walked a few paces, and began his answer in Portuguese. He stopped abruptly and beat off something from his leg. He made some peculiar steps as if he was trying to stamp on something invisible and went quickly towards the side. Then he controlled himself, turned about, walked deliberately forward to the hold, clambered up to the fore decking from which the sweeps are worked, stooped for a time over the second man, groaned audibly, and made his way back and aft to the cabin, moving very rigidly. He turned and began a conversation with his captain, cold and respectful in tone on either side, contrasting vividly with the wrath and insult of a few moments before. Holroyd gathered only fragments of its purport. He reverted to the field-glass, and was surprised to find the ants had vanished from all the exposed surfaces of the deck. He turned towards the shadows beneath the decking and it seemed to him they were full of watching eyes.

The cuberta, it was agreed, was derelict, but too full of ants to put men aboard to sit and sleep: it must be towed. The lieutenant went forward to take in and adjust the cable and the men in the boat stood up to be ready to help him. Holroyd's glasses searched the canoe.

He became more and more impressed by the fact that a great, if minute and furtive, activity was going on. He perceived that a number of gigantic ants—they seemed nearly a couple of inches in length—carrying oddly-shaped burthens for which he could imagine no use—were moving in rushes from one point of obscurity to another. They did not move in columns across the exposed places, but in open, spaced out lines, oddly suggestive of the rushes of modern infantry advancing under fire. A number were taking cover under the dead man's clothes, and a perfect swarm was gathering along the side over which da Cunha must presently go.

He did not see them actually rush for the lieutenant as he returned, but he has no doubt they did make a concerted rush. Suddenly the lieutenant was shouting and cursing and beating at his legs. "I'm stung!" he shouted, with a face of hate and accusation towards Gerilleau.

Then he vanished over the side, dropped into his boat, and plunged at once into the water. Holroyd heard the splash.

The three men in the boat pulled him out and brought him aboard, and that night he died.

III.

HOLROYD and the captain came out of the cabin in which the swollen and contorted body of the lieutenant lay, and stood together at the stern of the monitor staring at the sinister vessel they trailed behind them. It was a close dark night that had only phantom flickerings of sheet lightning to illuminate it. The cuberta, a vague black triangle, rocked about in the steamer's wake, her sails bobbing and flapping; and the black smoke from the funnels, spark-lit ever and again, streamed over her swaying masts.

Gerilleau's mind was inclined to run on the unkind things the lieutenant had said in the heat of his last fever.

"HE PLUNGED AT ONCE INTO THE WATER."

"He says I murdered 'im," he protested. "It is simply absurd. Someone *'ad* to go aboard. Are we to run away from these confounded ants whenever they show up?"

Holroyd said nothing. He was thinking of a disciplined rush of little black shapes across bare sunlit planking.

"It was his place to go," harped Gerilleau. "He died in the execution of his duty. What has he to complain of? Murdered! . . . But the poor fellow was—what is it?—demented. He was not in his right mind. The poison swelled him. . . . U'm."

They came to a long silence.

"We will sink that canoe—burn it."

"And then?"

The inquiry irritated Gerilleau. His shoulders went up, his hands flew out at right angles from his body. "What is one to *do?*" he said, his voice going up to an angry squeak.

"Anyhow," he broke out vindictively, "every ant in dat cuberta!—I will burn dem alive!"

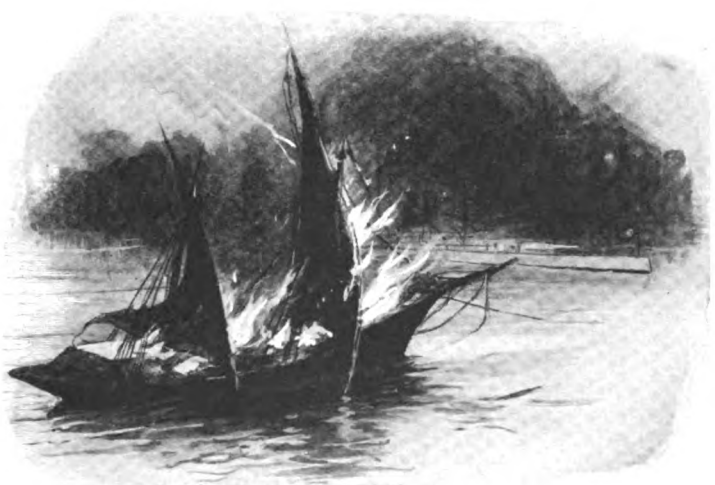
Holroyd was not moved to conversation. A distant ululation of howling monkeys filled the sultry night with foreboding sounds, and as the gunboat drew near the black, mysterious banks this was reinforced by a depressing clamour of frogs.

"What is one to *do?*" the captain repeated after a vast interval, and suddenly becoming active and savage and blasphemous, decided to burn the *Santa Rosa* without further delay. Everyone aboard was pleased by that idea, everyone helped with zest; they pulled in the cable, cut it, and dropped the boat and fired her with tow and kerosene, and soon the cuberta was crackling and flaring merrily amidst the immensities of the tropical night. Holroyd watched the mounting yellow flare against the blackness, and the livid flashes of sheet lightning that came and went above the forest summits, throwing them into momentary silhouette, and his stoker stood behind him watching also.

The stoker was stirred to the depths of his linguistics. "Saüba go pop, pop," he said, "Wahaw!" and laughed richly.

But Holroyd was thinking that these little creatures on the decked canoe had also eyes and brains.

The whole thing impressed him as incredibly foolish and wrong, but—what was



"THE CUBERTA WAS CRACKLING AND FLARING MERRILY."

one to *do?* This question came back enormously reinforced on the morrow, when at last the gunboat reached Badama.

This place, with its leaf-thatch-covered houses and sheds, its creeper-invaded sugar-mill, its little jetty of timber and canes, was very still in the morning heat, and showed never a sign of living men. Whatever ants there were at that distance were too small to see.

"All the people 'ave gone," said Gerilleau, "but we will do one thing anyhow. We will 'oot and vissel."

So Holroyd hooted and whistled.

Then the captain fell into a doubting fit of the worst kind. "Dere is one thing we can do," he said presently.

"What's that?" said Holroyd.

"'Oot and vissel again."

So they did.

The captain walked his deck and gesticulated to himself. He seemed to have many things on his mind. Fragments of speeches came from his lips. He appeared to be addressing some imaginary public tribunal either in Spanish or Portuguese. Holroyd's improving ear detected something about ammunition. He came out of these preoccupations suddenly into English. "My dear 'Olroyd!" he cried, and broke off with "But what *can* one do?"

They took the boat and the field-glasses, and went close in to examine the place. They made out a number of big ants, whose still postures had a certain effect of watching them, dotted about the edge of the rude embarkation jetty. Gerilleau tried ineffectual pistol shots at these. Holroyd thinks he distinguished curious earthworks running between the nearer houses, that may have been the work of the insect conquerors of those human habitations. The explorers pulled past the jetty, and became aware of a human skeleton wearing a loin cloth, and very bright and clean and shining, lying beyond. They came to a pause regarding this. . . .

"I 'ave all dose lives to consider," said Gerilleau suddenly.

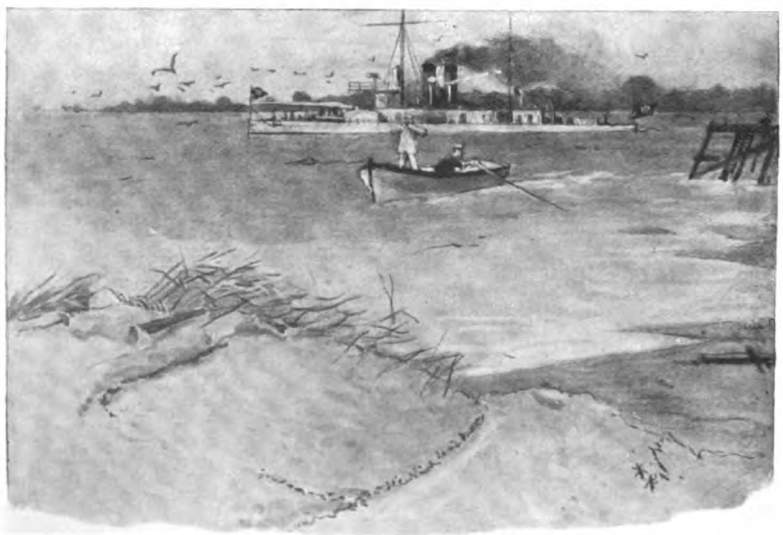
Holroyd turned and stared at the captain, realizing slowly that he referred to the unappetizing mixture of races that constituted his crew.

"To send a landing party—it is impossible—impossible. They will be poisoned, they will swell, they will swell up and abuse me and die. It is totally impossible. . . . If we land, I must land alone, alone, in thick boots and with my life in my hand. Perhaps I should live. Or again—I might not land. I do not know. I do not know."

Holroyd thought he did, but he said nothing.

"De whole thing," said Gerilleau suddenly, "'as been got up to make me ridiculous. De whole thing!"

They paddled about and regarded the clean white skeleton from various points of view, and then they returned to the gunboat. Then Gerilleau's indecisions became terrible. Steam was got up and in the afternoon the monitor went on up the river with an air of going to ask somebody something, and by sunset came back again and anchored. A thunderstorm gathered and broke furiously, and then the night became beautifully cool and quiet and everyone slept on deck. Except Gerilleau, who tossed about and muttered. In the dawn he roused Holroyd.



"THEY TOOK THE BOAT AND THE FIELD-GLASSES, AND WENT CLOSE IN TO EXAMINE THE PLACE."

"Lord!" said Holroyd, "what now?"

"I have decided," said the captain.

"What — to land?" said Holroyd, sitting up brightly.

"No!" said the captain, and was for a time very reserved. "I have decided," he repeated, and Holroyd manifested symptoms of impatience.

"Well,—yes," said the captain, "*I shall fire de big gun!*"

And he did! Heaven knows what the ants thought of it, but he did. He fired it twice with great sternness and ceremony. All the crew had wadding in their ears, and there was an effect of going into action about the whole affair, and first they hit and wrecked the old sugar-mill and then they smashed the abandoned store behind the jetty. And then Gerilleau experienced the inevitable reaction.

"It is no good," he said to Holroyd; "no good at all. No sort of bally good. We must go back—for instructions. Dere will be de deuce of a row about dis ammunition—oh! de *deuce* of a row! You don't know, 'Olroyd. . . ."

He stood regarding the world in infinite perplexity for a space.

"But what else was there to *do?*" he cried.

In the afternoon the monitor started down stream again, and in the evening a landing party took the body of the lieutenant and buried it on the bank upon which the new ants have so far not appeared. . . .

IV.

I HEARD this story in a fragmentary state from Holroyd not three weeks ago.

These new ants have got into his brain, and he has come back to England with the idea, as he says, of "exciting people" about them "before it is too late." He says they threaten British Guiana, which cannot be much over a trifle of a thousand miles from their present sphere of activity, and that the Colonial Office ought to get to work upon them at once. He declaims with great passion: "These are intelligent ants. Just think what that means!"

There can be no doubt they are a serious pest, and that the Brazilian Government is well advised in offering a prize of five hundred pounds for some effectual method of extirpation. It is certain too that, since they first appeared in the hills beyond Badama about three years ago, they have achieved extraordinary conquests. The whole of the south bank of the Batemo river, for nearly sixty miles, they have in their effectual occupation, they have driven men out completely, occupied plantations and settlements, and boarded and captured at least one ship. It is even said they have in some inexplicable way bridged the very considerable Capuarana arm and pushed many miles towards the Amazon itself. There can be little doubt that they are far more reasonable and with a far better social organization than any previously known ant species; instead of being in dispersed societies they are organized into what is in effect a single nation; but their peculiar and immediate formidableness lies not so much in this as in the intelligent use they make of poison against their larger enemies. It would seem this poison of theirs is closely akin to snake poison, and it is highly probable they actually manufacture it, and that the larger individuals among them carry the needle-like crystals of it in their attacks upon men.

Of course it is extremely difficult to get any detailed information about these new competitors for the sovereignty of the globe. No eye-witnesses of their activity, except for such glimpses as Holroyd's, have survived the encounter. The most extraordinary legends of their prowess and capacity are in circulation in the region of the Upper Amazon, and grow daily as the steady advance of the invader stimulates men's imaginations through their fears. These strange little creatures are credited not only with the use of implements and a knowledge of fire and metals and with organized feats of engineering that stagger our northern minds—unused as we are to such feats as that of the Saübas of Rio de Janeiro, who in 1841 drove a tunnel under the Parahyba where it is as wide as the Thames at London Bridge—but with an organized and detailed method of record and communication analogous to our books. They are increasing rapidly in numbers, and Holroyd at least is firmly convinced that they will finally dispossess man over the whole of tropical South America.

This is a startling outlook, but what is going to check them? And why should they stop at tropical South America?

I confess I felt disposed to echo the inquiry of Captain Gerilleau and ask: "What can one *do?*"

Suppose they go on spreading! Suppose they come down the river to the sea and send off an expedition in the hold of some eastward-travelling ship! What could one do?

There are moments when I am almost disposed to agree with Holroyd and believe that he has seen the beginning of one of the most stupendous dangers that have ever threatened our race.

The Greatest Detective Agency in the World.

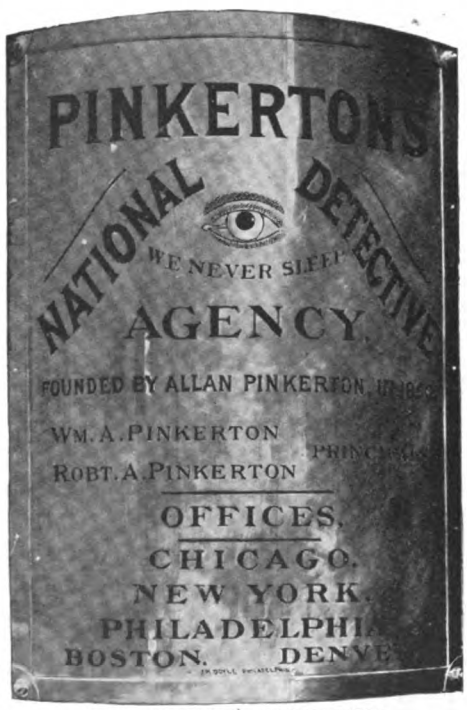
THE HISTORY OF "PINKERTON'S."

Taken from Original Sources and Now Told Comprehensively for the First Time.

By Charles Francis Bourke.

With Photographs Specially Taken for this Article.

"PINKERTON'S" may fairly be described as the greatest detective agency in the world. From its head-quarters in New York its feelers extend not only over America, but throughout the remotest parts of Europe and Asia. Its expert detectives number many hundreds, and remarkable indeed has been their share in tracking culprits to their doom and in unravelling the mysteries of crime. It is the aim of the present article to give some account of the rise and history of this great agency, and of some of the celebrated cases in which it has employed its skill to pursue the guilty and to assist the hand of justice.



ONE OF PINKERTON'S BUSINESS CARDS.

The agency was founded by Allan Pinkerton in the year 1859. It will be interesting to believers in heredity, and especially to those of our own country, to note that Allan Pinkerton's father was a sergeant of police at Glasgow, where the future father of detectives was born, in 1819. It cannot be said, however, that young Allan received from his father any training in his future profession, for, while he was still a young lad, the "physical force" men of the revolutionary Chartists of those days killed Sergeant Pinkerton, and left the care of his family on the shoulders of Allan and his brother Robert. The young Allan learned the trade of a cooper—which some wag has pointed out is the next thing to that of a copper—and worked hard at it for some strenuous years. Finally, in 1842, when he had reached the age of twenty-three, and circumstances had relieved him of the care of his father's family, he took two important and decisive steps. He married on one day, and on the next he started with his wife for Canada. His idea was that he was going to find a better place to work at his trade of coopering. As a matter of fact, he was going to meet a very different destiny. By way of foretaste to a stormy and adventuresome life, the ship on which the Pinkertons sailed was wrecked on Sable Island. But the young Scotsman and his wife escaped, and made their way by schooner around the great lakes to Detroit, and thence in a mover's wagon to the swampy little prairie village of Chicago. Necessity helped him to find immediate employment at the work of making barrels in a Chicago brewery, at a wage of fifty cents a day.

Presently he found that there was a little settlement of Scots at the village of Dundee, Kane County, Illinois. It was a most natural thing that he should move to that friendly neighbourhood with his wife and start a cooper's shop of his own. And now mark how Mother Nature, having made of this man a detective, fairly drove him to taking up what she intended should be his life-work.

Cooper Pinkerton, looking about for a promising place to cut hoop-poles for his shop, chanced upon Fox Island, lying in the river of the same name and not far from Dundee. The island was a sort of unclaimed no-man's-land. It was covered with a dense growth of the proper kind of timber, and

there was no reason why he should not help himself. But it chanced also that these were the days of wild-cat currency. The whole country was overrun with gangs of counterfeiters, who flooded the cities with bogus bank-notes. It chanced, again—if one will have it that way — that a gang of local counterfeiters had picked out Fox Island as a lonely and inaccessible place where they could set up their printing press and do their work in complete safety. They had already taken possession before the first trip after hoop-poles was made.

So it happened that one day Allan Pinkerton rowed out to Fox Island a cooper and came back a detective. He found himself that summer afternoon. From that time on there was never a doubt as to the work he was to do in the world. He stayed on the island just long enough to satisfy himself that he had stumbled on a nest of counterfeiters. Then he quietly slipped back to the mainland—all the detective instinct in him aroused —and notified the sheriff of Kane County of what he had discovered. He did more than that. He became a member of the sheriff's posse, and personally assisted in the somewhat dangerous arrest of the members of the desperate gang. In this work he showed so much bravery and so much natural skill that the grateful sheriff promptly offered him a commission as one of his deputies. And so Allan Pinkerton was first enrolled as the sworn foe of the enemies of society.

The young deputy-sheriff was soon making a reputation as a detective. He had run down and captured several horse-thieves and had been chiefly instrumental in the destruction of several gangs of country outlaws and the punishment of their members. Presently the sheriff of Cook County, in which Chicago is located, heard of the prowess of the young Scot, and offered him a place as a deputy on his staff. Here was a larger field, which Pinkerton at once accepted. A little later he was made a special agent at the Post Office department; then, when the police force of Chicago was put on an organized basis, he was given a position as its first and only detective.

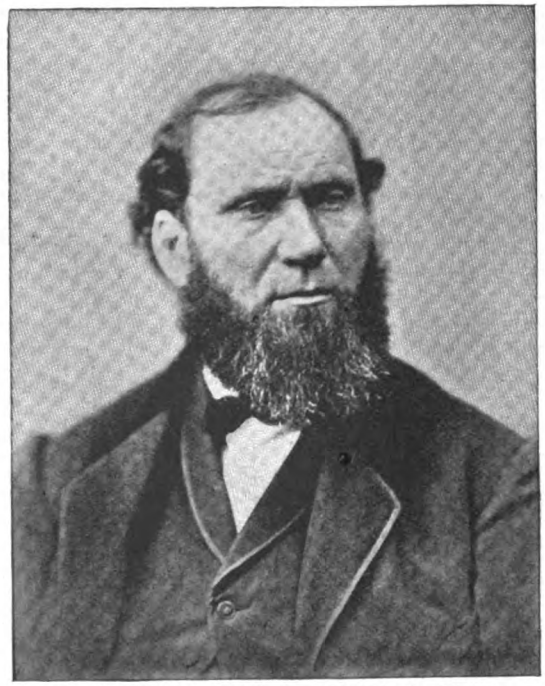
In those days the scattered railroads which ran through much wild and thinly-settled country were often the operating ground of the "hold-up" men. It was to the task of preventing crimes of this kind that Allan Pinkerton and his men of the railroad secret service set themselves. As a result of the capture of the men who robbed the Adams Express Company, at Montgomery, Alabama, in 1859, Allan Pinkerton was asked the next year to form a secret service on the lines of the Pennsylvania and several other eastern railroads.

In 1860 Pinkerton's operatives in Baltimore and Philadelphia learned of the existence of a plot to assassinate the President in the city of Baltimore when he reached there on his way to Washington to take the oath of office. Allan Pinkerton promptly reported the facts to friends of Lincoln in Chicago, and it was arranged that, without any public announcement, the plans should be changed and the new President practically smuggled into the capital by another route. All the arrangements were put into the hands of Pinkerton, and he successfully carried the responsibility. Without difficulty of any kind the President was safely brought to Washington and the plans of the conspirators entirely foiled. A little later President Lincoln, whose personal relations with the detective had given him great confidence in the latter's powers, called Pinkerton to Washington and put him at the head of the National Bureau of Secret Service, under the name of Major E. J. Allan.

Then began the most adventuresome and thrilling period of Allan Pinkerton's life. He was at the head of the detective agency which covered practically the whole country; his staff of operatives was made up of men and women who for skill, shrewdness, daring, and readiness of wit have hardly ever been equalled—never surpassed; for five years many of them had daily shaken dice with death, penetrating to all parts of the hostile South, under circumstances in which a single careless word, a single moment of forgetfulness, meant the fate of a spy. For these men and women and for their chief no possible development of criminal craft or criminal violence could present new terrors.

Here is a case which shows the uncanny way in which the old-time detective went about his work. In pursuance of his regular duty, Allan Pinkerton was travelling in the South, and happened to reach a certain city on the very day when the robbery of a bank and the murder of the cashier had thrown the community into wild excitement. Without revealing his identity he started to study the case, and shortly decided in his own mind that a somewhat prominent citizen, a friend of the cashier, who was not at all under suspicion, was in reality the guilty man. This much settled, he

succeeded in getting one of his operatives introduced into the house of the suspect in the guise of a servant. For the purpose of working on the already overwrought nervous system of the suspect the operative was instructed to sprinkle on the towels, handkerchiefs, and other linen used by the man a certain perfume which had been a favourite with the murdered cashier. Through the wall of the bedroom occupied by the guilty man ran a speaking-tube, the mouthpiece projecting close to the head of his bed, and through this tube the operative woke him up in the dead of the night by agonized groans and cries for mercy. These methods proved even more effective than had been anticipated. After enduring the strain for only a single night the suspect fled for parts unknown, leaving behind him virtual acknowledgment of his guilt. It was such early successes as this which firmly established the Pinkerton reputation and laid the foundations for the great business which to-day keeps an army of one thousand two hundred men and women permanently busy in the United States alone.



ALLAN PINKERTON, WHEN HEAD OF THE SECRET SERVICE DEPARTMENT.

To tell in some detail the story of the Renos, and how they were finally run to earth and the gang broken up, may serve as a type of the Pinkerton method of dealing with the wild, night-riding desperadoes to whom murder was a pastime. Then to turn to the astounding record of the Bidwell brothers, who successfully swindled the Bank of England out of a million sterling, only to be captured and sent to prison through the exertions of the Pinkertons, will show the marvellous way in which the almost diabolic craft of another class of criminals was more than matched by the skill of the detectives.

As lately as five years ago there was still living near the quiet country town of Seymour, Indiana, an elderly woman, wife of a respectable farmer, whose maiden name was Laura Reno. For thirty years she lived a commonplace life on a remote farm, with nothing to distinguish her from the other women who drove into town on a Saturday to market their butter and eggs. But in the late sixties Laura Reno was at once the toast and the terror of the middle west. Her beauty was famous; her skill and daring as a horsewoman were topics of general conversation; while her devotion to the four dashing outlaws who called her sister was widely known.

The Reno family—their father was a Swiss and their mother a Pennsylvania Dutch woman—numbered six children. The boys were John, Frank, "Sim," and William, who are to be named in the same breath as the leaders of the Reno gang of outlaws, and "Clint," scornfully known by the rest of the family as "Honest" Reno. They were all tall, strongly built, and handsome young fellows, whose reckless daring knew no limit, and who, before the relentless Pinkerton effected their capture, and the "Secret Vigilance Committee of Southern Indiana" put a period to their careers, terrorized the people of three whole States and laughed for years at the impotent efforts of the police authorities.

The Renos gathered about them on their farms near Seymour a crowd of skilled and desperate counterfeiters and safe-burglars, and from these centres they conducted their raids. The crimes which brought them into national notoriety were a whole series of train and express robberies, some of which netted them many thousands of pounds. Fear of the Renos' revenge kept their honest neighbours from

giving the slightest testimony against them, and so great was their influence that they forced the election of corrupt officials, under whose administration it was impossible to secure the conviction of a member of the gang.

Presently the Renos, yearning for more worlds to conquer, began to make raids into Illinois and Missouri, riding across country on horseback and leaving trails of burst safes and murdered men behind them. They cracked the safe in the office of the county treasurer at Gallatin, Daviess County, Missouri, and — fateful thing for the Renos —the detection and punishment of the marauders was put into the hands of Allan Pinkerton. He knew almost without investigation that the job was the work of the Renos. He knew also that the home and head-quarters of the gang was in and about Seymour, Indiana. But how was a member of that band to be taken from the midst of his armed and desperate fellows? How was proof to be secured from people who hardly dared to whisper the name of Reno?

Presently a stranger drifted into Seymour and opened a saloon; another man came to the little town and got a job as switchman and freight-handler around the railroad station; a third came to the village hotel and posed as a travelling gambler and card-player. One evening, not long after, John Reno, who had led the gang at Gallatin, was invited by the gambler, with whom he had got on somewhat friendly terms, to stroll down to the railroad station and watch the incoming of the west-bound train. He went, all unsuspecting, and as he leaned against the little freight-house and watched the passengers disembark he was suddenly surrounded and seized by six stalwart men from Missouri, headed by the sheriff of Daviess County and by Allan Pinkerton, in whose mind had originated this plan for his capture. Without a moment's delay requisition papers, which had been secured beforehand, were read to the fettered bandit; he was loaded on the puffing train and carried away through Illinois into Missouri before one of his dreaded brothers had even caught the first alarm. There he was tried and sentenced to twenty-five years' hard labour in the State Penitentiary. Thus early did Pinkerton make the first break in the ranks of the dreaded outlaws. But three of "the bad Reno boys" were left, to say nothing of the dashing Laura, who was as sure a shot and as fierce-hearted an outlaw as the worst of them. And the Reno raids went on with even more boldness.

On one occasion, early in 1868, the Renos and their followers, eight or ten strong, rode on horseback almost across Indiana and Illinois, stopping from time to time to rob a bank, hold up a train, or terrorize a whole community. Into one small town near the Indiana State line they rode in broad daylight, while the court was in session in the court-house and the main street of the village crowded with people. Three or four of the gang surrounded the court-house; the rest approached the town bank, threw themselves from their horses, went in, and, at the point of their revolvers, ordered that the funds of the bank be dumped into the open mouth of a grain sack which one of them held up for that purpose. This money having been secured, they leisurely rode away, picking up as they went their comrades who had been left to watch the court-house. Before they reached the limits of the town the citizens had caught the alarm, and some of the more daring had begun to follow, firing at the bandits with shot-guns and revolvers. Not an instant did the Renos hesitate. They turned their horses, and, with a revolver in each hand, they charged back through the main street, yelling as they came and firing at every living thing in sight. As they approached the railroad station a passenger train pulled in. Instantly it was surrounded by members of the gang, some of whom entered the passenger and mail cars, while others boarded the engine and forced the engineer to pull the train down the track for half a mile. There at their leisure they looted the whole train, after which they uncoupled the engine, ran it forward for some distance, and then disabled the machinery so that the train was permanently stalled. Then they calmly mounted their horses and rode away.

Some months later a train was boarded at Marshfield, Indiana, and the express car robbed of nearly twenty thousand pounds in cash. The messenger, who resisted, was thrown off the moving train and fell down a steep embankment. It was plain that this was the work of the Renos. Meanwhile the Pinkerton operatives, who were still posing as business men at Seymour, secured positive proof that the Reno gang was responsible not only for the Marshfield robbery, but for another on the same road, in which Moore, Gerroll, and Sparks, prominent members of the gang, were involved. Through the exertions of the Pinkertons these three men were finally arrested at Seymour and put on a train to be taken to jail at Brownstown, Indiana. But

WILLIAM A. PINKERTON, THE PRESENT HEAD OF THE AGENCY, IN HIS OFFICE.

they never reached their destination. The train was boarded at a wayside station by a band of masked men, and the three prisoners were taken from their captors and hanged to the same tree in an adjacent farmyard. This was the first appearance of the Secret Vigilance Committee of Indiana. This blow broke the power of the Renos, who now realized that their neighbours, goaded beyond the power of endurance by their repeated outbreaks of outlawry, had determined to meet violence with violence. The Renos fled and scattered to find safety. But Pinkerton and his men never relaxed their search. William and "Sim" Reno were caught in Indianapolis and locked up at New Albany, Indiana. Frank Reno was found in Canada and brought back to the same jail after a hard fight in the courts.

Then again the grim avengers of the Vigilance Committee took speedy and terrible action. They stormed the jail at New Albany, after a pitched battle with the sheriff and his deputies, and hanged the four members of the Reno gang to the high rafters in the corridor. This case was but one of many of the kind which the Pinkertons handled successfully.

While the Pinkertons were pitting their courage and shrewdness against the Renos and their desperate fellows on the one hand, they were also called upon to meet the infinitely more cunning and intelligent work of several bands of bank forgers and other swindlers on a large scale, of whom the Bidwell brothers—George and Austin—will always stand as the most audacious and successful.

Austin Bidwell, the elder of the two and the man chiefly responsible for the plot which resulted in securing one million sterling from the Bank of England, was born in Brooklyn, N.Y. Before he was twenty he was a prosperous broker, who made money and spent it as easily as if it were to be picked up on the street pavement. Presently he ran foul of an unlucky speculation; at about the same time some official thieves—it was the time of Tweed, in New York—approached him with an offer to negotiate for them a large quantity of stolen bonds. Bidwell needed money badly and he readily consented. Being a man of good education and appearance and well skilled in the ways of finance, he took the bonds to Europe and there disposed of them without difficulty. His share of the booty was two thousand pounds. On his return

the same band of criminals—of whom the head of the New York Detective Department was the chief—was ready with proposals of new swindling games, in which Bidwell was quite ready to embark. The first was an attempt to forge a will, which finally failed. But while the conspirators were waiting for the outcome of this plot, they kept themselves in ready money by forging and successfully passing at the banking house of Jay Cook and Co. a cheque for four thousand pounds, payable to bearer. Encouraged by their easy success in this direction, they then proceeded to make elaborate preparations for swindling the same banking firm out of no less than fifty thousand pounds in hard cash. The plans for this great coup were perfectly made, and would have succeeded without question had it not been for the carelessness of the plotters in leaving behind them in a restaurant a fragmentary memorandum of the proposed disposition of their booty. This fell into the hands of a city detective, who did not rest until he had warned Jay Cook and Co., the warning coming on the very day on which the bonds were to have been delivered.

But the failure of this plan taught no lesson to the Bidwells. They simply shook off the dust of New York and sailed for Europe, there to practise their wiles on the opulent and unsuspecting bankers of the Continent. With them went as a friend and fellow-conspirator a man of extraordinary ability and education, who will figure in the rest of this narrative simply as "Mac."

Within a few weeks the three men had obtained more than twelve thousand pounds by making drafts on forged letters of credit, which were cashed by bankers in various German and French cities. Then they foregathered in London, and there, as they walked about the streets with all this ill-gotten wealth in their pockets, the daring idea came into the mind of Austin Bidwell of making a crafty assault on the Bank of England—the supposedly impregnable "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street."

But with four thousand pounds in cash as his working capital, Austin Bidwell set about solving the problem before him in a way that was as simple as it was effective. He watched the depositors at the bank until he had settled on Green and Son, a firm of rich and long-established tailors, as the most suitable for his purpose. Wearing a large, light-coloured slouch hat and otherwise made up as an American silver king, he drove up to the shop of Green and Son, and in half an hour ordered clothes to be made to the value of full two hundred pounds, giving at the same time the name of F. A. Warren and his address as the Golden Cross Hotel. The tradesmen were properly impressed. Two weeks later Mr. Warren duplicated the order, saying at the same time that he was leaving the next week for a fortnight's shooting with Lord Clancarty in Ireland, and would send a portmanteau for the clothes, calling for the trunk on his way from the hotel to the railway station.

By this time the thrifty tailor was almost overcome by the magnificence of his rich American patron. Mr. F. A. Warren drove up at the appointed hour, and the head of the firm came out to the carriage to meet him.

"By the way, Mr. Green," said Mr. Warren, after the trunk had been loaded on and the new clothes paid for with a bank-note for five hundred pounds, "I have more money in my pocket than I care to carry loose. May I leave it with you?"

"Certainly, sir," answered the flattered Green. "How much is it?"

"About four thousand pounds—certainly not more than five thousand."

"Oh, that is more than I should care to take charge of," stammered the tailor. "Let me introduce you to my bank."

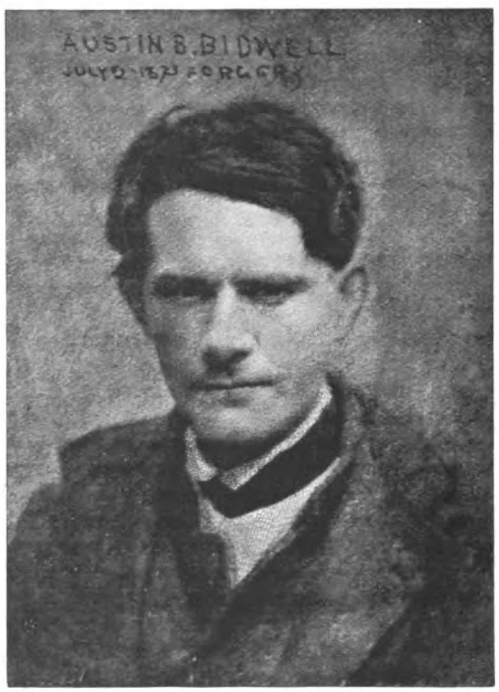
So easily was the thing done—the first step taken in the greatest swindling operation ever successfully undertaken.

Leaving part of the money in the Bank of England, still on deposit, the two young Americans wrote a letter from Frankfort to the manager of the Bank of England enclosing drafts for thirteen thousand pounds, which were to be deposited to the credit of Mr. F. A. Warren, the name under which Austin Bidwell had opened his account. This letter was signed with the name of a well-known Frankfort banker, who referred to Warren as his "distinguished client," and stated that the money had been sent him for deposit by Warren from St. Petersburg.

Then Austin Bidwell went to Paris and wrote to the manager of the Bank of England, asking his advice as to the purchase of bonds, at the same time calling attention to the fact that he was a depositor at the bank. On receipt of the letter of advice he made a cheque for ten thousand pounds on his account in the bank, sent it to the manager, and asked that bonds to that amount might be purchased and forwarded to his address. As soon as received the bonds were sold and the proceeds re-deposited, new bonds being immediately pur-

chased through the agency of the manager. This process was kept up until the manager of the Bank of England was naturally convinced that Mr. F. A. Warren was an immensely wealthy man, whose patronage was well worth having. Thereupon the pseudo Warren called personally on the manager in London and succeeded in deepening the impression that he was an American millionaire.

The next step in the plot was to buy a whole series of genuine acceptances—a sort of promissory notes, due three or six months in advance—and wait until the bank had become thoroughly accustomed to Mr. Warren's dealing in this sort of paper. This step was successfully taken.



AUSTIN B. BIDWELL, THE MAN WHO ROBBED THE BANK OF ENGLAND OF A MILLION OF MONEY.

There remained only the negotiation of the carefully-forged acceptances. In order to make detection as difficult as possible, it was arranged that Austin Bidwell, who had figured as F. A. Warren, should leave England before the first batch of forged paper was presented, and that the subsequent operations should be carried on by a man named Noyes, who was now for the first time brought into the conspiracy, and who was introduced at the bank by Warren as his confidential clerk.

So Austin Bidwell left London two days before the fraudulent operations began, was married in Paris to a young English girl who had no suspicion of his criminal career, and started with his bride for Mexico, first securing, however, from his fellow-conspirators a trifle of thirty thousand pounds in cash out of the first proceeds of their forgeries.

They stopped at the Island of Cuba, and there, with youth, plenty of money, and good appearance in their favour, they soon found friends. A whole month was spent in a succession of house-parties and hunting and exploring expeditions. Finally, one day Austin Bidwell picked up a copy of the *New York Herald*. It contained these head-lines:—

AMAZING FRAUD UPON THE BANK OF ENGLAND.
MILLIONS ARE LOST.
GREAT EXCITEMENT IN LONDON.
FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS REWARD OFFERED FOR THE ARREST OF THE AMERICAN PERPETRATOR, F. A. WARREN.

So the secret was out! The conspiracy was discovered. But Austin Bidwell still had no cause for fear. No person in all Europe knew his whereabouts. His real name had never been mentioned in connection with the whole conspiracy.

Two weeks more went by in pleasure. One evening Mr. and Mrs. Austin Bidwell were entertaining a large company at dinner at the house they had taken near Havana. They were paying some of their social debts. Twenty distinguished guests were seated about the table.

Suddenly the door of the dining-room swung open. A file of soldiers marched in. At their head was a man in citizen's clothes. He laid his hand on the shoulder of the gay host of the evening.

"Austin Bidwell," he said, "I arrest you on a warrant issued by the Captain-General of Cuba. I am John Curtin, of the Pinkerton force."

The second day after Austin Bidwell left England to be married in Paris, his fellow-conspirators began to discount their forged acceptances at the Bank of England. The process proved to be astonishingly easy. Accustomed to the handling of vast sums of money, the tellers of the bank unhesitatingly passed and paid money on forged paper, which in the course of a few months netted the forgers a sum amounting to nearly a million sterling in hard cash. But now again the tiny bit of carelessness which had before foiled the plans of the plotters played

its part. The date was left off one of the forged notes. This omission was noticed and the paper sent to its ostensible maker to have the error corrected. At once the forgery was discovered. The bank became the scene of terrific excitement. The whole vast conspiracy was laid bare. Noyes, the confidential clerk, came back next day to present a cheque for payment. He was arrested. George Bidwell and "Mac," waiting outside, fled for safety. Noyes "stood pat" and declared that he was a dupe. The police had no clue. The Pinkertons were called in.

Robert Pinkerton and half-a-dozen of his shrewdest men came to London; William A. Pinkerton, John Curtin, and others operated in New York. The long, almost impossible, search began.

Through all the vast labyrinth of London the Pinkerton men patiently searched fashionable hotels and boarding-houses, picking up the scattered threads of the web. They learned that Noyes had been seen in the street with a fashionably-dressed American who answered the description of "Mac." In a boarding-house they discovered apartments recently occupied by an American who answered to "Mac's" striking and handsome appearance. On a torn fragment of blotter in a waste basket they discovered the faint and reversed impression of the words :—

Ten thousand pounds—
F. A. WARREN.

The words on this blotter fitted exactly the bottom of one of Warren's cheques. "Mac" was thus definitely connected with the case. His description was sent abroad over all England and the Continent. Presently Robert Pinkerton learned that "Mac" had gone to France and thence to Brussels, from which place he sailed to New York. When the steamer landed, Pinkerton men were waiting with warrants for his arrest.

In a similar roundabout and half-miraculous way George Bidwell was identified with the crime, his whereabouts traced, and he was picked up in Ireland.

Meanwhile William A. Pinkerton and John Curtin were operating in New York. They were convinced from the first that F. A. Warren, principal in the conspiracy, being an American, must have been a resident of either Chicago or New York, else how account for his familiarity with the ways of high finance? New York—Wall Street—seemed the most likely training-school. Day after day Curtin made the rounds of brokers' offices, getting a list of young men who might possibly have been involved in such a crime. He got twenty names—narrowed it down to four, of which the name of Austin Bidwell was the first. Bidwell, he found, had made an earlier trip to Europe and had come back with plenty of money. He satisfied himself that here was his man.

In Curtin's hearing a former acquaintance of Austin Bidwell dropped the casual remark that Bidwell always declared that when he got a good bank account he should settle down in the tropics. Forthwith Curtin hurried to the east coast of Florida. From there he wrote letters to the American Consuls all over the West Indies asking for the names of all rich young Americans who had recently visited the cities to which they were assigned. From Havana came back the name of Austin Bidwell. The rest was easy.

Each of the men involved in the Bank of England forgeries was sentenced to prison for life.

A large proportion of the professional burglars of the present time were originally, as William A. Pinkerton points out, mechanics of one kind or another. They were railroad men, ironworkers, or followed some other trade. A strike or labour controversy threw them out of work for a time. Finally they decided to leave the town where they had been employed, to seek an engagement elsewhere. Perhaps the lack of funds forced them to steal rides on freight trains, or even to tramp about the country. In this way they were thrown into close touch with men who were already professional criminals. They were contaminated by these chance acquaintances, and gradually drifted into crime. Their technical skill made them desirable recruits to a criminal band, and, as a result of it, the raids of the band which they may have joined were often, perhaps, successful.

Burglars confine themselves chiefly to the blowing up of safes, and they commonly use nitro-glycerine as an explosive. Students of criminology declare that the recent great increase in the number of safe-blowing burglars is largely due to the fact that the work of digging the Chicago drainage canal, and other similar engineering feats, made so many irresponsible and reckless men thoroughly familiar with and expert in the handling of dynamite, nitro-glycerine, and other high explosives which are used in blasting.

From the archives of the Pinkertons are taken the following two incidents, which illustrate the recklessness with which the burglar handles dangerous quantities of what he calls "the soup."

A burglar had planned to blow up a safe in a small village outside of Chicago. Late at night something happened to change his plans. He walked into a saloon where he was well known, and asked the bar-tender to take charge of a bottle containing a white liquid, which he declared was medicine. The bottle was put into the back of the cash drawer. A day or two later the proprietor of the place noticed the bottle, and, on being told who had left it, suspected what it contained. He called the porter and gave him the bottle, with instructions to carry it down and throw it into the lake. It was a cold morning, and the porter had no liking for the walk of half a mile to the lake shore. Reaching a point a few blocks away from the saloon, he carelessly threw the bottle against the wall of a building which was in process of construction. It exploded, with a report which was heard for blocks around, and blew a hole several feet square in the masonry against which it had been thrown.

GEORGE BIDWELL, THE BROTHER AND ASSOCIATE OF AUSTIN BIDWELL.

On another occasion a burglar had been arrested, and was going through his preliminary examination. In his pocket had been found a bottle half filled with a white fluid, which he declared to be harmless eye-wash. His attorney, in the course of a plea asking for the discharge of his client, seized the bottle and waved it in the face of the magistrate.

"This bottle," he declared, "which contains nothing but a lotion for the eyes, the police are trying to make out is proof positive of my client's guilt."

He lifted the bottle high in the air, and was about to slam it down contemptuously on the table before him, when the burglar suddenly sprang to his feet and grasped the lawyer's arm.

"Here," he said, "be careful. That's got enough soup in it to blow this whole court-house into the sky. I'd rather be settled for a couple of years than take any more chances with it. You made the bluff too strong."

Perhaps no more convincing proof of the effectiveness of modern scientific detective methods — as brought to perfection by the Pinkertons—could be furnished than by contrasting the miserable life of the fugitive, outcast burglar of the present day with the spectacular career of such an old-time criminal as Adam Worth, the Emperor of the Under World, and by pointing out that under existing conditions such a career would be entirely impossible. He is, moreover, especially interesting to readers in this country, because, as will be seen, he was the man who stole the celebrated painting of Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire."

Adam Worth, known on four continents as "Little Adam," was born in New York and grew up in that city as a clerk. When the rebellion broke out he enlisted. Shortly after he deserted and then took his place in the ranks again under an assumed name, this time accepting a bounty of two hundred pounds to act as a substitute. Starting with that bit of dishonesty, Adam Worth never again breathed an honest breath during the remainder of his long life.

He was a little, active, dapper man, cultivated, well dressed, and affable. Also his brain was quick and his wit keen. From the start and throughout his whole career he abhorred the idea of using force. He rarely, if ever, carried a weapon of any kind, even when taking active part in some desperate criminal enterprise. He matched his own shrewdness against the best efforts of the detectives of the world, and for years he was entirely successful.

Between him and the Pinkerton agency there ran for nearly fifty years a never-ending feud. Time and time again Pinkerton

operatives succeeded in connecting him with the commission of some great crime, but always before it was possible to make the arrest Adam Worth left the United States and took refuge in some country with which there existed no treaty of extradition. At the present time—and largely due to the efforts of Robert and William Pinkerton—such treaties lie between the United States and most of the inhabited world. A fleeing criminal can hardly find a spot of land on which to set his foot without putting it at the same time into one of the meshes of the far-flung net of the law. Pinkerton operatives have brought back fugitives from the remotest corners of Asia and Africa, and even the islands of the South Pacific have given up the wrong-doers who fled to them for refuge. But in the time of Adam Worth there were a score of sanctuaries within which a shrewd criminal could live at ease and laugh at the impotent bloodhounds of the law.

The first important crime in which he took part was the robbery of an insurance company in Cambridge, Mass., from which four thousand pounds was stolen. Other professional thieves were also involved in this crime, and some of them were arrested and convicted, but Worth escaped even arrest. At the same time he so manipulated matters that the lion's share of the booty eventually fell into his hands. From 1866 until 1870 Worth was the brains of a gang of daring professionals which operated all over the United States, both east and west. In each of these jobs some of the minor conspirators were captured and punished, but "Little Adam" always managed to escape. Finally, with the idea, as he afterwards admitted, of making a big stake and settling down to spend the rest of his life in luxury, Worth planned and engineered the sensational robbery of the Boylston bank in Boston. In that robbery, one of the most noted in criminal annals, the robbers got clear away with cash and negotiable securities to the value of more than two hundred thousand pounds.

At once the Pinkertons were called in, and every resource of the agency was devoted to the work of capturing the criminals. Worth had planned the whole operation, but he had covered his tracks so thoroughly that, before his connection with it could be determined, he had got safely away to Europe, taking with him more than a third of the proceeds.

At this time it is said that Adam Worth had nearly two hundred thousand pounds in his possession. There seemed to be no reason why he should not have carried out his plan of retiring from a criminal life and spending the rest of his years as a country gentleman in some remote corner of the Continent.

But success always spells failure to the criminal. There is that in the make-up of human nature which makes it impossible for a thief, wrapped in no matter how many protecting folds of plunder, to settle down as an honest man and cut off all connection with his criminal associates. So it proved with Adam Worth.

Worth was thrifty and shrewd. He kept his stolen gains. It was otherwise with most of his professional associates. They spent the proceeds of their crimes in dissipation. Then they became desperate and hunted up Adam Worth, their old chief, in his hiding-place. At first it was easy to satisfy them with moderate sums of money from his savings. But these contributions were soon wasted, and the cry for more was continuous.

"Give, give," cried his old pals in crime, "or we will expose you."

So, presently, Adam Worth, in spite of himself, was forced to take again an active part in planning new and daring crimes. England, France, and Germany became the field of his criminal operations. In these countries he was for a long time free from the espionage of the Pinkertons, which had driven him from his home in America.

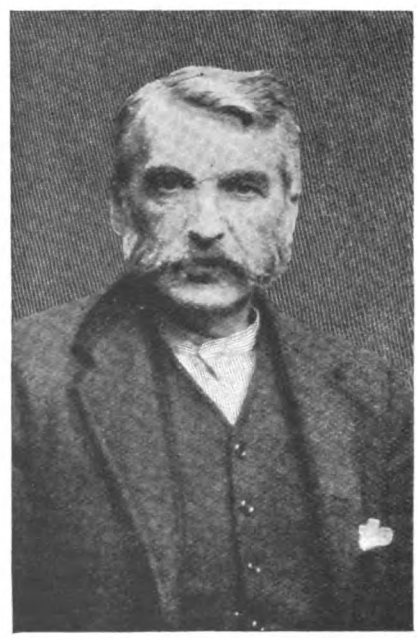
Finally, after the robbery of a pawnbroker in Liverpool, which yielded nearly twenty thousand pounds, Worth was forced to hide himself in the human jungles of London, where he lived the life of a hunted fugitive. His partner in this later crime was one Bullard, who had been one of Worth's early associates in the United States, and who had been chiefly instrumental in forcing Worth to renew his criminal career. Out of the proceeds of the Liverpool robbery Bullard compelled Worth to give him about fifteen thousand pounds. With this money Bullard went to Paris, and in that city opened the notorious American Bar, on the decorations of which he spent nearly the entire sum in his possession. The American Bar in Paris was thereafter for some years a sort of international clearing-house for criminals of all kinds. But one may be sure that during all this time the crafty Adam Worth, who had a passion for remaining in the background, never once visited the place of dazzling mirrors and marble statuary.

In the latter part of 1873 William A. Pinkerton, visiting England on business connected with the robbery of a bank in Balti-

more, got on the track of Worth and came near to catching him, but again the craft of "Little Adam" was triumphant. He succeeded in evading the detectives, and went on as before in his career of plundering the nations.

Worth had by this time given up all idea of retiring from a life of crime. He was now at the head of an organized band of exceedingly cunning and daring thieves, and no bank or rich man in the world seemed to be safe from his operations. In rapid succession banks were swindled in various countries of Europe, occasional excursions being made, by way of variety, to the West Indies and even to the capitals of Asiatic nations.

Several times the Pinkertons were called in, and, although they succeeded in arresting and securing the conviction of some of the band, Worth always got away. Worth's plan of work was to spy out the land personally, posing as an English traveller of wealth and education. Having made detailed plans for the accomplishment of the "job" in hand, he would go on to his next stopping-place, leaving the actual work to be done by his confederates. In this way it was almost always impossible to involve him in any crime, and, although during the course of years he was responsible for the theft of millions, he was actually never arrested but once during all that time.



ADAM WORTH, THE MAN WHO STOLE THE CELEBRATED PORTRAIT OF THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

In 1875 several members of Worth's band were arrested at Smyrna, in Asia Minor, on a charge of uttering forged notes. Among the members thus captured were Joe Chapman, Charles Becker, and Joe Elliot, all American thieves, who had followed the reluctant Worth into his exile. Always possessed by the fear of a captured confederate turning State's evidence, Worth, as he never failed to do in similar cases, moved heaven and earth in his efforts to secure their release from the Turkish prison into which they had been cast. Finally, though it cost him almost the whole of his remaining fortune, Worth succeeded in bribing the jailer, and the thieves escaped. They came back to join Worth in London, and there resumed their old business of forging bank paper. One of them was arrested in Paris on complaint of a swindled bank and was extradited to London, where it again became the first duty of Worth to get the man out of the clutches of the law. But English authorities are of quite a different type from those who rule the prisons of the Sultan, and Worth knew the futility of attempting bribes. Moreover, he had no money, even if bribery had been possible. It became necessary in some way to secure the release of his confederate under heavy bonds. Then he could cut and run, leaving the bondsman to pay the forfeit. But how should a professional criminal, without funds or friends, secure the signature of a man who would be willing to take the risk and whose responsibility would be accepted by the sharp-eyed English courts?

In his flush days Adam Worth—then as always a lover of the fine arts and something of a connoisseur—had often visited the galleries of Messrs. Agnew and Co., for many years one of the leading art dealers in London. He had seen hanging on the walls of their galleries a portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire, by Gainsborough, the celebrated English artist. He knew that the painting was a famous one and was valued by its owners at ten thousand pounds.

To the cunning mind of Worth, evolving plan after plan for securing a bondsman for his trapped confederate, finally came the idea of stealing this noted canvas from its frame and using it as a lever for getting the necessary signature. His resources were exhausted, his confederates in hiding, his need was instant. He was, in fact, desperate, and he hailed the idea of stealing the masterpiece as an inspiration.

Contrary to his invariable rule, Worth

decided to take an active part himself in the actual robbery. It may well have been that his boldest lieutenants were frightened by the sheer audacity of Worth's plan. At any rate, one dark and rainy night, when a fog fell down over the streets of London, Adam Worth and one confederate, a gigantic thief named Philipps, started out from their lodgings to commit the theft. They crept down Bond Street in the dark, waited until the policeman on the beat had passed them by, then Philipps made a ladder of his broad back and the dapper little Worth climbed up until he was able to reach the stone coping which ran round the front of the gallery. From this as a standing-place Worth was able to reach a second-story window, the sash of which he prised up with a jemmy. Once inside it took him less than a minute to reach the Gainsborough picture, the location of which he had clearly in mind. Lighting a single match to make sure of his prize, he quickly ran a sharp knife through the canvas, close to the edge of the frame, and in an instant the treasured masterpiece was rolled in a tight cylinder, wrapped in a sheet of paper, and hidden away under Worth's coat.

Listening for a moment for a possible signal from Philipps on the outside, Worth quickly mounted to the window and jumped lightly from the coping to the ground.

The negotiations through which Worth hoped to obtain a bondsman for his captured confederate—using the stolen picture as a lever—came to nothing. Their only result was to make it fairly certain that the missing Gainsborough was in Worth's possession. He being an American thief, the Pinkertons were called in to secure, if possible, the return of the picture. They made immediate efforts towards that end, but it was not until twenty-six years later that William A. Pinkerton personally secured the precious bit of canvas in Chicago and turned it over to the representative of Messrs. Agnew, who had crossed the ocean for the purpose of receiving it.

During the quarter of a century which elapsed between the theft of the picture and its return it was always in the custody of Worth or hidden away where he alone knew its location. Many times Philipps, who assisted in robbing the Agnew Gallery, forced Worth to pay him money under threats of exposure. Once, indeed, he actually told the people most interested that Worth had stolen the picture and still had it in his possession. But the crafty Worth had never revealed to anyone the hiding-place of the masterpiece, and the employers of the Pinkertons were less anxious to punish the robber than to recover their lost and extremely valuable property. So for some years negotiations went on, Worth using his possession of the Gainsborough picture as a shield against punishment for other crimes.

Finally, Pat Sheedy, of international notoriety as a gambler, who had known Worth for years, came to the Pinkertons endowed with all the powers of an ambassador to negotiate terms for the return of the painting. Such terms were finally arranged —though never made public—and at an hotel in Chicago, before the wondering and delighted eyes of the Agnews' representative, Sheedy finally produced a little metal cylinder, within which was enclosed the canvas, rolled up as it had been on the night of the theft, and none the worse for its long confinement in such narrow space.

Meanwhile, during these long-drawn-out negotiations, Worth continued his career of crime. He introduced the American railroad train "hold-up" into South Africa, and succeeded in stealing nearly two hundred thousand pounds' worth of diamonds in this way. Then he purchased a steam yacht and cruised for a time in the Mediterranean, hoping thus to evade the constant claims of his confederates, who hounded him continually with demands for "hush money." But even a steam yacht did not prove a safe refuge for the king of criminals. He was forced to sell his "floating palace" and to engage again in robbery and swindling operations. In Belgium, while attempting the robbery of a mail wagon, he was captured, and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment.

But one would be rash to conclude that Adam Worth, in spite of this apparent immunity, lived anything approaching a happy life. Never from the start did he have an easy moment. He was the constant prey of blackmailers and less successful thieves. He lived alone and miserable, suspecting everyone with whom he came in contact. He finally died in poverty in London, a helpless, hopeless, hunted old wretch, with the golden apple of his stolen prosperity crumbled to dust in his hands.

VI.—A CHRISTMAS GATHERING.

THERE is no more loyal body in the kingdom than the Strand Club, and, although the circumstance may have escaped these faithful chronicles, the toast of "His Majesty" is regularly drunk at all those festive gatherings at the Strand Tavern which have already added something to the gaiety of nations. His Majesty's example, both as raconteur and listener, was at a recent gathering of the members enthusiastically held up by Boyle, our Chairman, for imitation by all the King's subjects. It came about apropos of the forthcoming Christmas dinner of the Club, which Garry, in a humorous speech, moved should be held on November 9th.

The form of the resolution ran :—

"Inasmuch as the literary and pictorial members of the Strand Club will be wholly engaged during the month of December in the production of matter suitable for the seaside and midsummer consumption, it is hereby resolved that the Christmas dinner be held on November 9th, a date at once singularly convenient and appropriate." Of course, the thoughts of Christmas feeding, especially plum-pudding, reminded Britchard of a saying of his little girl, aged five. Before he could narrate it, however, the Chairman called upon a new member, Mr. Robinson, to oblige the company with a preliminary sketch of Britchard and his precocious daughter over their Christmas repast. This Robinson did, producing an admirable likeness of Britchard and incidentally bringing in a lady popularly supposed to be Mrs. Britchard, for which Britchard thanked him. (One of the members, by the by, expressed his suspicion that Robinson had brought the drawing to the Club pinned under his coat, since it was altogether too good to have been produced on the spur of the moment. Fortunately Robinson did not hear this, or he might indignantly have resented the base insinuation.)

Britchard : I was going to say that when at last the dessert came round it was noticed that little Diana did not take any.

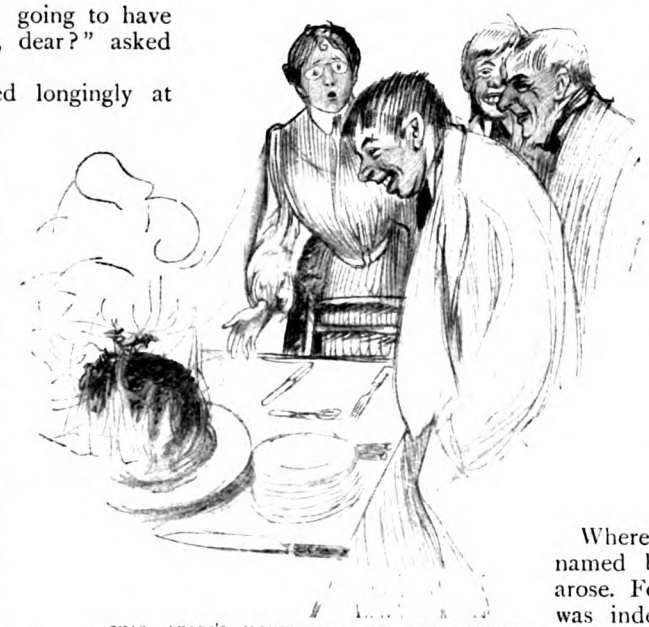
ROBINSON'S ILLUSTRATION OF BRITCHARD'S STORY.

"Aren't you going to have anything more, dear?" asked her mother.

Diana looked longingly at the tempting dishes.

"Oh, mummy," she sighed, "isn't it funny? Only my eyes are hungry."

Biles: I once attended a Christmas tenants' feed in Norfolk. The hostess, thinking to honour one of the men, asked him to sit at her right hand.



CHAS. PEARS'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE INCIDENT AT THE TENANTS' DINNER.

"Thank yew, me lady," he replied, with a preoccupied air, "but if it's all the same tew yew I'd rather sit opposit this 'ere plum-pudden."

The Chairman promptly invited the talented Pears to step up to the easel and supply a drawing to match Biles's anecdote. This he did, with the above result.

Is not the expression of Hodge's countenance, as he surveys the *pièce de résistance*, prodigious?

Pooling: If Britchard is to be allowed to tell stories of his preternaturally intelligent offspring I don't see why I can't relate an anecdote of mine. My wife's father is a dear old gentleman, but passionately averse to noise. On Christmas Eve little Tommy remarked, coaxingly:—

"Grandpapa, will you ask Santa Claus to bring me a dum?"

"A drum, my boy? But you would disturb me very much."

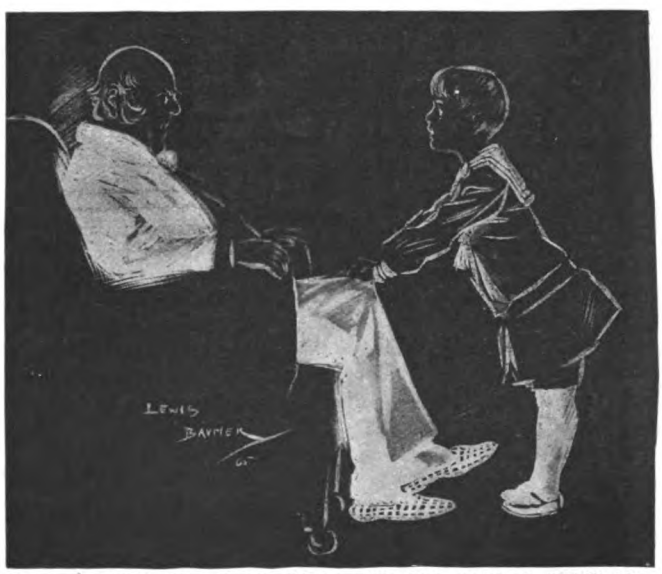
"Oh, no, grandpapa; I won't dum except when you are asleep."

The Chairman: In calling upon Mr. Baumer to supplement and illumine Pooling's narration I beg to say that hereafter a blackboard will be provided by the generous and ingenious committee for the use of those members who prefer to evolve their creations with the aid of white chalk. It may likewise serve as a reminder of the sweet and innocent days of childhood.

Whereupon the artist named by the Chairman arose. For a moment there was indecision expressed on his features. The blackboard was at one end of the table, the white board at the other. Which would he choose?

"Egad, it's like the 'Lady or the Tiger,'" murmured Pooling to Emberton.

Then Baumer strode valiantly to the blackboard, seized a piece of virgin chalk, and almost while we held our breath produced the accompanying lightning sketch. The experiment was pronounced a success.



BAUMER'S BLACKBOARD SKETCH ILLUSTRATING THE STORY OF TOMMY AND THE DRUM.

Boleman: You hear a good deal about the retorts of cabmen and street Arabs. I have forgotten to tell anybody this before, but last Christmas morning I woke up and found a motor-car in my stocking. As I happened to know it was coming, I had thoughtfully provided myself with a brand-new suit of shiny black leather. Crossing Piccadilly on the way to the garage I was accosted by a bootblack.

"Shine, guv'nor?"

I passed on heedlessly.

"Better have a shine," the gamin called out. "Shine you all over for a tanner."

The clever Mr. Bowring, being summoned to execute an illustration of the foregoing, acquitted himself with the aid of a piece of black chalk of the sketch below.

The Chairman: May I ask our honoured *confrère*, M. Robinet, to oblige us with a slight pictorial recitation?

ROBINET'S SKETCH ON THE BLACKBOARD ILLUSTRATING HIS OWN STORY.

BOWRING'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE STORY OF THE WITTY SHOEBLACK.

Whereat our gifted Gallic guest arose and bowed, beaming.

"Comme vous voudrez," he observed; and then, in excellent English, continued: "A young friend of mine was commissioned to paint the portrait of a Chicago pork-packer who knew nothing about art. He particularly wanted the portrait to fill a certain space of the wall." (While M. Robinet spoke he began to wield a piece of chalk upon the blackboard.) "When the picture was finished the artist took it to the pork-packer. The patron looked at it first of all in silence. 'Young man,' he said, 'can you paint landscape?' The painter nodded. 'Then you will oblige me if you will turn that portrait into a landscape.'"

At this point one of our cleverest pictorial members, Mr. Harrison, whose work is so familiar to readers of *Punch*, made it obvious to us all that he had something on his mind.

"Come, Harrison," cried Wornung, "what is it?"

"It's a burglar," modestly replied the artist. "The depravity

CHAS. HARRISON'S BURGLAR SKETCH.

of the lower classes is something shocking. It was a Christmas Day burglar."

Johns: Dreadful! dreadful! Instead of stopping at home and eating turkey and plum-pudding and helping his little nippers cull gold watches and lollipops from the Christmas-tree! What did he burgle?

Harrison: He got into a shop in the Strand while the caretaker was having a little supper at the Sav.; but perhaps I can illustrate it better in this fashion——

And the artist set to work, and in less than five minutes had evolved the superb work of art given above, which may be entitled "The Disgusted Burglar."

Johns supplied the legend as follows:—

"Gentlemen, a burglar who has broken into a surgical instrument maker's. 'Blimey,' he remarks, 'if the job was worth the candle. Orl the swag I can lay 'old of is a couple of cork legs and a case of glass eyes.'"

Wagnall: Last Christmas the corpulent, middle-aged matron who condescends to cook for our family burst into my wife's boudoir dragging the boy in buttons by the ear and crying excitedly:—

"Begging your pardon, ma'am, for disturbing of you, but this limb along of some mistletoe keeps carryin' on disgraceful with me and the *other girls* in the kitching!"

The fate of the luckless Don Juan was well portrayed on the spot by Mr. Boyd.

Dolamore: That page-boy reminds me of another story which exemplifies the ways of the rising generation in the matter of mischief. I may preface it by stating that the hero of the story is a nephew of mine. Somebody gave me a nice gold watch as a Christmas present, and I inadvertently left it on my dressing-table. About a couple of hours later I perceived that dear little Willy had a new plaything. He had it tied on the end of what appeared to be a dog-chain. When I got closer I saw that he had got hold of my new gold watch.

BOYD'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE STORY OF THE COOK AND THE "BUTTONS."

"Is that my watch?" I asked.

"Yes, uncle; and I am afraid something's gone wrong with it, 'cause I've tried ever so hard with cook's tin-opener and a hammer, an' it won't open"; and the darling's eyes filled with tears.

This was clearly Hassall's opportunity, and how he availed himself of it to portray the very pathetic incident let the resultant sketch declare.

Mullins has been on the Stock Exchange lately, and delivered himself of the following:—

Mullins: Little Finkheim received on Christmas morning a multiplication table from some unknown admirer.

"Fader," he lisped, "how much is two and two?"

"That depends, my boy," replied Finkheim, absently. "Do you vant to buy or sell?"

To the foregoing Mr. Harry Furniss deftly

HASSALL'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE STORY OF LITTLE WILLY AND THE WATCH.

HARRY FURNISS'S SKETCH OF LITTLE FINKHEIM AND HIS FATHER.

appended a design in quite his best and most fluent manner.

Broadfoot: Have you tried one of the new motor 'buses? I saw a most absurd blunder committed by a dear old lady from the country the other day.

Old Lady (who has been instructed to take one of the new motor 'buses, hailing Lord Algy's motor-car as he is tearing down the Uxbridge Road): "Hi! hi! Do you go to Hammersmith, young man?"

Lord Algy (paralyzed with astonishment): "Yes, madam."

Old Lady (getting in): "Well, young man, I don't believe much in these new-fangled contrivances, but if these *ladies* 'll make room I'll try a pennyworth to Olympia."

FRANCIS BARRAUD'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE MOTOR-CAR STORY.

The Chairman: I call upon Mr. Francis Barraud to supply the explanatory diagram of the incident which Mr. Broadfoot avers to have happened.

The artist thus called upon lost no time in placing upon the board the foregoing sketch for the delectation of the members.

MCCORMICK'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE DOOR-KNOCKER STORY.

It was now Garry's turn, and uprising from his chair in that stately fashion of his—at least, Garry himself says it would be stately if he boasted a couple of feet more of stature — narrated the anecdote of the festive but polite individual who, at three o'clock one Christmas morning, hammered away at a certain door-knocker. Overhead an alarmed visage suddenly protruded from the window.

"Oh, it's all right," remarked the caller, cheerfully; "please don't trouble yourself. I only want to awake my brother-in-law next door. *His* knocker's broken."

It fell to the lot of Mr. McCormick to do justice to this story.

As the hour was late the members of the Strand Club, drinking a final Christmas toast, were about to separate when the perfect peace was invaded by Mr. Owen, who was seen signalling frantically to the Chairman.

Owen: It is not quite fair. Why shouldn't I have a chance of telling a Christmas child-story? — And before anybody could interfere the artist had made a violent onslaught upon the blackboard and broke the draughtsmanship record for the evening by at least two minutes.

"There!" he exclaimed, triumphantly.

"But what does it mean?" asked Max Emberton; and several other members echoed the query.

"Ah," returned the champion delineator, "I thought you wouldn't guess!"

OWEN'S BLACKBOARD ILLUSTRATION OF EMBERTON'S STORY.

Emberton (quietly): I know the story. A child aged five was dining with her father at a friend's house. Her father asked her if she liked the pudding. "Yes," she replied; "I like it very well, pa, but there is too much plate."

The artist gazed at the bold narrator for a moment in injured silence.

"Why, I told you that story myself yesterday!" he said.

The Adventure of the Snowing Globe.

By F. Anstey.

Author of "Vice Versâ," "The Brass Bottle," etc.

BEFORE beginning to relate an experience which, I am fully aware, will seem to many so singular as to be almost, if not quite, incredible, it is perhaps as well to state that I am a solicitor of several years' standing, and that I do not regard myself—nor, to the best of my knowledge and belief, have I ever been regarded—as a person in whom the imaginative faculty is at all unduly prominent.

It was in Christmas week of last year. I was walking home from my office in New Square, Lincoln's Inn, as my habit is—except on occasions when the state of the weather renders such open-air exercise too imprudent—and on my way I went into a toy-shop, with a view to purchasing some seasonable present for a small godchild of mine.

As was only to be expected at that time of year, the shop was crowded with customers, and I had to wait until one of the assistants should be at liberty. While waiting, my attention was attracted to a toy on the counter before me.

It was a glass globe, about the size of a moderately large orange. Inside it was a representation of what appeared to be the façade of a castle, before which stood a figure holding by a thread a small, pear-shaped air-ball striped red and blue. The globe was full of water containing a white sediment in solution, which when agitated produced the effect of a miniature snow-storm.

I cannot account for such a childish proceeding, except by the circumstance that I had nothing better to occupy me at the moment, but I employed myself in shaking the globe and watching the tiny snowflakes circulating in the fluid, till I became so engrossed as to be altogether oblivious of my surroundings. So that I was not particularly surprised when I found, as I presently did, that the flakes were falling and melting on my coat-sleeve. Before me was a heavy gateway belonging to a grim, castellated edifice, which I thought at first must be Holloway Gaol, though how I could have wandered so far out of my way was more than I could understand.

But on looking round I saw no signs of any suburban residences, and recognised that I had somehow strayed into a locality with which I was totally unacquainted, but which was evidently considerably beyond the Metropolitan radius. It seemed to me that my best plan would be to knock at the gate and ask the lodge-keeper where I was and my way to the nearest railway-station; but before I could carry out my intention a wicket in one of the gates was cautiously opened by a person of ancient and venerable appearance. He did not look like an ordinary porter, but was in a peculiar livery, which I took to be a seneschal's—not that I have ever seen a seneschal, but that was my impression of him. Whoever he was, he appeared distinctly pleased to see me. "You are right welcome, fair sir!" he said, in a high, cracked voice. "Well knew I that my hapless lady would not lack a protector in her sad plight, though she had well-nigh abandoned all hope of your coming!"

I explained that I had not called by appointment, but was simply a stranger who found himself in the neighbourhood by the merest chance.

"'Tis no matter," he replied, in his old-fashioned diction, "seeing that you have come, for truly, sir, she is in sore need of anyone who is ready to undertake her cause!"

I said that I happened to be a member of the legal profession, and that if, as I gathered, his mistress was in any difficulty in which she desired my assistance, I was quite prepared to advise her to the best of my ability, and to act for her, should her case be one which, in my opinion, required it.

"That does it, indeed!" he said; "but I pray you stand no longer parleying without, which, since I perceive you are but ill-protected at present," he added, fussily, "may be fraught with unnecessary danger. Come within without further delay!"

I did not think there was any real risk of catching cold, but I did wonder why it had not occurred to me to put up my umbrella, until I discovered that my right hand was already engaged in holding a cord to which was attached a gaudily-coloured balloon that floated above my head.

This was so unsuitable an appendage to any solicitor, especially to one about to offer his services in an affair which was apparently serious, that I was somewhat disconcerted for the moment. But I soon recollected having gone into a toy-shop some time previously, and concluded that I must have purchased this air-ball as a present for my godchild.

I was about to explain this to the old man,

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when he pulled me suddenly through the wicket-gate, shutting the door so sharply that it snapped the string of the balloon. I saw it soaring up on the other side of the wall till a whirl of snow hid it from my sight.

"Trouble not for its loss," said the seneschal; "it has fulfilled its purpose in bringing you to our gates."

If he really supposed that anybody was at all likely to adopt so eccentric a means of conveyance, he must, I thought, be in his dotage, and I began to have a misgiving that, by accepting his invitation to step in, I might have placed myself in a false position.

"HE PULLED ME SUDDENLY THROUGH THE WICKET-GATE."

However, I had gone too far to retract now, so I allowed him to conduct me to his mistress. He took me across a vast courtyard to a side-entrance, and then up a winding stair, along deserted corridors, and through empty antechambers, until we came into a great hall, poorly lighted from above, and hung with dim tapestries. There he left me, saying that he would inform his mistress of my arrival.

I had not long to wait before she entered by an opposite archway.

I regret my inability—owing partly to the indifferent manner in which the apartment was lit—to describe her with anything like precision. She was quite young—not much, I should be inclined to say, over eighteen; she was richly but fantastically dressed in some shimmering kind of robe, and her long hair was let down and flowing loose about her shoulders, which (although I am bound to say that the effect, in her case, was not unbecoming) always has, to my mind at least, a certain air of untidiness in a grown-up person, and almost made me doubt for a moment whether she was quite in her right senses.

But, while she was evidently in a highly emotional state, I could detect nothing in her manner or speech that indicated any actual mental aberration. Her personal appearance, too, was distinctly pleasing, and altogether I cannot remember ever to have felt so interested at first sight in any female client.

"Tell me," she cried, "is it really true? Have you indeed come to my deliverance?"

"My dear young lady," I said, perceiving that any apology for what I had feared must seem a highly irregular intrusion was unnecessary, "I have been given to understand that you have some occasion for my services, and if that is correct I can only say that they are entirely at your disposal. Just try to compose yourself and tell me, as clearly and concisely as you can, the material facts of your case."

"Alas! sir," she said, wringing her hands, which I remember noticing were of quite remarkable beauty, "I am the unhappiest Princess in the whole world."

I trust I am as free from snobbishness as most people, but I admit to feeling some gratification in the fact that I was honoured by the confidence of a lady of so exalted a rank.

"I am extremely sorry to hear it, ma'am," I said, recollecting that that was the proper way to address a Princess. "But I am afraid," I added, as I prepared to take her instructions, "that I can be but of little assistance to you unless you can bring yourself to furnish me with somewhat fuller particulars."

"Surely," she said, "you cannot be ignorant that I am in the power of a wicked and tyrannous uncle?"

I might have explained that I was far too

busy a man to have leisure to keep up with the latest Court scandals, but I refrained.

"I may take it, then," I said, "that you are an orphan, and that the relative you refer to is your sole guardian?"

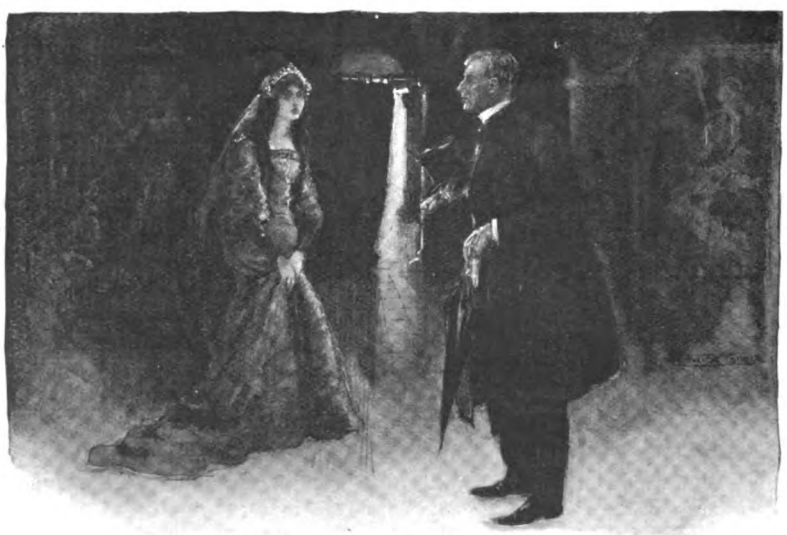
She implied by a gesture that both these inferences were correct. "He has shut me up a close prisoner in this gloomy place," she declared, "and deprived me of all my attendants one by one, save the aged but faithful retainer whom you have beheld."

I replied, of course, that this was an unwarrantable abuse of his authority, and inquired whether she could assign any motive for such a proceeding on his part.

"He is determined that I shall marry his son," she explained, "whom I detest with an unutterable loathing!"

"Possibly," I ventured to hint, "there is someone else who——"

"There is none," she said, "since I have never been permitted to look upon any other suitor, and here I am held in durance until I consent to this hated union—and I will die sooner! But you will save me from so terrible a fate! For what else are you here?"



"'HE IS DETERMINED THAT I SHALL MARRY HIS SON,' SHE EXPLAINED."

"I should be incompetent indeed, ma'am," I assured her, "if I could not see a way out of what is really a very ordinary predicament. By attempting to force you into a marriage against your will your guardian has obviously shown himself a totally unfit person to have you in his custody. You have the law entirely on your side."

"Unfit is he, truly!" she agreed. "But I care not who else is on my side, so long as you will be my champion. Only, how will you achieve my rescue?"

"Under all the circumstances," I told her, "I think our best course would be to apply for a *habeas corpus*. You will then be brought up to the Courts of Justice, and the judge could make any order he thought advisable. In all probability he would remove your uncle from his position and have you made a ward of Court."

There is always a difficulty in getting ladies to understand even the simplest details of legal procedure, and my Princess was no exception to the rule. She did not seem in the least to realize the power which every Court possesses of enforcing its own decrees.

"Sir, you forget," she said, "that my uncle, who has great renown in these parts as a sorcerer and magician, will assuredly laugh any such order to scorn."

"In that case, ma'am," said I, "he will render himself liable for contempt of Court. Besides, should his local reputation answer your description, we have *another* hold on him. If we can only prove that he has been using any subtle craft, means, or device to impose on any of His Majesty's subjects, he could be prosecuted under the Vagrancy Act of 1824 as a rogue and a vagabond. He might get as much as six months for it!"

"Ah, sir," she cried—rather peevishly, I thought—"we do but waste precious time in idle talk such as this, of which I comprehend scarce a word! And the hour is nigh when I must meet my uncle face to face, and should I still refuse to obey his will his wrath will be dire indeed!"

"All you have to do is to refer him to *me*," I said. "I think I shall be able, in the course of a personal interview, to bring him to take a more reasonable view of his position. If you are expecting him shortly,

perhaps I had better remain here till he arrives?"

"Happily for us both," she replied, "he is still many leagues distant from here! Can you not see that, if my rescue is to be accomplished at all, it must be ere his return, or else am I all undone? Is it possible that, after coming thus far, you can tarry here doing naught?"

I took a little time for reflection before answering. "After careful reconsideration," I said, at last, "I have come to the conclusion that, as you are evidently under grave apprehension of some personal violence from your uncle in the event of his finding you on the premises, I should be fully justified in dispensing with the usual formalities and removing you from his custody at once. At all events, I will take that responsibility on myself—whatever risk I may incur."

"I crave your pardon for my seeming petulance," she said, with a pretty humility. "I should have known right well that I might safely rely on the protection of so gallant and fearless a knight!"

"You will understand, I am sure, ma'am," I said, "that I cannot, as a bachelor, offer you shelter under my own roof. What I propose (subject, of course, to your approval) is that I should place you under the care of an old aunt of mine at Croydon until some other arrangement can be made. I presume it will not take you long to make your preparations for the journey?"

"What need of preparation?" she cried. "Let us delay no longer, but fly this instant!"

"I should recommend you to take at least a dressing-bag," I said; "you will have time to pack all you may require while your retainer is fetching us a fly. Then I know of nothing to hinder us from leaving at once."

"Nothing?" she exclaimed. "Do you dread a dragon so little, then, that you can speak thus lightly?"

I could not help smiling; it was so surprising to find a Princess of her age who still retained a belief in fairy-tales. "I think, ma'am," I said, "that at this time of day a dragon is not an obstacle which we need take into serious consideration. You have evidently not been informed that such a monster has long since ceased to exist. In other words, it is undoubtedly extinct."

"And you have slain it!" she cried, and her eyes blazed with admiration. "I might have guessed as much! It is slain—and now even my uncle has no longer power to detain me here! For many a long month I have not dared to look from out my casements, but now I may behold the light of day once more without shrinking!" She drew back some hangings as she spoke, disclosing a large oriel window, and the next moment she cowered away with a cry of abject terror.

"Why have you deceived me?" she demanded, with indignant reproach. "It is *not* extinct. It is still there. Look for yourself!"

I did look; the window commanded the rear of the castle, which I had not hitherto seen, and now I saw something else so utterly unexpected that I could hardly trust the evidence of my own eyesight.

Towering above the battlemented outer wall I saw a huge horny head, poised upon a long and flexible neck, and oscillating slowly from side to side with a sinister vigilance. Although the rest of the brute was hidden by the wall, I saw quite enough to convince me that it could not well be anything else than a dragon—and a formidable one at that. I thought I understood now why the seneschal had been so anxious to get me inside, though I wished he had been rather more explicit.

I stood there staring at it—but I made no remark. To tell the truth, I did not feel equal to one just then.

The Princess spoke first. "You seem astonished, sir," she said, "yet you can hardly have been in ignorance that my uncle has set this ferocious monster to guard these walls, and devour me should I strive to make my escape."

"I can only say, ma'am," I replied, "that this is the first intimation I have had of the fact."

"Still, you are wise and strong," she said. "You will surely devise some means whereby to rid me of this baleful thing!"

"If you will permit me to draw the curtain again," I said, "I will endeavour to think of something. . . . Am I right in assuming that the brute is the property of your uncle?"

She replied that that was so.

"Then I think I see a way," I said. "Your uncle could be summoned for allowing such a dangerous animal to be at large, since it is clearly not under proper control. And if an application were made to a magistrate, under the Act of 1871, he might be ordered to destroy it at once."

"You little know my uncle," she said, with a touch of scorn, "if you deem that he would destroy his sole remaining dragon at the bidding of any person whatever!"

"He will incur a penalty of twenty shillings

"TOWERING ABOVE THE BATTLEMENTED OUTER WALL I SAW A HUGE HORNY HEAD."

a day till he *does*," I replied. "In any case, I can promise you that, if I can only manage to get out of this place, you shall not be exposed to this annoyance very much longer."

"You will?" she cried. "Are you quite sure that you will succeed?"

"Practically I am," I said. "I shall apply—always supposing I can get home safely—the first thing to-morrow morning, and, if I can only convince the Bench that the terms of the Act are wide enough to include not only dogs, but any other unmanageable quadrupeds, why, the thing is as good as done!"

"To-morrow! to-morrow!" she repeated, impatiently. "Must I tell you once more that this is no time to delay? Indeed, sir, if I am to be rescued at all, your hand alone can deliver me from this loathly worm!"

I confess I considered she was taking an altogether extravagant view of the relations between solicitor and client.

"If," I said, "it could be described with any accuracy as a worm, I should not feel the slightest hesitation about attacking it."

"Then you will?" she said, entirely missing my point, as usual. "Tell me you will—for *my* sake."

She looked so engaging whilst making this appeal that I really had not the heart to pain her by a direct refusal.

"There is nothing," I said, "that is, nothing in reason, that I would not do cheerfully, for your sake. But if you will only reflect, you will see at once that, in a tall hat and overcoat, and with absolutely no weapon but an umbrella, I should not stand the ghost of a chance against a dragon. I should be too hopelessly overmatched."

"You say truth," she replied, much to my satisfaction. "I could not desire any champion of mine to engage in so unequal a contest. So have no uneasiness on that score."

On this she clapped her hands as a summons to the seneschal, who appeared so promptly that I fancy he could not have been very far from the keyhole. "This gallant gentleman," she explained to him, "has undertaken to go forth and encounter the dragon without our walls, provided that he is fitly furnished for so deadly a fray."

I tried to protest that she had placed a construction on my remarks which they were not intended to bear—but the old man was so voluble in thanks and blessings that I could not get in a single word.

"You will conduct him to the armoury," the Princess continued, "and see him arrayed in harness meet for so knightly an endeavour. Sir," she added to me, "words fail me at such an hour as this. I cannot even thank you as I would. But I know you will do your utmost on my behalf. Should you fall——"

She broke off here, being evidently unable to complete her sentence, but that was unnecessary. I knew what would happen if I fell.

"But fall you will not," she resumed. "Something tells me that you will return to me victorious; and then—and then—should you demand any guerdon of me—yea" (and here she blushed divinely) "even to this hand of mine, it shall not be denied you."

Never in the whole course of my professional career had I been placed in a position of greater difficulty. My common sense

told me that it was perfectly preposterous on her part to expect such services as these from one who was merely acting as her legal adviser. Even if I performed them successfully—which was, to say the least of it, doubtful—my practice would probably be injuriously affected should my connection with such an affair become known. As for the special fee she had so generously suggested, that, of course, was out of the question. At my time of life marriage with a flighty young woman of eighteen—and a Princess into the bargain—would be rather too hazardous an experiment.

And yet, whether it is that, middle-aged bachelor as I am, I have still a strain of unsuspected romance and chivalry in my nature, or for some other cause that I cannot explain, somehow I found myself kissing the little hand she extended to me, and going forth without another word to make as good a fight of it as I could for her against such an infernal beast as a dragon. I cannot say that I felt cheerful over it, but, anyhow, I went.

I followed the seneschal, who led me down by a different staircase from that I had come up, and through an enormous vaulted kitchen, untenanted by all but black-beetles, which were swarming. Merely for the sake of conversation, I made some remark on their numbers and pertinacity, and inquired why no steps had apparently been taken to abate so obvious a nuisance. "Alas! noble sir," he replied, as he sadly shook his old white head, "'twas the scullions' office to clear the place of these pests, and the last minion has long since vanished from our halls!"

I felt inclined to ask him where they had vanished to—but I did not. I thought the answer might prove discouraging. Even as it was, I would have given something for a whisky and soda just then—but he did not offer it, and I did not like to suggest it for fear of being misunderstood. And presently we entered the armoury.

Only a limited number of suits were hanging on the walls, and all of them were in a deplorably rusty and decayed condition, but the seneschal took them down one by one, and made fumbling attempts to buckle and hook me into them. Most unfortunately, not a single suit proved what I should call workmanlike, for I defy any man to fight a dragon in armour which is too tight even to move about in with any approach to comfort.

"I'm afraid it's no use," I told the seneschal, as I reluctantly resumed my ordinary garments. "You can see for yourself that there's nothing here that comes near my size!"

"But you cannot engage in combat with the dragon in your present habiliments!" he remonstrated. "That were stark madness!"

I was glad that the old man had sufficient sense to see *that*. "I am quite of your opinion," I replied; "and believe me, my good old friend, nothing is farther from my thoughts. My idea is that if—I do not ask you to expose yourself to any unnecessary risk—but if you *could* contrive to divert the dragon's attention by a demonstration of some sort on one side of the castle, I might manage to slip quietly out of some door on the other."

"Are you but a caitiff, then, after all," he exclaimed, "that you can abandon so lovely a lady to certain doom?"

"There is no occasion for addressing me in offensive terms," I replied. "I have no intention whatever of abandoning your mistress. You will be good enough to inform her that I shall return to-morrow without fail with a weapon that will settle this dragon's business more effectually than any of your obsolete lances and battle-axes!"

For I had already decided on this as the only course that was now open to me. I had a friend who spent most of the year abroad in the pursuit of big game, but who chanced by good luck to be in town just then. He would, I knew, willingly lend me an express rifle and some expansive bullets, and, as an ex-Volunteer and marksman, I felt that the odds would then be slightly in my favour, even if I could not, as I hoped I could, persuade my friend to join me in the expedition.

But the seneschal took a less sanguine view of my prospects.

"You forget, sir," he remarked, lugubriously, "that, in order to return hither, you must first quit the shelter of these walls—which, all unarmed as you are, would be but to court instant death!"

"I don't quite see that," I argued. "After all, as the dragon made no effort to prevent me from coming in, it is at least possible that it may not object to my going out."

"For aught I can say," he replied, "it may have no orders to hinder any from entrance. As to that I know naught. But of this I am very sure—it suffers no one to depart hence undevoured."

"But could I not contrive to get out of its reach before it was aware that I had even started?" I suggested.

"I fear me, sir," he said, despondently,

"YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF THAT THERE'S NOTHING HERE THAT COMES NEAR MY SIZE!"

"that the creature would not fail to follow up your tracks ere the snow could cover them."

"That had not occurred to me," I said. "But now you mention it, it does not seem altogether unlikely. In your opinion, then, I should do better in remaining where I am?"

"Only until the enchanter return," was his reply, "as, if I mistake not, he may do at any moment, after which your stay here will assuredly be but brief."

"You can't mean," I said, "that he would have the inhumanity to turn me out to be devoured by his beastly dragon? For that is what it would *come* to."

"Unless, perchance, by dint of strength or cunning you were to overcome the monster," he said. "And methought you had come hither with that very intent."

"My good man," I replied, "I've no idea why or how I came here, but it was certainly with no desire or expectation of meeting a dragon. However, I begin to see very clearly that if I can't find some way of putting an end to the brute—and promptly, too—he will make an end of *me*. The question is, how the deuce am I to set about it?"

And then, all at once, I had an inspiration. I recollected the black-beetles, and something the seneschal had said about its being the scullions' duty to keep them down. I asked him what methods they had employed for this purpose, but, such humble details being naturally outside his province, he was unable to inform me. So I returned to the kitchen, where I began a careful search, not without some hope of success.

For awhile I searched in vain, but at last, just when I had begun to despair, I found on a dusty shelf in the buttery the identical thing I had been looking for. It was an earthen vessel containing a paste, which, in spite of the fungoid growth that had collected on its surface, I instantly recognised as a composition warranted to prove fatal to every description of vermin.

I called to the seneschal and asked if he could oblige me with a loaf of white bread, which he brought in evident bewilderment. I cut a slice from the middle and was proceeding to spread the paste thickly upon it when he grasped my arm. "Hold!" he cried. "Would you rashly seek your death ere it is due?"

"You need not be alarmed," I told him; "this is not for myself. And now will you kindly show me a way out to some part of the roof where I can have access to the dragon?"

Trembling from head to foot he indicated a turret-stair, up which, however, he did not offer to accompany me; it brought me out on the leads of what appeared to be a kind of bastion. I crept cautiously to the parapet and peeped over it, and then for the first time I had a full view of the brute, which was crouching immediately below me. I know how prone the most accurate are to exaggeration in matters of this kind, but, after making every allowance for my excited condition at the time, I do not think I am far out in estimating that the dimensions of the beast could not have been much, if at all, less than those of the "Diplodocus Carnegii," a model of which is exhibited at the Natural History Museum, while its appearance was infinitely more terrific.

I do not mind admitting frankly that the sight so unmanned me for the moment that I was seized with an almost irresistible impulse to retire by the way I had come

before the creature had observed me. And yet it was not without a certain beauty of its own; I should say, indeed, that it was rather an unusually handsome specimen of its class, and I was especially struck by the magnificent colouring of its scales, which surpassed that of even the largest pythons. Still, to an unaccustomed eye there must always be something about a dragon that inspires more horror than admiration, and I was in no mood just then to enjoy the spectacle. It was hunched up together, with its head laid back, like a fowl's, between its wings, and seemed to be enjoying a short nap. I suppose I must unconsciously have given some sign of my presence, for suddenly I saw the horny films roll back like shutters from its lidless eyes, which it fixed on me with a cold glare of curiosity.

And then it shambled on to its feet, and slowly elongated its neck till it brought its horrible head on a level with the battlements. I need not say that on this I promptly retreated to a spot where I judged I should be out of immediate danger. But I had sufficient presence of mind to remember the purpose for which I was there, and, fixing the prepared slice on the ferrule of my umbrella, I extended it as far as my arm would reach in the creature's direction.

I fancy it had not been fed very lately. The head made a lightning dart across the parapet, and a voracious snap—and the next moment both bread and umbrella had disappeared down its great red gullet.

The head was then withdrawn. I could hear a hideous champing sound, as of the ribs of the umbrella being slowly crunched. After that came silence.

Again I crawled to the parapet and looked down. The huge brute was licking its plated jaws with apparent gusto, as though—which was likely enough—an umbrella came as an unaccustomed snack to its jaded palate. It was peacefully engaged now in digesting this *hors d'œuvre*.

But my heart only sank the lower at the sight. For if an alpaca umbrella with an ebony handle could be so easily assimilated, what possible chance was there that beetle-paste would produce any deleterious effect? I had been a fool to place the faintest hope on so desperate a hazard. Presently he would be coming for more—and I had nothing for him!

But by and by, as I gazed in a sort of fascinated repulsion, I fancied I detected some slight symptoms of uneasiness in the reptile's demeanour.

It was almost nothing at first—a restless twitch at times, and a squint in its stony eyes that I had not previously noticed—but it gave me a gleam of hope. Presently I saw the great crest along its spine slowly begin to erect itself, and the filaments that fringed its jaws bristling, as it proceeded to deal a succession of vicious pecks at its distended olive-green paunch, which it evidently regarded as responsible for the disturbance.

Little as I knew about dragons, a child could have seen that this one was feeling somewhat seriously indisposed. Only—was it due to the umbrella or the vermin-killer? As to that I could only attempt to speculate, and my fate—and the Princess's, too—hung upon which was the more correct diagnosis!

However, I was not kept long in suspense. Suddenly the beast uttered a kind of bellowing roar—the most appalling sound I think I ever heard—and after that I scarcely know what happened exactly.

I fancy it had some kind of fit. It writhed and rolled over and over, thrashing the air with its big leathery wings, and tangling itself up to a degree that, unless I had seen it, I should have thought impossible, even for a dragon.

After this had gone on for some time, it untied itself and seemed calmer again, till all at once it curved into an immense arch, and remained perfectly rigid with wings outspread for nearly half a minute. Then it suddenly collapsed on its side, panting, snorting, and quivering like some monstrous automobile, after which it stretched itself out to its full length once or twice, and then lay stiff and still. Its gorgeous hues gradually faded into a dull, leaden-grey tint. . . . All was over—the vermin-destroyer had done its work after all.

I cannot say that I was much elated. I am not sure that I did not even feel a pang of self-reproach. I had slain the dragon, it was true, but by a method which I could not think would have commended itself to St. George as entirely sportsmanlike, even though the circumstances left me no other alternative.

However, I had saved the Princess, which, after all, was the main point, and there was no actual necessity for her to know more than the bare fact that the dragon was dead.

I was just about to go down and inform her that she was now free to leave the castle, when I heard a whirring noise in the air, and, glancing back, I saw, flying towards me through the still falling snow, an elderly gentleman of forbidding aspect, who was evidently in a highly exasperated state. It was the Princess's uncle.

I don't know how it was, but till that moment I had never realized the extremely unprofessional proceeding into which I had been betrayed by my own impulsiveness. But I saw now, though too late, that, in taking the law into my own hands and administering a poisonous drug to an animal which, however furious it might be, was still the property of another, I had been guilty of conduct unworthy of any respectable solicitor. It was undoubtedly an actionable tort, if not a trespass—while he might even treat it as a criminal offence.

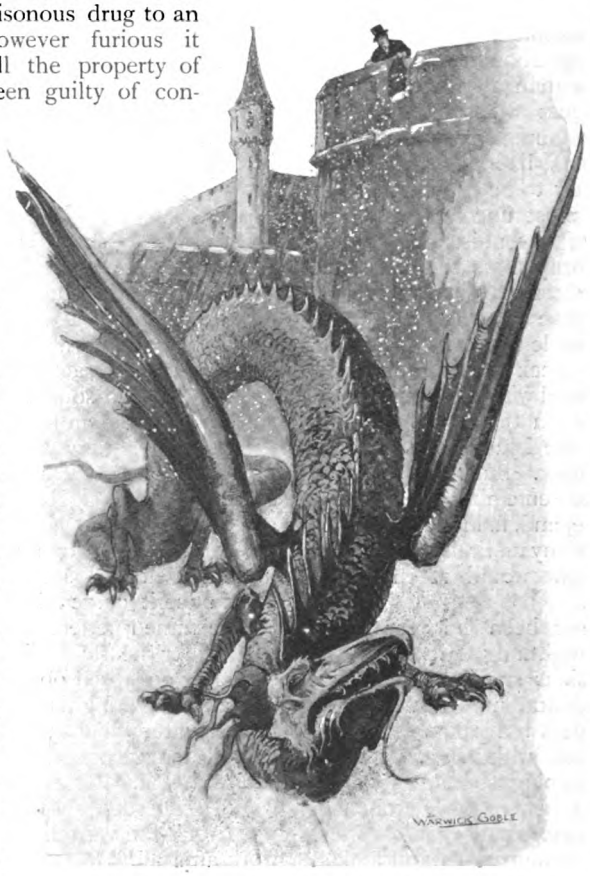
So, as the magician landed on the roof, his face distorted with fury, I felt that nothing would meet the case but the most ample apology. But, feeling that it was better to allow the first remark to come from him, I merely raised my hat and waited to hear what he had to say. . . .

"*Are you being attended to, sir?*" was the remark that actually came—and both words and tone were so different from what I had expected that I could not repress a start.

And then, to my utter astonishment, I discovered that battlements and magician had all disappeared. I was back again in the toy-shop, staring into the glass globe, in which the snow was still languidly circling.

"Like to take one of these shilling snowstorms, sir?" continued the assistant, who seemed to be addressing me; "we're selling a great quantity of them just now. Very suitable and acceptable present for a child, sir, and only a shilling in that size, though we have them larger in stock."

I bought the globe I had first taken up—but I have not given it to my godchild. I preferred to keep it myself.



"ALL AT ONCE IT CURVED INTO AN IMMENSE ARCH."

Of course, my adventure may have been merely a kind of day-dream; though, if so, it is rather odd that it should have taken that form, when, even at night, my dreams—on the rare occasions when I *do* dream—never turn upon such subjects as castles, princesses, or dragons.

A scientific friend, to whom I related the experience, pronounces it to be an ordinary case of auto-hypnotism, induced by staring into a crystal globe for a prolonged period.

But I don't know. I cannot help thinking that there is something more in it than that.

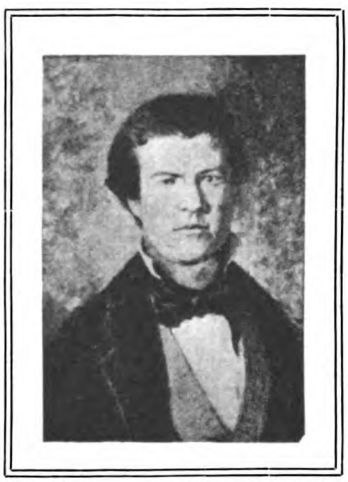
I still gaze into the globe at times, when I am alone of an evening; but while I have occasionally found myself back in the snowstorm again, I have never, so far, succeeded in getting into the castle.

Perhaps it is as well; for, although I should not at all object to see something more of the Princess, she has most probably, thanks to my instrumentality, long since left the premises—and I have no particular desire to meet the magician.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Ages—New Series.

"MARK TWAIN."

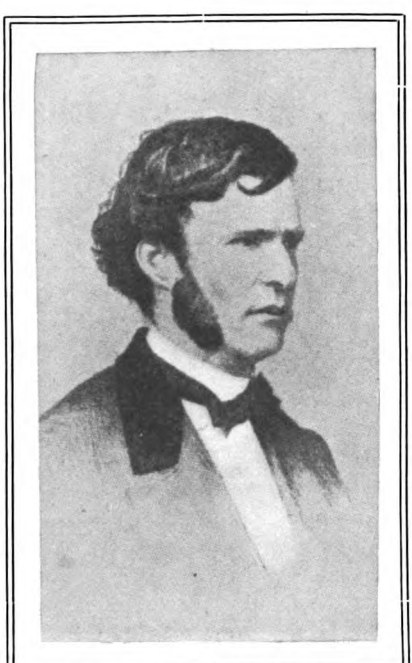
IT has been the lot of "Mark Twain," as a New Zealander once happily put it, "to tickle the midriff of the English-speaking race." No mean destiny, either. Were anyone, during the past thirty years, to have asked the name of the greatest humorist of the day, there could have been but one reply. Who should it be but the Mississippi pilot who wrote "The Celebrated Jumping Frog"? Not only the greatest but also the most popular humorist is Mark Twain.



From a] AGE 18. *[Photograph.*

No sooner did "The Innocents Abroad" appear in 1869 than it jumped into an enormous sale. At least one hundred and twenty-five thousand authorized copies were sold in the following three years, and in 1898 someone with a taste for figures calculated that seven hundred and fifty thousand copies of his works—and they were published by subscription—had been absorbed by the public.

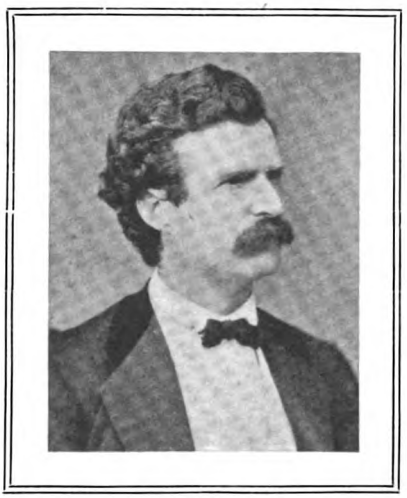
Samuel Langhorne Clemens was born in Missouri in 1835, and was brought up near the Mississippi, on which, at the age of sixteen, after having served an apprenticeship at type-setting, he became a pilot. The war broke out and destroyed the river trade, upon which he went farther west and engaged in journalism, finally turning up in New York City as an author. The following year he made the grand trip, which bore immortal fruit in "The Innocents Abroad."



From a] AGE 27. *[Photograph.*

The public came to know more of the character of "Mark Twain" when he failed in business. This was in 1895. He had a large interest in a publishing firm which came to grief. It was pointed out to Mr. Clemens that his own liability was a limited one, but the author took a different view of his responsibility, and, refusing a compromise, set himself, at the age of sixty, to pay the total indebtedness. "Honour," he is reported to have said, "is a harder master than the law. It cannot compromise for less than a hundred cents on the dollar, and its debts never outlaw." Like Scott, in a similar position, he began his business life a second time. "His popularity," writes one of his admirers, "stood him in good stead. He made a trip round the world. He wrote new books. He prepared new lectures. And everything that he uttered, whether by voice or pen, the world stood ready to listen to and to pay for handsomely. So that in a few years he had the satisfaction of handing to the assignee the last instalment due on the indebtedness, and discharging in full the huge liability he had assumed. The event was a magnificent testimony at once to the nobility of his character and the greatness of his fame."

Not all the stories told of "Mark Twain" are true, and it would be a great help to his biographers to know which are apocryphal. One story, in particular, relates how "Mark," in a letter to the late Queen Victoria, once



AGE 33.
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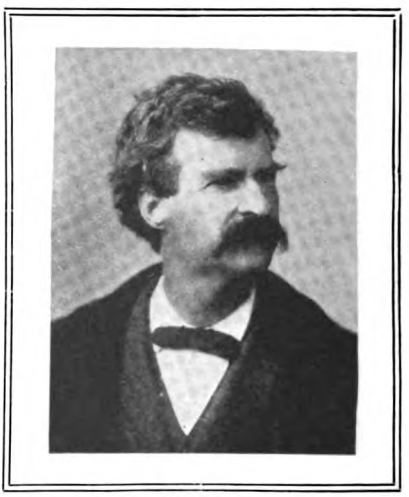


AGE 48.
From a Photograph.

wrote: "I don't know you, but I've met your son. He was at the head of a procession in the Strand and I was on a 'bus." Years afterward, when Mr. Clemens met the then Prince of Wales at Homburg, they had a walk and talk together, and when bidding "Mark" good-bye the Prince said, "I am glad to have met you again." These words so troubled "Mark" that he asked what the Prince meant. "Why, don't you remember," said His Royal Highness, "the time when you met me in the Strand, and I was at the head of a procession and you were on a 'bus?"

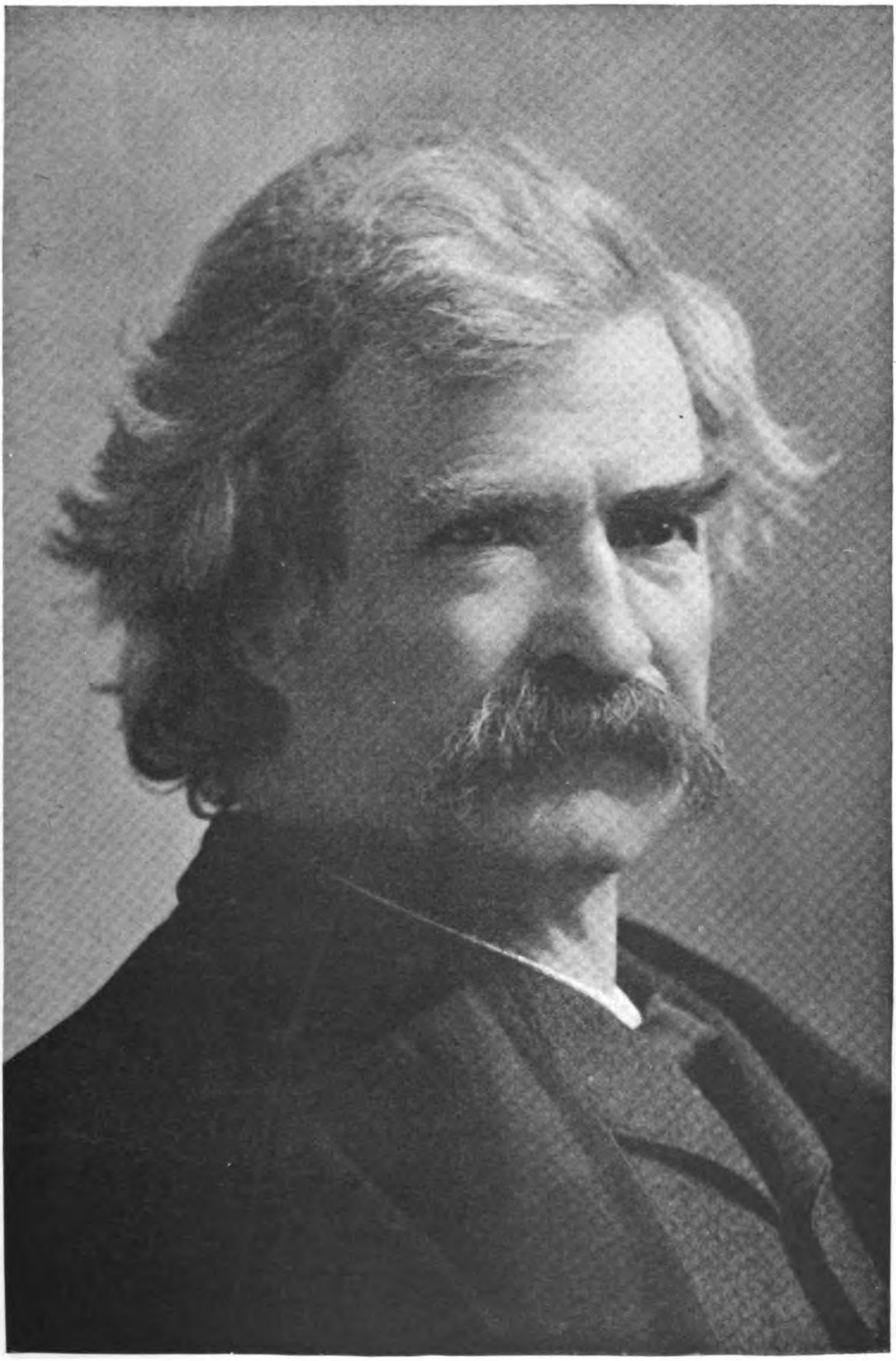
AGE 62.
From a Photo. by Alfred Ellis.

After Mr. Clemens married, in 1870, he lived in Buffalo, and it was here, says his friend Dr. Twitchell, that "chancing to look one morning at the house opposite, into which a family had recently moved, he saw something that made him cross the street quickly and deliver this speech, in substance, to a group of the new neighbours seated on the veranda: 'My name is Clemens. My wife and I have been intending to call on you to make your acquaintance. We owe you an apology for not doing it before. Now, I beg your pardon for intruding on you in this informal manner and at this time of day, *but your house is afire!*'"

That is pure Clemens. The sudden turn of the sentence is characteristic of American humour, of which "Mark Twain" is such a master. He it was who said, "Noise proves nothing. Often a hen who has merely laid an egg cackles as if she had laid an asteroid"; and "Nothing is so ignorant as a man's left hand, except a lady's watch." Fun of this sort is something more than fun. It is wisdom.

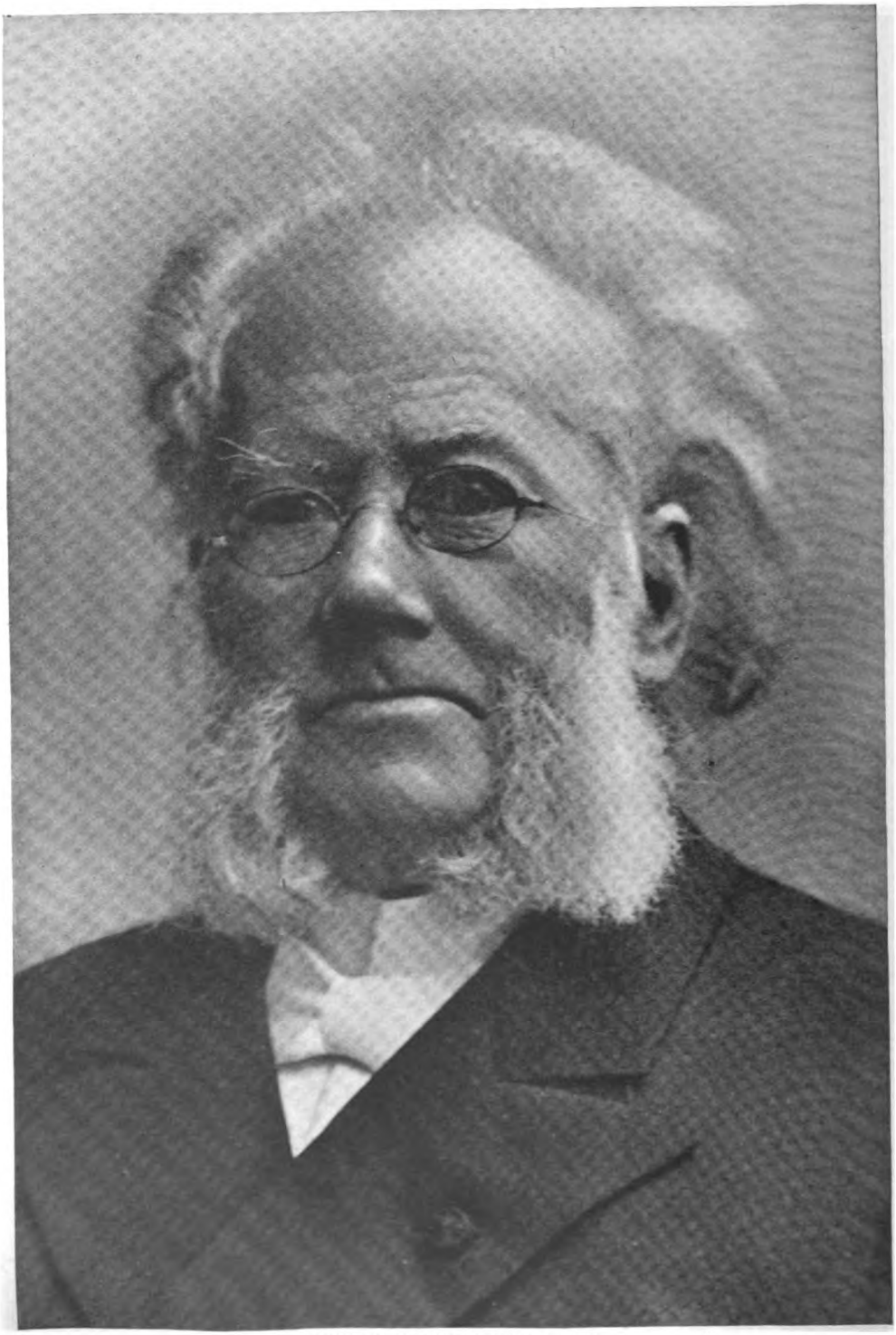
Most of "Mark Twain's" work has been done in a rocking-chair in the third-story billiard-room of his house at Hartford, where he now lives. He has travelled much, but prefers his simple home, in which he has been singularly happy. Perhaps this is why, for a man of seventy, he keeps so young.

Our portraits of Mr. Clemens at the ages of eighteen and twenty-seven are reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus from their *édition de luxe* of "The Writings of Mark Twain."



"MARK TWAIN"—PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. supplied by George Grantham Bain, New York.



HENRIK IBSEN—PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Gustav Borgen.

HENRIK IBSEN.

LET us draw two pictures. The first is that of a struggling young author of genius who, having tasted the sweets of literary success, and having received the plaudits of an enthusiastic audience on the production of one of his plays, finds himself, a few years after, with but few pence in his pocket, and a pariah in his native land. He has been misunderstood and then reviled, accused of plagiarism, and condemned for "dishonour" and "conceit." The vials of newspaper wrath have been let loose upon his head, for he has straightly told his countrymen a few unwholesome truths, and, after three years' labour on a play, has been condemned as a "literary trifler." A storm of indignation surrounds him on all hands, and the misfortunes of the theatre for which he works leaves him stranded in pocket, his meagre income gone. He faces starvation, but, still unbeaten, fights on, dealing Berserker blows at the wrongs he knows and feels, while a few friends are trying to get him a livelihood in a Government office. The irony of it! In trouble of his own, he seems helpless when his country is in trouble, for they will have none of his plain speech. Then, in disgust with everything, he takes stand upon his honour. He will shake loose from such a life. He will seek for reputation in an environment less narrow, and, because of his many services—which even his enemies recognise—he appeals to the State for the expenses of foreign travel. And niggardly is the pension granted. "The man who wrote 'The Comedy of Love,'" says one of his antagonists, "deserves a thrashing rather than a travelling allowance." But the opposition does not avail, and the author goes abroad, where he stays for ten years. Even in his alienation is he followed by obloquy. He is at Suez when the news reaches him of the cat-calls and hisses with which his latest comedy has been received.

AGE 30.
From a Photo. by Nyblin, Christiania.

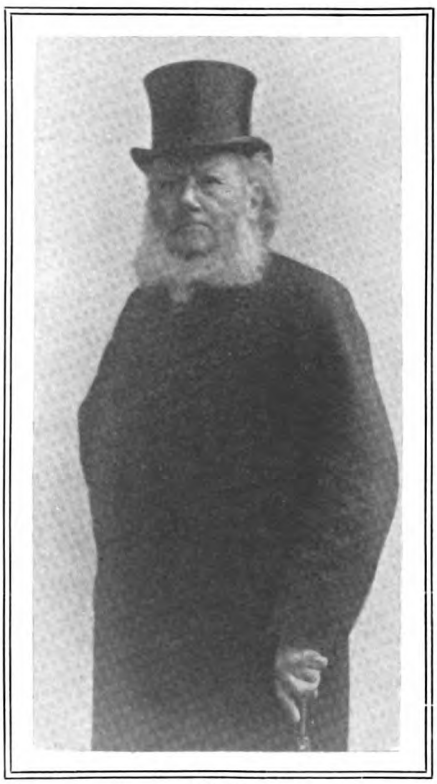
AGE 37.
From a Photograph.

AGE 43.
From a Photo. by Budtz, Muller, & Co., Copenhagen.

To him they are but "splutterings from penny whistles."

That was in 1869, and the years that preceded Ibsen's departure from Christiania. The second picture finds him, in 1898, at the age of seventy, in this same city, almost a demi-god. It is the lot of great men to pass through mud into the full glare of public praise and adoration. And the career of Ibsen has been more full of sordid detraction than that of many. Yet he has survived it, and, at three score and ten, finds himself hailed as the "foremost of Scandinavians," with enormous crowds waiting to do him honour. The anniversary festivities are spread over a fortnight, and greetings come to him from all parts of the world. His plays are produced simultaneously in several capitals of the world and special issues of newspapers are published, to which men and women noted in the world of letters contribute their word of praise. Deputations of all sorts, literary, scientific, political, wait upon him at his simple home to present to him patriotic addresses, and Parliament sends a vote of thanks for what he has "accomplished on behalf of labouring, thinking humanity and of progress, beyond all else what he has done for his own country and people." And the little old man of seventy, with his white hair, is immensely pleased with it all!

If Ibsen lives to be eighty there will be more rejoicing, but the great Scandinavian's work is over, and nothing can make the record more complete. In his prime he was a slave to method, beginning as far back as 1851, when he was manager of the theatre at Bergen. He used to rise at seven, and after a piece of bread and cup of coffee begin work at nine and end at one. Most of his plays have been written in the summer-time. He thinks out his subject first, long before he begins to write, and then makes a first sketch, after which the play is written out with care. But this, so one of his biographers says, "is no more than a preliminary study. It is not till this is finished that he seems gradually to become familiar with his personages; then does he first know their natures thoroughly, and how they express themselves. Then the whole is completely rewritten, and the third is a fair copy.



AGE 65.
From a Photo. by Nyblin, Christiania.

Like Keats, Dr. Ibsen was a chemist's assistant, having left Skien, his birthplace, at the age of sixteen. Here (Grimstad) he remained till he was twenty-two, and when the revolution of 1848-49 broke out found himself growing unpopular amongst the townspeople by his somewhat fiery verses. Leaving for Christiania in 1850, a one-act play on a topical subject made his name known in the capital, and he soon abandoned his studies to take up the life of the playwright, which he has followed ever since with increasing fame.

AGE 70.
From a Photo. by F. Hanfstaengl, Munich.

A Mutual Dilemma.

By Robert Barr.

LORD TOLLBROOKE was in trouble about his nephew, who seemed to be going wrong altogether. Instead of becoming addicted to wine or to racing, or to any of those serious occupations which had always distinguished the heir to the estate and title of Tollbrooke, this young chap had taken to music, which convinced his uncle that the country was indeed going to the dogs. It was easy to foretell where this would end, because already Harry had appeared at a notable London concert, where he received greater praise for his playing than did the long-haired professional whose reputation was international. The limit of Lord Tollbrooke's patience was reached when people began to compliment him on the excellence of his nephew's piano playing, and he resolved to put a stop to this sort of thing. Of course, the concert had been a charity affair, patronized by the highest in the land; nevertheless, it was but a step from the society stage to the professional, and his lordship thought it better to begin action before that step was taken. So he wrote to his nephew that the bin of '78 at the Old Tory Club was running low, therefore he wished Mr. Harry Sele to dine with him on Wednesday night, that they might take advantage of a bottle or two while the vintage lasted.

Harry, wondering what the old gentleman had on his mind, accepted the invitation, but rather dreaded the meeting, for although Lord Tollbrooke was scrupulously polite up to a certain point, yet after that point was passed he could use language that should bring the blush to the grimy cheek of a coal-heaver. His lordship regarded himself as the most reasonable man on earth, which opinion was not shared by those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

"Harry," began Lord Tollbrooke, when the dinner came to an end, "when do you intend to settle down and learn the duties that pertain to a landholder?"

'Well, uncle," replied Harry, genially, "as I hold no land at the present moment, and hope long to be landless through your own continued good health, I see no immediate necessity for considering the question. If it were possible to look upon music as a career for a gentleman we might perhaps——"

"Who ever heard of a Tollbrooke going in for music?"

"There would have been more money available for you and me, uncle, if some of them had."

"Nonsense. It is American competition that has all but left us penniless. The long and the short of it is, are you going to become a musician?"

"I am but fulfilling the destiny of the family, you know. Wine, women, and song, as the phrase goes. My ancestors attended

"THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT IS, ARE YOU GOING TO BECOME A MUSICIAN?"

to the two first, hence the mortgages ; I shall pay some attention to the last."

"The estate is entailed, so I cannot interfere with its coming to you. My personal property is not so valuable that such a future loss would exercise any present influence over you ; still, you must be aware that I am not entirely powerless when demanding that some attention should be paid to my wishes."

"Of course, you can stop my allowance, but you are such a stickler for precedent that I doubt if you would adopt an action so extreme. The heir to Tollbrooke has always had an income."

"Yes ; but the heir to Tollbrooke has never before been a confounded fool."

"My dear uncle, how can you so misstate well-known facts? There has never been a lack of fools in our family, old or young."

"There is no old fool in the family now, Harry, and, as the representative of our clan, I am determined there shall be no young fool either. If you do not promise me to give up this musical nonsense I shall not only stop the allowance, precedent or no precedent, but I shall cut down the timber and sell it."

"So be it. But I warn you that I may obtain a legal injunction against you in the premises, and, if not, I can at least get a piano-organ and play 'Woodman, Spare That Tree' under your window until you relent."

"Oh, this is not a laughing matter, Harry. You will find it easier to get rid of an income than to acquire a new one."

"That may or may not be the fact. I am determined to have a try."

"Well, of all fools——"

"No, no, uncle ; you've got hold of the wrong adage. That one is about the old fool. You want the one about the fool and his money, or something of that sort."

"Do you mean to say you are about to attempt making a living as a musician? Not here in London, I trust?"

"No ; I shall observe the proprieties, and not raise the blush to the cheek of either a Tollbrooke or a Sele. I shall not only adopt a *nom de guerre*, but I shall make my experiment in America."

"We are both of the same stubborn stock, and I know the uselessness of arguing. But I am as bent on having my way as you are on having yours. I shall set your allowance aside in a special account at the bank every month. The moment you want it you can have it, by writing or sending a wire, but it is understood that when you do this you are prepared to adopt my view."

"Quite so, uncle. And when I am getting a thousand pounds a night, with musical continents raving over me, don't forget that a post-card will bring you all you need of the money."

"I shall be too anxious to conceal the fact that the famous musician is my nephew to risk disclosure by using so open a method of communication as a post-card. Shall we break another bottle of this wine, Harry? You won't find its like in New York, I venture to say."

"I am told that it is because so much of it is in America that there is so little in your club. Thanks, no, I shall not drink any more. I must begin to deny myself all luxuries for a while."

"There is just one proviso I wish to make, which is, that you won't bring back an American wife."

"Oh, I say, that's a bit unreasonable, you know. If a lady over there does me the honour to marry me, I really must bring her back with me if she'll come."

The young man rose to his feet, laughing quietly as he held out his hand to his uncle, but, seeing that the old man was in genuine distress over the situation, the hilarity vanished, and he said, soberly enough, "Have no fear for me. I go to America to make a name for myself, and not to change the name of a woman."

Harry Sele began his career in New York handicapped by all the disadvantages with which a foolish belief in various romantic theories could hamper him. He wished to succeed by merit alone. He might have taken over the ocean a trunkful of introductory letters which would have opened to him doors closed to all but the elect. He imagined that his contempt for the pride of birth and race was not only democratic but genuine. He was determined to win as a musician, not as an aristocrat.

It is an unhappy task to write an account of a career that tends steadily downward, so we will make no effort in that direction, but come to the blissful hour when recognition at last touched Harry on the shoulder. Of course, no one of properly-balanced mind can pretend any real sympathy with Harry, who might by sending a post-card have lifted the floodgates of an ever-accumulating fund, and caused an adequate income to flow in his direction. All he needed to do was to admit failure and promise to amend his ways. An old man in London was longing for the admission, now made the more anxious because for seven months all trace of the boy had been lost.

Silas Holder, of Samuels, Benson, and Holder, owners of that huge and well-known department store in New York, with large establishments in various other cities of the Union, had on his hands a man from the West who was manager of one of the most important branches. Holder took him round town after dark, as was his custom when these Westerners invaded the big city. At a certain saloon in the lower quarters it was reputed that good beer and better music were furnished to customers, and the Western man having heard of this place which the New Yorker knew nothing about, because it is only when their friends come in from the West that natives learn anything of their own city, Holder and his guest made their way to the spot.

"I don't know very much about music," said Holder, at last, "but it seems to me that the playing of that tramp at the piano beats the band."

"He certainly can dust off the ivories better than any fellow I ever heard," corroborated the Westerner; "that rendition of 'Whistling Rufus' was immense."

Thus it came about that during an interval Holder made his way to the ragged performer and accosted him.

"Look here, my friend; you play the piano pretty well. With practice and a few lessons you will soon be on to the game."

"Thanks," responded the musician, languidly.

"Now, young chap, if it's not too intimate a question to ask, how much do they give you a week for this job?"

"I would rather not answer that question, if you don't mind. Competition is keen in this town, and I shouldn't care, by boasting of my position, to invite rivalry. I may say, however, that it isn't so much the salary as the perquisites that makes the situation so desirable."

"The perquisites?" echoed Holder, rather resentful of the tone in which the other addressed him, as well as somewhat astonished at the language he used.

"Yes. I'm allowed two glasses of beer each evening, and you ought to know, if you are a frequenter of the place, that the beer is good."

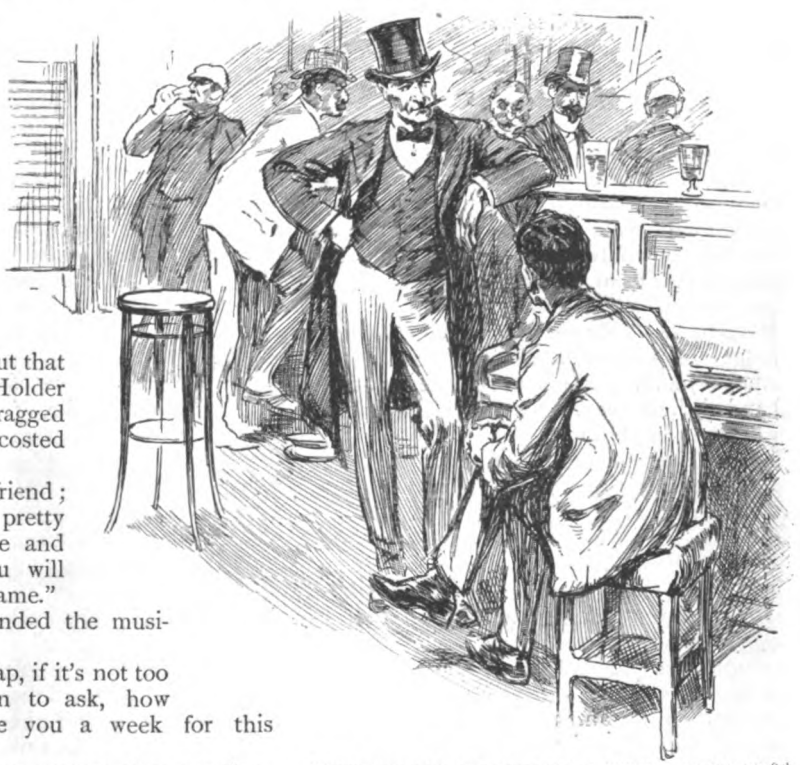
"I am not a frequenter, but I'm ready to talk business with you. If you come with me I'll give you twenty-five dollars a week to begin, and if you make a hit there'll be an increase."

"A hit! I'll never make a hit. What's your line—music-hall, variety show, theatre, or circus?"

"I'm Holder, of Samuels, Benson, and Holder." The merchant made this announcement with that air of pride which the celebrity of his firm justified.

"Theatrical trust?" inquired the young man, innocently.

"No; department store."



"HOW MUCH DO THEY GIVE YOU A WEEK FOR THIS JOB?"

"Ah, yes. Pardon me. I remember the place now, although when you first mentioned the name I failed to recognise it. How can a man make a hit in a department store? Of what would my duties consist?"

"We have a music department which is very popular, and its popularity largely

depends on the man at the grand piano. We furnish you with the very best grand piano that's made. You occupy an elevated platform, and are surrounded by a counter on which lie piles of sheet music, giving all the latest and most popular compositions in rag-time and coon songs. A customer selects something, and one of the sales-girls hands it up to you, and you dash off a bit of it, just enough to let the lady know whether she wants to buy the piece or not."

The experience-saddened eyes of the player raised themselves to the face of the man of commerce, and for a moment or two he made no comment on the explanation he had received; then he said, slowly:—

"That would be heavenly. The fact that the performer need not finish the composition adds to the attractiveness of your proposal. I will accept gladly on one condition, which is that you advance me enough money to refit, as I should hesitate to introduce this shop-worn costume, saturated with tobacco smoke, into the presence of ladies who buy rag-time in the form of sheet music."

Silas Holder did not more than half like this style of conversation. The young man produced a subtle suspicion of conferring a favour rather than receiving one, as was so palpably the case; and, as everyone knows, the tide of contempt, if it is to run at all, should flow from the man of money toward the failure who cannot make the cash. Nevertheless, Mr. Holder was so good a judge of character that he trusted this stranger, and, producing the necessary funds, handed them over, saying: "I imagine that will see you through. I shall expect you to show up at the store on Monday."

"I shall be there as soon as the doors are open," replied Sele, with his best bow.

And when he came it was generally admitted that in appearance he seemed almost as much the gentleman as was the chief floor-walker. Indeed, Holder had every reason to congratulate himself on his perspicuity. Here was but another instance of his acknowledged judgment of men. Sele proved an instantaneous success. He injected into the most reckless specimens of rag-time a suggestion of sentimental tenderness which had hitherto been conspicuously lacking, and which especially appealed to the women. They crowded round the music counters in well-dressed flocks, and bought sheet music to an extent never before known in the New World. As the profit on this sort of merchandise is several hundreds per cent., and the output limited only by the capacity of the printing-presses, the rag-time section of a department store is not to be despised when balance-sheets are made up.

Curiously enough, as showing the inscrutable ways of Providence and the blundering methods of men, it was old Benson himself who drew his daughter's attention to the man at the grand piano. Benson was the financial chief of the concern, a hard-headed man with no nonsense about him, as the saying is. The firm of Samuels, Benson, and Holder had never contained a Samuels. The mythical name was placed first to give people the idea that things could be had from the store at bargain prices, Benson's idea being that the way to make large profits was to hypnotize the public into believing they were buying cheap. Benson had been successful with all his possessions excepting his only daughter; he could not understand her. Although she pretended to be fond of music, he could never get her to appreciate the beauty of the rag-time department at the store.

"I say, Sadie," began her father one evening at dinner, "Holder is the greatest chap ever was for picking up the right man for the right place. He has just made the biggest kind of a find for our rag-time department."

"Oh, the rag-time department!" commented Sadie, loftily.

"That's all right, but it's turning in to-day a bigger percentage of profit than any other two sections of the store."

"The rag-time department doesn't interest me, father."

"It would, Sadie, if you had any ear for music. Why, our new man can play coon tunes in a way that would bring tears to your eyes."

"I dare say that is exactly the effect it would produce."

"Yes, Sadie, I know you're making fun of me and of the store; but that's where our money comes from, and don't you forget it."

"As if I were likely to!" remarked the girl, ungratefully.

"Why, this man plays coon songs better than ever I've heard them since the Plantation Singers were round when I was a boy. He just makes you feel like a nigger who's been turned out of the old cabin home—good night—and thinks he's never going to see it again."

Sadie made no reply, but it was quite evident she had not the slightest interest in this topic of conversation, when her father, piqued by his lack of success, was prompted by some demon to say the thing that would prove the touch of the torch to the slow match.

"Now, I'll give you a suggestion, Sadie,

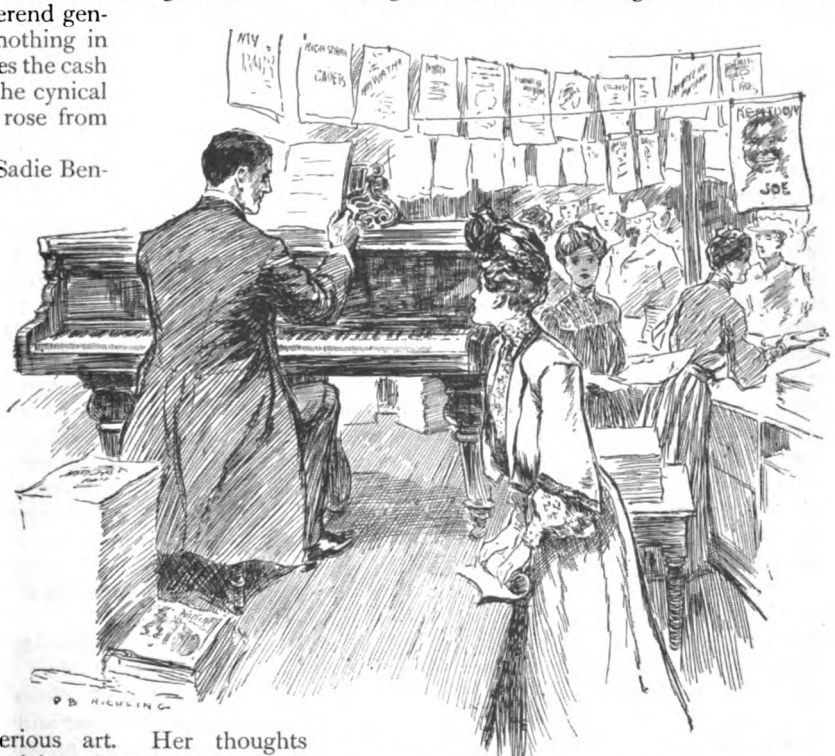
and when you remember that it was my suggestions that built up the business, perhaps you'll have some respect for it. You are wondering how to get some attraction that will bring in money at the next church social. Very good. I'll give you all the sheet music you want for nothing. I'll send over some men the day before, who will set up the platform and put the grand piano in place, with tables all round for the sheet music. The afternoon of the social I'll give you this player, and all the pretty girls will sell the music at prices five times as much as we charge, and that will make the whole congregation thank goodness that they are privileged to deal at a department store at ordinary times. Now, if you get together a nice lot of girls, real society girls whose names appear in the papers when they announce the affair, it will make New York think that all the younger section of the Four Hundred will be there, and I venture to predict you will place the finances of the church on a substantial basis."

"Thank you very much, father. I will consult the vicar about it, and if he has no objection to rag-time in the church hall I, as secretary, will accept your kind offer and tender you the formal thanks of the organization."

"Oh, the reverend gentleman will put nothing in your way if he sees the cash ahead," replied the cynical merchant as he rose from the table.

The next day Sadie Benson, whose appreciation of music went far beyond her ability to execute it, experienced some difficulty with the intricate Mr. Grieg, and came away from the master who taught her extremely dissatisfied with herself, for she was a conscientious young woman to whom music was a serious art. Her thoughts turned to the musician whom her father had told her about. She walked to the great department store, stood back from the crowd around the popular music counters, and watched the young man who was the centre of attraction. She had not been prepared to see so distinguished an individual fronting the keys, and for a moment thought that this must be the secret of his popularity. But as she listened to the snips of harmony he produced she was forced reluctantly to admit that there was something in negro minstrelsy she had never known before. He seemed to have the power of making the most banal composition sound as if the man who wrote it actually had an idea in his head at the time. At last she unclasped the music-roll she carried, took out the sheets of Grieg, waved aside the sales-girl who was feeding rag-time to the player as a thresher feeds sheaves to a machine, and reached up the roll to Harry Sele. He took it automatically, as the threshing-machine takes a sheave, careless whether it contains grain or chaff. He spread the leaves out before him, then seemed to awake suddenly. He turned his head to learn how this mistake had occurred, and met those eyes full upon him.

"Please," whispered the red lips. The thought that flashed through his mind was:



"HE TURNED HIS HEAD, AND MET THOSE EYES FULL UPON HIM."

"It is worth crossing the ocean to see a face like that."

He bent his head in silent acquiescence to the whisper, squared his shoulders, and a moment after his fingers lovingly caressed the keys a hush fell on the chattering crowd. The harried sales-girls rested and listened, with no protest from impatient customers. The achievement ended, Sele again encountered that inspiring face, the eyes now moist, the sensitive lips trembling a little.

"Thanks, my lady," said Harry, in a tone as low and distinct as her own. The young woman took the sheets and bowed her acknowledgment, but did not venture to speak. He watched her thread her way through the throng, but not until she disappeared did he pay attention to the importunities of his assistant.

A few days later Mr. Benson informed him that he had been lent for the afternoon and evening to the church bazaar being held that day, and the young man made no objection to the transfer of his services.

Arriving at the church hall, he strolled for a time aimlessly about the large and busy room, waiting until his turn came. The scene was animated and friendly, but as in all that assemblage he did not know a single soul he was haunted by that sense of loneliness in the multitude which of late had scarcely ever left him. He was thinking rather bitterly that he was a fool, uselessly wasting his life in the pursuit of an ambition which seemed each day farther from fulfilment, when his mental wanderings were suddenly arrested by the sight of the Grieg lady, as he termed her. She did not see him, and for this mercy he was thankful, but the fact that she was here brought him to a quick determination that it was impossible for him to play the frivolous trash for which purpose he was sent there, under the scrutiny of those intelligent, adorable eyes. At once he sought out the vicar and said it would be impossible for him to carry out his part of the programme that afternoon and evening. The reverend gentleman was much perturbed, protesting quite reasonably that the player was rather late in coming to such a conclusion.

"Oh, there will be no trouble in procuring a substitute," asserted Harry. "The most incompetent musician can play these trifles quite as well as I. It is not as if I were to give a piano recital."

"Come with me," said the vicar, who was a wise and diplomatic man, accustomed by the mildest methods to ensure his own way. "Come to the secretary's room. Before you make up your mind definitely to abandon us I should like our secretary to show you how much we were relying on your assistance."

"All the secretaries in the world could not make me change my mind," declared Sele, with something of his old-time firmness. "There are reasons which I cannot explain. I shall not play."

"Our secretary is a very persuasive person," said the wise vicar, with a smile. "Please sit down here for a moment until I fetch her."

Presently the clergyman returned, and Sele realized that the Grieg lady and the secretary were the same person. Harry rose as they entered.

"I don't think I caught your name," said the vicar, inquiringly.

"My name is Sele."

"Mr. Sele, let me introduce you to our capable secretary, Miss Benson, who tells me she knows the reason you refuse to play," and with that the crafty vicar left them alone together.

"Yes," said Sadie, "I not only know the reason, but I appreciate the justice of it. We should not have asked you to fill a *rôle* which is entirely unworthy of your talent. Now I propose a complete change of programme. I suggest that——"

"First let me take the liberty of correcting you, Miss Benson," interrupted this blunt young man. "I pretend to no talent. A man, I suppose, sinks into what he is best fitted for. The reason I refused to play trash was because I saw your face among the crowd of strangers, and I did not wish to play my worst before a lady who had for one brief moment inspired me to attempt my best. But I shall be delighted to play 'In Dahomey' if you wish me to do so."

Sadie gazed at the carpet long enough to impress its pattern on her memory; then she looked up unperturbed at the young man.

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Sele? Now, please draw out a programme of all the selections you would like to play this afternoon."

He did as requested, and handed her the sheet with the remark: "How would that do?"

"Excellently," she approved, cordially, glancing over it. "Now we shall hear something worth while."

The young man sat and watched the secretary, who displayed an executive ability that would have done credit to her father. She

"HE DID AS REQUESTED, AND HANDED HER THE SHEET."

summoned a girl typist from an inner room, gave her the programme, with instructions to have it stencilled as speedily as possible and put on the rotary duplicator, and named the price at which copies were to be sold. Then she organized a corps of girls who were to do the selling, and, having started everything in motion, turned to the young man, and said calmly, as if he were a candidate for examination :—

"Where did you study music, Mr. Sele?"

"In Vienna, Munich, Paris. The usual places."

"You prepared yourself for a career?"

"I thought I was doing so at the time."

"Have you changed your mind?"

"Very completely, Miss Benson."

"That seems a pity after all your preparation, and at a moment when you are perhaps on the threshold of success. You have had a struggle, perhaps?"

"It has been a bit difficult now and then."

"Are you going to allow a few rebuffs to discourage you? Don't you think we grow by overcoming difficulties?"

"It's been the other way about, I'm afraid. The difficulties overcame me. I am no conquering hero."

"So you are going to give up your idea of a career?"

"Yes."

"Somehow I formed the idea that you had more persistence. The view I got of your profile the day you played Grieg for me—the set of your lips, the contour of your chin, the unconscious squaring of the shoulders when you set to work—gave me the impression that you were resolute, perhaps even stubborn. You are proving yourself disappointing, Mr. Sele."

"I always disappoint my friends, and they are accustomed to term my action stubbornness. The trouble is that I have lately disappointed myself, and this has entirely changed the situation. My chin did not belie me. I am stubborn. It has taken three hard and merciless years to convince me that I am a fool, and yet my friends at home arrived at the fact in less than as many minutes."

"Do you know what 'grub-staking' is, Mr. Sele?" was her unexpected question.

"I have heard the term, but can't place it just at the moment."

"It is a Western phrase, and it means that a man with money supplies a miner who has none with enough to buy food and other necessaries while he prospects for gold or silver in the mountains. I should not like to see you defeated for lack of money. I'll 'grub-stake' you, Mr. Sele, while you prospect the musical mountains."

The fine eyes of the girl, as they gazed across at him, were aglow with the enthusiasm of the missionary. The young man did not fall into the error of supposing that there was anything personal in her anxiety for his welfare. He was merely a brand to be snatched from the burning—a fellow-creature whose steps were to be turned aside from the path of failure. The semi-ecclesias-

tical architecture of the room, the subdued radiance of the light from the painted window, added a suggestion of the convent to the white dress, and the colour slowly crept to the face of her auditor because his thoughts were of the world rather than of the church, and his fancy pictured the fair head under a worldly coronet rather than obscured by a nun's coif.

"You are very good and very kind, Miss Benson, and if I accepted help I would rather accept it from you than from anyone else on earth. But the situation is like this. I am a trifle superstitious, and it seems as if for the last three years I have been battling against a just fate. There is a paragraph somewhere in the Prayer Book which says we should do our duty in the station to which the Lord has called us. Now, it was quite evident to what duty the Lord called me, but being, as you have surmised, a wilful person, I took another direction. Now I am going back."

"What are the duties of which you speak?"

"There is an old gentleman in England called the Earl of Tollbrooke. My father, during his life, was by way of being a bailiff, or steward, on Lord Tollbrooke's estate, and it was expected that I should take up the task when he died. I went in for music instead, much to his lordship's disappointment."

"Was there any difficulty in finding a substitute?"

"Yes, rather. You see, these duties run in families, as one might say, and then his lordship is really very poor, although he owns so much land, and one must not expect too large a salary, and one must also understand dealing with the tenantry, granting their requests when they don't cost much money, and persuading them that they do not really want the improvements when they are expensive."

"Is there a castle?"

"No; but a lovely manor house of Elizabeth's time, quite one of the finest in England, I should say, with a charming undulating wooded landscape all round it."

"I think Lord Tollbrooke a very fortunate man to be privileged to live in such a house."

"Oh, he never lives there. He can't afford it. He lives at his club in London for the most part, mitigated by occasional visits to continental Spas. His lordship is a bachelor, and he lets the old manor house."

"His lordship leads a very useless life, I imagine, and I suppose the estate will go to one no better."

"Lord Tollbrooke is a very delightful, courteous, kindly old man. He will be succeeded by a nephew, whose uselessness in this world merits all you might say against such characters."

"And you, a young man, prefer to be the dependent of a family like that rather than make the most of your talents in America?"

"Dependence is merely a relative term. I was much more independent there than ever I have been in America."

The young woman rose, a smile on her face.

"Perhaps you will change your mind under the stimulant of applause. I think you will find the audience very appreciative this afternoon; I know there is a great treat in store for them. Your ideas about independence disappoint me, but nevertheless I wish you luck," and with that she held out her hand to him. He bent over it and raised it to his lips with an old-world deference in his manner that reminded her of a scene in an historical novel.

At that moment the door opened and her father came in, followed by the vicar. Mr. Benson banished the expression of resentment which for a brief moment leapt into his face. He ignored his employé and turned to his daughter.

"Everything is ready, Sadie," he said, quietly.

"I shall have the pleasure of introducing you in my best platform manner," remarked the vicar, suavely, and the quartet left the secretary's room together.

The concert was an avowed success, and the evening performance even more of a triumph. Harry Sele was congratulated by everyone except Mr. Benson, who thought his daughter unnecessarily complimentary to the young man, and stood by gloomily while she talked to him. Benson made no comment, but determined to nip this acquaintanceship in the bud. It required tact, and he knew it. His designs, which had always been successful, were invariably thought out in silence and executed with a rapidity which left his opponent no chance of victory. For once he was in a state of indecision. He wished to discharge Harry Sele, but feared such an action might prove a mistake in tactics. The problem was solved for him by Holder next day, when he announced with considerable dolour that the young man had resigned.

"I think those concerts turned his head. Fashionable women make such a silly fuss

over anyone they take up. I imagine he thinks he can break into society now."

"Did he say anything to that effect?" asked Benson, with more inward anxiety than he cared to show.

"When I hinted at a rise in wages, and asked why he wished to leave, he said he hoped to better his position. He was very reticent about what he intended to do, but I gathered that social ambition was the cause of his resignation."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter to us what becomes of him. Engage someone else in his place, Holder."

Benson tried to persuade himself that the episode was ended, and endeavoured to thrust all thought of the young man and his affairs from his mind; but the situation, nevertheless, worried him, and he went home early that afternoon. Fate had been unusually kind to Silas Benson all his life, and now, as if to establish her fame for impartiality, proceeded to make a football of him. Arriving at his residence, he saw Harry Sele coming down the steps. The young man was well dressed and well groomed, seeming much more the club man about town than the ex-employé of a department store. There was an air of confident self-satisfaction about him that exasperated the elder, but, as usual, he said nothing, and the two men passed with a scanty acknowledgment of each other's existence. It was at this moment that Silas Benson planned a masterly retreat.

He found his daughter seated in the drawing-room, so much absorbed in thought that she was quite startled when he came in.

"Why, father, you are home early," she cried.

"Yes, I am rather tired; have been feeling tired all the week."

"You look harassed. It is not about Mr. Sele by any chance?"

It was now Mr. Benson's turn to be startled.

"Why should I be harassed about him?"

"I didn't know but he was the cause. You told me the other day that the music department was very prosperous because of his playing, and now he informs me that he has left the store. If you had come a moment sooner you would have met him."

"Oh, he is of no importance whatever, and his going or staying doesn't matter in the least," said her father, wearily. "I have not had a vacation for years, and I think one is about due me now. I need a good long rest. What do you say to a trip to Europe, Sadie?"

"That would be delightful," replied the girl, with unexpected enthusiasm.

"You are willing to leave your numerous pensioners to take care of themselves for a few months while you look after your old dad?"

Sadie went round to the back of the arm-chair in which he sat, put her arms gently about his neck, and laid her cheek against his.

"Father," she said, almost in a whisper, "I am just beginning to learn that the individual is much more interesting than the mass. Sympathy and help should perhaps be concentrated rather than spread out too thin. I will take good care of you over in Europe."

"That's all right, then," replied her father, with a sigh of relief. "I'll secure rooms on the *Carbonic*, which sails next week."

"SADIE WENT ROUND TO THE BACK OF THE ARM-CHAIR IN WHICH HE SAT AND PUT HER ARMS GENTLY ABOUT HIS NECK."

Seven days later, as the American shore was fading from sight, Silas Benson, as he reclined on his deck-chair, began to realize what sport Fate was having with him, when he saw Harry Sele, attired in quite correct steamer togs, emerge from the opening that led to the companion-way and glance imperturbably up and down the promenade of the huge steamship.

Old Lord Tollbrooke sat in the strangers' room of his club awaiting the arrival of a man unknown to him, who had telegraphed so urgent an appeal from Queenstown for an interview that his lordship was almost inclined to forward an invitation because of the length and expense of the telegram alone. The Earl of Tollbrooke rarely wasted money on telegrams, being economical on everything except wine. But this Queenstown message said the proposed conference pertained to the welfare of Harry Sele, and so his lordship responded by means of a telegram to the *Carbonic*, Liverpool, inviting Mr. Benson to call at the club that afternoon. The natural anxiety caused by the receipt of the stranger's message was mitigated by the fact that the Earl expected Harry himself later in the day. He hoped America had knocked the nonsense out of the young man's head, but the telegram made him fear entanglements which might require all his diplomacy to straighten out. The wine of '78 had been gone this three years now, but a certain amount of consolation was to be found in the later vintage which stood at his lordship's elbow. "He wasna fou, but jist had planty," and was consequently in his most urbane humour when Mr. Silas Benson was announced.

"Pray be seated, Mr. Benson," said his lordship, with a courteous wave of the hand. "I regret to begin our conversation with the deplorable announcement that our stock of '78 has been absorbed some time since, but its successor is not without merit, as you will find if you venture on a glass."

"Thanks, but I never touch wine, although I deal in the best brands. I bought the available stock of '78 a few years ago, and I have it piled in a row about one-eighth of a mile long in the cellars of that firm at Rheims. They take care of it for me, and I order by cable as required."

The ancient nobleman leaned back in his chair and gazed awe-struck at his guest, speechless for the moment. At last he said, in husky tones, "You—you own an eighth of a mile of '78 and don't drink?"

"No; I prefer hard cider."

"Well, well, well; this is a strange world after all."

"I shall be delighted to send you some cases. If you've got such a thing as a telegraph blank in this club I can have them here by to-morrow night."

With trembling hand his lordship struck a bell.

"Bring some telegraph forms, and be quick about it," he said to the waiter who responded.

The message being sent off, Mr. Benson plunged at once into the subject which brought him there.

"Lord Tollbrooke, I am face to face with a crisis which I can't handle. If you help me to what I want I'll turn over to you that eighth of a mile of wine in the Rheims cellars. A young fellow named Sele, who I understand is to occupy a subordinate position on your estates as land agent, or something of that sort, has managed to insinuate himself into the regard of a silly girl in whom I am interested. I am determined to stop this acquaintanceship from going any farther, but am confronted with the dilemma of not knowing how to do it."

"Sir," bristled the old Earl, his eyes aflame with anger, "the dilemma is mutual. Harry was always a fool, and comes of a family of fools, although his forefathers were not such confounded fools as he gives promise of being. Of course, the match must be stopped. What have you to propose?"

"Well, I suppose the young fellow wants money. I am in a position to provide the money; but, you see, on account of the girl, I cannot very well appear in this transaction. A person of title like yourself has, I am told, an enormous influence over what are called the common people of this country. If you can persuade or coerce Sele to marry someone of his own class, I'll settle five thousand dollars a year on them the day of the wedding."

"It is a person of his own class that I would force him to marry, if I could," replied his lordship, very earnestly, "but you are entirely mistaken in supposing I have any influence over the young cub. I think you are going the wrong way about this arrangement. Couldn't you make terms with the girl?"

"Utterly impossible," asserted Mr. Benson, with great emphasis. "She wouldn't pay the slightest attention to me. She's my daughter."

His lordship whistled softly, then said, reflectively:—

"Then we seem to be at a deadlock. Harry is as stubborn as a mule, and so polite in controversy that you can't decently quarrel with him. I have tried quarrelling, but never with any success, and as I am growing old I wish to live in peace the remainder of my time. I may say it would be quite useless to make him a money offer. You can bribe me with good wine, but you couldn't do it with money, and you couldn't influence Harry with either. Suppose we try this experiment? I shall endeavour to persuade the young lady, while you attempt to coerce my nephew."

"Your nephew? What has he to do with it?"

Before his lordship could reply, a servitor of the club threw open the door and announced in an impressive voice: "The Honourable Mr. Harry Sele."

"My dear uncle," cried Harry, with more of emotion in his voice than one so self-centred might have been supposed to show, "I cannot tell you how glad I am to see you, and looking three years younger instead of that much older."

"Ah, you young dog, you think to flatter me, do you?" exclaimed the old man, with tremulous, tender violence. "I have been hearing of your carrying on. What excuse have you to make, sir?"

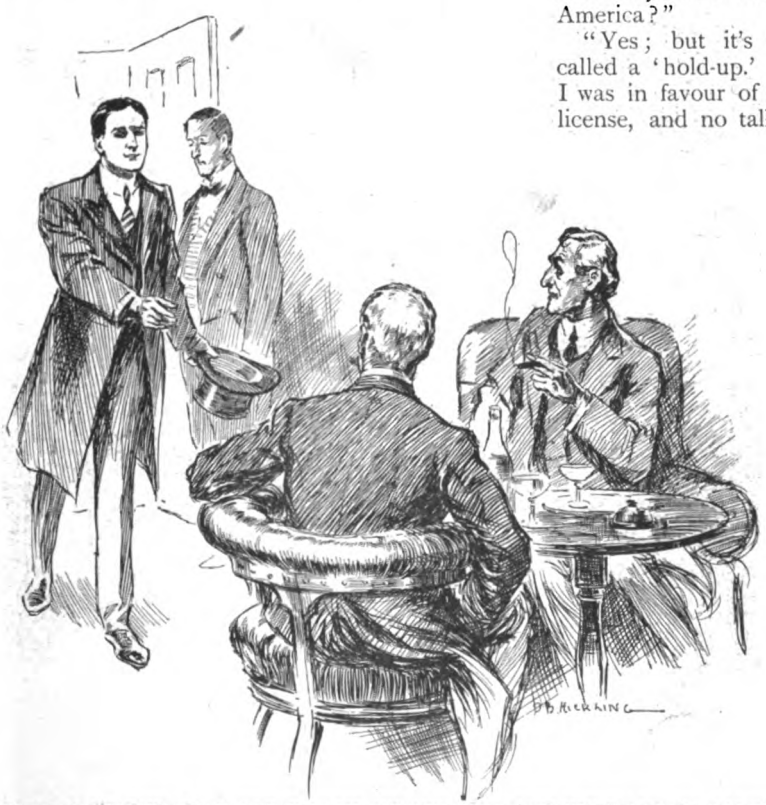
"None at all, uncle. Ah, pardon me, Mr. Benson. I did not see you until this moment, but I am glad you are here. Sadie said she was not afraid of you, and after that display of courage I could not pretend to be afraid of my uncle. So I am happy at finding you both together. You have really no chance, either of you. You have merely the choice of being amiable and saying 'Bless you, my children,' or it is a special license to-morrow, and good-bye to you both."

"You reprobate. Are those the manners they have taught you in America?"

"Yes; but it's technically called a 'hold-up.' I may say I was in favour of the special license, and no talk about it, but Sadie thought it only fair to give you each a chance."

"For my part, Harry," growled the old Earl, "I wouldn't stand out a moment longer if it wasn't for the wine."

"Sir, the wine offer holds good," said Mr. Benson, with a deep sigh. "I guess I know when I'm beaten as well as the next man."



"A SERVITOR OF THE CLUB THREW OPEN THE DOOR AND ANNOUNCED, 'THE HONOURABLE MR. HARRY SELE.'"

The Result of the Artistic Photographic Prize Competition.

WITH REPRODUCTIONS OF THE WINNING PHOTOGRAPHS.

WHEN, in our June number, we offered a prize of a hundred pounds for the photograph, taken from the life, which should most closely reproduce a given well-known painting set for imitation, we added our conviction that we should "be enabled to

THE ORIGINAL PAINTING SET AS A COPY.

"LADY HAMILTON AS ARIADNE." By ROMNEY.

(By permission of Henry Graves and Co., 6, Pall Mall, London, S.W.)

adorn our pages with a selection from a very great number of charming works, the best of which will be reproduced side by side with the originals, thus providing a most interesting method of comparison." This expectation has been completely fulfilled. The competition has excited a widespread interest—photographs have reached us from the four quarters of the world—and of the merit of some of the competing works our readers have now an opportunity of judging for themselves, by comparing the prize-winning photographs, point by point, with the original paintings which were set as copies.

THE PHOTOGRAPH WHICH WINS THE FIRST PRIZE OF £100.

Photographer: Mr. H. E. WINTER, 33, Shrewsbury Road, Harlesden, London.
Sitter: Miss DOROTHY DERRICK, 2, Glenfield Road, Harlesden, London.

THE ORIGINAL PAINTING SET AS A COPY.

"LADY WALLSCOURT." By SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.

(By permission of Henry Graves and Co., 6, Pall Mall, London, S.W.)

Of these paintings, four in number, perhaps the favourite was Romney's "Lady Hamilton as Ariadne"—though the competitions were fairly equally divided among the four—and the first prize of a hundred pounds has been adjudged to a photograph reproducing this subject. We do not think it possible for a photograph to come much nearer a facsimile than the work of Mr. Winter and Miss Derrick. The whole pose of the figure is quite admirable, and though it is, of course, possible to detect differences in minor points, such as certain folds of the drapery, that is because an exact

THE WINNER OF THE SECOND PRIZE OF £30.

Photographer: Mr. W. W. WINTER, 45, Midland Road, Derby.
Sitter: Miss TERESA M. HOOLEY, Risley Lodge, near Derby.

resemblance is beyond the bounds of possibility.

The painting of "Lady Wallscourt," by Sir Thomas Lawrence, produced a great number of admirable studies, the best of which was, on the whole, better than the second best of "Lady Hamilton." This study is here reproduced, and is the winner of the second prize of thirty pounds. Though not so accurate as the first prize, the whole bears a close resemblance to the original, and conveys more of its peculiar grace and charm than any of its competitors, and well deserves the success which it has attained. It is

THE ORIGINAL PAINTING SET AS A COPY.

"HEAD OF A GIRL"—A PORTION OF THE PICTURE, "THE BROKEN PITCHER." BY GREUZE.
(By permission of the Autotype Co., 74, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.)

somewhat singular that the photographer in both cases is a Mr. Winter, though of different Christian names and addresses.

The third prize is taken by the charming study of the "Head of a Girl," by Greuze, the work of two ladies, a production which runs the second prize hard in order of merit. It secures the sum of twenty pounds, divided, as in the case of the other winners, evenly between photographer and sitter.

The fourth subject-painting set for imitation, "Fair Rosamund," by W. C. Wontner, produced a considerable number of clever studies; but on the whole these were hardly up to the level of the competitions for the other three, perhaps because the dress turned out to be unexpectedly difficult to imitate. One of the photographs of this subject would, however, have stood a very good chance of winning one of the prizes but for the fact that it had been so worked up by hand that it might more properly be called a

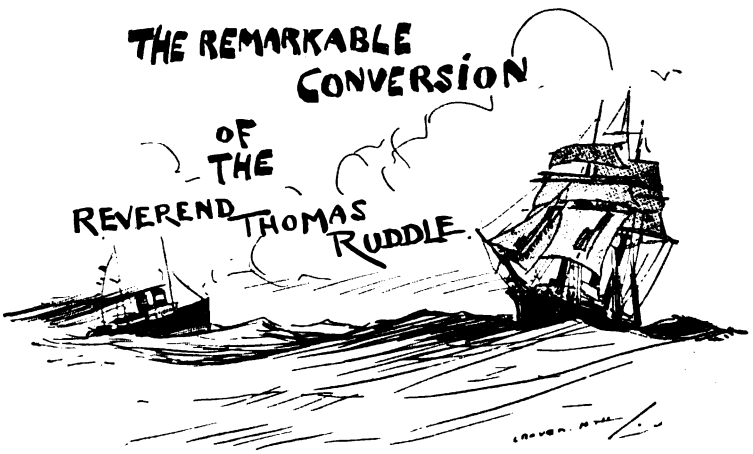
THE WINNER OF THE THIRD PRIZE OF £20.

Photographer: Miss LUCY LEONARD LAWRENCE, Mountview, Caeran Crescent, Newport, Mon.
Sitter: Miss KATHLEEN E. LLEWELLYN, 62, Stow Hill, Newport, Mon.

painting than a photograph. It may be mentioned that the same cause, in a lesser degree, disqualified a large number of studies which otherwise possessed great merit.

Cheques for the prizes have been sent to the winners. Our thanks and congratulations are due not only to them, but also to scores of other competitors, who, though unsuccessful, have sent in some delightful work.

Next month we shall publish the result of the second competition, in which the paintings to be copied are the pictures of children, reproduced in the July issue of this Magazine.



By Morley Roberts.

THE passengers on board the ss. *Nantucket*, bound from New York to Table Bay, were of a kind to make any old-fashioned seaman shake his head and talk dismally of Davy Jones. They were nearly all ministers and missionaries, and it is well known to all who follow the sea that gentlemen of that kind are unlucky to have on board. For Davy Jones is a veritable demon, and if he gets a chance to drown a minister he does it at once, so that he may do no more good. There can be no mistake about this, for every sailor-man of great experience will endorse the theory with strange oaths. What all sailors say must be true, for they know their business.

One of these missionaries was the Reverend Mr. Ruddle, and he was the chief of all the others who were going to South Africa to do it good. There were six of them all told. Thomas Ruddle had his wife with him, for he could not exist without her, and she for her part thought him a marvellous man and a darling. He had a beautiful smile and a big beard, and a voice like the bellow of an amiable bull. But Mrs. Ruddle was blue-eyed, with the complexion of a Californian peach and a voice like a flute. She would have followed him to Davy Jones's locker itself if he had asked her, and, though he did not think of doing anything so unorthodox, they were not far from having to go there without the consent of anyone, for when the *Nantucket* was within two hundred miles of Cape Town it came on to blow from the south-east as if a very demon was at the bellows; and after the old packet had proved that she hadn't sufficient power to make headway against the gale, she promptly cracked her shaft and went drifting away to loo'ard like a Dutch schuyt on a lee tide.

"It is a very sad misfortune, and I do not know now when we shall be in Africa," said Tom Ruddle. "I regret to say, my dear, that the captain is on the main-deck using very bad language to the chief engineer, who is replying to him in a way that I cannot approve. Indeed, I think he is worse than Captain Stokes, if it is possible, which I doubt."

Down below the engineers were trying very hard to fake up something to brace round the shaft, so that they could at least turn the engines ahead when the weather let up a little. It seemed a hopeless job, and to none so hopeless as to the engine-room crowd. And just as perseverance with the impossible seemed about to be rewarded the *Nantucket* gave a wallow in an awful sea and quietly dropped her propeller as a scared lizard drops its tail. Then, very naturally, the wind took off and the sea went down and smoothed itself out, and looked quite pretty to those who had been watching the grey waste in despair.

"We're done," said the skipper. For the idea of sailing her into Table Bay was as feasible as sailing her to the moon. The wind, although it had fallen light, was still in the east, and it threatened to stay so till it blew another gale, after the fashion of Cape weather, where fifty per cent. of all winds that blow are gales.

"It is exceedingly unfortunate," said Ruddle.

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"What will happen to us?" asked his fellows, in deep melancholy.

"Something must," said their brave leader, and sure enough it did. A sailing-ship hove in sight to loo'ard. The skipper, as soon as he heard of the stranger, made up his mind what to do. He hoisted the signal, "In distress—want assistance," and presently the sailing-ship came up under her lee within hailing distance and backed her main-topsail.

"Are you bound for Table Bay?" asked Captain Stokes, and the obliging stranger said he was. In ten minutes it was all arranged and the *Nantucket* passengers were being transhipped to the *Ocean Wave*, of a thousand tons register, belonging to London. Stokes went on board with the last boat and shook hands with the master of the *Ocean Wave*.

"When you get in send a tug out to find us," said Stokes; "it's goin' to blow heavy in a while."

"I'll do it," said Captain Grey; "but are you sure that you won't come along?"

"I'd go under first," said Stokes. "I'll stick by her till I'm as old as the Flying Dutchman and my beard is down to my knees."

It was very rash to say such things on the very cruising ground of Vanderdecken, and some of the crew of the *Wave* that heard it shivered. But Stokes was a hard case and believed in nothing. He said good-bye to his passengers and went on board the *Nantucket*. The *Ocean Wave* boarded her main-tack and stood on her course with her new crowd of passengers, who were very much delighted to be on board something that did not go to leeward like a butter-cask.

"How strange to be on board a sailing-ship," said Ruddle, as he stood on the poop with the skipper, who was a genial old chap, with a white beard and a figure as square as a four-hundred-gallontank.

"Why strange, Mr. Ruddle?" asked Captain Grey. "Barring your rig-out, you look a deal more like a seaman than a parson—at least, you do to my eye."

"Your eye is right, captain," said Ruddle, with a sigh. "But it is a very remarkable thing, that though I have been a sailor I know nothing about the sea that I have not picked up on board the unlucky steamer we have just left."

"Spin us the yarn," said the skipper, who thought he was crazy; and Ruddle told him the strange tale.

"I am told," said the minister, "that I was, at the time I am about to speak of, mate in a ship belonging to Dundee. I say I am told, because I have not the least recollection of it. To put it shortly, I may tell you that I had an accident, and when I became sensible again I was in hospital in Liverpool."

"But what was your accident?" asked Captain Grey.

"Something that I am told you call a shearpole came down from aloft and struck me on the head, and I knew no more," said Ruddle, who was evidently a very poor hand at a yarn.

"Well, well; go on," said the skipper. "What happened then?"

"How do I know?" asked Ruddle, in his turn. "I was knocked silly while the crew were taking in sail in a very great storm to the south of Ireland, and they say I was very angry with the poor fellows up aloft, and

"HE WENT ON BOARD THE 'NANTUCKET.'"

was using dreadful language to them. I was struck down, and when I came to myself I was not myself at all, but another, if I do not sadly confuse you by putting it that way, and I had forgotten all that had happened since I went to sea, and I did not want to go again. I became a minister instead, and a missionary."

"Well, I'm jiggered," said Grey; "but that's a corker of a yarn. Were you married when you were a seaman?"

"No," replied Ruddle; "I met my wife soon after I became my second and present self, and my remarkable story so interested her that we got married. It is interesting, isn't it?"

"And do you mean to say that you remember nothing whatever of the sea? Could you go aloft, for instance?"

Mr. Ruddle looked up aloft and shivered.

"Oh, I couldn't," he said; "the very look of the complicated apparatus with which I must have been once only too familiar fills me with peculiar horror."

"Well, I'm blowed," said Grey. "What's the opposite point of the compass to sou'-east-by-sou'-half-sou'-southerly?"

"I give it up. Tell me," said the minister, simply.

Grey shook his head.

"You surprise me, sir. Can you tell when there is a mighty strong likelihoods of bad weather comin' along?"

"I'm not at all bad at guessing when it's likely to rain," said the former mate, modestly. "I'm never caught in a shower without my umbrella."

And Grey shook his head again and confided to the sea and air that Ruddle was a red wonder.

"If you don't know more about weather than that, you are going to have a fine chance to learn, Mr. Ruddle," said the skipper. "I smell a howling gale, or I'm a double-distilled Dutchman. If it don't come out of nor'-east like a rampin', ragin', snortin' demon, call me no sailor, but the reddest kind of sojer."

He looked up to windward and spoke to his mate.

"Mr. Dixon, I think we had better snug her down a bit before it gets dark, so clew up the t'gall'nsails and then we'll take the mainsail off of her. And after that you can reef the foresail. While the breeze holds in the nor'-east we'll make all we can. But I reckon we'll be hove-to by the morning."

There wasn't much doubt of that to those who knew something of Cape weather. The Cape pigeons, as they wheeled and whistled about the *Ocean Wave*, said, "Clew up and clew down." At any rate, the crew for'ard said so as they turned out to shorten sail. Mr. Ruddle went below to encourage his companions and his wife. By the time it was as dark as the bottom of a tar-barrel they wanted encouragement, for the *Wave* began to pitch in a manner that the *Nantucket* had not been accustomed to do, and as the wind increased the song of the gale in the rigging got on their nerves sadly.

"What do you think of it, Brother Ruddle?" asked his friend Chadwick, a little butter-tub of a man, with the courage of a lion among the heathen or the denizens of a New York slum, but without as much spirit when the wind blew as would enable a schoolgirl to face a cow in a lane. "What does Brother Ruddle think of it?"

Ruddle said that he did not think much of it, for he thought the skipper was not frightened.

"Although the sea threatens to rage, my friends," said the chief, "he shows no signs of unseemly terror, but with calm confidence bids his brave crew haste up aloft and reduce the mighty spread of canvas. They are even now engaged in the task. Hear with what strange music, which somehow begins to have a familiar ring in my ears, they encourage each other in their arduous duties. Oh, my friends, we little think, when we are safe in the heart of Africa or in the back parts of the Bowery, how seamen encounter dangers on our behalf."

"Ah, and you were a sailor once, Tom," said his wife.

"I do not praise myself, dear, in praising them, for now I dare not face those dangers with which at one time I must have been familiar. It is wonderful, all life is wonderful; if I had not been smitten upon the head by a shearpole—whatever a shearpole may be—I might never have known any of you, my dear friends, and I might never have married you, my dear. Ah, it is a wonderful world, and they are making a very remarkable noise upstairs."

But presently the *Ocean Wave* began to behave herself a little better under shortened canvas, and the old skipper came into the cabin with his face shining with spray and a good-natured grin on him which would have encouraged the biggest coward at sea in a cyclone. Little Mrs. Ruddle cheered up at sight of him, and so did all but the Reverend Mr. Blithers, who was in a state of terror that was sheer lunacy.

"Is it a great storm? Are we going down?" asked Blithers. He was so far encouraged that he could speak.

And, indeed, the gale began to pipe as if it meant business.

"Hold your tongue, Blithers," said Ruddle; "be a man and a missionary and do not howl. And go to bed."

It took five missionaries to get Blithers into bed, but he went at last, and when he was gone Ruddle beamed on the rest and said:—

"Our poor brother is sadly upset by the weather. It is difficult to understand how he can be such a coward on the water when he is a real hero on the dry land, and has an especial gift of management with backsliding cannibals. But anything can be believed when you remember that I was once in the position of Mr. Dixon, whose voice I now hear saying something about the lee-braces, and knew all about everything on board a ship. And now, my friends, all things here are a mystery to me, and I do not know what the lee-braces are, and cannot distinguish with accuracy between a binnacle and a bull-whanger, if indeed there is such a thing, as I was told by one of the seamen on board the *Nantucket*. Ah, hold tight, dear; she is rocking to and fro with ever-increasing velocity. I fear that Blithers will never forget this night."

"RUDDLE AND MRS. RUDDLE AND CHADWICK VENTURED ON DECK."

It was blowing hard enough next morning to make almost anyone ill, and the sea was very high. But Thomas Ruddle and his wife and Chadwick turned out to breakfast. If Ruddle trusted to Providence Susan Ruddle trusted to him, and hardly thought it possible that any disaster could happen to her while he was to the fore. Mr. Chadwick was brave enough to hide his terror, though he was in a horrid funk. They hung on to the tables and ate some breakfast as best they could, and, after eating, Ruddle and Mrs. Ruddle and Chadwick ventured on deck in time to see the reefed foresail taken off her. Just as they got the weather clew-garnet chock up, the gale came screaming across the waste of grey sea to such a tune that the skipper altered his mind there and then.

"Hold on with the lee gear of the foresail, Mr. Dixon," he bellowed; and then he signed to the mate to come aft.

"We'll wear her now and heave her to on the starboard tack," said the "old man." "This is going to be a fair perisher."

As Dixon had been throwing out hints all night that he ought to do that or run, he was glad to hear it. They waited for a smooth and put the helm up.

"Square the after yards!" roared the skipper, and they squared away, keeping the sails lifting.

"Isn't it wonderful?" said Ruddle. "I do wish I understood it. I wonder what they are doing it for?"

"Square the foreyard!" yelled the captain, and they did so and got the stay sail-sheet over, and by proper management she came upon the other tack with her nose pointing N.N.E. They hauled up what was now the weather clew of the foresail, and the second mate and the men jumped aloft and furled it.

"Oh, dear!" said Mr. Ruddle. "How dreadful to see them up there! I can't believe that I ever did it, Chadwick."

But the *Wave* was carrying her topsails, and though they were reefed she was scooting with her lee-rail awash. As soon as the foresail was stowed both topsail halyards were let go and the sails partly smothered by the spilling-lines. When they were furled

the lower fore-topsail was clewed up, and Ruddle, who got much excited, went down on the main-deck, in spite of the seas which came over right for'ard by the galley. Mrs. Ruddle said, "Oh, don't!" but Ruddle said, "My dear, it is so interesting, and I must." And there he was staring up at the crowd on the topsail yard, who were fighting the bellying canvas like heroes.

"Bless my soul, how very remarkable and even terrible!" said Ruddle. "How very extraordinary! I wonder if I ever did that? I'll ask Mr. Dixon if the manœuvre is often performed."

He fell upon the busy and very cross mate with this inquiry, and, though Dixon had heard the tale about him, he did not credit it, and put it down to some hallucination.

"Do I do it often? Do what often?" asked Dixon, scornfully.

"Why, tie those sails up like that when it blows so hard?" asked Ruddle, innocently. "Why don't you tie them up when it is fine? It would be much easier, I should think."

"Oh, go home and die," said the mate, savagely.

Then the squall shrieked, and as the *Wave* lay over to it both Ruddle and the mate lost their footing and slid between the fo'c'sle and the fore part of the deck-house as if they were on an ice toboggan-run. The mate said some awful things and Ruddle gasped, "You shouldn't; oh, you really shouldn't," and then they fetched up against the lee-rail with a thump that caused a common accident and wrought a very uncommon miracle. Mr. Dixon snapped his arm like a carrot, and let a yell out of him that reached the crowd on the yard.

"By crimes," said the men up aloft, "when old Dickie squeals like that he means comin' aloft himself to talk to hus like a father. Now then, boys, grab again and 'old 'er."

As they tackled the topsail for the third time the cook came out of the lee door of the galley and picked the mate out of the swamped scuppers.

"Easy, easy, you swab," said Dixon; "my arm's broke."

With the cook's help he got aft, and when he did he promptly sat down in the cabin and fainted right off with the pain. And Ruddle still wallowed in the scuppers, for he had hit the rail with his head and given it a most tremendous and effectual thump. After a minute or two he stirred and spat out a mouthful of salt water. He also shook his head and rubbed it. Then he sat up and said:—

"Well, I'm blowed! What has happened?"

He shook his head again and suddenly jumped to his feet. The miracle happened and they all heard it. Tom Ruddle in the old days had the very finest fore-topsail-yard ahoy voice that ever rang across the wastes of ocean. It came back to him now.

"Ain't you dogs got that topsail stowed yet?" he roared, in accents that made the second mate on the yard shake in his rubber boots. "Oh, you slab-sided gang of loafers; oh, you sojers, dig in and do somethin', or before you know I'll be up there and boot you off the yard."

The entire crowd on the yard were so paralyzed by what they heard that they turned and looked at him, and very promptly lost all that they had gained the last bout. To see a minister suddenly become a seaman and use such language was enough to scare them into loosing the jackstay and tumbling overboard.

"Jehoshaphat!" said they; "what's gone wrong with him?"

And the second greaser was just as much surprised as any of them; so much so, indeed, that he could not speak. Ruddle did it for him, and his language was awful, full, abundant, brilliant, and biting. He told the second mate what he thought of him and what he thought of all his relations, and he confided to the gale what his opinion of the crew was and always had been, and of a sudden he made a bound and, jumping on the rail, ran up the rigging like a monkey, and before they could gasp he was right in among them at the bunt, exhorting them as if they were impenitent mules.

"Now, now, up with it, you no-sailors, you," he roared, as his long black coat flapped in the wind like Irish pennants. He dug into the bellying canvas with the clutch of a fiend's claw, and the crew sighed and were subdued to the strange facts, and did as he told them like the best. There was now a sudden scream from aft. Mrs. Ruddle caught sight of him on the yard.

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" screamed his wife; "come down, come down!"

And she screamed again, and Ruddle heard it.

"What's a woman doin' on deck in such weather?" he cried, as he clawed at the sail and held it with his stomach, and yelled in unison with the second mate, who now began to see the joke of it.

"Where does he think he is?" he said; and at that moment the last great fold of the topsail rose in the air like a breaking wave,

"'NOW, NOW, UP WITH IT, YOU NO-SAILORS YOU,' HE ROARED."

and with one yell of triumph the whole of the crowd threw themselves on it and smothered its life out.

"Sock it to her," roared Ruddle, triumphantly, as he dropped the gathered bunt into the skin of the sail and reached for the bunt gasket.

"There you are," said Ruddle, and then for the first time he looked at the second mate, and an expression of the blankest amazement passed across his face.

"Who the deuce are you?" he asked. "I never saw you before."

It was almost impossible to make oneself heard in the howl of the gale, but Ruddle did it, and the crowd, with a grin on all their weather-beaten and hairy countenances, waited to hear Mr. Smith's answering yell.

"Who the deuce do you think *you* are?" he asked.

"I'm the mate of this ship," said Ruddle, "but—but I don't think I ever saw any of you before."

"How do you come to be togged up like you are, if you are mate?" asked Smith, as he made the bunt gasket fast; "don't you think you look a thundering sailor in that rig?"

"I don't understand it," said Ruddle, blankly. "Where did I get these clothes?"

"You'd better ask the 'old man,'" said the second mate. "You're a clergyman, and you ain't a sailor at all."

"You're a fool," said Ruddle; "but I don't understand it. I don't know any of you. Where are we?"

"Off the Cape, to be sure," said Smith.

Ruddle shook his head.

"There is something very horrid about this," he said, with an awe-stricken expression of countenance, "for when we clewed up this topsail we were off the Head of Kinsale."

"Holy Moses!" said the crowd; "'ow she must have scooted in 'alf a watch."

"Well, we're off the Cape now," said Smith, impatiently, "and if you don't believe it you can ask the 'old man.'"

And they all came down on deck. Ruddle walked like a man in a dream, and as he walked he rubbed the spot that had been bruised. When his wife saw him coming she screamed again, and called out to him:—

"Oh, Tom, Tom, how could you do it?"

And Tom grasped the second mate by the arm.

"Who's that woman calling 'Tom'?"

The second mate stopped as if he had been shot, and whistled.

"D'ye mean to say you don't know?" he asked.

"Confound you, I wouldn't ask if I did," said Ruddle, savagely. "It ain't me, surely?"

It was Smith's turn to grab hold of him.

"Don't you know her?" he asked, in tones of positive alarm.

"No," roared the unfortunate Ruddle. "No more than I know you or any of 'em."

Smith nearly fell down.

"Man, she's your wife!" said Smith, and once more Susan Ruddle said:—

"Oh, Tom, how could you do it, and me here?"

Then Chadwick spoke and rebuked Ruddle very strongly for having done it, and Ruddle shook his head and scratched it and shook it again, and then burst out against Chadwick for interfering with a stranger.

"He don't know any of you," said Smith, "and he lets on that he is the mate of this ship, and that we are off the Old Head of Kinsale."

And Susan Ruddle fainted dead away.

"Take the poor, silly woman down below," said Ruddle. "She must be mad. I don't know where I am or how I got here, but I do know jolly well that I ain't married, and that a girl in London that I ain't by no means stuck on thinks I'm going to marry her this very year. But I ain't goin' to, by a dern sight. Not me!"

They carried her down below just as the "old man" came out on the main-deck after setting the mate's arm. Smith told him what had happened.

The skipper shook his head.

"This is very remarkable and tryin'," said the skipper. "Oh, it is very remarkable, and I makes nothin' of it, in spite of his havin' been a sailor before, as looks likely the way he went aloft." And he ran up the poop ladder right into the arms of Ruddle.

"Who are you? Are you the captain? I want to see the captain before I go ragin' luny," said Ruddle.

"Steady," said the old skipper, grasping him tightly by the arm; "steady, my son. Don't you know me?"

"Never saw you before that I know of," groaned Ruddle; "and I don't believe I ever was a missionary, and I ain't married, and the girl that thinks I'll marry her is off her true course by points. But, I say, how long do you reckon I was minister?"

He held on to the "old man" as if he was holding on to sanity, and implored an answer.

"We'll ask your pal," said Grey, and he bellowed down the companion for Chadwick, who came on deck with his eyes bolting.

"Is that my pal?" asked Ruddle, in great disappointment. "Why, I never saw him either."

Poor Chadwick burst into tears.

"Oh, this is dreadful, this is very dreadful!" said poor Chadwick. "What shall we do? Our chief stay and strength is gone from us and doesn't know even me that married him."

Ruddle stared, and then rushed at him and held him in the grip of a bear.

"Steady, mister; are you speakin' truth or are you gettin' at me?"

"It's the truth," said Chadwick.

"Then how long was I in your business? Tell me straight, or I'll sling you overboard right now."

"Eight years," squealed Chadwick; "and there's all of us downstairs can testify to the same."

Ruddle sighed, and looked at the raging sea and at the skipper and at Chadwick and up aloft. After a long silence he spoke.

"If I'm right the year's eighteen-ninety, and if you are right it must be ninety-eight or more, accordin' to the time it took me to get my certificate as missionary. What year is it"?

"Nineteen hundred, so 'elp me," said the skipper, "and I'll have up the Nautical Almanac to show you."

"I DON'T BELIEVE I EVER WAS A MISSIONARY."

But Ruddle took their word for it and sniffed a little, and then remarked :—

"I do think my beard wants trimmin'. And am I mad now?"

"No, no," said the faithful Chadwick; "you aren't mad, and in a little while it will all come back to you and you will come back to us, and we'll all be happy—even Blithers."

"Who's Blithers?" asked Ruddle, sadly. Yet he did not wait for an answer. Though the *Wave* was now hove-to under her main-topsail with the foreyards checked in, and was fairly comfortable, the gale, instead of moderating, let another reef out, so to speak, and was a regular sizzler.

"I should like to see that main-topsail goose-winged, sir," said Ruddle, suddenly; "for if we are off the Cape, as you all seem to think, this is by no means the worst of it, and it will be a real old-fashioned scorcher."

The "old man" looked at him.

"Do you know the mate's arm is broke?"

"No," said Ruddle.

"Well, it is; and he ain't fit to do a thing, naturally, and that means I haven't a mate."

Ruddle looked pleased for the first time since he came back to his old sea-self.

"You don't say so? Well, that is fortunate," he said, with a happy smile. "This is what I call real luck. I'll be the mate, sir, till the other gets well."

"Right!" said the skipper; "and if you like you can goose-wing the topsail, Mr. Ruddle. I reckon you're right about the weather."

But when the topsail was goose-winged the "old man" turned to his new mate.

"I'm thinking of the poor little lady down below, Mr. Ruddle," he said, with a sigh. "What are you goin' to do about her?"

A look of great determination came over Ruddle's face, and the smile died out of it.

"If I married, and I don't believe I did, when I was dotty through bein' hit on the crust, I ain't goin' to acknowledge it," said he, with firmness.

"I'm a married man myself," said Grey, "and I own I have a wife that is a jewel, but what she would say if I said I didn't know her owing to some accident at sea fair inspires me with dread. I don't believe Mrs. Ruddle will put up with it, and you'll have a lively time in front of you if she as much as hears that you think of trying it on."

But Ruddle said he didn't care, and that he wasn't going to have a wife foisted on him, so there; and down below Chadwick was breaking the dreadful news to Susan Ruddle that her husband did not know her or anyone else, and that he had become a sailor with a remarkably unorthodox vocabulary, and when this was driven into the poor woman's mind she screamed and almost fainted again.

"Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?" she cried.

The skipper came below to them.

"Oh, captain," said Susan Ruddle, "I want to see him. If he is the mate now, as you say, you must order him to come to me at once."

"I will," said the skipper; "its odd I never thought of that before, when he as good as said he declined to hear any more argument about wives and women, and let on that the girl that reckoned to marry him was likely to be disapp'inted. You cheer up, ma'am; I'll send him down sharp."

"Leave me here alone," said the discarded wife, who, in spite of her grief, looked as pretty as a picture. "Leave me alone, please."

Chadwick withdrew and dragged Blithers with him.

"I never thought he was fit to be a missionary," said Blithers; "and instead of him I ought to be looked on as the chief here."

There was a sharp argument going on on deck in the meantime.

"I'll take charge of her, Mr. Ruddle," said the skipper, "and you can go below to your wife, who is naturally anxious to see you."

"I ain't in the least anxious to go below," said Ruddle. "In fact, if it's all the same to you, I'd rather stay here till she's out of the way."

"I order you to do your duty," said the "old man." "I order you to go below and soothe the lady."

"Oh, dear; oh, I say, I won't," stammered Ruddle. "I'd rather stay on deck all night."

"You won't? That's mutiny, Mr. Ruddle; it is disobeyin' orders; it is refusing duty. I'd be very sorry to use severe measures with you; but if you don't go I'll have you put in irons and carried to her."

And Ruddle started to see his wife with slow, reluctant steps.

"It's my firm belief that nothin' of this nature ever happened before," said Ruddle, "and my bein' nervous seems tolerable natural. I wonder, oh, I do wonder, if I shall like her!"

He descended the companion as slowly as if he were going to execution.

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" cried the lady who was,

they said, his wife, and a cold shiver ran down Ruddle's back. He did not dare to lift his eyes, and stood there like a big schoolboy who has got into sad trouble and is much ashamed of himself.

"Oh, Tom, don't you know me?" cried Susan. She made an attempt to rise, which was very promptly frustrated by the gale. Ruddle lifted his eyes at last.

"If you please, ma'am, I don't think I do,' said he. Then he added, in desperation, "At least, not well, ma'am."

The situation was too desperate for screaming, and Susan accordingly did not scream. She became dignified. Poor Ruddle shook his head very sadly.

"It's mighty awkward, I own," he said, after some reflection, "and I don't know what to do about it. I'm very sorry I don't know you, but I can't say I do, much as I'd like to oblige a lady that I'm bound to respect, as, according to the other gents in long-tailed coats, I'm married to her. But they say I was a missionary, and now I'm a seaman again, and maybe you don't care for those that follow the sea."

"I don't mind anything," sobbed Susan.

"Oh, please don't cry," said Ruddle, in great distress. "When a lady cries I never know what to do."

He approached her slowly.

"If I don't know you, what may I call you?" he asked, diffidently.

"I'M SUSAN, AND YOU USED TO CALL ME DILLY DUCK."

Mrs. Ruddle gave a gasp. "Don't you know my name?" she sobbed. "Oh, how very dreadful! I'm Susan, and you used to call me Dilly Duck."

"Did I?" asked Ruddle; "and why did I do that?"

Susan said she didn't know, but supposed that it was because he liked her very much.

"Oh, yes, to be sure," said Ruddle, "and I quite understand how I came to marry you; that is, I can understand how I wanted to, but what fair licks me is what you saw in me. Perhaps it was my bein' a long-tailed parson. Was it, now?"

"Not in the least," said Susan, stoutly; "it was because you were you."

"But now I ain't what I was, and you must find it very embarrassing, ma'am."

"What I find embarrassing is your calling me ma'am," said Susan, with a snap.

"Very well," said Tom Ruddle, in a great hurry. "I'll call you Susan if you like."

"Of course I like," said Susan. "And if you like you can call me Dilly Duck too."

But though Ruddle was much encouraged, he could not go so far as that all at once.

"It's very odd that I should feel as I do, as we have been married," said Ruddle; "but I'm that took aback by the facts as they show up against my present lights that I seem in a dream, like as if I was in a regular tangle. I don't know where I am, and I want to——"

"You want to what?" asked Susan, in the sweetest voice.

"I—I don't quite know," stammered Ruddle.

"I know," said Susan, triumphantly.

"Oh, no, you can't," said Ruddle, in great haste. "I'm certain you can't, for it ain't possible."

But Susan lifted her sea-blue eyes to his and shook her head.

"I do know, Tom; you want to kiss me."

Tom gasped and stared at her. "Well, you are clever," he said, with the greatest air of admiration. "I don't believe that any other woman would have guessed it."

And Susan sat waiting.

"Well?" she said, at last.

"Oh, may I?" asked Tom.

"Of course you may," said Susan, looking shyly towards the deck. And he kissed her, and then took her in his arms while she wept.

"And you are sure you love me again?" she asked.

"It's most wonderful," said Tom, "but now I come to think of it I feel as if I had always loved you. There was a girl in London that thought I was goin' to tie up alongside, but she's away off it, and I'll never marry anyone but you."

Susan wisely forebore at that moment to make any inquiries about this other girl, and she put her golden head against her husband's shoulder.

"I think I am quite happy, Tom," she said, "though I am very sorry you don't remember how happy we were when we were first married."

Tom shook his head.

"I'm sorry for that, too," he replied; "but it can't be helped, and we'll be happy yet, if you really love me enough to marry me again."

"But we are married, Tom," said Susan.

"You may be," said Tom, "but I haven't the feelings of it, and I mean to ask that long-tail to tie us up again, so that there can be no mistake about it. What do you say?"

Susan said he was a darling, and that she loved him more than ever, and was willing to be married to him a thousand times if he wanted it.

"And you don't mind my bein' a sailor instead of a missionary?" asked Tom.

"I much prefer it, so long as you don't go to sea," said Susan; and leaving that to be arranged later, Tom Ruddle called the curious Chadwick from his cabin.

"I've fixed it up," said Tom, triumphantly. "I've fixed it to rights, sir. My wife is goin' to marry me again, and we'd be much obliged if you would perform the ceremony."

"It seems very irregular," said Chadwick; "but, considering the very peculiar circumstances, I've no objection to make. It is really very wonderful. I congratulate you both. I must call the captain and tell him about it."

When the second mate went on deck the "old man" came below. As soon as he grasped the situation he turned to Susan with a grin.

"You brought him to his bearings pretty quick, ma'am, and I congratulate you. But, then, a pretty woman like you ain't the sort to go long a-beggin'. I knew you'd fetch him. I saw how it would be. Who's goin' to do the new hitching?"

Mr. Chadwick said he was going to do it.

"It's the first time I ever married the same couple twice," he said, and Brother Blithers sat in the background and said it was uncanonical. But no one paid any attention to Blithers. The other missionaries chipped in with their congratulations and said that they hoped Ruddle would still be one of them.

"Thank you, gentlemen," said Ruddle, "but I have too much admiration for you to think I can be one of you again. I have a cousin that's a shipowner, and when he finds that I'm alive and in my right senses he'll give me a ship, for though I've never been skipper of anythin' yet, I hold a master's certificate. And my wife will go to sea with me."

"Darling, I'll go anywhere with you," whispered Susan. And then they were married, while the gale roared about them and the good old *Ocean Wave* rode it out under a goose-winged main-topsail as comfortably as a duck in a puddle.

"It's all very wonderful," said Ruddle, as he went on deck at four o'clock to keep his watch. The "old man" said that it was.

"All the same, I knew she'd fetch you," said Grey. "I think the worst of it is over. We'll be makin sail in the mornin'."

"Lord," said Ruddle, "what a wonderful world it is!"

Mrs. Ruddle said so too.

The Luck of the Miner.

By Archibald Williams.

THE gradual acquisition of a fortune by steady toil and business aptitude is not a process which necessarily appeals to the imagination of people not directly concerned. We know that many a man is "making his pile" around us; and though, when it is made, and the possessor retires from business, the figures relating to his wealth may be startling, any account of the manner in which pound was added to pound might appear quite prosaic.

But when a man suddenly wakes to find himself rich, either through the legacy of some unknown relative; or through a happy idea which, conceived in an instant, is readily convertible into a large sum of money; or through a lucky turn of Fortune's wheel that enables him to stumble on mineral wealth—then we get a taste of romance.

No vocation is so full of risks and possibilities as that of prospecting for minerals, and following up a clue when found. This applies with special force to the pursuit of the most precious metals and stones. How many stories have been written round the imaginary discovery of a large nugget which, just as things are going very badly with the finder, rescues him from despair and sets his feet on a foundation of gold!

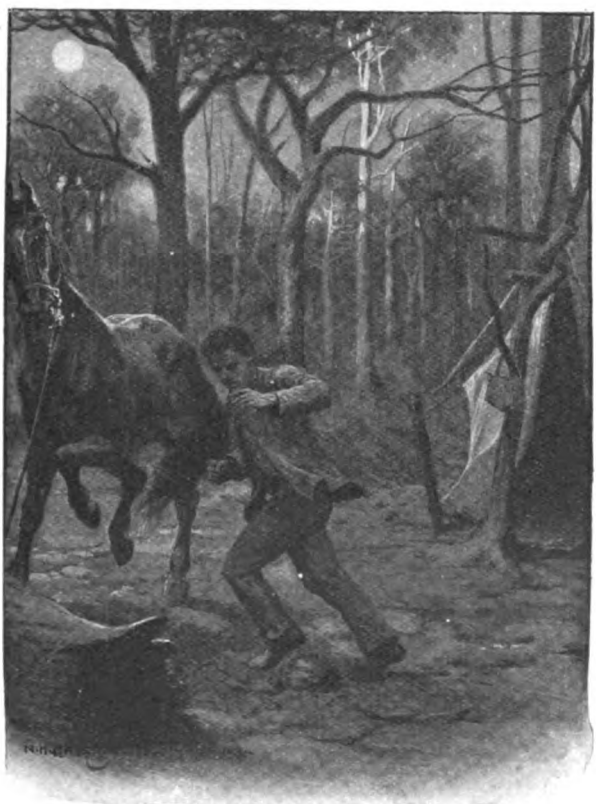
Yet the fictions of the romancer can hardly outstrip solid facts. The history of mining is full of instances in which, either by accident or by a stroke of luck following on hard, deliberate work, a man has opened his hand and found wealth lying in the palm.

It will be interesting to glance at some of the most remarkable cases. We may fitly start with the royal metal. Chief among gold nuggets are the "Welcome" and the "Welcome Stranger." The first, weighing 2,217oz., was found at Ballarat, Victoria, in 1858; the second, 2,268oz. in weight, at Dunolly, Victoria, in 1869. In both cases the fortunate discoverer netted over £8,000 sterling by a blow of the pick. Another typical instance of gold-mining luck comes from Mount Alexander, in the same colony. A gang of five miners had sunk several holes unsuccessfully to depths ranging from about thirty to sixty feet, and were so disheartened that they decided to give up the search for "colour" after one more attempt. Before the seventh hole was nine feet deep a rich "pocket" appeared, and in a few hours 120lb. of pure gold had been secured! In New South Wales, almost simultaneously, an Australian black shepherd, who amused himself with gold-seeking, happened to notice a glittering speck on the surface of a quartz boulder. He chipped off a piece with his tomahawk, and lo! a mass of gold, scaling 102lb. 9oz., lay revealed! The arrival of this nugget in Bathurst produced a gold fever which seemed to deprive hitherto sane men of their senses, and

"A MASS OF GOLD LAY REVEALED!"

was largely responsible for the subsequent "rush" to Australia from all parts of the world.

The early history of the West Australian goldfields is marked by similar smiles of Fortune. The Pilbarra field, to take an example, owes its discovery to a stone which a boy picked up to cast at a crow. Its weight being unusual for its size, the boy examined his missile and found that it contained a quantity of gold. Coolgardie, a name now so well known, is also associated with a curious incident. In 1892 Messrs. Bayley and Ford, starting from Southern Cross, plunged into the deserts, where they believed gold to exist. Bayley prospected a long time without success, and was returning to Perth very much down on his luck when his fortunes were changed in a most casual manner. One night his horse, picketed outside the tent, became so restless that he went out to quiet it, and on the way tripped over what he thought at first to be a stone, but which proved on a closer inspection to be a huge nugget. A claim was at once pegged out, and in four weeks £10,000 had been realized. This claim lies at about the centre of Coolgardie, the town created by the consequent "rush."



"HE TRIPPED OVER WHAT HE THOUGHT AT FIRST TO BE A STONE, BUT WHICH PROVED TO BE A HUGE NUGGET."

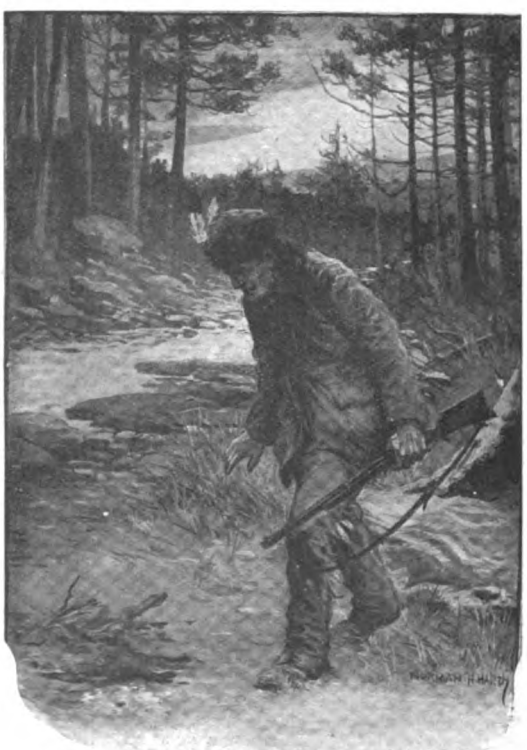
We should expect the Californian gold mania of the early fifties to yield its quota of romantic stories. The discovery of gold in the Sacramento Valley was made accidentally during the construction of a tail-race for a water-mill wheel. The owner of the mill observed some shining fragments in the banks of the new channel, and, thinking that they were only mica or some other worthless substance, debated with himself for a time whether it would be worth while to pick them up. He decided to do so, and, to his astonishment, found that they were scales of gold. This happened in 1848. Before a year had passed California, hitherto a scarcely explored country, became the focus of an unprecedented immigration of people of all conditions, who poured across the plains and deserts or came round by sea to San Francisco, determined to stake health and even life itself on the chances of the pan and sluice. A few made enormous fortunes, a large number secured competencies, but the majority learnt by bitter experience that Fortune is a very fickle goddess indeed.

Among the lucky miners was one Oliver Martin. He and a companion named Flower had been prospecting for weeks without touching gold, and so great were the hardships endured that the two men almost died of exhaustion. While in extremities they were overtaken by a terrific storm, which killed Flower. His comrade, though terribly weakened by hunger and toil, felt it his duty to give the corpse a decent burial, and dug a grave at the bottom of a tree. As he threw out the earth he struck a nugget, which, under the name of "The Oliver Martin Chunk," has become famous as the largest ever found in the New World. It weighed 151lb. 6oz., and realized £7,254. The episode is truly extraordinary. Flower dies in his search for gold; and his death reveals the gold he had so long sought.

Martin, reduced to the depths of despondency by ill-success and the loss of his mate, suddenly finds himself a rich man; all the richer because his companion can no longer claim a share.

Another case of the irony of luck is furnished by a Frenchman of Eldorado County, who was so much overcome by the sudden discovery of a gold lump worth £1,000 that he went insane. As a contrast may be mentioned the good fortune of a couple of tramps, turned off a westward-bound train because they could not pay their fares. While they stumbled along on foot they happened to find a nugget worth £550.

Even more welcome than the nugget, which may lie far away from other gold, is the discovery of a gold bed or vein. The auriferous regions of Alaska and North-West Canada furnish some startling records of rich strikes. None is more romantic than that connected with the name of George Carmack, a half-breed trapper. One morning, after a night spent on the banks of the Bonanza Creek (as it was afterwards called), he noticed among the ashes of his camp fire the "colour" of gold, and soon realized that fortune had favoured him. The winter of 1896-7 was just closing in, so that the two hundred and fifty inhabitants of "Forty Mile," the nearest mining camp, who at once hastened to the Creek, were secure from invaders until after the next year's thaw. All the winter long the lucky crowd shovelled out dirt so rich that, when the spring clean-up or washing came, as much as £160 worth of gold was taken out of a single pan! Some men made money steadily at the rate of seventeen dollars a minute! One of the most curious episodes of this "strike" was the result of an act of sheer laziness. An ex-bar-tender of Forty Mile, being too sluggish to go up to the top of Bonanza Creek to peg out his claim as last comer, turned aside into a subsidiary creek, the Eldorado, and struck a deposit which subsequently yielded £600,000. Next spring those of the Bonanza workers who returned to San Francisco took with them over a ton weight of gold dust and nuggets, done up in an extraordinary variety of receptacles, ranging from a deerskin bag to a jam-pot; and the gold rushes of '49 and '51 were repeated to Klondyke.



"HE NOTICED AMONG THE ASHES OF HIS CAMP FIRE THE COLOUR OF GOLD."

Though gold may enrich a man at the expense of a minimum of work, more sensational fortunes have doubtless been won from silver mining. Silver usually occurs in chemical combination with lead, arsenic, sulphur, and other elements, and is seldom found in nuggets. The ore must, therefore, be chemically treated to secure the comparatively small percentage of metal. Yet the yield of a rich silver vein is enormous.

Anyone acquainted with American mining annals will at once think of the marvellous Comstock vein of Nevada, and its Big Bonanza, the largest body of silver ore ever struck by miner. The great silver vein was first cut into in 1859 by two prospectors, McLaughlin and O'Riley, who both died poor and broken-hearted. Other miners, who stuck to their claims, raised fortunes from the great treasure-house of silver, became "nabobs," and spent their money royally without fear of its giving out.

There are so many stirring stories told of the "boom" years of 1862 to 1875 that a book might be filled with them; yet all

others are dwarfed by that of the prize which fell to four partners—J. W. Mackay, James G. Fair, James C. Flood, and William O'Brien. These men sank all their money in a search for silver ore under a property which they believed to lie over the main lode. Two hundred thousand dollars were spent in driving tunnels through the hard rock; and outsiders scoffed. The "Virginia Consolidated," as the mining venture was called, tottered on the verge of bankruptcy; and, to make matters worse, Mr. Fair, the leading spirit, fell ill. During his absence the other three partners deflected the line of search; but when he returned he persisted in following the original course. In October, 1873, the miners struck their picks into the Big Bonanza, a veritable Aladdin's palace of riches, though the wealth was disguised as a heavy black compound. Want of space forbids a description of this unique deposit, the removal of which left a huge cavern hundreds of feet high. Let it suffice to state that for three years silver was extracted at the rate of £600,000 a month; that in Virginia City there still stands a building which witnessed the smelting of £25,000 of bullion daily for one thousand days; and that the Big Bonanza had by 1899 yielded ore valued at twenty-six and a half million pounds sterling, one half of which sum passed as profit into the pockets of the shareholders!

"A NEGRO FIDDLER FOUND AMONG THE ASHES OF HIS CAMP FIRE A BUTTON OF SILVER, WHICH LED TO HIS BECOMING A MILLIONAIRE."

For the next picture in our gallery we will turn to Mexico, a veritable land of silver, just as England is a land of iron and coal. Its wealth attracted the Spaniards under Cortes nearly four hundred years ago. But at that time the silver deposits had scarcely been touched; and it was not until the Spanish conquerors brought European mineralogical knowledge to bear on the great silver lodes of Sonora, Zacatecas, Guanajuato, and Hidalgo that the real resources of the country were understood. At Arazuma, in Sonora, a mine-owner discovered in the middle of the eighteenth century a solid silver mass weighing 2,700lb., which was only one of a number of similar finds. The Flores Mine of San Luis Potosi was struck by a poor priest, who for a mere trifle bought up a claim which had been abandoned as barren. His venture endowed him with £600,000 worth of silver! In the same region a negro fiddler found among the ashes of his camp fire—a curious parallel to the Carmack episode—a button of silver, which led to his becoming a millionaire. More recently, in 1826, two Indian peasants, so poor that they could not raise money to buy a meal, stumbled on the outcrop of a vein which yielded £52,000. Returning for a moment to the eighteenth century, we encounter the stirring history of a muleteer, one Peter Terreros, who struck the Real del Monte deposits in Hidalgo, and at the end of twelve years had amassed three millions sterling, besides being ennobled by the King of Spain for pecuniary services rendered.

In Chile the name of Godoy is associated with great riches. A hunter of this name was chasing guanacos, and, being tired, sat down under the shelter of a large rock, one part of which had a bright colour. He cut off pieces with his knife—the substance of the rock at this point was quite soft—and had it assayed. The substance was recognised as silver-lead. Godoy had discovered a vein containing an extraordinary amount of silver. His good fortune was afterwards eclipsed by

that of the brothers Bolados, fuel-carriers by trade, who found in a crevice opened by an earthquake an enormous block of silver ore worth nearly a quarter of a million pounds sterling.

The coalfields of the United States, to which our transatlantic cousins are so largely indebted for their industrial success, were in several cases discovered accidentally.

In 1760 a boy was fishing in a Virginian stream, when he ran short of bait, and while hunting for more he saw in the bank of the stream a streak of hard, black stone, which proved to be rich bituminous coal. Thus was started the soft-coal industry of the eastern States, which to-day has reached such vast proportions. The even more valuable anthracite, or hard-coal, deposits of Pennsylvania were also discovered by sportsmen. Philip Ginther, in 1791, struck the first signs of anthracite in the southern coalfield. This was how it happened. Being short of food, he went out into the woods with his gun to look for deer. A day's hard walking brought him no luck; and he was returning home at nightfall, very dispirited, when he kicked something hard which rolled away before him. He stooped and picked it up, and wondered if this was the coal that he had heard people speak of as likely to exist in that region. Such it proved to be.

Another coalfield in the same State was found by a hunter who happened to light his camp fire on the "outcrop" of a seam and was awakened by the resulting blaze. Once again the camp fire played an important part in mineral discoveries. A third seam was tapped by a man digging in pursuit of a ground-hog that had "gone to earth."

From the prizes drawn in the lottery of mining we may turn to the blanks which fall to the majority of prospectors. Sometimes good fortune never appears at all; at others it just evades the grasp of him who, consciously or unconsciously, is on the point of seizing it.

Petroleum now ranks second to coal as a producer of heat, light, and power. Over 5,000,000,000 gallons of this useful liquid are raised annually in different parts of the world. It was not till the year 1859, however, that petroleum began to play its present important part among the commodities which conduce most to the comfort of mankind. In that year Colonel E. L. Drake, formerly a conductor on the New York and New Haven Railroad, was engaged by David Fletcher and Peter Wilson, two residents at Titusville, Pennsylvania, to sink an oil-well in the Oil Creek Valley. He was much hampered by quicksands, which filled the bore as fast as it was drilled, and so he conceived the idea of driving down an iron pipe to keep out intruding substances until rock should be reached. People regarded him as a madman for trying to draw oil from the earth through a tube "like a boy sucks cider from a barrel through a straw."

He persevered, nevertheless, and at a depth of thirty-three feet struck hard rock. Operations were continued until £2,000 had been spent, and then, as no oil had yet appeared, he was told to pay off debts and give up the attempt. On the day before the receipt of this order, viz., on August 29th, 1859, the drill, at a depth of sixty-nine feet, suddenly fell six inches into a crevice of the rock, and the bore-hole filled with oil almost to the surface. A pump was rigged, and 1,500 gallons a day were raised and sold for a dollar a gallon. Thousands of people flocked to the spot, eager as gold-seekers to profit by the discovery. Farms all round were leased at enormous prices. The countryside soon echoed with the sound of many drilling outfits, and oil flowed up in torrents, a large part of the yield running to waste for lack of barrels in which to transport the oil. Thus began an industry which has added £400,000,000 to the wealth of the United States.

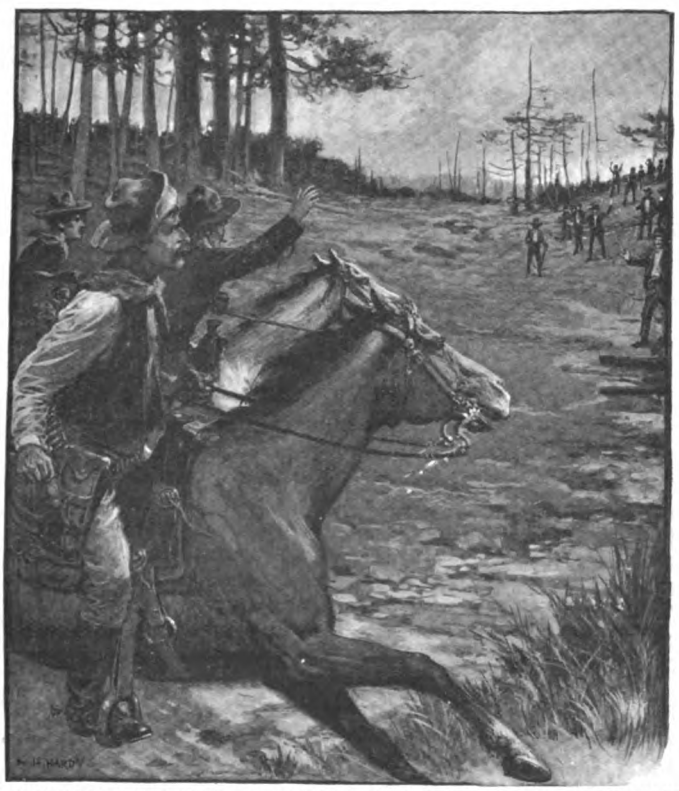
Yet Colonel Drake himself missed wealth. In the first place, he omitted to patent his well-sinking process, and so threw away a fortune. In the second place, an accident set the well alight and destroyed the pump, with the result that, before another could be rigged, rival bores had already tapped the oil-bearing strata and seriously reduced prices. This bad luck seems all the worse because it so happened that Drake's oil-well was *the shallowest ever sunk in Pennsylvania!* If a thousand wells had been sunk at other spots in Oil Creek to a depth of only sixty-nine feet, every one of them would probably have been "dry as a powder-horn." Still, it is impossible to calculate what civilization has gained by that happy freak of chance. A single foot more, and Drake would have raised his drill for the last time, and the priceless rock-oil deposits of the United States—perhaps of the world—might have remained untapped for decades.

Another striking instance of bad luck is that of M. Porte, a Frenchman, who in 1830 exploited a mine at Monte Catini, in Tuscany. For seven years he burrowed for copper, and at last found himself in circumstances so

straitened that he sold the mine for the proverbial old song. The purchasers at once cut into a mass of ore which returned a profit of £4,000; and the mine yielded £40,000 annually for many years, making the fortunate proprietors millionaires The fact that he had so narrowly missed a prize so preyed on M. Porte's mind that he died of a broken heart.

Mark Twain, in his "Roughing It," has put on record how he and two other men discovered a silver vein in Nevada. Twain and his partners absented themselves for a few days on various business, each thinking that the other two would do the work necessary to keep the claim "good." Unfortunately, the true state of affairs presented itself to them too late, and when they hurried back frantically they arrived just in time to see their claim, which should have yielded them millions, re-located by other miners.

We will conclude with an example of the ill-luck resulting from grave miscalculation. In the Keeweenaw copper district to the south of Lake Superior are the famous Tamarack and Calumet and Hecla mines, out of which copper ore has been raised in huge quantities through shafts of unparalleled depth. A Philadelphian syndicate, thinking that if a shaft were only sunk deep enough in the Keeweenaw it must strike the copper vein pierced by other companies, determined to tap the deposit and conduct operations generally on a large scale. Huge shafts were started, and round the pit-head rose large buildings filled with the most up-to-date machinery. Houses were built to accommodate the army of workmen who would be employed in the stamping mills, and a railway connected the mine with Lake Superior in readiness to transport ore. Day after day, month after month, the shaft-sinkers blasted, hacked, and hewed. Up came the skips laden with hard conglomerate rock; but never a grain of copper appeared. Presently the winding-engine ceased to turn—the proprietors had no more money left; and to-day a deserted village and rusted machinery bear sad witness to the heavy penalty sometimes paid by those people who count their chickens before they are hatched.



"THEY ARRIVED JUST IN TIME TO SEE THEIR CLAIM, WHICH SHOULD HAVE YIELDED THEM MILLIONS, RE-LOCATED BY OTHER MINERS."

IT was a Saturday afternoon. Mr. Charles Potter, one of my governors, he came to me just as I was getting ready to leave the office, and he says :—

"Briggs," he says, "I want you to take this basket of fruit to Mrs. Dewsnap, 47, Bardolph Crescent, Maida Vale. She's an aunt of ours, and it's her birthday to-morrow, Sunday; it's a little compliment we're paying her—I thought you might take it on the way home. You'd better have a cab, and here's the fare."

I got into a hansom with the basket—a very fine basket it was; if my governors had not been in the trade I should have said it cost them a mint of money; as it was I knew, and what I didn't know I could guess. We hadn't got so very far before my hansom cannoned into a cart which pulled out suddenly, and over we very nearly went. Quite over the basket went; the fruit was spilt; three of the finest peaches rolled on to the road. I nipped after them, just in time to prevent a brewer's dray spreading them all over the street. When I'd picked them up I said to my driver :—

"Excuse my asking," I said, "but is this the first time you've ever driven a cab? Because if so you might just as well have dropped me a hint before I trusted myself inside your coffin on wheels."

He looked at me out of the corner of his eye, but he didn't say anything, because he was saying all that he could think of to the driver of the cart. Off we went again, still all alive; but when I found that Mrs. Dewsnap's fruit wasn't improved by being bruised I pushed up the trap and had another go at my driver. We exchanged a few more remarks as we went along, so that by the time he pulled up and I got out we were not on what might be called the best of terms. I handed him the eighteenpence Mr. Charles had said was his fare. He looked at it as if it was something the likes of which he had never seen before.

"Here," he said, "haven't you given me too much? My fare's only one and fivepence three-farthings; though, really, between ourselves, I merely drive a cab for pleasure. Here's your change; your master'll want it."

He was holding out what I could see was a farthing.

"You keep it," I told him, "and pay it to someone to give you a few lessons in driving, and then a gentleman won't have to insure his life before he gets into your dirty cab."

The language he used to me as I went up the steps to the front door I should not like to see in print. A nice-looking young lady opened the door.

"Mrs. Dewsnap?" I asked.

"No," she replied, very sharp, "it's not Mrs. Dewsnap."

She would have shut the door if I hadn't stopped her.

"Here," I said, "one moment; there's some mistake. Isn't this 47, Bardolph Crescent?"

"No," she answered, "it isn't; and very well you know it isn't. I don't want any of your impudence."

That time she did shut the door before I could stop her, leaving me standing on the steps. I felt a bit funny. A boy was passing with an empty basket over his shoulder. I called out to him:—

"Isn't this 47, Bardolph Crescent?"

"No," he answered, "not unless it's been and got itself moved since I was round here last."

"Then where is 47, Bardolph Crescent?"

He swung his basket over on to the other shoulder; then he whistled; then he said:—

"Bardolph Crescent, second on the right, third on the left, fourth on the right, round by the Nag's Head, and then you ask again."

Whether that boy was getting at me or not I couldn't say; he went off whistling, so I shouldn't be surprised. That cab of mine was strolling off down the road: the driver was looking back at me—I could see that he was grinning.

"Now, then," I shouted, "what's this? I paid you to put me down at 47, Bardolph Crescent; you come back and take me where I paid you for!"

He halloaed back:—

"If you buy the cab you can get inside; I wouldn't have you in it on any other terms. You step it, my sunny Sam!"

How he came to know my name is Sam is more than I can say; I expect he guessed it. He cracked his whip and off he went. If there had been a policeman about, I'd have shown him! I hadn't the money for another cab if there had been one to be seen, which there wasn't, nor an omnibus either. I can't say how far it was to Bardolph Crescent, but, carrying that basket, it seemed to me some miles. An ornamental basket, loaded up with fruit to the top of the handle—artistic fashion, as they call it—is not an easy thing to carry; long before I got there I felt more than once like throwing the whole lot down an area.

No. 47, Bardolph Crescent, turned out to be a smallish house, painted green, with flower-boxes in all the windows. The door was opened by about the very tallest woman ever I saw.

"Well, young man," she said, before I had a chance of opening my mouth, "is it the tea-cakes?"

"Mrs. Dewsnap?" I asked.

She stared at me all over; and I suppose she concluded that I wasn't the tea-cakes.

"Who from?" she said.

"Messrs. Potter, Potter, and Sons."

"Oh," she said, "from them! If you are from them you'd better come inside." She led the way into a room where a lady was sitting in an arm-chair; very small she was, and all wrinkled, and though the hair on her head was all brown and curly, if ever I met a wig that was one. "From them," said the tall woman.

The little one looked me all over, like the other had done; then she asked, in a tone which was so loud and deep it took me aback:—

"What do you want inside my house?"

"I've brought this from Messrs. Potter, Potter, and Sons," I explained, "with their compliments."

"What did they send it for?"

"Mr. Charles told me that to-morrow was your birthday," I began; I was going to say something else, but she snapped me up in a manner there was no getting away from.

"He did, did he? Then it's like his insolence. How dare he talk about such matters to a perfect stranger? You tell Mr. Charles Potter from me that I've changed the date, and that my birthday's not for a good three months." Then she looked at the basket, which I'd stood upon a chair. "Fruit this time, is it? Last time it was nuts and oranges. It's generally something out of their stock for which they can find no sale." She took hold of one of the peaches which had rolled on to the road. "It's bruised! There's no mistake about this being old stock. How dare they send such stuff to me? Their sweepings!" Then all of a sudden she asked me, in what you might describe as a regular shout, "Have you been eating any of this fruit?"

She fairly made me jump. There was something about the way in which I told her that I had not which seemed to strike her. She looked at me till I felt uncomfortable; then she put up a pair of glasses and looked at me through them. She kept on looking as she said:—

"Not bad, Ashington. What do you think?"

The tall woman had kept on looking at me on her own account from the other side of the table.

"No intellect," she answered.

"You don't want intellect in a man."

"I suppose not."

"I've got all the intellect that's wanted in

my house. What is wanted in a man is something different. Is it your mother or your father who is fat?" she asked me, in that way she had of speaking as if she was firing a gun at you.

It struck me as being a funny question, but I made no bones about telling her.

"I shouldn't say that either of them was out of the way," I said.

"Aren't they? Then let me tell you that you'd better be careful about what you eat and drink, or you'll get a double chin. Come here." I went as near to her as I dared. "Closer!" she said. "Closer!" She made me go as close to her as I could. Then she put up her hand and felt my chin, prodding me in the cheek as a butcher might a pig. I went hot all over; I never had been handled like that before. "Nice and soft," she said.

"SHE FAIRLY MADE ME JUMP."

"Like him," remarked the tall woman, in a voice which I should term snappy.

"What's the harm if he is? The softer a man is, the easier he is to manage. How old are you?"

"Twenty next birthday," I told her. I tried to get farther away, but she wouldn't let me.

"Keep still; stop where you are. That's young."

"He's only a child," said the tall woman.

"It doesn't follow that he's any the worse for that, Ashington. What's your name?"

"Sam Briggs."

"Briggs? It sounds plebeian. I don't know that I should care to be Mrs. Briggs, but the name might be changed."

"It would cost money," said the tall woman.

"What if it did? I've spent money more foolishly; it's mine to spend. How old would you think I am, Mr. Briggs?"

That was a facer. I might have made a fairly good shot at it, but I felt that she wouldn't like it if I did; so I hedged.

"I'm no hand at guessing a lady's age."

"Then I'll tell you. I'm thirty-three. Last year I was thirty-seven, and next I shall probably be thirty-two. I've made up my mind that I'll never again be more than thirty-five. Are you married?"

"No," I said, "I am not; and, what's more, I'm not thinking of getting married either."

I meant that to be by way of a hint; because, really, there did seem to be no knowing where she would be getting to. But it was no good dropping a hint to her; it was like water on a duck's back.

"Then you'll start thinking. What, for instance, do you think of marrying me?"

That was a nice question to be asked. It was what I call a paralyzer. I didn't know what to say; all I could do was to stutter—she kept looking at me all the while as if I was something which she thought of buying.

"I—I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you, but I—I—if you'll excuse me I—I don't think I'd care to—thank you."

"I didn't ask what you cared; I asked what you thought. It's in this way, Mr. Briggs. I've buried three husbands; and as I'm fond of married life, that's hard on me—especially as I hadn't a word to say against one of them. Some women manage to make one last them out; but I've been unfortunate. Providence moves in a mysterious way. And as I'm a woman who isn't happy

without a husband—to me a house feels as if it were empty without one—I'm thinking of taking a fourth. It has just occurred to me, why shouldn't it be you? I'm a woman of business, and I don't believe in long courtships. I married my last three days after I met him, and it was quite successful; only his health failed. I don't make a definite proposal. I only ask you to give the matter your consideration, and I'll give it mine. Come to-morrow to dine with me at half-past one, and we'll talk it over."

Dine with her! I would have given a trifle to have been able to say "No" right out, and so I tried to make her understand; but it wasn't to be done.

"I—I'm very sorry, but I—I'm afraid I'm engaged to-morrow."

"Don't tell me you're engaged!" she thundered back. "You'll come and dine with me to-morrow at one-thirty if you don't want to lose your situation. I hold Potter, Potter, and Sons in the hollow of my hand; and so, if necessary, I'll show them, and you too. Now you can go. Mind you; one-thirty, sharp. I don't like to be kept waiting for my food. And as, since we've gone so far, I may as well admit that it is my birthday, you might bring something to commemorate the day."

In the street I felt as I did once when I had had a penny electric shock—as if something had happened, but I didn't quite know what. It was three or four minutes, and I had gone quite a way, before I got back my senses enough to think about going home. Took a bit of doing that thinking did. Seemed to me that whatever I did I was in trouble. Whether Mrs. Dewsnap was or was not off her dot I couldn't make up my mind; but, looking at it all round, this way and that, considering that she was the governor's aunt—aunt to all my governors, from what I could make out—it appeared to me that, if I kept my head, no serious harm worth speaking of could come to me if I did go and pick a bit with her. So I went, very much against the grain, mind you; but I went. Though if I'd known what was to come of it I'd have gone a hundred miles to keep away; and that's where it was.

The tall woman opened the door—same as yesterday.

"You're late!"

That was all she said, and not very cheerfully either; there was something about the manner in which she said it which made me feel uncomfortable right from the very start. She led me into a room in which Mrs. Dewsnap was sitting bolt upright in an armchair. Instead of saying "Good day," and "How do you do?" and that sort of thing, what she did say was:—

"Twenty-two minutes to two; I told you to be here by half-past one."

"Excuse me," I began, "but by my watch——"

But she wouldn't let me go on; not she.

"I want to know nothing about your watch. I keep the time, and there it is." She pointed to a clock which was on the mantelpiece. The way she had of shouting at you was most upsetting; I didn't know what to make of her. "Well," she asked, while I was wondering if I was expected to sit or to keep on standing, "is that all you have to say to me?"

"I'm sure I'm very sorry; but I had no idea that I was late."

"Have you forgotten what day this is?"

"Sunday."

"Sunday?" She turned to the tall woman. "He has forgotten—it's incredible."

"I told you he'd no intellect."

"It's not a question of intellect, but of something much more serious. It's a question of heart."

Then it came on me, all in a flash, what she was after, and out I burst.

"How forgetful I am, to be sure!" I said. "Do you know, I'd clean forgotten it was your birthday, ma'am. With your permission I'll wish you many happy returns of the day, if I may take that liberty."

She never smiled; she never anything—she just sat there like a log of wood.

"It's rather late to take that liberty, Mr. Briggs. And have you forgotten to bring me some little token in commemoration?"

I had, altogether; it was no use making any bones about it. So soon as the hint was dropped it had slipped my memory. All I could do was to try to explain.

"The truth is," I said, "that I get my salary on Wednesdays, and being a bit short this week I hoped ——"

She cut in before I had a chance to finish, which was just as well, because I really did not know what I hoped.

"No excuses, Mr. Briggs. Excuses are always contemptible. I never accept them; I have made that clear to all my husbands."

She put up her glasses and looked at me through them. She had been looking at me hard all the time, but it seemed that she could look harder through her glasses; because, all at once, she gave what, for her, was quite a start.

"Mr. Briggs!—good gracious!—what have you got on?"

"My best suit," I told her; which I had. Though I had been in two minds about putting it on, seeing the impression I had made on her in my weekday one. Therefore the way that she behaved surprised me to that degree that it was beyond me altogether.

"Your best suit!" she cried. "Is it possible? That conglomeration! Why, there are seven distinct colours in plain sight.

"'YOUR BEST SUIT!' SHE CRIED. 'IS IT POSSIBLE?'"

Ashington, is there anything of my Henry's which Mr. Briggs can wear?"

"The blue serge," said the tall woman.

"Then for gracious' sake let him wear that. I cannot sit down to dinner with such clothes; it is not possible. Take the man upstairs at once."

And she took me, before I clearly knew what she was doing. They had such a sudden way of setting about things in that house that really you hardly seemed to know where you were not from one moment to another.

"Come along," said the tall woman; and she laid her hand upon my shoulder—such a hand and such an arm! Before I gathered what she was after I was through the door and half-way up the stairs as well.

"What's the meaning of this?" I asked, when I did have a chance of speaking. "I don't care to be pulled about like this," I told her. "Not when I come out to dinner," I said.

She paid no more attention to me than if I was a monkey. She hauled me into a bedroom—a very nice room it was, and beautifully furnished. She took some clothes out of a drawer, and she threw them on the bed. Then she says:—

"Now," she says, "come out of those horrible things and put yourself inside some decent garments."

"Excuse me," I ventured to remark, "but if these clothes of mine are not good enough to sit down with a lady to table in, then I must be allowed to observe that all I can say is——"

She chipped in before I could finish.

"Don't talk," she said. "Come out of that frightful coat." She took hold of me somehow; she whipped me round like as if I was a top; and there was I out of my coat, and she with it in her hands. "Now for that nightmare of a waistcoat; the creature who made it ought to be sent to penal servitude." If you'll believe me, she had unbuttoned it from top to bottom and torn it off me in less time than it would have taken me to sneeze. "The rest of the things you can manage yourself," she said. "And mind you're quick about it. I shall be back inside five minutes, and, dressed or undressed, downstairs you'll have to come."

Out of the room she flounced with my coat and waistcoat, leaving me scarcely knowing which end of myself I was standing on. The outrageousness of it was what beat me—left there with a blue serge suit of somebody else's. However, since there was only one thing to be done, why, I did it. I took off the rest of my things, as tasty a pair—pale pink stripes on a light blue ground—as anyone could wish to see, and got into that blue serge—at least, as far into it as I could get. Whether it had been made for a man or a walrus was more than I could tell, but it was no manner of fit for me; I was like a pea in a pint pot. Just as I was wondering whether I should ever find myself again inside those things back the tall woman came.

"Aren't you ready?" she asked.

"No," I told her, "and I never shall be.

"NOW FOR THAT NIGHTMARE OF A WAISTCOAT."

Am I supposed to sit down to dinner with a lady in a suit of clothes like this? Why, if she looks my way she'll wonder where I am."

"Those clothes," she said, "were made for a man, not a microbe. Let me button your waistcoat." And she did, like as if I was a child. "We'll manage somehow; the thing is to make sure that they'll stop on you."

She did manage, with about twenty pins, pinning me up behind and in front and at the side and all over.

"It'll be a bit of all right," I said, "if I happen to sit down on some of those pins."

"If you do," she said, "you'll know it. Now, down you go."

And down I went, with more help from her than I wanted. Mrs. Dewsnap looked at me through her glasses.

"At least at present you are possible; though the garments are a trifle large."

A trifle? There was room inside them for a feather bed as well as me—pillows, bolster, blankets, and all.

"Mr. Dewsnap was a proper-sized man," said the tall woman.

"He certainly was on the large side; which is perhaps the more reason why I should try a small one next. Variety is not necessarily to be despised. Mr. Briggs, give me your arm and take me in to dinner. We are already extremely late."

I gave her my arm. We sat down at a round table—me, Mrs. Dewsnap, and the tall woman. There was a servant in the room, another six-footer, who I dare say was forty-five, though she looked more. Soup was handed round. I was just starting on a spoonful when Mrs. Dewsnap all but made me drop it by the way she shouted at me.

"Mr. Briggs! Please don't hold your spoon like that! Taylor, show Mr. Briggs how to hold his spoon."

And if that six-footer of a servant didn't grab me by the wrist, twist the spoon out of my fingers, and then put it back again in a way that suited her.

"Hold it like that," she said, "and not at the end, as if it was an umbrella."

"And don't take your soup from the end, but from the side of the spoon," said Mrs. Dewsnap.

"And don't pour it down your throat as if you were pouring it down a funnel," said the tall woman.

"And pray, Mr. Briggs, don't make that distressing noise when you swallow."

It was very nice for me, but, strictly in confidence, my appetite for soup all went when they started at me like that. But yet, when I tried to explain that soup was not one of my favourite dishes, they wouldn't let me leave it; not they.

"You can pay no worse compliment to your hostess," said Mrs. Dewsnap, "than not to consume what she has placed before you. Please take your soup, Mr. Briggs; not too fast, for that is not elegant, nor too slowly, for that may keep others waiting. And please remember that there are ladies looking at you."

I was not likely to forget; they took care

of that. That soup very nearly choked me, and that's the simple fact. It was the same with the fish.

"Pray don't use a steel knife"—there she was interfering before I was able to get so much as a taste. "Nor a fork and your bread. Fish-knives are provided. Taylor, show Mr. Briggs which is his fish-knife."

That there six-foot servant was at me again; snatched away my fork and my bread, and shoved between my fingers—as if I was a child—what I had thought was meant more for ornaments than anything else. However, I did the best with them I could. But it didn't suit her—oh, dear, no.

"You haven't a very graceful way of eating fish," she said. Who would have had, treated as I was? It was all I could do to eat it at all. "For Heaven's sake don't drop the sauce down your waistcoat!"

Her shouting at me like that gave me such a start that I dropped it more than ever; as a matter of fact, I dropped all that I had on my fork. She made me all of a twitter. She did go on.

"Your table manners are unspeakable," she halloaed—halloaing with her was the same as speaking with anybody else. "If you can't eat your food without spilling it all over you put your serviette up in front of you. Taylor, show Mr. Briggs how to put his serviette up."

If you will believe me, that impudent six-footer took hold of my serviette, which I had kept properly folded over my knee, opened it out, and tucked it inside my shirt-collar, all round my neck, like they do bibs in front of babies. The marvel is I did not up and hit her; very near throttled me, she did, and she was twice my size, even if she was a woman. But I was so flurried by the way they all behaved to me that I felt as if I could do nothing—nor yet say anything either. It went on like that all through the dinner; if I had thrown the plates and dishes at them, it would have served them right. I simply could not have believed that a man could have been so sat upon by three females; so squashed, if I may say so. I might have been a rag doll, the way they used me. Though, mind you, the dinner itself was first-rate—slap-up. I could have done it proper justice if I had only been left alone. Even as it was, by the time that we got to the dessert, and there were a couple of the governors' peaches on my plate, and a glass of port-wine in front of me, I felt that I hadn't done myself so very bad. Just as I was taking a sip at my port—I didn't dare to do more than sip at it, for fear that that six-footer should be told to take it from me—there came a knocking and ringing at the front door. Mrs. Dewsnap looked at the tall woman—not the servant, I mean, but the one who had hauled me up the stairs.

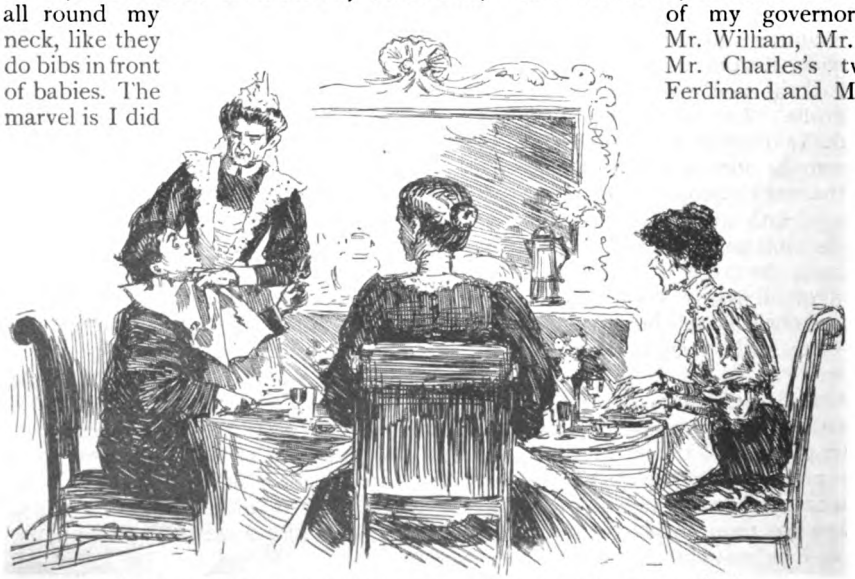
"It's them," she said.

"So I suppose," said the other.

Mrs. Dewsnap turned to the six-footer—the servant, I mean, this time.

"Show them in here," she said.

In about half a minute, to my utter astonishment, who should come marching into the room, one after the other, but five of my governors—Mr. John, Mr. William, Mr. Charles, and Mr. Charles's two sons, Mr. Ferdinand and Mr. Adolphus. Mr. John, he went straight up to Mrs. Dewsnap, all smiles.



"SHE TOOK HOLD OF MY SERVIETTE, AND TUCKED IT ALL ROUND MY NECK."

"My dear aunt," he said, in the tone which he kept for the best customers, "once more, on this auspicious occasion, we have the felicity of offering you our

united congratulations. And we do so with the greater pleasure since each year seems to make you younger."

"Does it?" she replied, short and sharp. "If that's your opinion, it's not mine."

The others had not been looking at her; they had been looking at me; and the more they looked the more they seemed to want to look.

"Who on earth," remarked Mr. William, eyeing me most unpleasant, "is this person?"

"Why," came out Mr. Charles, with a sort of a burst, "it's Briggs."

"Mr. Briggs," said Mrs. Dewsnap, very straight and very loud, "has honoured me with his company at dinner on the occasion of my birthday."

By now Mr. John was also casting his eyes in my direction—all the smiles went off his face when he saw me.

"Honoured you?" he said, speaking in the tone which he kept for the customers whose accounts were a little behind. "My dear aunt!—Sam Briggs!"

"The word I used was 'honoured,'" said Mrs. Dewsnap, loud as ever.

They stared at her; then they stared at each other; then they stared again at me. Mr. Charles, he turned to Mrs. Dewsnap.

"My dear aunt," he said, "I fancy that there must be some misapprehension somewhere. This—lad, Briggs, is our office-boy."

I was not their office-boy, nothing of the kind; I was one of their junior clerks, that's what I was, but just then I didn't feel like telling them so. In fact, I didn't seem to feel like telling anybody anything. The way in which they kept eyeing each other and then me was proof that there was more trouble ahead. I wished with all my heart that I had never come to dinner; it was dead certain that I never wanted to. A remark which Mrs. Dewsnap dropped did not make it any better for me, not by any manner of means.

"Nephew Charles"—speaking, as always, as if she was a fog-horn in the middle of a storm—"do not dare to make any unpleasant allusions to my honoured guest Mr. Briggs. It is extremely possible that he will be my fourth."

"Fourth what?" asked Mr. Charles.

"Husband," she replied, as if she wouldn't mind if the ceiling did shake.

"Aunt!" they cried, all of them together. Once more they all of them looked at her, then once more they all of them looked at me.

"As you are aware," she went on, in the same reach-right-across-the-Crystal-Palace tone of voice—she would have been a cure for the deaf if ever there was one!—"I own a large interest in the firm of Potter, Potter, and Sons, and it has occurred to me that it would be desirable that my fourth husband should be an active member of the firm, to represent that interest."

The looks which came upon their faces!

"I've no doubt, my dear aunt," said Mr. William, "that this is a little jest of yours; but, at the same time——"

She cut him short.

"I never jest," she said. I should think she never did. "As you know, when I have once made up my mind, nothing can induce me to change it. Still, if there are any observations which you wish to make, and which it is fitting that I should hear, let them be made in an adjacent chamber. Ashington, let us go."

She and the tall woman went; Mr. John, Mr. William, and Mr. Charles went with them; Mr. Ferdinand and Mr. Adolphus stayed behind—I wished they hadn't. Mr. Ferdinand was my age, as I happened to know; Mr. Adolphus was a year younger; but either of them would have made two of me, all bone and muscle—and both of them Rugby forwards. I had seen them play many a time—they didn't care who they killed to win the game. They both of them began at me almost as soon as the door was closed, as I'd expected.

"You're a nice young blackguard, Briggs!" said Mr. Ferdinand.

"A dirty little rascal!" said Mr. Adolphus.

"Excuse me," I managed to get in, "but those remarks are not called for as addressed to me, because I shall be able to explain to you that I'm not here owing to any wish of my own——"

But they wouldn't let me go on—not they.

"And it won't be owing to any wish of ours that you'll stay," said Mr. Ferdinand, in the very middle of my sentence.

"So out you go!" said Mr. Adolphus.

And out I went—they outed me.

"Look here," I shouted, "these clothes aren't mine; that tall woman knows where my clothes are."

"Never mind about your clothes," said Mr. Ferdinand; "any clothes will do for you."

"Here's your hat," said Mr. Adolphus, taking it off a peg and clapping it on my head harder than he need have done. "Think yourself lucky to get it."

"How am I going to get home?" I asked,

just as they were opening the front door. "All my money's in my trouser pockets; these aren't my trousers that I'm wearing—they're upstairs."

"Hang your trousers!" said Mr. Ferdinand. "Here's half a crown for a cab fare; now hook it!"

And I hooked it, owing to the way in which they sent me running down the steps. A hansom happened to be passing.

"Halloa, cabman!" cried Mr. Adolphus; "take this young brute away from here as fast—and as far—as you possibly can!"

A nice way to be introduced to a cab in which you were going to ride!

"Pardon me," I called out to them, as I was getting in, "but if you'll allow me, I shall be able to explain——"

But I never had a chance. The cab started before I expected, and I was thrown all of a heap on to the seat—it was only by a wonderful chance I was not hurled on to the road. Before I had properly pulled myself together the driver put his nose through the trap-door.

"Had a nice little kick-up?" he said. "Isn't it a bit early for that kind of thing? or is it that you're leaving off very late?"

As familiar as if he had known me for years! I was not going to be spoken to like that by a common cab-driver, and so I let him see.

"Never mind what I've had," I told him. "You mind your own affairs, and then perhaps no harm will come to you."

"Whose togs have you got on?" he asked.

"That's my affair," I said. "You look after your own togs, and leave other people's alone."

"'HERE'S YOUR HAT,' SAID MR. ADOLPHUS."

"I should think that that's what you'd better have done yourself, from what I can see." He was still peeping at me through the open trap—the impudence of him! "I only hope that they won't fall off you while you're inside my cab; they look to me as if they very easily might."

The fact was that, principally because of the style in which Mr. Ferdinand and Mr. Adolphus had handled me, most of the pins which the tall woman had put in had come out, and some of them were sticking into me at that moment; the consequence being that I did not feel safe in those clothes myself. I know this: I shouldn't have liked to have had to walk far in them. A nice game I had with that driver! He kept calling attention to me as we went along, bawling out to 'bus-drivers, and people like that. A regular show that cabman made of me—on a Sunday afternoon! But I went back at him—I bet I gave him one or two stingers! When we got to Walham Green we had a row about the fare; when I proved that it was under five miles he said that he always charged double for carrying a Guy Fawkes. Then I talked to him! Luckily none of my people were at home, so that I was able to get in without their noticing what a sight I was; if anyone had said so much as a syllable to me there would have been ructions. Boiling with rage I was—simply boiling.

The next morning, being Monday, I did not altogether fancy going up to the office. But as I had to go, I had—so up I went, with the late Mr. Dewsnap's blue serge suit under my arm in a brown-paper parcel. Mr. Charles came out to me directly I got there;

he might have been hanging about waiting for me to turn up.

"Come in here," he said.

He took me in to Mr. John's private room, and there they all of them were, looking as if they would like to eat me, and as soon as I got my nose inside the door, off they started.

"May I ask," I said, "what it is I am supposed to have done?" Because, between ourselves, it seemed to me to be about time that I should get my back up.

"None of your insolence to me!" bellowed Mr. John, jumping up in a way that made me jump back. "You know very well what you've done. You've crawled, like a wriggling snake, into the house of a lady who's a relation of mine."

"Believe me, sir," I said, "I have not. All I did was to take round that basket of fruit——"

"Don't tell me what you've done! I'll tell you what we are going to do. We have been considering three alternatives. Shall we call in a policeman and give you into his custody?"

"What for?" I asked.

"You know very well what for," he said. I did not—and he didn't either. "Or," he went on, "shall we kick you out into the street without a character? In which case we'll take care that you don't obtain another situation in the City of London. Or—will you give us, in black and white, your undertaking not to molest Mrs. Dewsnap again; that is, will you promise, on your word of honour, never, under any circumstances, to see her, speak to her, or communicate with her?"

In rushed Mr. Adolphus.

"Here she is," he cried; "she's coming along the passage."

There was a pretty how-d'ye-do!

"What shall we do with him?" asked Mr. John, looking as if he would like to tear his hair—what there was of it.

"We can't drop him out of the window," said Mr. William; "it's too high."

"We can't shove him up the chimney," said Mr. Charles; "it's too narrow."

"There's the cupboard," said Mr. Ferdinand.

And there was; a nasty, dirty cupboard in a corner of the room, which hadn't been cleared out, I should think, for a hundred years, with shelves; and under the bottom there was just room for a middle-sized man to crouch. I know; because they crammed me in under it, and not only shut the door, but locked it.

"Look here!" I said, as the cobwebs came tumbling down on top of me. "This won't do!"

I heard Mrs. Dewsnap come into the room, and I was still, because

"THEY CRAMMED ME IN."

I wasn't very much more anxious that she should see me than they were.

"Where is Mr. Briggs?" she asked, in that shake-the-foundations-of-the-house voice of hers.

"You are an early visitor," said Mr. John.

"I presume that I know that as well as you do. I have come to take him away with me at once."

"Take him away with you? My dear aunt!"

"Don't repeat my words; you heard what I said. And don't 'dear aunt' me; I know you, John Potter. I ask you a second time, where is Mr. Briggs?"

"Mr. Briggs?" said the old serpent. "I really can hardly tell you. Do you know, William?"

"He's not here just at present," said Mr. William.

"In any case," said Mr. Charles, "you would scarcely be likely to find him in here. At this hour he is probably engaged in his usual duty of sweeping the floors."

Usual duty of sweeping the floors!—me!

"None of your lies," said Mrs. Dewsnap, in that plain-speaking way she had. "They told me outside that Mr. Briggs was in this room."

Then the fun began. I could hear everything from where I was, as plain as if I had been in the room—I shouldn't have been much more comfortable if I had been. You can take it from me that they none of them spoke in whispers. The things they said to each other!—and the things she said to them!—and especially the things they said to her and about her! If half of them were true she must have been a warm one—the idea of me being her husband made my blood run cold. At last, when they were all getting hoarse, except her—I shouldn't think she ever did get hoarse—she closed the discussion.

"I shall be back in an hour," she said. "I'm going to see my solicitor, on business which you may guess; and if, on my return, I don't find Mr. Briggs awaiting me, the consequences will be serious for all of you."

Out she stamped—and didn't she bang the door! They all started talking together again—this time under their breaths, so that I couldn't hear a word they said.

"Halloa!" I shouted, hammering against the cupboard door. "Let me out!"

They let me out. Mr. Charles tackled me.

"Sam Briggs," he said, "we're going to look at this matter from the point of view of men of the world. We're not going to lay all the blame for what has occurred upon your shoulders. So far, indeed, from blaming you, we're going to give you a mark of our confidence; we're going to entrust you with a confidential mission; we're going to send you, as our confidential agent, on a ship of ours which is starting immediately to Palermo, for a cargo of lemons."

"Thank you," I said; "I'm much obliged," I said; "but I don't know that I quite care to go to—what's the name of the place?"

"We're not asking what you care to do—we're sending you."

"But—I'm no sailor."

"That'll be all right when once you're out at sea."

"When did you say this ship was starting?"

"At once; you'll just have time to catch her."

"I'm in no hurry," I said.

"No; but we are."

"But—one moment. What will my mother say when she finds that I don't come home to supper?"

He paid no attention to me; he turned to Mr. John.

"Is that letter ready?" he asked. Mr. John gave him a letter which he had just been writing. Mr. Charles looked it through, put it in an envelope, and handed it to Mr. Adolphus. "Adolphus," he said, "give that to Captain Ruddock. Now off you go with Briggs; there isn't a moment to lose."

"Thank you," I said; "but I really don't think," I said, "that I'm what you might call keen," I said, "about going," I said.

Mr. Adolphus took me by the shoulders and he shook me—shook me, he did—till I thought he'd have shaken my bones right out of me. Then he observed:—

"Briggs, you're coming with me, and you're going to do exactly as you're told, and if you whimper, or if you object by so much as a word, I'll—break — every — bone — in your body."

He treated me to another shaking.

"I'll go," I gasped, when I could. "Only spare my life."

"I won't if you don't behave," he said. "But if you do behave, on board the *Eleanora*—that's the name of the ship on which you're going for your little jaunt—you'll have the best time you ever had in all your days."

I had my doubts about that myself, but it didn't seem to be much use to say so.

Presently me and Mr. Adolphus were bowling along in a hansom cab, travelling faster than I ever saw a hansom cab move before, and there was I starting on a voyage to—what was the name of the place?—for lemons. As a confidential agent! Oh, dear, yes; a deal of confidence they were putting in me. What my poor mother would say when she found I wasn't coming home to supper I couldn't think—she has said things more than once to me before; she can say them! And it all came from taking a basket of fruit to a lady!

—

"New Art" in Daily Life.

AN INTERVIEW WITH M. VICTOR SILLARD,

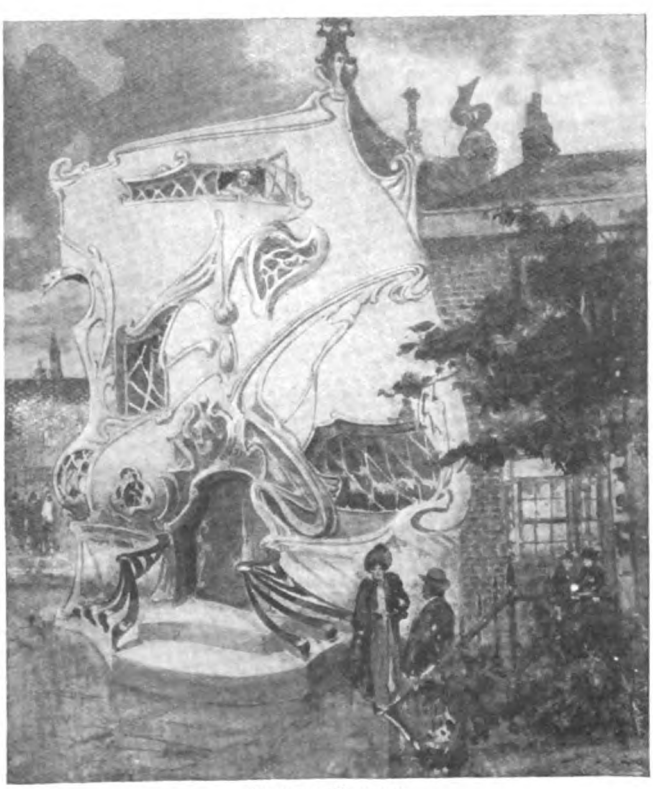
TOGETHER WITH THE OPINIONS OF OTHER EMINENT ARTISTS.

WHEN the much-discussed "l'Art Nouveau" burst on the world, *viâ* Paris, many persons naturally wondered where it would end. Was it to be restricted to clocks and hat-pins, brooches and bric-à-brac, or were its exponents to extend its principles to higher and more ambitious objects? One of its early critics, shocked at the fantastic and flamboyant forms which were inundating the shops of the Palais Royal, expressed his devout thankfulness that at least the "New Art" would never be able to enlist the sympathies of the sculptors and architects, however much it had succeeded in carrying away the jewellers, wood-carvers, potters, and metal-workers. But his gratitude, if we may credit M. Victor Sillard, one of the most enthusiastic devotees of the art, was premature. We are on the eve of a revolution in design, a revolution that is to embrace not merely sculpture and architecture, but all crafts and departments of manufacture. We are not only to have New Art teapots, but New Art motor-cars, New Art coal-scuttles, and New Art perambulators. The very babes are to lisp in the bizarre and tortuous accents of the New Art, and New Art cradles, feeding-bottles, and teething-rings are to conduct the coming generation gently and imperceptibly to a higher appreciation of the Life Beautiful.

As one may see from the accompanying designs originating with M. Sillard, the whole face of our municipal highways is to be altered, for the revolution will affect besides vehicles the very houses, churches, the shape of our bridges; perhaps the very waves of the Thames will leap into "new art" postures.

What is the New Art? It is, according to one of its admirers, "a voluptuous flowering of the highest æsthetic sense." According to another "it is a bursting of the shackles which have bound art to squares and circles for centuries."

But in the opinion of Mr. T. G. Jackson, R.A., it is "a mischievous, fashionable craze," and is characterized throughout by "a fidgety, vulgar obtrusiveness quite destructive of all dignity and repose." Another Academician calls it "the concentrated essence of a wriggle," and still another "squirming lines and blobs." Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., denies that he ever had anything to do with such a movement. "L'Art Nouveau, forsooth!" he says. "Absolute nonsense! It belongs to the young ladies' seminary and the duffers' paradise." Nevertheless, other equally eminent artists, such as Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., Goscombe John, A.R.A., Seymour Lucas, R.A., and Arnesby Brown, A.R.A., openly express their admiration in much of the work and believe in its future.



"NEW ART" HOUSE.

"MY LADY'S BOUDOIR: THE VERY PROPORTIONS OF THE WALLS ARE ROUNDED."

It is noticeable, however, that the architects seem dead against the movement, and their professional repugnance would probably not be lessened if they could behold the design given for an artistic house which its originator hopes to see erected in the vicinity of Edward Square, Kensington. One can safely premise this of such a dwelling, that it will offer a striking contrast to its neighbours in the same vicinity, and, moreover, its interior will fully match its façade. Of course, there will be no square or oblong windows, but the very proportions of the walls, floor, and ceiling will be rounded. There will, at any rate, be no corners to collect the dust and try the patience of the tidy housekeeper.

Perhaps the principles underlying it are best explained by M. Sillard, who has been recently visiting England with a view to conferring with the English admirers and practical exponents of "l'Art Nouveau," or, rather, with that particular phase of it which aims at utility as well as mere ornament. Briefly, it may be said that a propaganda is on foot which its promoters hope will achieve a revolution. Its leading spirit knows England well, having formerly resided here some years.

M. SILLARD'S DESIGN FOR A CHURCH SPIRE.

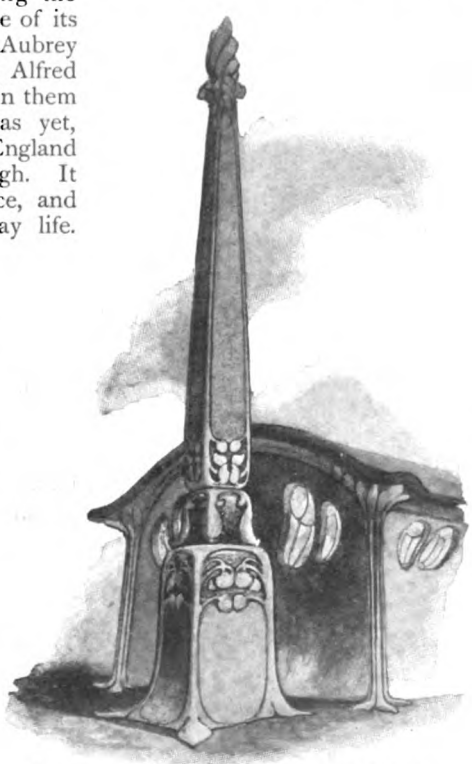
In M. Sillard's opinion the progress made by art in England in the last dozen or fifteen years has been simply astounding.

"Even in the late eighties your houses, your clothes, your furniture were the ugliest of any nation in Europe. There seemed not the slightest desire on the part of the masses to cultivate the sense of beauty which has its expression in line and form. That line and form were capable of soul-stirring harmonies as exquisite as perfect poetry, few in England seemed to be aware. Even the harmonies of colour and tone were of the vulgarest description, represented on the one hand by the paintings one saw at the Royal Academy, which always reminded me of your Christmas supplements, and by 'Grandfather's Clock,'

'Put Me in My Little Bed, Mother,' on the other hand. I was not prepared for such a change as has happened. You have actually grown artistic. You are not content any more with plush-covered furniture. You have grown tired of stucco and plain, yellow brick houses. Englishwomen are no longer dowdy, but dainty, in their dress. You have painters—you have sculptors. Your restaurants are perfectly appointed. In short, in every direction you have—or are beginning to have—art."

"To what do you attribute the change?" M. Sillard was asked.

"First to the æsthetes, who were the pioneers in awakening the British public to a sense of its artistic defects; next to Aubrey Beardsley, and then to Alfred Gilbert, who cultivated in them line and form. But, as yet, neither in France nor England does art go deep enough. It only touches the surface, and stops short of workaday life. The cry should be, and with us is, Art, art, art—everywhere art. We want art not only in the drawing-room, but in the counting-house; not only in my lady's boudoir, but in the street and in the field and workshop. People say they have no time to be artistic. They may as well say they have no time to be moral. If a sense and knowledge of beauty permeated through the masses so that they learned to love the thing that was graceful and despise that which was ungraceful there would be more real morality. Why shouldn't the workman's tool be an artistic thing? Do you think it would do worse work than an ugly one?



"WHY SHOULDN'T YOUR FACTORY CHIMNEYS LOOK LIKE THIS?"

"Why shouldn't your factory chimneys look like this?" Here M. Sillard exhibited the design reproduced herewith. "Isn't that better than the square, hideous piles that deface modern manufacturing towns?"

It was hinted that we lived in a material age, and that possibly those who provided tools and buildings would not consider any expense warranted that was not met by increased material efficiency.

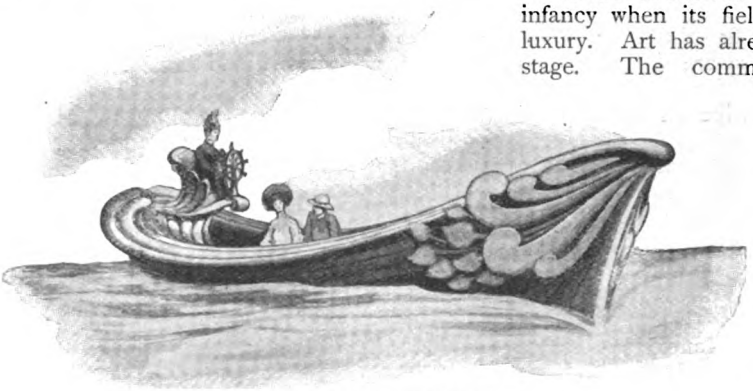
"Pardon me, that is all nonsense. We do not live in a material age any more than we live in an irreligious or an unliterary age. People are always ready to pay a little more for an article that looks well than for one in the rough. I don't believe people are really blind to or careless about beauty, but only that they are lax and unenterprising and take what they can get. Of course, innovations must begin with the most intelligent and cultivated classes and filter downwards. But if a working girl can wear an artistic hat-pin—and you will find that she does—why should she not comb her locks with an artistic comb, button her boots with an artistic button-hook? Why shouldn't she iron her frock with an artistic flat-iron? But before the tools of the workman are made artistic the appliances and appointments of the rich must be transformed. Line and form must replace the hideous geometrical shapes in which everything is manufactured, from a carpet tack to a railway engine. It has always struck me as extraordinary that a rich man who could afford to travel in a steam launch or an electric brougham, and has these built to his order in any shape he desires, should not order them to be beautiful. When all that meets the eye mirrors line and form you will become a nation of conscience and industry. It is their devotion to line and form which is the secret of the success of the Japanese."

The reader will see from the following illustrations the sort of motor-launch and car that this earnest champion of linear beauty recommends to the denizens of Park Lane.

According to M. Sillard, what is known to us as "l'Art Nouveau" combines in itself both line and form. It has met with opposi-

tion on the part of many artists because they are wedded to old canons, and denounce everything as fantastic and bizarre which does not tally with their notions of Greek and Renaissance art.

"Benvenuto Cellini and Giovanni di Bologna had to meet with the same kind of opposition and the same sort of criticism. Everything that is new is attacked. But look at this beautiful motor-car of my design. Do you think if it were put on the street to-morrow it would receive half as much abuse and ridicule as the first ugly motor-car received twenty years ago? When the inventor of the steam locomotive built the first machine, he was merely consulting his primary convenience in placing a boiler horizontally on a truck with a chimney at one end. But ever since then nobody seems to have thought it worth while to make any æsthetic improvements in the railway engine, except to employ brass and paint lavishly. But brass and paint are poor substitutes for line and form. Why should not our sculptors be employed in designing engines? Think of the Scotch express being led by a beautiful bronze and enamel swan into Edinburgh! Or a blue and crimson dragon, unslain by your national saint, harnessed to a line of white, cool carriages, careering through the green country-side. Or a brilliant emerald serpent noiselessly linking London with Liverpool."



A "NEW ART" MOTOR-LAUNCH.

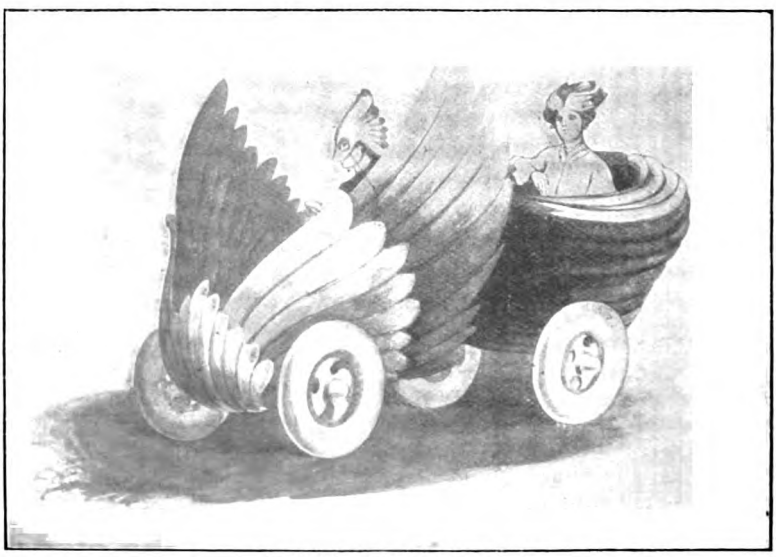
"Do you really believe we shall ever have these things?"

"I am convinced that art is but in its infancy when its field is restricted only to luxury. Art has already grown out of that stage. The commonest bedroom and kitchen furniture is now fashioned with an eye to beauty. There will be a long road to travel before we see a steam-roller which shall be delightful to look upon, but if I live a moderately long life, and I am not yet forty, I shall see it."

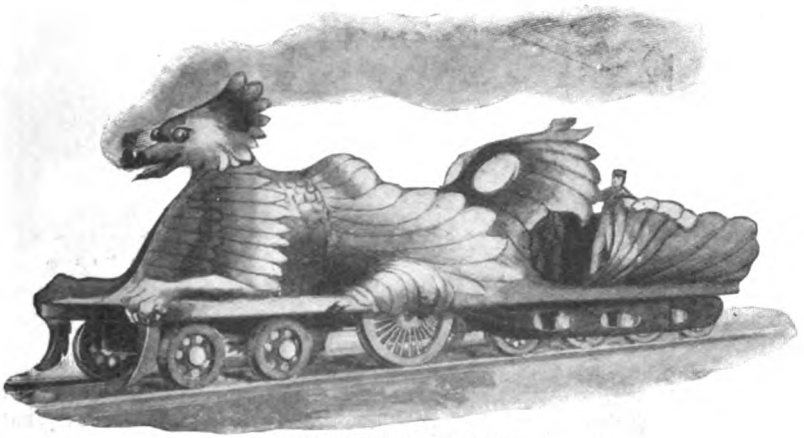
Briefly, then, as we see from the accompanying designs, M. Sillard's system consists in applying the principles of the New Art, with which we are all so familiar in the form of jewellery and bric-à-brac, to architecture and engineering, ironwork, bookbinding, frame-making, and other forms of production.

"Who are the leading exponents of the art?'

'It would be impossible to name them all. In France splendid examples have been



A DESIGN FOR A MOTOR-CAR.



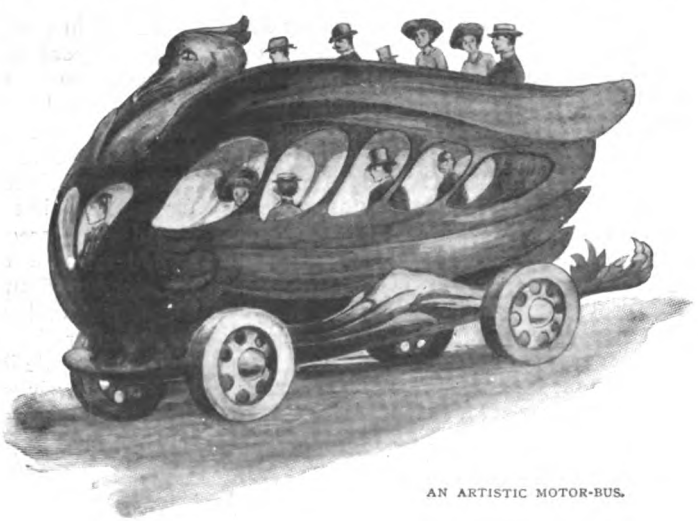
A LOCOMOTIVE OF THE FUTURE.

produced by Gaillard, De Feure, Bignon, Bagues, Majorelle, and Farcey, amongst others, and in Germany and Austria there are some clever workers. These men are prepared to execute anything in the new style, and, as a matter of fact, nearly all of them are as busy as possible with commissions. You must not suppose the movement, even in the wide form I propose, is without its sympathizers in England. I could show you the opinions of any number of eminent artists on this head. Look at this from Mr. Goscombe John, A.R.A. :—

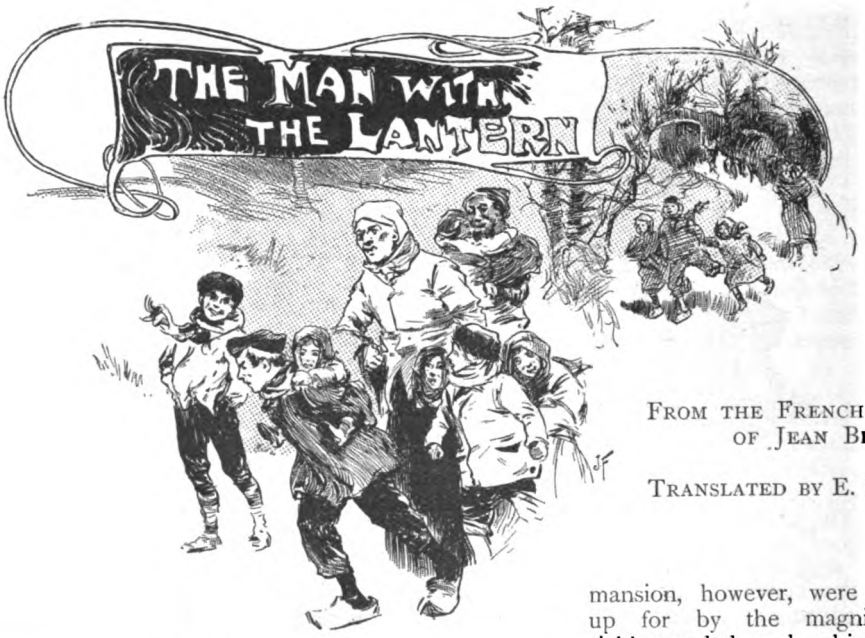
"Any new enthusiasm is certain to be opposed by the usual phalanx of petrified opinion and criticism, quite of the same kind that has done duty over and over again for generations. 'L'Art Nouveau' has received the usual amount of assault and battery, but this can in no way affect what is good in it; what is valuable will be absorbed, giving vitality and variety to what in many directions has become conventional and dead; the worthless part will, of course, be very quickly forgotten."

And this is the opinion of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A. : "The movement is an indication of the age in which we live—an age of upheavals. Revered canons of art are shattered, and the decorative art—a cross-breed with a good deal of Japanese blood in its veins—has come into existence, and with sufficient strength evidently to last some time; for the rapidity with which it has spread into so many forms of art shows that it has some deep-rooted *raison d'être*. What this is may be difficult to determine. This 'Art Nouveau' appeared concurrently with that of freedom from the curbing influence of tradition in so many other activities of the human mind; it may be considered as an honest expression of the age."

Nevertheless, there will doubtless be considerable pondering of the matter before any of the London companies who administer to the vehicular requirements of the public decide to replace their new motor-cars and omnibuses with the chariot here so considerately presented to them by M. Sillard.



AN ARTISTIC MOTOR-BUS.



FROM THE FRENCH
OF JEAN BERTOT.

TRANSLATED BY E. DYKE.

IT was glorious weather for a Christmas Eve. There were a hard frost and a moon of steely radiance. No melancholy pall of whiteness enwrapped the earth—as is sometimes the case on a winter night. There was not a particle of snow to be seen. Far away in the distance could be heard the trot of horses and roll of wheels on the hard, frozen roads, the sounds falling suddenly as the vehicles reached the little wood, and rising again as they left it behind.

There were plenty of carts, cabs, and private carriages about on the country road that night. Many pedestrians also, groups of persons walking at a smart pace, with much lively chatter; women muffled up in shawls, men whose faces were buried in enormous comforters, children so well covered that almost the only visible portions of them were the tips of their little pink noses.

All these good people were flocking to the Christmas-tree *fête* at the Château of Aulnes.

This "château" scarcely merited the name given to it by the country-folk. It was merely a substantial dwelling-house, situated in the open country, at some distance from the village of St. Sulpice in the Landes. Square and massive, with a big flight of steps in the middle, surmounted by a pediment which resembled a gendarme's hat, its only uncommonplace feature was the large dove-house at one side. The deficiencies of the mansion, however, were made up for by the magnificent, richly-wooded park which surrounded it. On this Christmas night the trees, shivering in the wind, assumed fantastic aspects in the moonlight. In the distance might be heard the rhythmic beat of the waves upon the shore, for the sea was not far off.

The Château of Aulnes, after being empty and deserted for a long time, had, about ten years previous to the date of our little story, found a purchaser in M. Méréval, a wealthy and very learned old gentleman, who, with his wife and his servants, had taken up his abode there. He was seldom seen out of doors.

Buried in profound historical studies, M. Méréval spent his days in rooms lined and packed from floor to ceiling with old books, and appeared to live only in remote ages, with a complete disregard of the present. Nevertheless, he was a good old fellow, who made himself liked by his servants and dependents, but his face habitually wore a sad and preoccupied expression. His shoulders were bowed as though beneath the weight of an invisible burden, and his care-lined forehead bore the mark of an unspoken grief.

The sad, pale looks of Mme. Méréval, and her prematurely whitened hair, told the same story of a deep-seated sorrow into which none had the right to pry.

What was the mystery? No one knew. Some said that the Mérévals had lost their two children; that the daughter had died of

consumption, that the son had been killed in America.

However the case might be, these two persons were greatly beloved by the peasantry of the country-side, to whom Madame was a human Providence. The poor and the sick knew her well; those who had children knew her best of all. Mme. Méréval adored children. With them, for them, her face brightened, as a passing sunbeam will for a moment dissipate the clouds.

Every year, at Christmas-time, there was a children's party at the château. All the poor little peasants, all the children from the farm-houses, even some belonging to a higher class—children of the country gentry, and of townsfolk with whom the Mérévals had friendly relations—were gathered around a giant fir set up in the large drawing-room, a tree whose branches bore, not ordinary fruit, but glittering playthings and lighted candles. Oh, how splendid it was! There are to-day grown men who still declare that those hours at the château were the most wonderful and delightful of their whole lives.

Upon this particular Christmas Eve there was to be something even better than usual. In addition to the tree there was to be an entertainment.

Two or three days before Christmas, a small van drawn by a donkey had stopped at the gate of the château. This vehicle was the domicile of a man and his wife. The latter, a pretty, dark-haired little woman, with a gentle manner, asked to be allowed to speak to the mistress of the mansion. Her request being granted, she explained to Mme. Méréval that she and her husband were going about the country giving entertainments adapted for children. The chief features of these performances were a Punch-and-Judy show and a magic lantern. The kind lady of the château at once engaged the services of the pair whose advent was so opportune, and for the last two days the show-people had been staying at the village inn, arranging their programme and patching up their invalid actors, the puppets with cracked heads.

And now at last the important evening has arrived. Around the Christmas-tree are seated a number of little people with widely-opened eyes, chattering away nineteen to the dozen, and intensely interested in the stage erected at the end of the room, which has for "scenery" two hedges of firs dug up for the purpose in the course of the afternoon. M. Méréval, who for this one day has descended from his dusty Olympus, is seated beside his wife, and presides, in his arm-chair, over the tumultuous assembly.

The performance begins. Amid a storm of laughter and exclamations the immortal drama is enacted. Punch beats his wife, beats the policeman, beats the judge, but comes to grief himself in the end. It is poetical justice—the triumph of morality!

"AMID A STORM OF LAUGHTER AND EXCLAMATIONS THE IMMORTAL DRAMA IS ENACTED."

"And now," announced the little woman, "the lights will be put out, and my husband will show you the magic lantern."

There ensue shrieks of delight, clapping of hands, immense jubilation. The servants

blow out the candles, take away the lamps; the children are in utter, delicious darkness!

Suddenly a large, dazzling circle appears upon the white sheet. Before the spectators defile Mr. Sun, Mrs. Moon, and their daughters, the young lady Stars. There followed in succession some Biblical slides; a daring representation of the Creation; the builders of Babel, busy at their futile task; the walls of Jericho, falling at the sound of the trumpets.

Hitherto the woman has been doing the talk; doing it brightly and cleverly. She speaks well; one would never take her for a gipsy!

"The Parable of the Prodigal Son," she announces at length. "That is the last thing on the programme, and my husband will explain it to you."

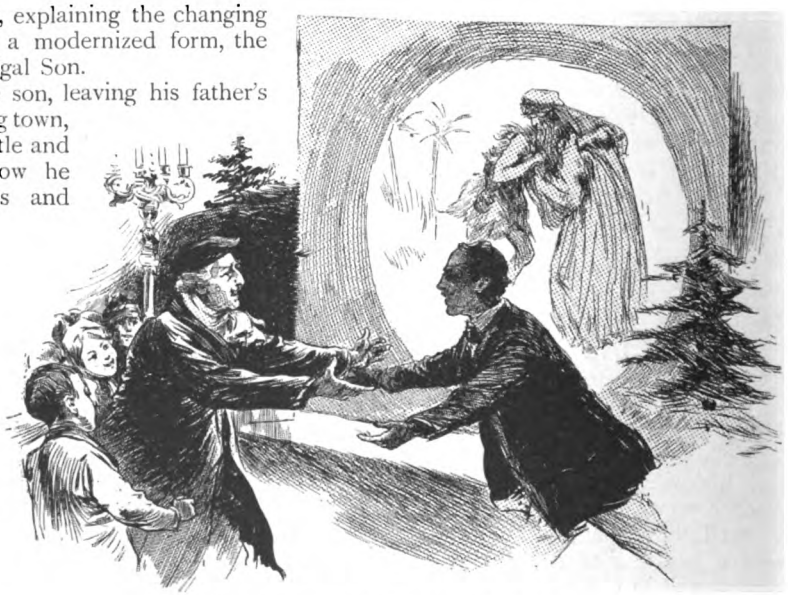
Has anything gone wrong? Why does her voice tremble with such unaccountable emotion?

But now the man, explaining the changing slides, is giving, in a modernized form, the history of the Prodigal Son.

He tells how the son, leaving his father's house, goes to the big town, where he studies little and spends much. How he falls into bad ways and gambles away everything that he possessed. How, disobeying his parents, he marries against their will a penniless girl, and how, therefore, his father disowns him. How he then becomes serious; but it is too late! His father's curse seems to follow him everywhere and in everything. He has children, and they die. He goes to America and, by dint of hard work, amasses a little money. On the return voyage he is shipwrecked, and loses all. He is reduced to such penury that he would gladly have herded swine—but that profession no longer exists. He would be the wretchedest of mortals were there not ever at his side a consoling angel, one sent from Heaven to strengthen and encourage him in days of depression, and to tend him in days of sickness. This angel, who is to him conscience, strength, restoration, is no other than the woman on whose account he incurred his father's displeasure.

As soon as the man had begun to speak—although he was obviously trying to disguise his voice—M. Méréval became extraordinarily excited. He fidgeted on his chair and breathed hard, as though under the influence of extreme emotion. Mme. Méréval sat quietly in her place, but tears, unseen in the darkness, were rolling down her cheeks. She laid her hand gently upon that of her husband.

"Then," continued the showman, "as he knew that his father, although he had always refused to see him, was a just, good, and kind man, and that he had no other children, the Prodigal Son put on a disguise, by means of which he obtained entrance to his father's house, where he said to him, 'My father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee. Forgive me!' Then the father recognised his son and——"



"THEN THE FATHER RECOGNISED HIS SON."

"Come to my arms, my child!" cried M. Méréval, as he rose suddenly from his chair and threw himself upon his son's neck.

Half an hour later little Jean, with his mouth full of cake, was talking to little Jacqueline. "What *I* liked best," said he, "was the story of the Prodigal Son. I did not understand it all, but it had a first-rate ending!"

Wonders of the World.

LXXXVIII.—SURGERY AS A BEAUTIFIER.

By Dr. G. H. Morré.

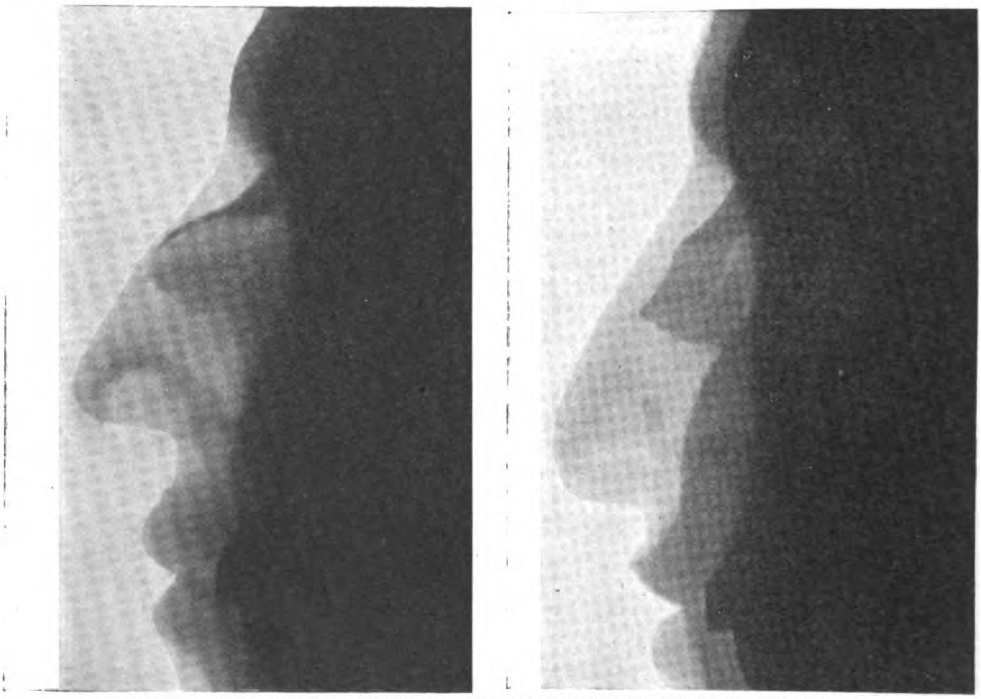
IT would be carrying coals to Newcastle to attempt to prove the usefulness of surgery in general. Many people have had occasion to feel this on their own bodies, or have been relieved of anxiety when members of their family or friends were cured by an operation. Nevertheless, it should be of universal interest to keep pace with new achievements in surgery, especially where it is employed to correct bodily infirmities of disfiguring character, such as occur mostly in the face.

THESE TWO PHOTOGRAPHS SHOW THE SAME FACE BEFORE AND AFTER THE OPERATION ON THE NOSE.

The most prominent of the facial organs, the nose, naturally contributes largely to these blemishes, and I will confine myself therefore to this branch of æsthetic surgery, dealing with the nose exclusively. Nasal deformities may be classified into three categories—those which were induced by wounds; secondly, by disease; and lastly, to those which were inbred. In some cases the latter variety does not manifest its deformity until a certain age is reached, and then nasal development suddenly attains abnormal and disfiguring proportions.

It may be of historic interest that the East Indians formerly practised the cutting off the nose as a punishment, but an astute caste of lower priests, the "Cooma," found lucrative employment in grafting parts of the frontal epidermis over the vacant space, thus giving to the world the first recorded instance of æsthetic surgery.

Internal diseases, such as lupus, for instance, are very often responsible for nasal disfigurement, and the so-called saddle-nose is very often caused by a disease of the blood. All these defects have been the subject of experiment for a long time. The Sicilian Branca tried to graft the skin of the arm to nasal defects as far back as the year 1400, winning undying fame through his experi-



THESE RADIOGRAPHS SHOW THE BONE OF THE NOSE BEFORE AND AFTER THE OPERATION.

ments. In later times, during the early part of last century, Dieffenbach, the father of plastic surgery, had succeeded in bettering facial blemishes.

The inborn tendency of abnormal nasal growth shows generally ugly forms. It may be a large hump or excessive width, the tip may look like a duck-bill or possess a furrow—to classify these manifold deformities would be a hopeless task. The bearer of such a nose may be in perfect health, but the conspicuous organ will often submit him to indignities, disregard, and vexation. A Berlin surgeon, Dr. Jacques Joseph, has studied this subject thoroughly, and introduced in 1898 to the Berlin Medical Society a young man who had the misfortune to own an ugly, overgrown, and disfiguring facial appendix. He suffered very much under this blemish, so that he became almost melancholy. Dr. Joseph operated upon him by cutting through the skin and taking away the superfluous cartilage and tissue, so that the nose differed in no way from a normal-shaped one. But this method left a scar, which, no matter how well healed, remained prominent enough to be noticed.

Dr. Joseph experimented further, therefore, and introduced to the same medical society several patients whom he operated upon by the intra-nasal method—*i.e.*, without touching the epidermis at all. Naturally, there cannot remain a scar, and the nose will appear to any observer as if it had always possessed its normal form.

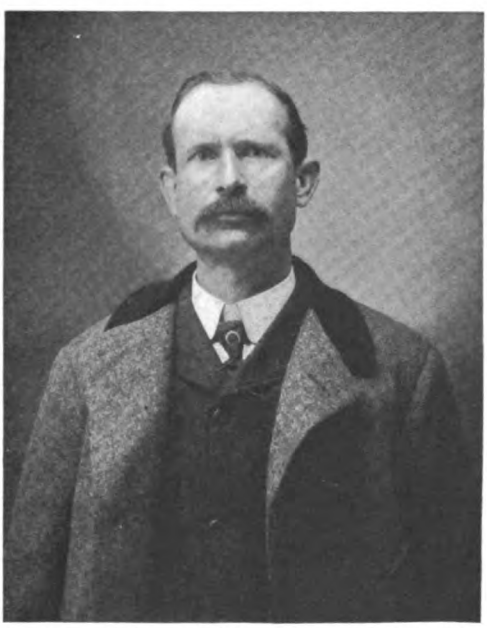
How delicately the operation has to be performed may be seen from the foregoing Röntgen pictures, showing a face before and after the operation. The large hump has almost entirely disappeared after the operation, and the bony part of it has been extracted through the nostril.

The psychological effect of these operations upon the patients consists chiefly in banishing their state of mental depression, giving back to them the feeling of equality. It may seem upon first consideration as if vanity alone is the chief inducement to undergo this operation, but this impression is entirely wrong. Many of the patients suffered from vexatious inconsideration on the part of would-be employers, although their ability may have been above the average. Others were induced by the desire to remain unmolested and to be able to have intercourse with their fellow-men without annoyance. This point is best illustrated by the exclamation of a lady who took her first walk eleven days after the operation. When she returned to the clinic, she took both hands of the surgeon and said: "Doctor, I assure you, not a soul in the street noticed me!"

LXXXIX.—A MAN WHO HAS NOT SLEPT FOR TEN YEARS.

TEN years without one wink of sleep is the marvellous record of Albert Herpin, of Trenton, New Jersey, U.S.A. Mr. Herpin is a positive refutation of the statement made for years by medical authorities that ninety-six hours is the greatest length of time the human mind can endure without slumber.

Not since 1894 has Mr. Herpin enjoyed even "forty winks." Small wonder, then, that he is attracting the attention of physicians all over the world. Every doctor in Trenton has examined him and laboured in vain to ascertain the cause of his remarkable affliction. Noted medical men of Philadelphia, Pa., have had Mr. Herpin under their care for months at a time without successful result. Every hospital in Jersey and Pennsylvania has been visited by this sleepless wonder in the vain hope of discovering something which would induce unconsciousness, if only for a few hours.



MR. ALBERT HERPIN, THE MAN WHO HAS NOT HAD A WINK OF SLEEP FOR TEN YEARS. *From a*] [*Photo.*

London physicians, being notified of this wonderful case by their American brothers in the profession, have sent suggestion after suggestion as to the best methods of treating it. All have been faithfully tried, but to no avail.

For nearly twenty years Mr. Herpin has been troubled with insomnia. When he was quite a young man he devoted all his leisure time to the study of music and was in great demand at entertainments, bazaars, lodge meetings, and social gatherings. This popularity caused him to keep very late hours, and, being somewhat excited when he did retire, he found that as a rule he was unable to sleep. Physicians advised him to give up his music and retire early.

For one year Mr. Herpin adopted this plan with fair results; then a boy was born to him, and again he spent the nights with brain alert. When the boy was sixteen the mother died, and since then Mr. Herpin has not known what it is to close his eyes in slumber.

Strange as it may seem, Mr. Herpin has steadily gained flesh during the past ten years. He now weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds, and he declares that he suffers no ill-effect from his inability to sleep.

Mr. Herpin's working hours are from twelve to fourteen a day, and he has never lost an hour through illness. When he returns to his home after a day's hard work he is as normally tired as any other man who has spent the day in hard labour. Usually he retires at about ten o'clock, and for about five hours he rests.

Although his brain is active during the hours the world sleeps, Mr. Herpin declares that the recumbent position which he assumes rests him to the same extent that a night's sleep does any other man. He rises at about 4 a.m., perfectly refreshed and feeling ready for a hard day's work.

He has for fifteen years discharged his duties cheerfully and satisfactorily. Although physicians declare that his nervous system is shattered, Mr. Herpin, with the exception of a somewhat peculiar look around the eyes, does not show any effects of his night watches.

That he is jolly and good-natured is shown by his great popularity. Enjoying a comfortable home, being ready for three square meals a day, and endowed with friends and a substantial amount of this world's goods, Mr. Herpin, who is forty years of age, declares that he has not a care in the world.

XC.—A LEAP-FROG RAILWAY.

NOT since the dawn of the railway era has a means been devised by which a railway collision might be rendered positively void of danger. However, with the ingenuity and genius of the modern inventor it is not so surprising, perhaps, that a system should ultimately come forward in which collisions should be looked upon not only as without danger but as part of the actual journey. The credit for inventing and perfecting such a system without involving liability to accidents through the impact is due to Mr. P. K. Stern, of New York City. Some time ago we published a drawing of this invention, which was then only in the model stage. The contrivance is now in full work.

THE LEAP-FROG RAILWAY AT CONEY ISLAND, SHOWING ONE CAR IN THE ACT OF PASSING OVER THE ROOF OF ANOTHER.
From a] [*Photo.*

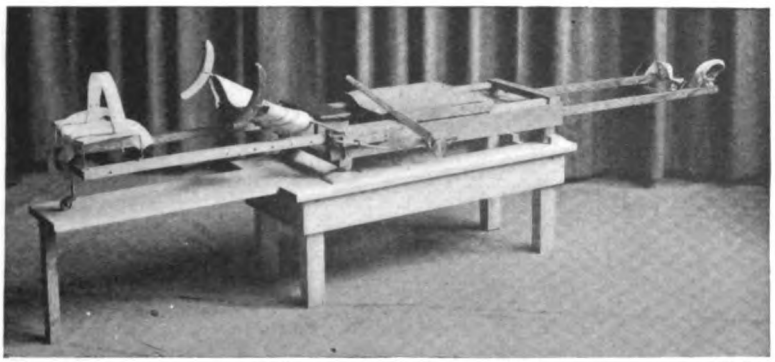
For the purpose of publicly demonstrating the practicability of this anti-colliding railway, a short length of track, containing a gradient and a curve in its course such as would have to be encountered in laying tracks extending over several miles, has been laid down at Coney Island, the world-famous American pleasure resort. Here an opportunity is afforded visitors to participate in the thrilling experience of a "collision." As may be seen from the reproduction, the cars used present a very grotesque appearance and are a decided departure from anything hitherto used. They are electrically operated by two railway motors. The brake, which is of special design, invented by Mr. Stern, is so effective that when one car is mounting another the overriding or "leaping" car may be readily held in any inclined position which it assumes, whether ascending or descending, notwithstanding the fact that the cars run at a speed of six to eight miles an hour after shutting off the power. A feature in the construction of the cars which immediately strikes the observer as being particularly odd is the inclined portions, or pilots, situated at either end of the cars. The structure of the front pilot differs only a little from its counterpart in the rear, one being constructed so as to effect the "leap," the other so as to receive the overriding car.

The ultimate extent to which this system will be employed remains to be seen, but it certainly has many unique advantages over the ordinary system of traction, its primary advantage being that a single track can be utilized for both up and down traffic.

XCI.—A MACHINE FOR GROWING TALL.

As the result of exhaustive studies by Professors Cleaves and Cropp, of Denver, on the morbid influences which tend to impair and retard the general physique of men and women of to-day, Professor Cropp, formerly Physical Director at the University of Colorado, has perfected a machine which, by means of systematic practice, will, among other important claims, materially increase a patient's height.

It is well established that many of the disordered conditions of human beings are caused by the interference with the nerve force occasioned by a settling of the bodies



From a] THE MACHINE FOR INCREASING THE HEIGHT. *[Photo.*

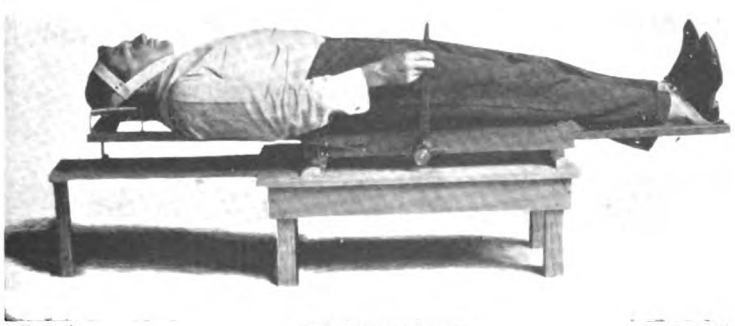
of the vertebræ, the result of a flattening and degeneration of the intervertebral cartilages, which cause a closing up, or partially so, of the spinal openings through which pass the bundles of nerves radiating from the spinal cord.

Three years have elapsed since the unique system here described was first taken seriously into consideration. During this period much time has been devoted to far-reaching experiments and observations. Before proceeding to define the method and observations which prompted the venture, it would, perhaps, be well to mention that particular tissue upon which the stretching is mainly dependent. It is the cartilages. These are a fine elastic substance attached to the extremities of bones for the formation of joints; and present, among other instances, in the nostrils, ears, and between the vertebræ. They act as cushions to lessen the shock of concussions—in walking, for example.

It is well known that weight applied to an arm will, in a surprisingly short time, increase the length. Experiments led to the conclusion that the entire body, containing twenty-three intervertebral cartilages, in addition to those of the limbs, would, if properly exercised, also offer possibility of increase.

Even with the early models very satisfactory results were achieved; in nearly every case the patient gained as much as two inches within eight weeks. Neither is its application confined to young people; it has been used by persons fifty years of age and over with the most gratifying success, while the greatest immediate results were upon older people. Here an increase in height is not the only issue, but with it comes elasticity and mobility; stiff joints also showed benefit. The inventor claims that if the cartilages could be restored in size and shape in the aged, it would result in a lessening of the approach of old age, and prolong the mobility and elasticity of youth. Moreover, that if it were applied periodically throughout life, the longevity of men and women would be something to marvel at compared with the average to-day.

That the community the world over have a keen desire to be tall and of fine stature does not excite any undue comment. Among other more or less fastidious yet sincere reasons which frequently emanate from short persons why they desire to be tall, it must be admitted that good height often carries a commercial value. In many departments of Government service, for example, a restriction as to the minimum of height is made which bars many from entering the service. One instance in particular is recorded in which a youthful aspirant for Government service in the United States was able to overcome such an obstacle by using the Cleaves-Cropp stretching machine. He required two inches to bring himself over the limit. This, and more, he acquired within a very short time.

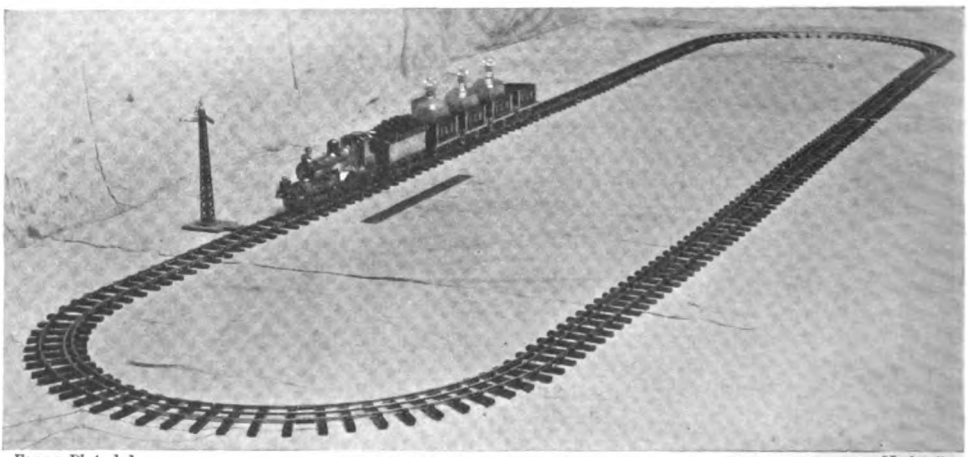


From a] THE MACHINE IN USE. *[Photo.*

XCII.—A RAILWAY ON A DINING-TABLE.

THE little railway of which two photographic reproductions are here presented is one of the most interesting miniature "lines" ever constructed. It is not merely a toy. These pictures are of what may be christened the "Wine and Cigars Express," the first of them showing a complete view of the entire brass, silver-plated; the cars are of wood with plated mountings, and all wheels and axles are of brass.

Although, as mentioned, the train is propelled by electricity, the locomotive is a correct model of those, steam-driven, that are in use on the Great Western Railway,



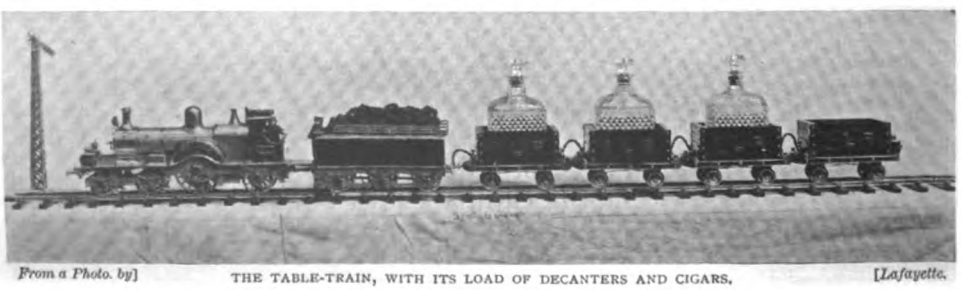
From a Photo. by] THE RAILWAY ON THE DINING-TABLE. *[Lafayette.*

"system," which is all "main line" and no "branches."

This miniature railway has been recently built by the great firm of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth, and Co., Limited, not at the famous Elswick Works, but in their Westminster factory. It was made to the order of a wealthy client who wished to have, for the amusement of his guests, some novelty that would indicate his own known mechanical tastes. No one will deny that a railway train running on a dining-table, with "freight" of wine and cigars, is a novelty!

Five and a half feet long over all, the train is made up of a locomotive—electrically driven—tender, and four cars. The first three cars carry cut-glass decanters of special design; the last car is a cigar-box, "loaded" with fifty cigars. The engine is of sheet upon which system the owner of our little line lives, and in which he is interested. If you look at the tender, in the second picture, you will see that it is filled with real coal. This coal was taken from pits belonging to the proprietor of this miniature line; and stacked —if we may use the term in relation to a handful or two—in the tender it serves to hide the little electric motor that the tender contains.

Now as to the "permanent way" upon which the model travels. In the first place, the line can hardly be called "permanent," because it is intended to be laid down upon the table and taken up as wanted. It is made in sections to correspond with the extra "leaves" of the dining-table, and clearing away the cloth, say, after dinner, the "line" can be "laid" ready for "traffic" in fifteen



From a Photo. by] THE TABLE-TRAIN, WITH ITS LOAD OF DECANTERS AND CIGARS. *[Lafayette.*

minutes. The track is composed of silver-plated rails resting upon mahogany sleepers, and the chairs, fishplates, and other details of track construction are all accurate models of the real thing.

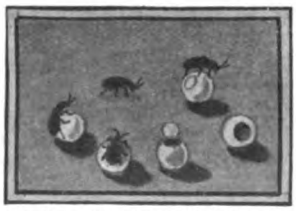
As regards the actual working of the line, this is controlled by a switch, mounted on a small stool table, placed close to the host's chair, and which can be easily carried bodily away when it is required to remove the line, etc., from the table. The host can thus start, stop, or accelerate the train at will. Don't think, however, that guests have to violently grab things as the train runs past them. The mere lifting of one of the decanters, by an ingenious arrangement, stops the train; the replacing of the decanter acts as a mute "Right away!" and the "express" resumes its journey. What about cigars? Well, if you lift out a decanter and stop the train, you can take a cigar easily enough. You can, if you like, take only a cigar.

The gauge of the line is three and a half inches. The "Wine and Cigars Express" on its endless track can attain a "maximum velocity" of forty feet a minute.

XCIII.—WHY PARCHED PEAS JUMP.

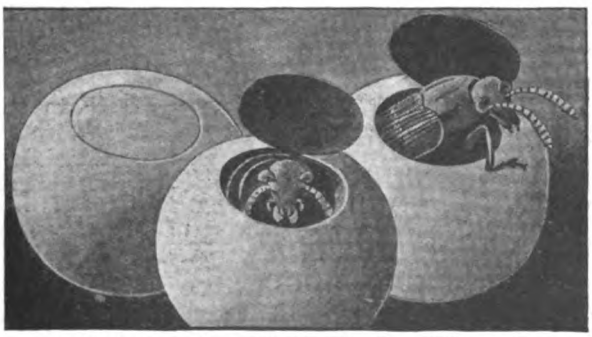
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES SCOTT.

THE saying, frequently applied to a fussy person, that he hops about like a parched pea is one which would test the explanatory powers of most people if they were asked for a solution of the mystery—and mysterious it certainly is that innumerable parched peas will spring off a hot surface and bang against each other.



JUMPING PEAS, WITH THEIR BEETLES, LIFE-SIZE.

Newly-bought parched peas are apparently as free as possible from defects of any character. Not a sign of injury is observable—all are nicely clear and smooth. But place them in a glass jar, tie a cover over its top, and await events. After the passage of a week or two some small, not objectionable-looking, beetles are to be seen crawling about quite contentedly in their prison; and further scrutiny will reveal some curiously carved peas. Some have deep holes bored in them, causing them to resemble beads (though the holes do not pass completely through); others have still-clinging lids above those holes; whilst many, apparently sound at a first glance, have a semi-transparent disc in the surface.



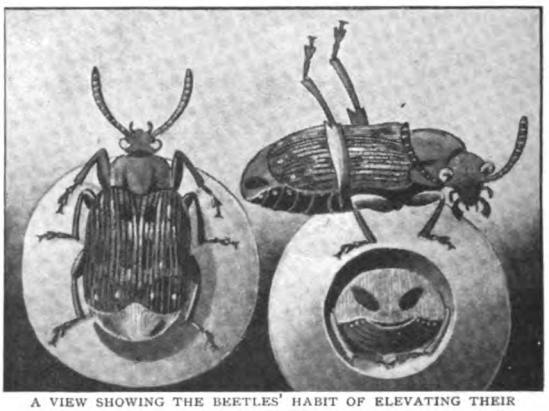
A MAGNIFIED VIEW OF PARCHED PEAS AND THEIR BEETLES.

Most people would regard the matter as almost incomprehensible; yet to an entomologist these incidents are among the least surprising truths. How did beetles, each nearly as long as a pea itself, contrive to enter a pea and hide all traces of its entrance, or of its very existence, until it chose to come out into the broad light of day? The answer to that question is very simple. We will first interest ourselves in the beetles themselves. The length of each corresponds with the diameter of a parched pea, and is seen on magnification to be a really beautiful little creature, spotted and splashed with an irregular pattern of brown and white, and to possess wing-covers ribbed lengthways, each rib bearing irregular rows of tiny dots or punctures upon it. It is a very nimble bit of life, but will fold itself up neatly, and remain rigid even whilst being pushed about roughly. This form of deceit, feigning death, is a very prevalent habit among beetles, and, of course, the reason for its adoption is too obvious for further mention. The beetles are folded in this manner when in their holes, and therefore occupy their respective places neatly.

When the jar is placed in the sunshine or lamplight, the beetles use their wings almost as freely as house-flies do theirs, and produce a novel spectacle. When born in the corn-

chandlers' shops they very quickly get out into the air, and away into the country around their food-plants.

While pea-plants are ripening, these beetles deposit their eggs—small oblong objects—on the outer surfaces of the pods; and when the eggs hatch the tiny grubs eat their way through the shells and into a growing pea. By a strange foresight — at the time the grubs are mere specks compared with the peas —only a single grub penetrates a seed, and the puncture which it makes is so minute that it soon becomes closed up with cellular matter, and thus hidden.



A VIEW SHOWING THE BEETLES' HABIT OF ELEVATING THEIR HIND LEGS.

During the increase in size of the seed the larva feeds continuously upon it, always avoiding gnawing to the outside. It confines its feeding processes so mathematically within prescribed limits as to form a truly cylindrical pit, which (at the period when it is about to change to a beetle) is cleverly concealed by the mere skin of the pea. Very close examination will, at this juncture, show a slight rim round the covering of the circular cavity. The grub eventually becomes a chrysalis, still remaining within its receptacle, and when it is transformed into a beetle the latter slowly nibbles round the edge of the covering and liberates itself by raising it in the form of a lid. If the opportunity is afforded, the beetle would immediately fly away to growing examples of its food-plant, ready after a short time to deposit its eggs as described.

A JUMPING-PEA BEETLE FLYING.

The injured peas, as might be expected, are perfectly dormant under normal conditions, and only respond to the effects of heat. The reason for this becomes plain after a little consideration of the matter. It must be borne in mind that the cavity formed in each pea is hermetically sealed. The application of heat thereto expands the contained air, and by causing it to explode also jerks the pea upwards. The heat, added to the sudden concussion, would destroy the grub or beetle, as the case might be. If it were possible so to excavate a pea as to leave no puncture or cut, it would naturally spring about in just the same manner. The presence of the insect has very little influence on the direction of the movements. Some people have supposed that the grub, by jumping, as some grubs will, causes the leaping; and in this connection there is much misunderstanding concerning the famous jumping bean, which it is widely thought hops about spontaneously, whereas in that case also heat is required for the display of the manœuvres. Indeed, nearly all these remarks may be just as suitably applied to that object as to jumping peas. The foreign jumping bean, however, is occupied by the caterpillar of a moth.

It will be seen, upon referring to No. 3, that each beetle is adorned with two tail-spots on a whitish ground. As it is customary for the beetles to retreat to the pea cavities, I have been greatly amused by the effect of their appearance when thus placed. It is illustrated above, and resembles some minute and fierce reptile. Although it is possible that the strange spectacle caused in this way may serve as a protective one, I cannot fathom in which specific direction it acts, and therefore give the drawing simply as an interesting item rather than as a result of philosophical deduction.

In No. 4 a beetle is shown in flight. The wings are, as is usual among these kinds of insects, folded into a small compass beneath their covers. A curious habit is worth recording. An insect will elevate its hind legs, as illustrated in No. 3, and remain in this position for a considerable time.

Thus the mystery of jumping peas is fully explained.

The Amulet.

A Story for Children. By E. Nesbit.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LITTLE BLACK GIRL AND JULIUS CÆSAR.

THE children were sitting on a seat in St. James's Park. They had been watching the pelican repulsing with careful dignity the advances of the seagulls, who are always so anxious to play games with it.

The breathlessness caused by Atlantis was wearing off a little. Cyril, who always wanted to understand all about everything, was turning things over in his mind.

"I'm not; I'm only thinking," he answered, when Robert asked him what he was so grumpy about. "I'll tell you when I've thought it all out. That's what I was thinking about," Cyril replied; and just then they heard the little black girl sniff. She was quite close to them.

She was not really a little black girl. She was shabby and not very dirty, and she had been crying so much that you could hardly see, through the narrow chink between her red, swollen lids, how very blue her eyes were. It was her dress that was black, and it was too big and too long for her, and she wore a speckled, black-ribboned sailor hat, that would have fitted a much bigger head than her little flaxen one. And she stood looking at the four and sniffing.

"Oh, dear," said Anthea, jumping up, "whatever is the matter?"

She put her hand on the little girl's arm. It was rudely shaken off.

"You leave me be," said the little girl, sniffing more and more. "I ain't doing nothing to you."

"But what is it?" Anthea asked. "Has someone been hurting you?"

"What's that to you?" said the little girl, fiercely. "*You're* all right."

"Come away," said Robert, pulling at Anthea's sleeve. "She's only a common, rude little kid."

"Oh, no," said Anthea. "She's only dreadfully unhappy. What is it, dear?" she asked again.

"Oh, *you're* all right," the child repeated, more fiercely than before; "*you* ain't a-goin' to the union."

"Can't we take you home?" said Anthea, who did not understand what a union was; and Jane added, "Where does your mother live?"

"She don't live nowheres—she's dead—so there now!" said the little girl, in tones of miserable triumph. Then she opened her swollen eyes widely, stamped her foot in fury, and ran away. She ran no farther than to the next bench, flung herself down there, and began to cry without even trying not to.

Anthea, quite at once, went to the little girl and put her arms as tight as she could round the hunched-up black figure.

"Oh, don't cry so, dear, don't, don't!" she

"'OH, DON'T CRY SO, DEAR, DON'T, DON'T!' SHE WHISPERED."

whispered, under the brim of the large sailor hat, now very crooked indeed. "Tell Anthea all about it; Anthea'll help you. There, there, dear, don't cry." Anthea's voice would have won the confidence of a hungry hyena.

One or two passers-by stared curiously.

The other children stood at a distance watching their sister and the little black girl. The child was now only crying part of the time; the rest of the time she seemed to be talking to Anthea.

Presently Anthea beckoned Cyril.

"It's horrible," she said, in an indignant whisper; "her father was a carpenter, and he was a steady man and never touched a drop except on a Saturday, and he came up to London for work and there wasn't any, and there he died—it was dropsy, and it flew to his legs, and her name is Imogen and she's nine come next November. And now her mother's dead—it was pluralism or something that she died of—and Imogen's to stay to-night with Mrs. Shrobsall—that's the landlady that's been kind—and to-morrow the believing officer is coming for her, and she's going to be taken to the union—that means the workhouse. It's too terrible. What can we do?"

"Let's ask the learned gentleman," said Jane, brightly.

And, as no one else could think of anything better, the whole party walked back to Fitzroy Street as fast as it could, the little girl holding tight to Anthea, whom she seemed to trust with a curious thoroughness, and now not crying any more, only sniffing gently.

The learned gentleman looked up from his writing with the smile that now seemed much easier to him than it used to be. They were quite at home in his room now; it really seemed to welcome them. Even the mummy case seemed to smile as if, in its distant superior ancient-Egyptian way, it were rather pleased to see them than not.

Anthea sat on the stairs with Imogen who was nine come next November, while the others went in and explained the difficulty.

Presently Anthea thought the explanation was taking a very long time. She was so busy trying to cheer and comfort the little black girl that she never noticed the psammead, who, roused from sleep by her voice, had shaken itself free of sand and was coming up the stairs. It was close to her before she saw it. She picked it up and settled it in her lap.

"Whatever to goodness is it?" asked the black child; "is it a cat or a organ-monkey, or what?"

"No," said Anthea; and then she heard the learned gentleman say:—

"Yes, I wish we could find a home where they would be glad to have her," and instantly she felt the psammead begin to blow itself out as it sat on her lap.

She jumped up, lifting the psammead in her skirt, and dragged Imogen by the hand into the learned gentleman's room.

"At least let's keep together," she cried. "All hold hands—quick!"

The circle was like that formed for the Mulberry Bush or Ring o' Roses. And Anthea was only able to take part in it by holding in her teeth the hem of her frock, which, thus supported, formed a bag to hold the psammead.

"Is it a game?" asked the learned gentleman, feebly. The children's games were so many and so novel that he never knew quite what to expect. No one answered.

There was a moment of suspense; then came that curious upside-down, inside-out sensation which one almost always feels when transported from one place to another by magic. I dare say you have noticed it? Also there was that dizzy dimness of sight which comes on these occasions.

The mist cleared, the upside-down, inside-out sensation subsided, and there stood the six in a ring as before, only their twelve feet, instead of standing on the carpet of the learned gentleman's room, stood on green grass. Above them, instead of the smoky ceiling of the Fitzroy Street top-floor front, was a pale-blue sky. And where the walls had been and the painted mummy case were tall, dark-green trees—oaks and ashes—and in between the trees, and under them, tangled bushes and creeping ivy. There were beech trees too, but there was nothing under them but their own dead, red, drifted leaves, and here and there a delicate green fern-frond.

And there they stood in a circle still holding hands, as though they were playing Ring o' Roses or Mulberry Bush. Just six people hand-in-hand in a wood. That sounds simple; but then you must remember that they did not know *where* the wood was; and, what's more, they didn't know *when* the wood was. Some mysterious inside feeling, which no one could explain or understand, made the learned gentleman say:—

"Another dream; dear me!" and made the children almost certain that they were in a time a very long while ago. As for little Imogen, she said, "Oh, my!" and kept her

mouth very much open indeed—much wider than her eyes.

"Where are we?" Cyril asked the psammead.

"In Britain," said the psammead.

"But when?" asked Anthea, anxiously.

"About the year fifty-four before the year you reckon time from," said the psammead, crossly. "Is there anything else you want to know?" it added, sticking its head out of the bag formed by Anthea's blue linen frock, and turning its snail's eyes to right and left. "I've been here before—it's very little changed."

"Yes; but why here?" asked Anthea.

"Your inconsiderate friend," the psammead replied, "wished to find some home where they would be glad to have that unattractive and immature female human being whom you have picked up—gracious knows how. In megatherium days properly-brought-up children were always forbidden to talk to shabby strangers in parks. But no one has any proper class-feeling nowadays. He wanted a place where someone would be glad to have this undesirable stranger. And now here you are!"

"I see we are," said Anthea, patiently, looking round on the tall gloom of the forest; "but why *here?* Why *now?*"

"You don't suppose anyone would want a child like that in your times—in your towns?" said the psammead, in irritated tones. "You've got your country into such a mess that there's no room for half your children, and no one to want them."

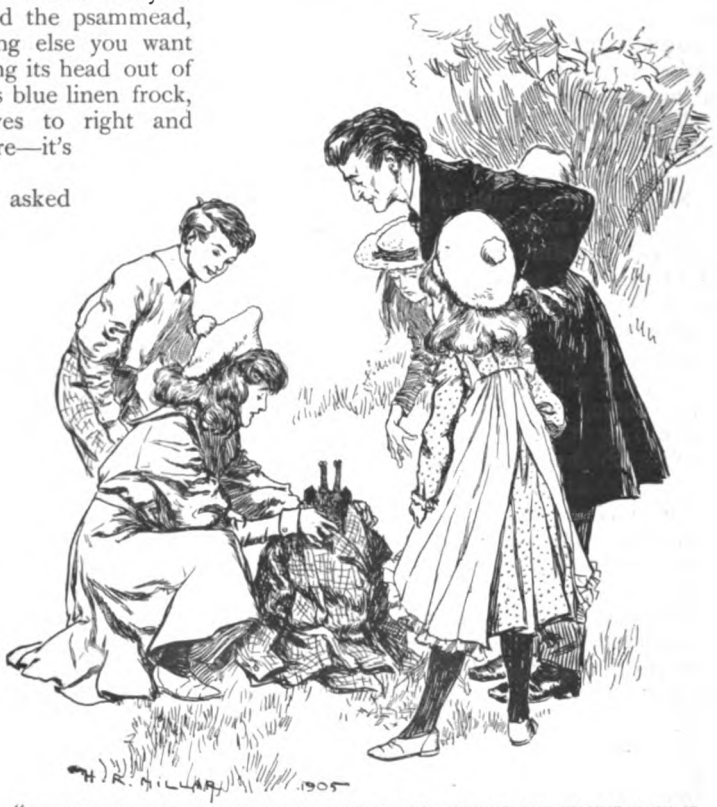
"That's not our doing, you know," said Anthea, gently.

"And bringing me here without any waterproof or anything," said the psammead, still more crossly, "when everyone knows how damp and foggy ancient Britain was."

"Here, have my coat," said Robert, taking it off. Anthea spread the coat on the ground, and, putting the psammead on it, folded it round so that only the long eyes and furry ears showed.

"There," she said, comfortingly. "Now, if it does begin to look like rain, I can cover you up in a minute. Now what are we to do?"

The others, who had stopped holding hands, crowded round to hear the answer to her question. Imogen whispered in an awed tone:—



"ANTHEA SPREAD THE COAT ON THE GROUND, AND, PUTTING THE PSAMMEAD ON IT, FOLDED IT ROUND."

"Can't the organ-monkey talk neither! I thought it was only parrots!"

"Do?" replied the psammead. "I don't care what you do!" And it drew head and ears into the tweed covering of Robert's coat.

The others looked at each other.

"It's only a dream," said the learned gentleman, hopefully; "something is sure to happen if we can prevent ourselves from waking up."

And, sure enough, something did.

The brooding silence of the dark forest was broken by the laughter of children and the sound of voices.

"Let's go and see," said Cyril.

"It's only a dream," said the learned gentleman to Jane, who hung back; "if you

don't go with the tide of a dream—if you resist—you wake up, you know."

There was a sort of break in the undergrowth that was like a silly person's idea of a path. They went along this in Indian file, the learned gentleman leading.

Quite soon they came to a large clearing in the forest. There were a number of houses—huts, perhaps, you would have called them—but they were big, with a sort of mud and wood fence.

"It's like the old Egyptian town," whispered Anthea.

And it was, rather.

Some children, with no clothes on at all, were playing what looked like Ring-o' Roses or Mulberry Bush. That is to say, they were dancing round in a ring, holding hands. On a grassy bank several women, dressed in robes of blue and white and with beast skins slung over them, sat watching the playing children.

The children from Fitzroy Street stood on the fringe of the forest looking at the games. One woman with long, fair, braided hair and a gown more rich than that of the others sat a little apart from the rest; she had a gold ring round her head. There was a look in her eyes as she followed the play of the children that made Anthea feel sad and sorry.

"None of those little girls is her own little girl," thought Anthea.

The little black-clad London child pulled at Anthea's sleeve.

"Look," she said; "that one there, with the gilt hoop on her head, she's precious like mother; mother's 'air was somethink lovely, when she 'ad time to comb it out. Mother wouldn't never a-beat me if she'd lived 'ere—I don't suppose there's e'er a public nearer than Epping, do you, miss?"

In her eagerness the child had stepped out of the shelter of the forest. The sad-eyed woman saw her. She stood up, her thin face lighted up with a radiance like sunrise, her long, thin arms stretched towards the London child.

"Imogen!" she cried—at least, the word was more like that than any other word. "Imogen!"

There was a moment of great silence when the wonderful voice had died away; the naked children paused in their play, the women on the bank stared anxiously.

"Oh, it is mother—it is," cried Imogen-from-London, and rushed across the cleared space. She and the mother clung together so closely, so strongly, that they stood an instant like a statue carved in stone.

Then the women crowded round.

"'OH, IT IS MOTHER—IT IS,' CRIED IMOGEN-FROM-LONDON."

"It *is* my Imogen," cried the woman; "oh, it is! And she wasn't eaten by wolves; she's come back to me. Tell me, my darling, how did you escape? Where have you been? Who has fed and clothed you?"

"I don't know nothink," said Imogen.

"Poor child," said another woman; "the terror of the wolves has turned her brain."

"But you know *me*," urged the fair-haired woman.

And Imogen, clinging with black-clothed arms to the bare neck, answered, "Oh, yes, mother, I know *you* right 'nough."

"What is it? What do they say?" the learned gentleman asked, anxiously.

"You wished to come where someone wanted the child," said the psammead. "The child says this is her mother."

"And the mother?"

"You can see," said the psammead.

"But is she really? Her child, I mean?"

"Who knows?" said the psammead. "But each one fills the empty place in the other's heart. It is enough."

"Oh," said the learned gentleman, "this is a good dream! I wish the child might stay in the dream."

The psammead blew itself out and granted the wish. So Imogen's future was assured. She had found someone to want her.

"If only all the children that no one wants," began the learned gentleman—but the woman interrupted. She came towards them, and they stepped from the shadow of the forest to meet her.

"Welcome all," she cried. "I am the Queen of this part, and my child tells me that you have befriended her; and this I well believe, looking on your faces. Your garb is strange, but faces I can read. The child is bewitched, I see that well, but in this she speaks truth. Is it not so?"

The children said it wasn't worth mentioning.

The women crowded round the children, touching their clothes, stroking their hair, thanking and blessing them for their kindness to little, lonely, lost Imogen.

"And you did not know she was the King's daughter—to you she was only a little lost child," said the Queen; "you have indeed golden hearts. Tell me, whence come you?"

"From very far away," said Cyril, cautiously. "No," he added in a whisper to Anthea, who tugged at his jacket, "it's not a whacker—we do come from far away in time."

"And what is the name of the land where the very children are golden-hearted?"

"Look here," said Robert, with some presence of mind, "it's magic, that's what it is. Imogen's saved by magic. And it's secret magic—we aren't allowed to talk about it."

"Right," said the Queen. "I also am a priestess. The mysteries are sacred. Come now to my house."

The Queen's house was a strange building of rough wood and plastered mud. The long hall in which the feast of welcome and rejoicing was presently spread had no roof, but it had walls whose pillars were the trunks of great trees, with heavy curtains slung between them.

Then the King came home from hunting, and everything had to be explained to him, and he was as grateful as the Queen, and even more finely dressed. At the banquet he wore flame-red garments with a cloak of wolfskin, besides a big mantle with squares of bright varied colours on it, something like Scotch plaid. He had a gold collar and gold armlets, and looked every inch a King.

"I thought ancient Britons were savages," said Jane, suddenly, when the King had just said something more than usually civil.

"Not exactly! And I'm not precisely ancient—only about three times your age, my child"; and the King laughed till the rushes rustled round his chair.

After the feast the bards came, white-robed, with their strange, savage-looking harps, and sang odes in praise of the wonderful strangers who had restored Imogen to her parents. Everyone applauded, and the candle-bearers who stood beside the King were so enthusiastic that the candle-grease fell in great blobs all down their clothes.

The Queen wept for joy every now and then, and cuddled little London Imogen closely to her. But as everyone knew it was for joy, her tears did not at all spoil the gaiety of the feast. Imogen herself had done with crying. Her eyes even were no longer red. She was now dressed in a blue gown, fastened at the neck with a brooch made of a boar's tusk polished. Her neck was adorned with a long string of amber beads; and her face had changed even more than her clothing, for now it was adorned with happiness, which is even more becoming to the face than amber is to the neck.

I wish you could have seen all the honours and kindnesses lavished on the children and the learned gentleman by those ancient Britons. You would have thought, to see them, that a child was something to make a fuss about, not a bit of rubbish to be hustled about the streets and hidden away in the workhouse. It wasn't as grand as the entertainment at Babylon, but somehow it was more satisfying.

"I think you children have some wonderful influence on me," said the learned gentleman. "I never dreamed such dreams before I knew you."

It was when they were alone that night under the stars, where the Britons had spread a heap of dried ferns for them to sleep on, that Cyril spoke.

"Well," he said, "we've made it all right for Imogen and had a jolly good time. I vote we get home again before the fighting begins."

"What fighting?" asked Jane, sleepily.

"Why, Julius Cæsar, you little goat," replied her kind brother. "Don't you see that, if this is the year fifty-four, Julius Cæsar may happen at any moment."

"I thought you liked Cæsar," said Robert.

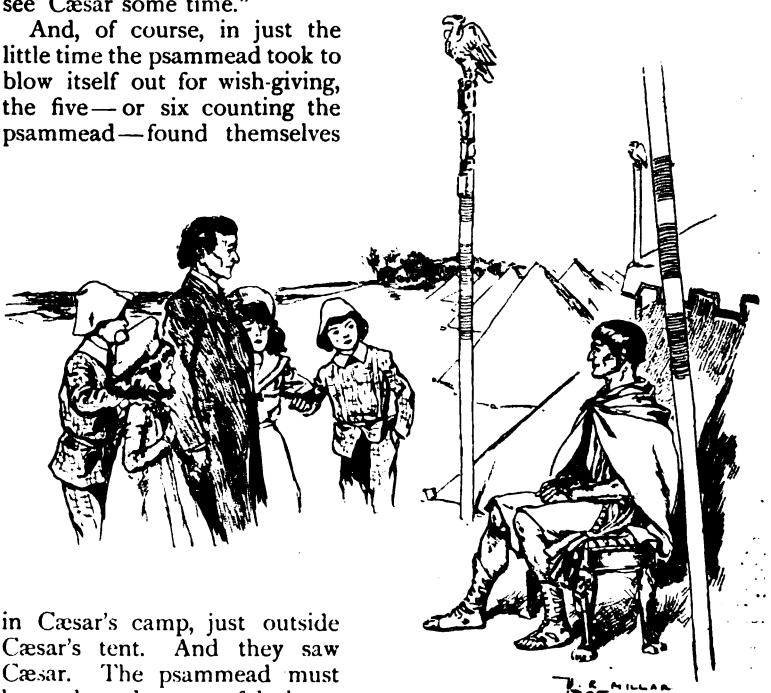
"So I do—in the history. But that's different from liking being killed by his soldiers."

"If we saw Cæsar we might persuade him not to," said Anthea.

"*You* persuade *Cæsar!*" Robert laughed.

The learned gentleman, before anyone could stop him, said, "I only wish we could see Cæsar some time."

And, of course, in just the little time the psammead took to blow itself out for wish-giving, the five—or six counting the psammead—found themselves in Cæsar's camp, just outside Cæsar's tent. And they saw Cæsar. The psammead must have taken advantage of the loose wording of the learned gentleman's wish, for it was not the same time of day as that on which the wish had been uttered among the dried ferns. It was sunset, and Julius Cæsar sat on a chair outside his tent gazing over the sea towards Britain: everyone knew without being told that it was towards Britain. Golden eagles on the top of posts stood on each side of the tent, and on the flaps of the tent, which was very gorgeous to look at, were the letters "S.P.Q.R."



"JULIUS CÆSAR SAT ON A CHAIR OUTSIDE HIS TENT."

"That means 'Small Profits, Quick Returns,'" Anthea whispered. "I saw it in the sixpenny bazaar in Camden Town."

The camp was more like a fortified city than a camp. It had straight streets, very, very neat—not a scrap of anything lying about. In front of Cæsar's tent was a big open space. And there the five stood looking at Cæsar.

The great man turned unchanged on the new-comers the august glance which he had turned on the violet waters of the Channel. Though they had suddenly appeared out of nothing, Cæsar never showed by the faintest movement of those eagle eyes, by the least tightening of those thin, firm lips, that they were not some long-expected embassy.

He waved a calm hand towards the sentinels, who sprang, weapons in hand, towards the new-comers.

"Back!" he said, in a voice that thrilled like music. "Since when has Julius Cæsar feared children and students?"

To the children he seemed to speak in the only language they knew; but the learned gentleman heard—in rather a strange accent, but quite intelligibly—the lips of Cæsar speaking in the Latin tongue, and in that tongue, a little stiffly, he answered:—

"I am indeed a student, O Cæsar. You read my face aright."

"It is my trade to read faces," Cæsar said; "but whence come you?"

"It is a dream, O Cæsar."

"A dream?" repeated Cæsar. "What is a dream?"

"This," said the learned gentleman.

"Not it," said Cyril; "it's a sort of magic.

We come out of another time and another place."

"And we want to ask you not to trouble about conquering Britain," Anthea put it; "it's a poor little place, not worth bothering about."

"Are you from Britain?" the General asked. "Your clothes are uncouth, but well woven, and your hair is short as the hair of Roman citizens, not long like the hair of barbarians; yet such I deem you to be."

"We're not," said Jane, with angry eagerness; "we're not barbarous at all. We come from the country where the sun never sets, and we've read about you in books; and our country's full of fine things — St. Paul's, and the Tower of London, and Madame Tussaud's Exhibition, and railway stations, and bridges, and factories."

Then the others stopped her.

"Don't talk nonsense," said Robert, in a bitter undertone.

Cæsar looked at the children a moment in silence. Then he called a soldier and spoke with him apart. Then he said aloud:—

"You three elder children may go where you will within the camp. Few children are privileged to see the camp of Cæsar. The student and the small girl-child will remain here with me."

Nobody liked this; but when Cæsar said a thing it was so, and there was an end of it. So the three went.

Left alone with Jane and the learned gentleman the great Roman found it easy enough to turn them inside out. But it was not so easy, even for him, to make head or tail of the insides of their minds when he had got at them.

The learned gentleman insisted that the whole thing was a dream, and refused to talk much on the ground that if he did he would wake up.

Jane, closely questioned, was full of information, interesting but inaccurate, about railways, electric lights, balloons, men-of-war, cannons, and dynamite.

"And do they fight with swords?" asked the General.

"Yes; swords and guns and cannons."

Then Cæsar wanted to know what guns were.

"You fire them," said Jane, "and they go bang, and people fall down dead."

"But what are guns like?"

Jane found them hard to describe.

"But Robert has a toy one in his pocket," she said.

"THEY EXPLAINED THE GUN TO CÆSAR VERY FULLY."

So the others were at once recalled.

They explained the gun to Cæsar very fully, and he looked at it with the greatest interest. It was a sixpenny pistol, really; the one that had done such good service in the old Egyptian village.

"This," said Cæsar, "if your report of it be true, is a finer weapon than the world has ever seen. It belittles even the Roman sword, the Roman pilum, the Roman shield of shields. I shall cause these guns to be made of a size for the use of men; and you will be detained till I know how to make them to see whether you have spoken truth. I had just decided that Britain was not

worth the bother of invading. But what you tell me decides me that it is very much worth while."

"But it's all nonsense," said Anthea. "Britain is just a savage sort of island—all fogs, and trees, and big rivers. But the people are kind. We know a little girl there named Imogen. And it's no use your making guns, because you can't fire them without gunpowder, and that won't be invented for hundreds of years, and we don't know how to make it, and we can't tell you. Do go straight home, like a dear, kind Cæsar, and let poor little Britain alone."

"But this other girl-child says——" said Cæsar.

"All Jane's been telling you is what it's *going* to be," Anthea interrupted, "hundreds and hundreds of years from now."

"The little one is a prophetess, eh?" said Cæsar, with a whimsical look. "Rather young for the business, isn't she?"

"You can call her a prophetess if you like," said Cyril; "but what Anthea says is true."

"Anthea?" said Cæsar. "That's a Greek name."

"Very likely," said Cyril, worriedly. "I say, I do wish you'd give up this idea of conquering Britain. It's not worth while, really it isn't!"

"On the contrary," said Cæsar; "what you've told me has decided me to go, if it's only to find out what Britain is really like. Guards, detain these children."

"Quick," said Robert, "before the guards have time to begin detaining. We had enough of that in Babylon." Jane for once obeyed instantly. She held up the amulet and said the word. The learned gentleman was pushed through, and the others more quickly than ever before passed through the arch back into their own times and the quiet, dusty sitting-room of the learned gentleman.

It is a curious fact that when Cæsar was encamped on the coast of Gaul—somewhere near Boulogne it was, I believe—he was sitting before his tent in the glow of the sunset, looking out over the violet waters of the English Channel. Suddenly he started, rubbed his eyes, and called his secretary. The young man came quickly from within the tent.

"Marcus," said Cæsar, "I have dreamed a very wonderful dream. Some of it I forget; but I remember enough to decide what was not before determined. To-morrow the ships that have been brought round from the Ligeris shall be provisioned. We will sail for this three-cornered island. First, we will take but two legions. This—if what we have heard be true—should suffice. But if my dream be true, then a hundred legions will not suffice. For the dream I dreamed was the most wonderful that ever tormented the brain even of Julius Cæsar. And Julius Cæsar has dreamed some strange things in his time."

"And if you hadn't told Cæsar all that about how things are now he'd never have invaded Britain," said Robert to Jane as they sat down to tea.

"Oh, nonsense," said Anthea, pouring out; "it was all settled hundreds of years ago."

"I don't know," said Cyril. "Jam, please. This about time being only a thingummy of thought is very confusing. If everything happens at the same time——"

"It *can't*," said Anthea, stoutly; "the present's the present and the past's the past."

"Not always," said Cyril. "When we were in the past the present was the future. Now, then!" he added, triumphantly.

And Anthea could not deny it.

"I should have liked to see more of the camp," said Robert.

"Yes; we didn't get much for our money, but Imogen is happy, that's one thing," said Anthea. "We left her happy in the past. I've often seen about people being happy in the past in poetry books. I see what it means now."

"It's not a bad idea," said the psammead, sleepily, putting its head out of its bag and taking it in again suddenly, "being left in the past."

Everyone remembered this afterwards when ——

(To be continued.)

Curiosities.

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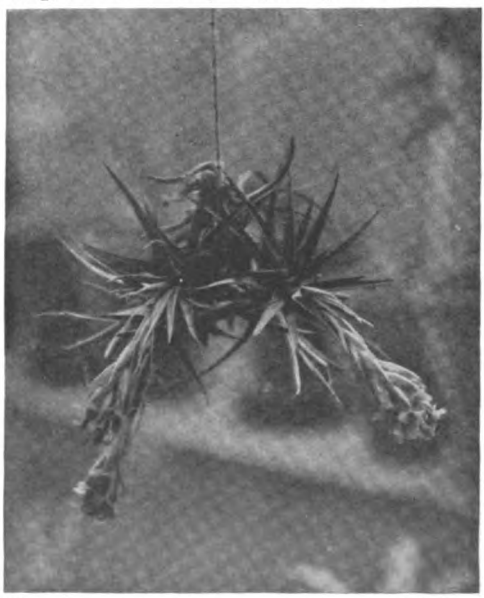
[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

"LADY HAMILTON AS ARIADNE."

Among the many hundreds of photographs which were sent in for the Photographic Competition, the result of which appears in this number, we were amused to find the waggish picture reproduced above. The sender unfortunately remains anonymous, which is a pity, because we should have liked to congratulate him on his sense of humour. The sitter, it may be mentioned, is Lady Vera de Blottingpad, whilst the photographer's name is Herr Karl Camera. If the sender of the picture cares to write to us, he will "hear of something to his advantage."

AN "AIR-PLANT."

"I send you the photograph of a very curious flower growing here, at Messrs. Thomas Brothers', Alfrid Street. They call it the 'Air-Plant,' and had it from South Africa. It simply hangs by a string, as seen in the photo., and grows in the air.



The colour of the bloom is a bright red, with deep blue ends, and is very pretty as well as strange."—Mr. J. King, Arnside, Burnham, Somerset.

A HUMAN "S."

"The adjoining photograph of a football match was taken during an exciting scrimmage in a game between Stanford University and the University of California. In the background one section of the grand stand is occupied by 'Stanford Rooters.' To make it plain to the thousands of spectators on the opposite side of the field which of the two Universities they represent, the 'Stanford Rooters' have inlaid a tremendous white 'S' of human heads and shoulders. There were exactly one hundred students in the 'S.'"—Mr. R. G. Osborne, Stanford University, California.

A FISH THAT FISHES.

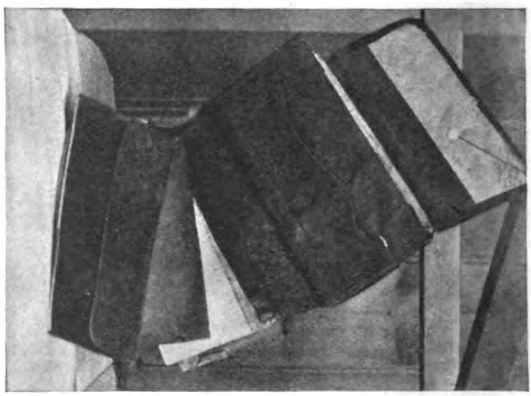
"This photograph is one of the head of the 'Angler Fish,' and is outside the wall of a public-house in the Fish Market, Hastings. This fish, which is of a large size, buries itself in the sand under the water, and only the ligament with fleshy end is seen. This closely resembles a fishing-line and bait, and any fish nibbling at it is instantly sucked into the capacious mouth and swallowed."—Surgeon-Major Walter Fry, 3, Cumberland Gardens, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

A MONKEY JUMPING.

"The above curious photograph is that of a monkey jumping from tree to tree. I think your readers will agree with me that the snap-shot is a clever one. The photograph was taken in India by Mr. Rupert Murray, Seaforth Highlanders, Nasirabad, India." — Miss Gladys Murray, Grazeley Court, Reading.

EXTRAORDINARY LUCK.

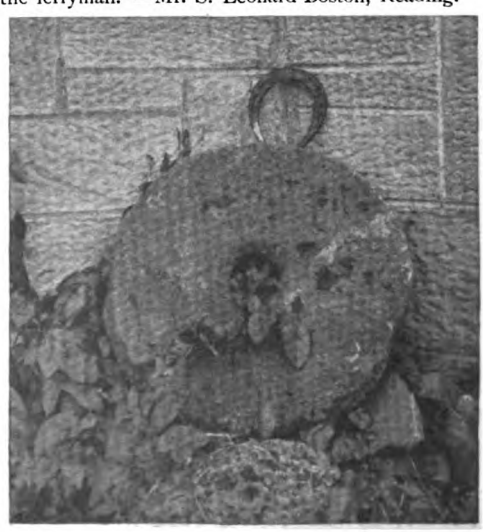
"I send you an interesting photograph which has a story of luck attached to it. The object in the picture is a pocket-book which has fallen to pieces. On a fine Saturday afternoon during August a party set out in a brake to enjoy the beautiful scenery of the Weald of Kent. While boating on the river someone noticed a pocket-book floating down-stream, but did not think it worth while to pick it up. After having been home about two hours he found that he had lost his pocket-book containing a cheque for twenty pounds that he had received that morning, his and his wife's return tickets, and several miscellaneous papers, etc. Then he suddenly remembered seeing the pocket-book in the river. Early next morning, directly after breakfast, we rode to the place where our friend remembered seeing the book, and about eighty yards lower down on the opposite side of the river, under water, caught in the bushes growing from the bank, was a dark object which we believed to be the lost pocket-book. Hoping against



hope we took a boat and reached the spot, and to our astonishment found that the black mass was the very object we were looking for. Just as we placed the blade of the oar under it and drew it towards the boat the tickets floated out, and we only just managed to save the cheque."—Mr. B. Nittell, Brunswick House, Buckland Hill, Maidstone.

JOHN O' GROAT'S STONE.

"This is the only remaining thing which belonged to the real John o' Groat's, namely, the millstone with which he ground his corn. The original John o' Groat's was so called because he used to charge fourpence to row people across to the Orkneys, he being the ferryman."—Mr. S. Leonard Boston, Reading.



A STATUE IN A RIVER.

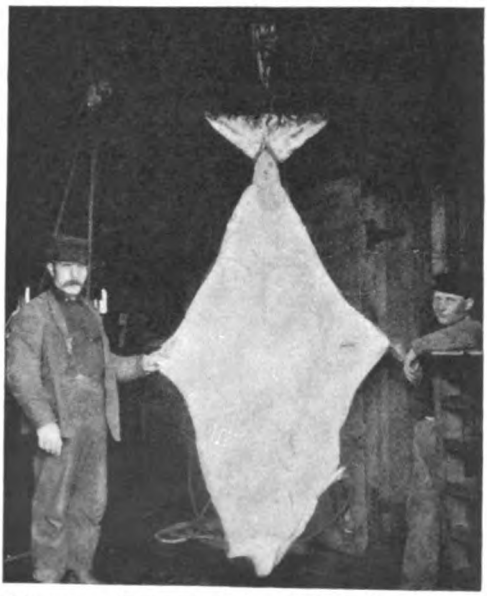
"The remarkable, if not unique, spectacle of a statue standing in the middle of a river is to be seen at Wylye, in Wiltshire. It stands near the bridge, in the centre of the village, the figure of a conductor of a coach blowing his horn rising from the water in the middle of the stream. It marks the spot where the conductor of the old stage-coach was drowned whilst the coach was passing through the river, which ran across the road at that time, before the bridge was built. The passengers of the coach erected the statue in his memory."—Mr. S. Gray, 61, Amwell Street, Myddelton Square, E.C.

AN EXTRAORDINARY OPTICAL ILLUSION.

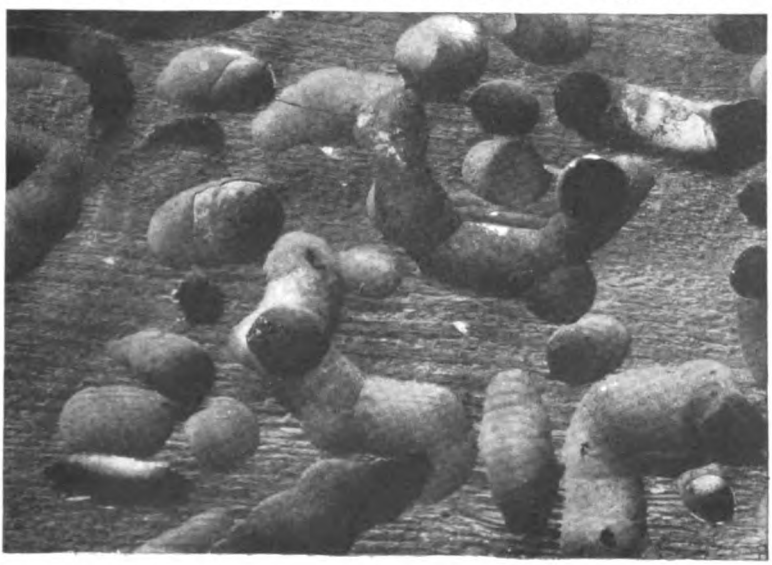
"I send you a photograph which represents a portion of ship timber from a wreck, bored by the teredo, or 'ship worm.' In days past this mollusc was a menace to the shipping of the whole world, but the advent of the steel ship put a limit to its depredations in this direction. Still, however, it tunnels into all kinds of unprotected submerged timber, and is regarded almost as a national danger in Holland. Another curious point about the photograph is that the wood, at first glance, appears to be covered with lumps and excrescences—a most singular optical illusion—for, in reality, what one sees are the tunnels of the teredo in section and cross section, receding into the wood. There is nothing projecting above the surface anywhere."—Mr. Percy Collins, The Hatherley Rooms, Reading.

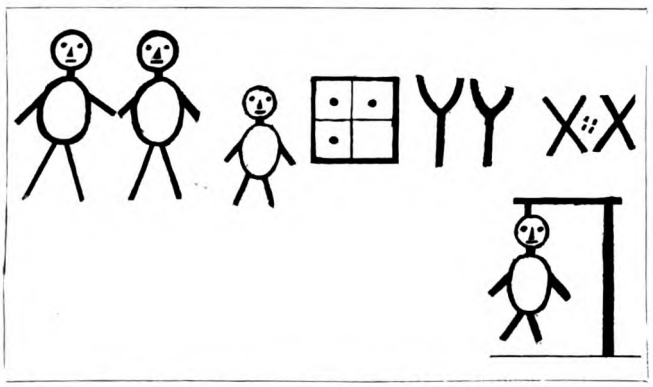
THE LARGEST HALIBUT IN THE WORLD.

"This photograph is that of probably the largest halibut ever caught. The monster, which weighed four hundred and sixty-five pounds and measured eight feet four inches in length when caught, was brought to this city by Mr. Oliver Strange, the lucky



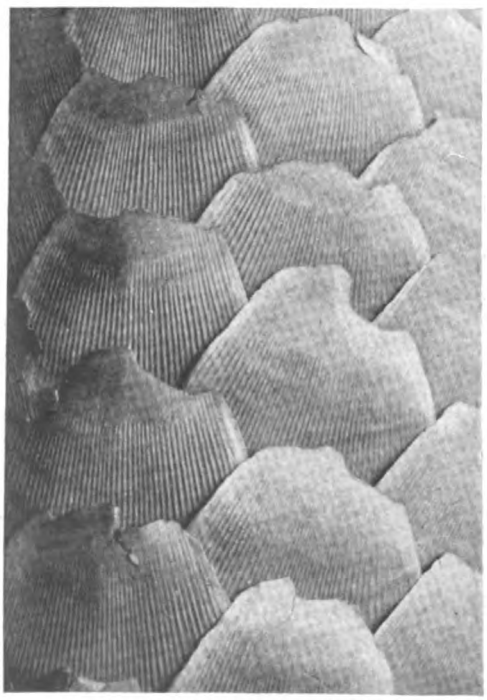
fisherman who captured it. When the fish was cleaned a large salmon was found in its stomach. The fish was caught within a few miles of this city."—Mr. F. H. Passells, P.O. Box 232, Juneau, Alaska.





A HIEROGLYPHIC BILL.

"This is an exact reproduction of a bill for the sum of ten shillings and tenpence, sent by Mr. Smith, a bricklayer, to Mr. Jordan, for whom he had done some work. Mr. Smith evidently could not write. I found this curious bill in an old scrap-book. The explanation is as follows: Two men and one boy, three-quarters of a day, and two hods of mortar, 10s. 10d.; settled." —Mr. John J. Kidd, Sunnyside, Frenchie, Fife.



AN ARMOUR-COATED ANIMAL.

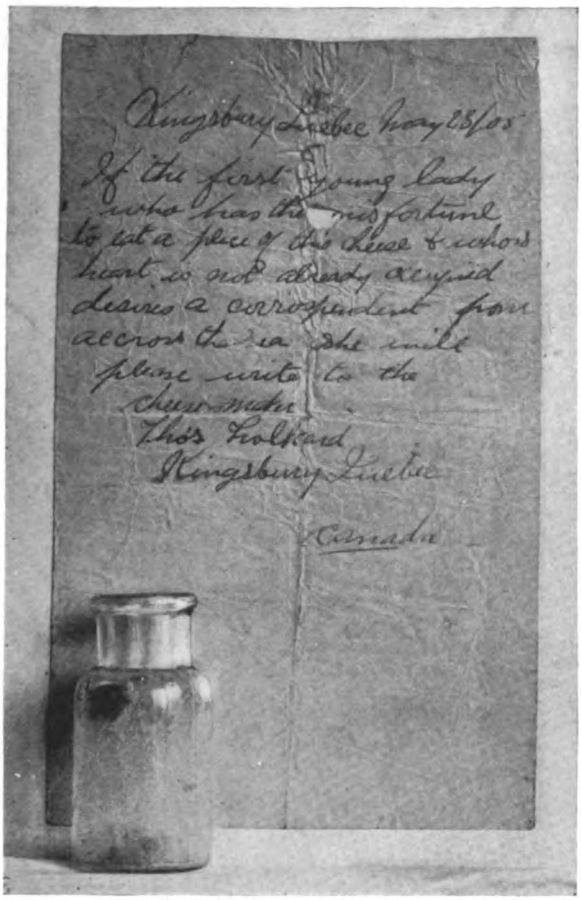
"This photograph will, I think, perplex many people. Microscopists might imagine it to be a highly magnified portion of a butterfly's wing, showing the overlapping scales. As a matter of fact, the photograph is an almost 'life-size' representation of a portion of the back of that strange South African mammal, the short-tailed pangolin. It will be seen that the creature is completely covered with tile-like scales, which stand it in good stead as protective armour. These scales are really composed of hairs, massed together and flattened, just as the prickles of the hedgehog and the ant-eater are homologous to the hairy covering which is so characteristic of the mammalia as a group." — Mr. Percy Collins, The Hatherley Rooms, Reading.

MADE OF BUTTERFLIES' WINGS.

"I send you, for 'Curiosities,' a photograph of a hawk. The original picture was made entirely of the wings of butterflies and moths. As the wings are from British insects, and the colouring fairly true to Nature, your readers might be interested in classifying the different specimens. A good reading-glass will facilitate the operation."—Mr. J. Robinson, 16, Essex Villas, Kensington, W.

AN INGENIOUS IRONMONGER.

"The odd figure in my photograph was made by a local tinsmith entirely from the odds and ends of his stock-in-trade. As it has attracted considerable attention locally, its 'portrait' may interest the many readers of THE STRAND."—Mr. H. C. Overfield, 100, Grant Street, Buffalo, N.Y.



FROM A LONELY CANADIAN.

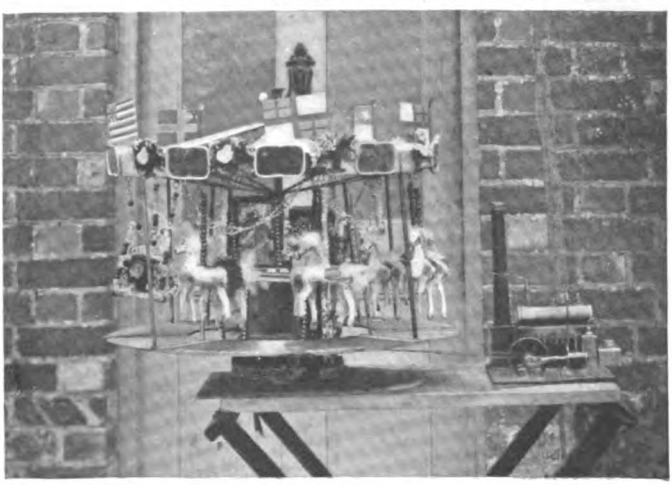
"I send you the photograph of a small bottle and a letter which was inside. The bottle and its contents were found in the middle of a Canadian cheese when it was being cut up for use. A perusal of the contents of the letter will explain the mystery. And there may be young ladies among the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE who will be interested in this lonely cheese-maker."—Mr. E. A. Lawmon, c/o Messrs. Sturton, Limited, 33, Perowne Street, Mill Road, Cambridge.

THE SMALLEST STEAM CIRCUS IN THE WORLD.

"Here is the photograph of a small steam circus that I made out of the following material: a soft-soap tin, an old umbrella frame, part of a cheese-box, two wheels from a disused clock, and the back of an old picture for the platform. As you can see, the whole is mounted on the face of an old clock, and the little engine in the photograph works the circus and the organ too, which plays at the same time. I have decorated it with a few cheap glasses and some Coronation flags and bunting that I had by me and painted the wood parts red, white, and blue, and threaded the wire parts with beads, which are all coloured, giving it a pretty effect. I can pull the structure to pieces and pack it in a box in five minutes."—Mr. Alfred Higgs, Chalgrove, near Wallingford, Berks.

"JAPANESE ENGLISH."

"I send you a curious instance of Japanese English as arranged on a poster which I saw. Can your readers make anything of it?"—Mr. P. Connell, care of Mr. Stockwell, 30, Lawrence Street, Barking Road, Canning Town.



A CAST-IRON MISTAKE.

"I send you a photograph of a sign-post with the name 'Marlborough' spelt 'Marlboruogh.' It is situated on the main London Road at Bathford, a little way from Bath. The curious thing is that the word is spelt correctly on the other arm, as seen, and it is not the result of a painter's error, since the signs are cast solidly in iron and cannot be altered."—Mr. Fred Horner, 10, Bellotts Road, Twerton-on Avon, Bath.

A MILE OF FALLEN TREES.

"In the great storm of May 31st, 1905, which swept over Natal, there was much destruction of property, and, besides many sad incidents, many humorous and curious ones. One of the most curious sights is shown in this photograph of a mile of fallen trees. Before the storm this was a beautiful avenue of blue gum trees a mile long. As will be seen from the photo., the wind swept along and levelled the whole lot, except a few poor specimens without sufficient foliage to offer a surface to the wind. The photo. No. 1 was taken at Nels Rust, near Pietermaritzburg, and shows the avenue as it used to be, when it was, in this treeless country, the pride of the district. Photo. No. 2 was taken some time after the storm, and, as will be noticed, the trunks had been sawn through with a view to carting them away and making the best of a bad job, but the upturned roots still show as evidence that the trees were uprooted by violence."—P.O. Box 337, 25, Castle Arcade, West Street, Durban.

WHEN IS A GIANTESS NOT A GIANTESS?

"Below is a photograph of a young lady giantess who is not about seven feet high, as she appears to be in the photograph. She is really comparatively small, the deception being brought about by a younger sister sitting on a chair on which the 'giantess' is standing."—Mr. J. Cox, Picton Chambers, Saville Row, Newcastle.

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